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THE AVE MARIA

DEVOTED TO THE HONOR
OF THE

BLESSED VIRGIN



NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



PRICE
\$2

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

Entered as second-class matter at Notre Dame, Indiana. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on June 25, 1918.
American News Co.; Gill & Son; Burns and Oates; Catholic Book Depot, Fort, Bombay;
Sydney, N. S. W.; Louis Gille & Co.; Melbourne, Australia, William P. Linchan.

FOREIGN
\$3 (12s 6d)

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS viii 34

SATURDAY, 4.—St. Robert, B. Octave of the Holy Innocents.	WEDNESDAY, 8.—St. Severinus, C. St. Albert, B. C.
SUNDAY, 5.— <i>The Holy Name.</i> St. Telesphorus, P. M.	THURSDAY, 9.—SS. Julian and Basilissa, MM.
MONDAY, 6.— <i>The Epiphany.</i>	FRIDAY, 10.—St. Agatho, P. C.
TUESDAY, 7.—St. Lucian, P. M. St. Canute, M.	SATURDAY, 11.—St. Hyginus, P. M.

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PLEASE SEE THAT YOUR "AVE MARIA" IS DATED CORRECTLY

IN KEEPING WITH THE RECENT GOVERNMENT REGULATION WHICH ENJOINS STRICT ECONOMY IN EVERY BRANCH OF THE PRINTING INDUSTRY, WE ARE DISCONTINUING THE PRACTICE OF SENDING FORMAL RECEIPTS FOR SUBSCRIPTION FEES TO *THE AVE MARIA*. AFTER JANUARY 1, 1919, THE DATE ON THE ADDRESS LABEL, SHOWING THE EXPIRATION OF THE SUBSCRIPTION WILL SERVE AS RECEIPT—WHICH DATE WILL APPEAR ON THE CURRENT COPY WITHIN FIFTEEN DAYS AFTER REMITTANCE OF THE SUBSCRIPTION FEE AND UPON EACH COPY THEREAFTER TILL THE SUBSCRIPTION WILL HAVE EXPIRED. THIS MANNER OF RECEIPTING WILL MEAN A LARGE SAVING IN MATERIALS AND LABOR, AND WE BELIEVE THAT IT WILL PROVE JUST AS SATISFACTORY TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS AS THE OLD ONE. HENCE WE ARE HEREBY REQUESTING YOU TO SEE THAT THE DATE ON YOUR COPY OF THE MAGAZINE IS CORRECT AND SHOWS THE PROPER CREDIT IN OUR OFFICE. IN CASE THERE BE ANY MISTAKE WE SHALL BE GLAD TO CORRECT IT IF YOU WILL KINDLY BRING IT TO OUR ATTENTION. WE SHOULD LIKE ALSO TO CALL THE ATTENTION OF SUBSCRIBERS TO THE FACT THAT THE GOVERNMENT URGES PUBLISHERS NOT TO SEND A PERIODICAL TO ANY SUBSCRIBER MORE THAN THREE MONTHS AFTER HIS SUBSCRIPTION TERM HAS EXPIRED.

WE WISH TO THANK ALL OUR PATRONS FOR THEIR SUPPORT DURING THE DIFFICULT TIMES OF WAR AND OF RECONSTRUCTION, AND TO WISH THEM A VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR.

THE AVE MARIA

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA,
DECEMBER 28, 1918.

"The Most Readable of Religious Periodicals."

THE AVE MARIA for 1919.

THE character and contents will, of course, remain unchanged. It is not our purpose to make the magazine different in any way from what it is, but to improve it year by year on the lines laid down. We have reason to hope that the two volumes of **THE AVE MARIA** for 1919 will be the best and the brightest ever published. Among the contributions to appear in the early part of the year may be mentioned the following:

The Soul of the Child, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop John S. Vaughan, an exceptionally important article, to appear in our first January number. Parents, pastors, and teachers especially will be sure to welcome this contribution from one to whom the Catholic reading public are already indebted for so many excellent books.

The Months. In an interesting series of short papers Marian Nesbitt records the beliefs, quaint sayings, and customs associated with the months and days of the year. A large amount of curious information, gleaned by this well-known writer from sources generally inaccessible, is presented in these articles, which also recall numerous incidents well deserving of remembrance.

Search-Lights, by Valentine Paraiso. All readers of this captivating story will rightly conclude that it could have been written only amid the stirring scenes which it so graphically describes. The characters are true to life and admirably drawn. It will be remembered that this tale was announced for publication in 1918, but the loss of a portion of the MS. prevented its appearance.

Dr. Maurice Francis Egan has promised to supply short stories, a form of literature for which he is famous—tales of the life around us, full of charm and interest.

Some Memories of a Conversion. The important article thus entitled is from the pen of the Rev. H. G. Hughes, for many years a valued contributor to **THE AVE MARIA**. It explains why many people with an entirely Catholic bias and much of Catholic belief remain outside the Fold of Christ.

For Justice' Sake is sure to be an unusually popular serial. It may be briefly described as a tale of life in Scotland in the days of persecution, full of stirring events, graphically depicted. The characters rouse deep interest and the atmosphere lends a special charm. The author has a number of excellent books to his credit, but this story is perhaps the best of his productions.

Biographical and Historical Sketches of varied and timely interest will be a leading feature of our volumes for the New Year. The stories of two candidates for canonization, faithful chronicles of lives that were vibrant with attraction and inspiration, are among sketches already in hand.

Flores Island, an account of some extraordinary apparitions which took place there in 1881. It was written by the saintly Father Kenelm Vaughan and was found by Mr. Shane Leslie among the papers of Cardinal Manning.

Father O'Kennedy. All who have read that delightful little book, "A Morning Paradise," will welcome the announcement of a number of articles from its learned and beloved author.

Abbe Klein. It will be our privilege to publish selected portions of the latest work by this celebrated French writer. Untoward circumstances have delayed the translation of "Dieu nous aime," which is one of the best books dealing with the World War.

A New Story by Mary T. Waggaman. The announcement of another story by this favorite author is sure to cause pleasurable anticipations everywhere. Young and old readers always know what to expect from Mrs. Waggaman; we are certain they will not be disappointed in "Buddy." It will be followed by another serial of like appeal but with a different setting. A great variety of good reading for boys and girls will be provided by old and new contributors; and our Young Folks department will accordingly attain its high standard.

Other contributions of special excellence and appropriateness may be expected from John Talbot Smith, Very Rev. Francis Gonne, M. A., Count de Courson, Bishop MacDonald, Shane Leslie, John Ayscough, A. Hilliard Atteridge, Edward Wilbur Mason, Mary E. Mannix, Anna T. Sadlier, Dr. James Walsh, Katharine Tynan, Gabriel Francis Powers, Dr. W. H. Grattan-Flood, Rev. Dr. J. B. Culemans, Florence Gilmore, etc.

The aim of **THE AVE MARIA** is to present the best of what is benevolent and the brightest of what is entertaining. As to the amount and cost of reading matter it furnishes, anyone who takes the trouble to remove advertising pages of a secular monthly and make a comparison, will see how much more we give for the money than the majority of publishers. A satisfied subscriber being the best canvasser for other subscriptions, we count upon the recommendation of all those to whom **THE AVE MARIA** is like a valued constant friend. Specimen copies of the first number of the New Year for distribution among relatives, friends, and neighbors will be sent on application.

Prompt renewal of subscriptions and early requests for specimen copies, or the entry of new names, are particularly desirable on account of the rush of work during the holiday season.

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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. IX. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 4, 1919.

NO. 1

[Published every Saturday. Copyright, 1919: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

The Prayer Humble.¹

BY MARY H. KENNEDY.

MY soul strives not to vision, Lord, the beauty,
The loveliness and radiance of the place
Where I may meet Thee, Lord, and Thy dear
Mother,

And all the saints and angels face to face:

My soul asks not for visions of Thy heavens,
But this, sweet Jesus, is my daily prayer:
That like unto the white-souled little children
I may become, to find an entrance there.

The Soul of a Child.

BY THE RT. REV. JOHN S. VAUGHAN, D. D.

GOD is the infinitely beautiful;
and in some dim, shadowy
way His beauty is reflected
in all that His hands have
made. Everywhere and in everything
we can recognize His art: but He seems
to have conferred upon youth—as though
it had come more recently from His
hands—a special loveliness of its own.
This is so true that youth and beauty
seem to be almost synonymous terms.

The "youth," or, what we call the spring,
of the year is the most beautiful of the
seasons. There is a freshness, a bright-
ness, and a tenderness in leaf and blossom,
in the fields and woods, and country lanes,
such as we look for in vain later in the year.
What is true of the vegetative creation is
equally true of the animal. The young of

almost every living thing are exceptionally
pretty and engaging both in form and
movement. There are about them a
gracefulness, a playfulness, and an attrac-
tiveness, which cheer the heart and delight
the senses, and which are rarely to be
found in their maturer condition.

And if this be the case as regards birds
and beasts, it is still more decidedly so as
regards the young of our own race. There
is hardly any living and visible creature
so interesting as a little child. We are
assured, in inspired words, that our
Blessed Lord loved to gather the children
around Him, saying: "Suffer little children
to come unto Me, and forbid them not;
for of such is the kingdom of heaven." He
looked upon them with affection, and He
delighted in them, on account of their
simplicity, their trustfulness, their
innocence, and their purity and candor.

Children must be reckoned amongst
the greatest gifts to man, in the natural
order; for they afford him some of the
purest joys and delights of his life. They
help to brighten the gloom of this sad
earth by their exuberant spirits and their
spontaneous gaiety and mirth. They
help us to forget our cares. They recall
our own happy childhood and youth.
They are a comfort and a consolation to
their parents in their declining years, who
look upon them as destined to carry on
their name and to hand down the traditions
of the family, and to pray for them long
after they have been laid to rest in the
quiet churchyard.

But there is one point which fond parents
sometimes forget, and that is that children

¹ St. Matt., xviii, 3.

are not only a joy but also a most tremendous responsibility,—a responsibility which can not be shirked, and for which, one day, a most rigorous account will have to be rendered. Let me invite your attention, dear readers, for a few minutes while I strive to convince you of this most practical fact.

Just consider any little child over whom the cleansing waters of Baptism have recently been poured. What a poor, weak, insignificant creature it is! Its existence began, a few weeks or months ago, in a mere germ of matter. It was only a speck in a region of darkness: a feeble substance in a great hazard, but with a vast capacity for greater good, which was as yet in the hand of God and of His Providence. Then God vitalized that germinal body with a living soul. That soul had its powers still folded in darkness, like the rose in the bud, awaiting another and a higher Intelligence to unfold it into light and action.

For many weeks and months, the infant remains helpless and dependent, and wholly incapable of doing anything for itself. Yet what a wonderful being it really is! Within that tiny form there dwells an immortal soul,—a soul made to the image and likeness of God Himself, the eternal and uncreated Beauty. It is a soul absolutely pure. Not only is there no stain nor scar upon it, but it is resplendent and glowing with divine grace. The spiritual beauty conferred upon it by the Sacrament of Regeneration exceeds all the beauty of earth, and surpasses all thought and imagination. So exquisitely lovely is it that it is fit to enter at once into the unveiled presence of God, and to take up its abode in heaven, among the angels and archangels. In fact, were some sudden death to destroy its body and set the soul free, it would actually pass, without hindrance, into the bright realms of light above.

Furthermore, that child of yours is destined to live forever. Reflect for a moment upon what that means. All else

will pass; nations and kingdoms will rise and fall; the heavens and the earth will one day be dissolved; the very stars will fade, the sun itself grow dim; but forever and forever, so long as God is God, that child will live on, either as a glorious saint in heaven, or else as a lost and imprisoned soul in hell. And it is you, its parents, who will, to a very large extent, determine its choice. Who shall weigh the responsibility, who shall measure the consequences of culpable neglect?

Yes; that innocent babe, that you clasp in your arms or press lovingly to your bosom, is destined to praise God forever amid the unspeakable delights of paradise, or else to curse Him forever in company with the spirits of darkness, in the infernal regions. He is *now* innocent, spotless, undefiled; but who shall say what he will become in twenty or thirty years' time? He is safe—but only for a while. Once baptized, he remains secure until he reaches the full use of reason, and has to enter the lists, and contend in mortal combat with the devil, the world, and the flesh. Then his danger begins. Strong, tireless and pitiless enemies are already on the alert. Already they are busily planning how to rob him of that which is more precious than all the treasures of this world. I mean his innocence, which is his sole passport into eternal life. He has to face the world, with all its seductions and dangerous allurements; the flesh, and all its deadly snares and attractions; and the devil, with his hosts of fallen angels, who are in league with one another to draw him into sin, that he may be condemned and damned like them.

Am I drawing a fanciful picture? Am I needlessly alarmed. Is this a vain fear? Is it a groundless apprehension? On the contrary, it is a certainty which should fill us with anxiety. Who, indeed, will calculate the multitudes of those who have already been ruined and despoiled, and dragged down to hell! Place before the eyes of your imagination the basest and most degraded criminal that the world

has ever known. Look steadily upon the very worst offender among the reprobate, who now writhes in the lowest depth of the "bottomless pit," and as you turn aside, terrified and dismayed at the revolting sight, remember that that debased criminal was once—and perhaps not so many years ago—a sweet, laughing, innocent, joyous child, with a beautiful soul reflecting something of the uncreated loveliness of God Himself.

How are we to explain the undoubted fact, that one child will grow up and develop into a reprobate, and another into a saint? How is it that, although starting, as it were, from the selfsame point, one should develop in one direction, and the other in exactly the opposite? Of two infants, born perhaps on the same day and in the same town, why does one become a St. Aloysius or a St. Francis, while the other becomes an inhuman monster, like a Nero or a Caligula?

One can not, of course, point to any single, exclusive cause. There are, no doubt, a vast number of different forces at work at the same time; and, in explaining the phenomenon, a great variety of important circumstances must be taken into account. But we have no hesitation in saying that the chief and by far the predominant influence upon the future of the child arises from its home training and early education. Hence it follows that those whose duty it is to train their children are weighted with a most tremendous responsibility. The task committed to them by Almighty God is a splendid but a most solemn one.

Some persons seem to imagine that children are good and virtuous by nature. This is a mistake. Experience proves that a child, when left to itself, becomes selfish, envious, self-willed, disobedient—spoiled. It needs the most careful handling, and gentle but firm guiding. From the earliest age, it must be lovingly checked and corrected, and induced to subdue its passions, to give up its will, and to hold its unruly desires and evil inclinations

under control. It must be taught modesty, respect for authority, and consideration for others. And—a serious point—the lesson must be conveyed and impressed more by example than by precept; for the undeveloped mind is extremely impressionable, and very strongly affected by what it observes in others.

From this it may be readily inferred how vitally important is the example set by parents and teachers. Even persons of mature age are insensibly and unconsciously influenced by the company they keep and by the society in which they move. Indeed, everyone, whatever his character, will find it easier to live a virtuous life if he be surrounded by holy and God-fearing men, than if he lives among profligates and notorious sinners; for the simple reason that every man is influenced by the nature of his environment. The infallible Spirit of God assures us: "With the holy one thou wilt be holy; and with the valiant perfect. With the elect thou wilt be elect; and with the perverse thou wilt be perverted."¹

Now, if that be a fact with men and women of full growth—and we have God's word for it,—it must be far truer still in the case of the young and the undeveloped, since they are immeasurably more sensitive and responsive to every impression; and also because it is their nature to look up to and imitate those who are set over them, and to accept them as their models and examples. We find illustrations of this in every parish. Parents who are sober and honest, and faithful to their religious duties; who show a real reverence for Holy Mass, are devout to the Mother of God, and frequent the Sacraments regularly, will draw their children after them as the magnet draws steel, and will find no difficulty in bringing them up in the way in which they should go. On the other hand, when parents are careless and indifferent, and neglectful of their duties to God, and perhaps even intemperate and quarrelsome and of dissolute

¹ II. Kings, xxii, 26, 27.

habits, their children will grow up godless and self-willed, and will be an unending source of trouble and anxiety to the zealous pastor who is placed in charge of their souls.

It has often been remarked that the great saints have almost invariably been blessed with good and virtuous parents, who have instilled into the tender hearts of their little ones a love and an admiration of divine things. Being themselves models of virtue, they seemed able to infuse some of their own zeal and fervor into their offspring, and to communicate to them, during their daily intercourse, a share of their own spirit. And this could scarcely be otherwise; for, even unconsciously, a child will always try to see things through its mother's eyes, and will judge all that comes before it according to her standard.

As one instance out of a thousand, of a mother's power, consider that of Blanche of Castile, who brought into the world the great St. Louis, King of France. We may surely say that she was, under God's most loving providence, the cause of his heroic sanctity. In all history it would be hard to find a more truly devoted or a more admirable mother. Unlike so many mothers of the present day, she was much more concerned about her son's spiritual than about his corporal well-being: much more anxious that he should be high in God's favor than in any one else's. In a word, her love was a true love,—a love founded and resting upon the rock-bed of eternal truth. She knew, as every genuine Catholic knows, that innocence is man's highest treasure; that one degree of supernatural grace outvalues the richest of all kingdoms and principalities; and that the friendship of God is immeasurably more important than any conceivable advantage which the world can offer.

She not only knew this, but to some extent she realized it, and acted upon it. With her it was no mere abstract theory, but a profound truth destined to shape and mould her whole conduct, day by day and hour by hour. Hence she was careful

to let her son, from earliest youth, feel and understand that there is nothing so priceless as virtue, and nothing so ennobling as the love of the service of God. Again and again she would address him in burning words concerning the love and the loyalty which he owed to God, from whom he had received all he had. Again and again, as his childish mind began little by little to develop, she would take him into her arms and exhort him to purity and holiness. "My darling," she would exclaim, "though I love you with all the strength and passion of a mother's love, yet I would rather a thousand times see you lying cold and dead at my feet than that you should ever live to offend God by mortal sin!"

Such was the mother of the future King of France. No wonder that he grew up a noble and saintly boy. No wonder he esteemed virtue and the favor of God beyond all else. No wonder that he kept himself free from sin and all defilement, and at last attained to heroic sanctity and to a place among the canonized saints. For the Holy Spirit of God assures us: "A young man according to his way, even when he is old he will not depart from it."¹

What a change would come over the world in a single generation if all parents showed as great an interest in the real and eternal welfare and happiness of their children as did Blanche of Castile, and if they were to employ their immense influence to the same noble purpose! But, alas! many are so earthly-minded that they are ready to sacrifice what is eternal for what is temporal; and will deliberately expose their sons and daughters, without any remorse, to a thousand dangers; in some cases, by sending them to non-Catholic schools; in others by allowing them to associate with evil companions, or to read dangerous books, or to assist at immodest dances or impure plays and spectacles, and so forth. Indeed, the carelessness and indifference and apathy of some parents, so far as the higher and

¹ Prov., xxii, 6.

eternal interests of children are concerned, are as unintelligible as they are inexcusable. It betrays a sad want of vivid faith, and a strange insensibility to the strict account they will have to render to Almighty God. Let me exhort them to take the matter seriously to heart, and to resolve to do all they possibly can to promote the spiritual welfare of those dear little ones whom their Heavenly Father has entrusted to their keeping during the brief schoolday of the present life, to bring up in His love and service, that they may spend their eternal holiday happily with Him in His own glorious Home above.

Search-Lights.

BY VALENTINE PARAISO.

I.

"CLINK!—clink!—clink!"

People called it the tin bell. At Furzley it was a reminder of spiritual claims and subtle attractions, which the English mind distrusted. Again and again it sounded thrice; then it waited as if to take breath, and set off clinking and clanking, and suddenly stopped. The Papists had mysterious ways. They jerked that bell "promiscuous-like" when there was no service; and when there was a service early every morning, it did not ring at all.

Furzley was profoundly indifferent. The coming of the little iron chapel mattered no more than the setting up of an extra booth at the annual fair. People could be anything they liked, where most people were nothing. Furzley folk found this present world adequate and engrossing; they believed in what they saw, and did not want to have souls.

Of course the parish church had its uses. It was there the bride and bridegroom were smothered with colored-paper confetti as they stepped out into the porch. A respectable burial also needed prayers; though the religious element was a sort

of tradition, and the really important part was the "new black" and a show of wreaths to astonish the neighbors.

No, there was not much spiritual life about Furzley. But the indifference of the village was only its share of the common lot. The twentieth century had opened upon a materialistic England. Churches and chapels were all over the place, but the bulk of the nation had nothing to do with them. In the busy world religion was held to be the "fad" of a few,—the pastime of women. The British workman was largely agnostic; there were men who boasted that they had never yet knelt down, and the greater number used the Divine Name only when they swore.

There was in the country a national-endowed system of religion, but it had neither authority nor unity. It failed to reach the masses of the people; and even where men looked to it for the light, it had but a speculative and contradictory message to give. One section of the State Church had appropriated the Rosary and imitated Benediction; another group—supposed to be in the same body—sat round a fashionable pulpit and received placidly a sermon on the Gospel of the Nativity regarded as a myth.

Amid such amazing indifference there was one sensitive spot. In all the varieties of religion and irreligion there was just one point of absolute agreement. They all disliked and distrusted Rome. All the sects and the unbelievers united against the world-wide Church that spoke with authority,—the Church that could never be stamped out. They saw it working alike in slums, palaces, universities—everywhere, anywhere—with an unaccountable persistence and a wonderful attraction. Here the agnostic and the sects all found common ground. Here the materialist forgot his creed, and called Rome the centre of a "diabolical" system.

And so, if the extra stall had been put up at Furzley fair, it would have mattered little unless it displayed such Popish objects as chalky statuettes and strings of

beads. Then there might have been sneers, ridicule, perhaps violence from the crowd of people that were "nothing" themselves. Dislike was always sub-consciously there. The fact might have furnished any day an identification mark of those who were promised that "all manner of evil" would be spoken of them unjustly, and that they were to be "hated of all men."

It could hardly have been otherwise. Sixty or seventy years of freedom can not undo three or four centuries of calumny. Prejudice was inherited,—the traditional bitterness of generations. The very school-books of the children had in them garbled history and black old stories disproved long, long ago.

Still there was a stirring of the dawn. There was an impression all round that the rejected creed had, somehow, a high standard. The world expected something of Catholics; it respected, in spite of itself, the men who had the courage to profess belief in such unearthly theories. Of late years there had been a Catholic Lord Chief Justice of England. The question of religion had been no obstacle, since thirty years ago and more, in choosing a Catholic Lord Mayor of London. Truly in a thousand ways the sunrise had come. But the mist was thick in the valleys.

So the motor mission had been to Furzley. The placards on the walls had provoked a smile with their good-humored appeal, "Know Popery!" A few people got to know it, and the inevitable result happened. Then the humble iron shed was set up, and wayfarers went in through curiosity, and lingered wistfully in its mysterious atmosphere of peace. It was but a poor little place, standing inside a fragment of country hedge at the corner of the village square and Blackberry Lane. And there the Angelus Bell was set ringing—amid deep distrust and incredible ignorance.

II.

Colonel Spaggot and his daughter were at breakfast, with the window pushed up as

far as it would go; for the July morning had begun with a blaze of sunshine. The Colonel said it reminded him of India. Daisy was in white muslin, putting cold milk into her coffee; she was keen for the day's enjoyment, even though it would be "melting" at Morton Court.

The open window was edged with ivy, and there was a broad grassplot outside, and a screen of old trees between the house and the road. Beyond those trees, now and again the tram-cars went noisily by, passing at a rush on their long journey to and from London.

Between the table and the window, a bright square of sunshine and leaf-shadows lay aslant on the floor; and there the dog, Pepper, sat bolt-upright, with hanging paws, waiting on the off-chance of getting a bone to be carried out to the garden. Sometimes the dog subsided with a grunt, seeing that the human beings had too much to say to each other this morning. Then he begged again with small snorts of supplication, having caught the Colonel's eye. (It was the Colonel who had the giving of bones: Daisy ate only toast.) Pepper was an Old English sheep-dog of the bobtailed sort, somewhat like a grey and shaggy bear, with a mop head perfectly round and eyes like sorrowful glass marbles.

It was no wonder if the people who talked forgot about bones this morning. The Colonel was studying the war-scare in his newspaper. It did look like war, after all. But no; it was impossible; some things were too bad to happen!

And the girl behind the silver coffee-pot was thinking of the new frock that came home last night, and all the gay people that would run out from town in their cars to the flower-show; she would be sure to know "heaps of them." She was thinking, too, of Sydney Verreker and of Ralph, and how tiresome it was that old Mrs. Kells, the vicar's wife, wanted to know which was the happy man, — as if one couldn't have a three-cornered friendship!

It was at this point she tried the coffee,

half cold milk, and found it delicious. She did not want to get engaged to anybody. She wanted to go round the world with "papa" on his great tour (they were setting off in September): Paris, Switzerland, Italy, Greece, Egypt and the Pyramids, the Holy Land, India, Japan, California, and Boston (where her cousins were), and ever so many more places in the States. Oh, they had great "castles in the air," these two; and up to now there was no one else in Daisy's dreams but "papa." She had fallen in love with him when he came home from India; and, though she had more than her share of girlish desire of admiration, she could not endure the thought of ever parting from this dear grey-haired father.

Daisy Spaggot was only a vain little creature, but the vanity had not eaten into her heart. She was occupied with her own pleasure, having learned nothing else; but she loved her father a great deal more than herself. In the moments when she perceived that he was on the downhill slope of life, such a passion of tenderness swept over her that love was but exquisite pain. Poor little Daisy! Hers was a frivolous nature. But there were possibilities. Her devotion to her father just kept her from thinking herself the centre of the universe—which is the most natural of mistakes for a girl of eighteen who has always had a "good time."

The flower-show at Morton Court always took place on a Saturday at the end of July. Lady Verreker had her two grandsons with her for the occasion; and while a crowd of friends from town came for the beginning, "everybody that was anybody" was invited for a later hour; and before the prizes were given all Furzley was let in by the side-gate. There was always a brass band in the walled garden, and two show tents. The prize goblets and the silver teapots had been on view in the druggist's window for the last fortnight, to the admiration of the village.

A note was discovered this morning, almost unnoticed, under the Colonel's

newspaper. Lady Verreker wanted Colonel Spaggot, as a popular man, to give the prizes for her. And would he be so kind as to make a little speech, dwelling particularly on Mr. Bulger's marrows and the vicar's green peas?

Daisy shrieked with delight when the Colonel read aloud her ladyship's commands. She was very keen for the amusing side of life; most things that happened were part of the fun.

"A speech about marrows!" the Colonel groaned, while his face lengthened like the countenance of Don Quixote. "Be still, my soul! And what is an intelligent being to say about the vicar's green peas?"

"I'll compose it for you, papa dear! Let me try."

"Not this time, Daisy. We have to be very careful not to provoke our audience; there will be pumpkins and other things handy. I might say something about having to mind my P's and Q's."

"Green peas?" said Daisy reflectively. "But one can't say anything about queues and vegetables."

The day was still far off when Londoners discovered a connection.

All at once, through the mention of the marrows, Daisy Spaggot realized that the Bulger family would be at the show. She clasped her little hands together, and uttered something between a genuine gasp and a real cry:

"O papa, it will be just too dreadful for anything!"

The Colonel was turning to the war-scare again, studying a speech in Parliament. He looked up.

"But, my dear—it will never come to war."

"Oh, it's not that, papa! I was thinking that Miss Bulger has got a dress the very same color as my new one,—a horrid pink cotton with net over it. And there's mine,—pink silk with white silk gauze!" There were tears in Daisy's voice. "If she wears hers at Morton Court, I shan't enjoy mine a bit."

"But what on earth can I do, my child?

Would you like me to say something withering about Bulger's marrows?"

"Oh, no, papa dear! Don't make fun of me. It takes all the pleasure out of my new frock."

"Perhaps she won't wear your color. Bulger's daughter may have several dresses, just as she has several marrows."

In spite of herself, Daisy began to laugh.

"Oh, no! She has got this new; she wore it in church. I wish I didn't know!"

"My dear," said the Colonel, promptly, "why do you go to church, if the dresses upset you so?"

He stood up, and gave the long-expected bone to Pepper, and opened the door of the room. The dog trotted off gaily to the garden.

"I believe," said the Colonel, "Pepper is going to enjoy his chop bone more than—"

Daisy rushed round the table, and caught him with both arms.

"No—don't say it! I am a silly, selfish girl!" It was an impulse of sudden humility,—Daisy was all impulses at this stage of her career. "You gave such a lot of money for my new frock, papa; and you are so good,—so good! I am going to enjoy it—no end!"

"It won't be quite that, my girl: it will come to an end very soon, and we shall be having blue, green and yellow."

He returned her kiss. The iron-grey hair mingled with the fluff of gold that wreathed her forehead like a sort of worldly little halo.

After all, it was an innocent face. It was not Daisy Spaggot's fault if she thought life was made for her amusement; neither was it her fault that she knew perfectly well what a pretty face looked at her out of the glass. The friends who brought her up, and who were now gone out to Burmah, had taken her to all the London fêtes where fashionable children go. She had learned step-dancing for a juvenile ball at the Mansion House; and her Christmas Eve, in the earliest years she could remember, had been spent at a hotel party of

children of the rich; while their grown-up friends feasted elsewhere under the same roof, without any home responsibilities. The wonder was that Daisy Spaggot remained, in many ways, as simple as her namesake of the fields.

Long ago, when the Colonel was home from India, and they were settled in the flat in town, the housekeeper was surprised to hear from the self-possessed little lady of all the places she had been to.

"I expect you think she's spoiled, Mrs. Moran?"

"Well, no, sir; for she's just a big baby; but her angel guardian must be fair worn out."

The Colonel laughed; he liked Mrs. Moran, and she was entirely welcome to her Irish ideas.

Daisy was thirteen then. One day she came to her father and asked him if people with light hair never had black eyebrows.

"I don't know: I did not take Eyebrows in any of my exams," said the Colonel, gravely, setting a playful finger on the tip of Miss Daisy's nose.

"But, papa, you know everything; do try to think. Mrs. Jayby-Jones always said I was like a French doll in a Paris toyshop. They used to turn the opera glass round the wrong way, and look at me through it, to make me little." Here Daisy became excited and ungrammatical. "Mrs. Moran says she wouldn't be a doll,—they not being Christians, but all bran inside. I think it's the eyebrows does it."

The Colonel took his darling by the shoulders, and looked at her long and admiringly. So these people he trusted had been calling her a beautiful doll, had they? And now she had found somebody wiser, and in her childish way resented the flattery. She wanted to be something better than a toy. Her father told her he would wish the Jayby-Jones to go to Jericho, if they were not already gone to Burmah.

The face that looked up at him had certainly a waxen fairness, and there was

the rare contrast of bright hair with eyes darkly fringed. The eyebrows were a delicate imitation of his own, which had kept their characteristic color through all his campaigning days, even while his hair turned iron-grey.

"They shouldn't have called you a doll, my darling!" he said. "Mrs. Moran is right. But do you talk nothing but French to 'Mademoiselle'? I wish she would teach my pet a more Christian sort of grammar."

About three years after that time, Uncle Jeremiah died, and they came to live in that old house at Furzley, where the High Road was close beyond the wall of the front garden.

There was a last word Colonel Spaggot wanted to say to Daisy, before he left the breakfast room on this flower-show morning.

"My dear, I hope you are going to enjoy yourself to-day. And, remember, I shall think it the most natural thing in the world if—if—I mean to say it may happen that Sydney Verreker—"

"Papa darling, haven't I told you I am your little girl?" She shook back her bright curls. "I don't want to be anybody else's." Her hands clasped his arm, and her cheek was pillowed against his sleeve.

"All the same, Daisy my girl, you might get fond of somebody, and I am not going to be a crotchety old fellow. When you have a home of your own, I'll come in and smoke my pipe, and feel young again to see you settled and happy."

The honest Colonel had nearly reduced his darling to tears.

"Oh, I wish you wouldn't!"

The drawing of such a picture even in imagination cut her to the heart. She was never able to reconcile the possibility of marriage with the sheer impossibility of parting from the father she looked up to and loved at home. Why—why did he speak like this? Why this morning of all other mornings, when they both meant to have fun,—he making a speech about

green peas and marrows, and she in her gay new frock? Oh, why were people serious in this world? And why not enjoy to-day without thinking of the future that seemed always far off?

"I want to stay with you," she said.

"But, my dear, suppose a very eligible—"

"Why should we think about it till it comes?" Then, with a twinkle of mischief in her eyes: "Up to what age do women think about getting married?"

"Oh, I suppose a hundred and two!" said the Colonel, dryly.

"That's all right then, papa." The girl was laughing merrily. "I shall wait till I am a hundred and one!"

He kissed her forehead; he was laughing, too.

But when he went out into the garden to smoke, and was welcomed by Pepper, he shook his head reflectively, and wondered which of those boys old Lady Verreker had been giving her hints about. He was pretty sure it was Sydney.

"Hard luck for him, if Daisy won't see it! He ought to 'lie low and say nuffin' just for the present. These people are so rich, too! One doesn't find a lad like that every day. I should like Daisy to have Morton Court."

(To be continued.)

PRUDENCE is of two sorts: human and Christian. Human prudence, which is also called the prudence of the flesh and of the world, is that which has no other aim than what is temporal, thinks only of arriving at its end, and makes use of such methods and sentiments alone as are human and uncertain. Christian prudence consists in judging, speaking, and acting that way in which the Eternal Wisdom, clothed in our flesh, judged, spoke, and acted; and in guiding ourselves in all cases according to the maxims of the Gospel, never according to the fallacious sentiments of the world, or the feeble light of our own intellect.—*St. Vincent de Paul.*

A Candidate for Canonization.¹

I.



AMONG the holy persons whose life and virtues are at the present moment being examined by the tribunals of the Church with a view to their future canonization is a French lady of the seventeenth century, Louise de Marillac. After having been a model wife and mother, she became the humble servant of those whom she used to call "our dear masters the poor"; and, under the guidance of a saint whose name is now a household word in all Christendom, she founded a Congregation destined to continue her work.

Throughout the length and breadth of both hemispheres, in schools and in hospitals, on battlefields and in time of pestilence, the white cornette of the Sister of Charity may be seen amidst scenes of terror and misery. No obstacle daunts these true-hearted women, whose heroism strikes us all the more, veiled as it is under the straightforward simplicity of their manner, the frank cordiality of their demeanor.

No doubt it is to St. Vincent of Paul, in the first instance, that the Sisters of Charity owe, together with their rule of life, the generous spirit, large heart, and dauntless courage that distinguish them one and all. But the debt of gratitude that they owe to their first father and founder is due in an almost equal measure to the valiant woman who shared with him the responsibility of their foundation. It was she who, by her example, her teaching, her daily words of advice and guidance, impressed upon the Congregation at its birth the stamp of her own sanctity.

Louise de Marillac, the widow of Antoine Legras, stands out among the holy and gifted souls of an epoch rich in saints and heroes. The early part of the seventeenth

century was marked, in France especially, by a revival of faith and charity, the importance of which can hardly be exaggerated. The reforms which the Council of Trent had ordered to be carried out in matters of discipline were already bringing forth good results. New seminaries were founded for the training of the clergy; the ancient religious Orders returned to the strict observance of their rules, and many new Congregations for men and women sprang up, like flowers of sweet perfume, in the garden of the Church.

St. Francis of Sales and Ste. Jeanne de Chantal, Cardinal de Bérulle and Madame Acarie, St. Vincent of Paul and our Louise de Marillac are the most celebrated of the holy souls whose gifts and graces shed lustre on the Church in France during this eventful period. Around these leading spirits gathered many others, less known, less brilliant, but scarcely less holy. In the Carmelite convents recently established in Paris by Madame Acarie, with the assistance of the Spanish companions of St. Teresa, numbers of women consecrated their lives to prayer and penance; while others, hastening on the footsteps of St. Vincent of Paul, devoted themselves to the service of the poor and sick. A new spirit was infused into the clergy, and charitable institutions for the relief of every moral and physical misery were called into existence.

The child destined to have a considerable part in the religious development of the seventeenth century was born in Paris on August 12, 1591. Her father, Louis de Marillac, belonged to an ancient family of Auvergne. Many of its members had, at different times, filled important offices in the Government of their country. Louis de Marillac had eight brothers and sisters. One of his brothers, Michel, contributed to the accession of Henry IV. to the throne of France; for it was chiefly through his intervention that the last partisans of the League rejected the proposals of Philip II. of Spain, who wished to secure the Crown of France for his eldest daughter, the

¹ "Histoire de Mlle. Legras (Louise de Marillac), Fondatrice des Filles de la Charité." Poussielgue Frères.

Infanta Isabel. Henry of Navarre had already given the Catholics sufficient reason to trust his sincerity; and subsequent events proved that Michel de Marillac had done wisely in advocating his claims.

Our heroine lost her mother very soon after her birth; and Louis de Marillac, left alone in charge of a delicate child, gave her into the keeping of one of his own sisters—also called Louise,—who was a nun in the royal Abbey of Poissy, near Paris. This magnificent monastery was built in 1304 by Philip the Fair, on the site of a royal palace, where the sovereigns of France had resided for three hundred years, and where St. Louis first saw the light. The church was filled with paintings and statues recalling the past glories of the monastery; and also the memory of the former abbesses, most of whom were daughters of the royal house.

Louise passed her early youth at Poissy, where she received a complete and brilliant education. The nuns seem to have been women of good birth and high culture. Their community life, if not austere, was regular; but still the contrast was great between the royal abbey, its mundane atmosphere and brilliant surroundings, and the lowliness and poverty of our heroine's latter years.

Before Louise was fifteen her father recalled her to his solitary home in Paris. He seems to have been a man of austere life and serious tastes, and his daughter's education was continued under his personal supervision; he even insisted upon her learning the elements of philosophy. She possessed a quick intelligence and a well-balanced judgment, and responded with much eagerness to her father's desires. In his last will, Louis de Marillac bears touching witness to the loving devotion of his only child. "She was ever," he writes, "my best comfort in this world."

When she was between fifteen and sixteen, Louise seems to have thought of becoming a nun. There existed a warm friendship between the Marillacs and the

Carmelites, whose recent arrival in Paris was an event of great importance in the religious world. Michel de Marillac, our Louise's uncle, was devoted to this community, and watched over its temporal affairs with fatherly interest.

Nevertheless, in spite of the cordial relations that were established between her family and the daughters of St. Teresa, Louise does not seem to have felt drawn toward their community; her thoughts turned rather to the convent of Capuchin nuns, or Daughters of the Passion, for whom the Duchesse de Mercœur had recently built a large convent in Paris. Her confessor, however, a Franciscan friar of great holiness, Father Honoré de Champigny, assured her that her place was elsewhere, and that God had other designs on her soul.

About this period of her life, Louise lost her father. Some time later, obedient to her confessor's decision, she relinquished her dream of a religious life, and, yielding to the wishes of her family, she consented to marry Antoine Legras, secretary to Queen Marie de Médicis. His family, although not belonging to the nobility,¹ was ancient and honorable; some of its members, renowned for their charity, had founded a hospital at Le Puy. Antoine himself seems to have been a good Christian and a kind husband. Many years later Louise writes of him that "he feared God and strove to lead a blameless life"; and to the end of her days she was accustomed to go to Holy Communion on the anniversary of her wedding day. She was married in the Church of St. Gervais on the 5th of February, 1613, and at the end of the same year she gave birth to a son, Michel, her only child.

Even in those early and peaceful days,

¹ In the seventeenth century the wives of men who did not belong to the nobility were called "mademoiselle," noble ladies alone being addressed as "madame." This custom was modified in the eighteenth century, when all married women were called "madame." The Sisters of Charity still speak of their Mother as "Mademoiselle."

when the love of her husband and son filled her heart and occupied her time, Louise began to develop an ardent compassion for the poor and suffering. When her home duties were fulfilled, she loved to go forth, carrying food or remedies, and visit her protégés. Neither wind nor rain, cold or heat, ever daunted her courage; to wash and dress the poor, tend their sores, cook their food, and render them the most menial services were her greatest delight.

It chanced about this time that God led across her path one of His chosen servants, destined to exercise a powerful and beneficent influence over her soul. In the course of 1619 St. Francis of Sales, whose reputation as a preacher, an ascetical writer, and an eminent director of souls, had already spread far and wide, spent some months in Paris. He was attached to the suite of the Cardinal of Savoy, who was charged to negotiate with the French Court a marriage between Victor Amadeus, Prince of Piedmont, and Christine of France, sister to Louis XIII.

It was not the first time that St. Francis visited Paris. In the French capital he had many friends, among whom was Michel de Marillac, our heroine's uncle. He seems to have been both surprised and edified at the increase of faith and piety in the great city; and during his stay he was brought into contact with most of those to whom this religious movement was, in a great measure, due. Louise, amongst others, had frequent opportunities of meeting her uncle's friend, and she appears to have retained a lasting recollection of his wise and holy teaching. In after years, when, in her turn, she became the spiritual guide and mother of many souls, we find her frequently alluding to the advice given to her in her youth by "our blessed Father," as she calls St. Francis. The books of devotion written by him are those which she chiefly recommends; and his gentle, large-hearted and indulgent spirit pervades her own teaching on spiritual matters.

But the visits of St. Francis to Paris were rare events; and on his departure he entrusted Louise to Mgr. Le Camus, Bishop of Belley, whom he was accustomed to call "his only son," and who was in the habit of preaching Lent and Advent at one or other of the churches in Paris. This holy prelate, who had been trained by St. Francis, continued for some years to guide Louise in the path of perfection. Under his direction, she began to practise bodily penances, such as wearing a rough hair-shirt under her ordinary garments; she also multiplied her acts of devotion and charity, without ever neglecting her home duties.

These exterior practices were not all. The Bishop of Belley had noticed that to a strong intellect and a firm will Louise united a certain anxiety of mind that led her to indulge in exaggerated fears and scruples as to her spiritual state. Her ardent desire to serve God in the most perfect manner was, at this time of her life, apt to degenerate into anxiety and unrest. Her wise confessor strove to regulate an ardor so pure in its origin and in its motives: he gently checked her tendency to reflect too long on her faults. "Do not," he writes, "create for yourself so many difficulties about things that are indifferent. Turn your eyes away from yourself and fix them on Jesus Christ."

St. Francis of Sales and Mgr. Le Camus had been sent by God to guide our heroine in her first efforts toward perfection; the same loving Providence, that had led them across her path, now brought her to the saint who was destined to complete their work in her soul, and subsequently to shape her life according to God's mysterious designs.

(To be continued.)

As soon as a man receives into his heart the full light of the Incarnation, two self-evident truths arise upon his reason: the presence of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, and the love and veneration of His Blessed Mother.—*Cardinal Manning.*

The Will of God.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

THE will of God was over me:

I wanted that which could not be,
License unleashed, not liberty—

The will of God be mine!

The will of God was as a fire
That swept the red rose from the briar,
And purged my soul of mad desire—
The will of God be mine!

The will of God was as a rain
That scattered all my idle gain,
But brought the sun of peace again—
The will of God be mine!

The will of God was as a fear
That followed me from year to year,
But made my pathway bright and clear—
The will of God be mine!

The will of God was as a foe
That threatened me with grief and woe,
But proved a friend I loved to know—
The will of God be mine!

The will of God was over me
For evermore on land and sea
My friend I thought my enemy—
The will of God be mine!

Dom Gregoire's Enlightenment.

BY A. FORTY, C. F.

ALL around as far as the eye can reach is countryside and woods. Just to the left is the little village; and the roofs and spires of the next village, about a mile away, show a little above and through the trees. Every bit of ground is undergoing cultivation. In fact, all this part of France seems to be a huge vegetable and grain garden, with small villages here and there, where the farming folk return for the night's rest. There are no castle ruins here,—nothing but the little tumble-down villages, and a ruined monastery, which has a high wall running all round the property. This wall is broken by only one door, which opens

into a porch, that leads on to the chapel where the laity were admitted. The church was quite a big building, running parallel with the road. This is all a ruin; the belfry, but a wooden skeleton; the roof has almost all fallen in; even the walls are sagging. The monastery ran at right angles to the apse of the church. All the ground was doubtless cultivated; outhouses, stables, granaries, etc., ran along one side of the property.

What did the band of people who lived here? They tilled the ground, said their prayers, worshipped, and by public services provided the means for the people around to do the same. They gave alms in money and kind, provided tools and work for the villagers about them, and generally brought and kept an atmosphere of the Divine in the neighborhood. Day by day and night by night the great bell rang out, and they gathered into the choir from the farm, the dairy, the workshop, the library, where each one was doing some duty. Seven times a day they praised God and prayed for all. That went on here for generations; the very walls must have been impregnated in prayer. Then one day the word went forth from the Government. They must go!

Many had not seen the outside of those walls since they had first passed through the cloister door, twenty, thirty, forty, even fifty years ago. And now it was settled: they must go. There had been many rumors lately. Some had said only the very small houses would go; others, that only the active Orders would be suppressed. Lots of tired-looking women had been seen during the past few months moving from various little convents, in queer, ill-fitting gowns, and with pale, anxious faces,—some tearful ones too. They had passed along the roads in carts, sometimes walking, carrying small bundles; and then they had vanished. The doors were closed behind them; the bell rang out no more; and then silence, always silence, where before the hum of prayer and the strain of hymns scarce ever ceased.

And now it had come to the community of G——. That strange, bewildering, fear-some doom that had been hanging over them for these past months had come down at last. It filled all the air about them, and mocked them. As yet all around was peace and prosperity. The land never looked more fruitful, the crops more satisfactory, the farm was never more prosperous. A fine flock of sheep were just returning from pasture, led—as is the French custom—by a very old monk, who caressed them as he placed them up for the night.

The six o'clock bell rang out for the evening refection, and to young Dom Gregoire it mocked him as he sat on the trunk of a felled tree. "You must leave your home this week," it clanged at him, over and over again. And a fierce passion rose up in his heart,—a passion of grief and resentment and despair. It was a new experience in his life.

Dom Gregoire was one like numerous others in these days of religious expulsions. Like many more, he had entered the monastery of G—— at the age of seventeen,—four years ago: it seemed but as yesterday that he had humbly asked to be received into the novitiate. And he, too, had hoped to end his days there, full of good works for God.

Now this awful, unthinkable thing had happened. They were all to be cast adrift within seven days. The abbot had told them in chapter that very morning, and their beloved abbey would on their exit become the property of the Government. The abbot had feared and hoped alternately. He had employed the help and intercession of influential friends, and they had failed. He had even made the journey to Paris to see the President himself. He had had some trouble in getting a hearing; but, having got it, found it quite futile. The President was exceedingly polite: he promised to do all in his power; but it soon became clear to my lord abbot's active intellect that M. le President was,

in turn, in the power of political party and faction whom he could not afford to displease. So my lord had nothing left but to return to his abbey and pray and watch, and trust to God. All this the abbot had told his subjects by way of preface to the blow he had had to make known to them that morning.

Dom Gregoire had tried his best to understand it. Why did God allow all these things? Was there anything displeasing to Him? Was there any one there offending Divine Majesty? He ran through the names of them all. No, he could not find or remember anything seriously amiss. There were little things, to be sure; for human nature is always human nature. Dom Hilarion did persist in coming into choir with shoestrings untied and dangling, though the prior had checked him in chapter several times for this. Then Dom Bernard did give himself slightly superior airs, since the sub-prior had praised his talent at the organ. Indeed, the sub-prior had had to give him a sharp rebuke on that very head only a few days ago. True, too, old Dom Gabriel did now and then lose his temper—of which commodity he had little to spare—when the novices' hens and fowls overran his beds of seedlings. But, then, these were surely trifling details compared with this catastrophe. If it were that God was angry with them for these things, it really did seem that the punishment was more than condign.

Little pictures of his own faults and failings formed before his imagination. He dipped into the past, and saw again, with renewed shame and sorrow, how he had sulked and hesitated to obey, when the sub-prior had bidden him return to the refectory and gather up the fragments of the meal, instead of joining in the recreation of his brethren. He had considered my lord abbot stern and haughty on the occasion of a just rebuke over some trifling thing. He had had superior notions about his own powers (for Dom Gregoire was a skilled limner), still—still—could

it be for things like that they were all to be cast out? Could it be that these trifles made them completely unworthy to be God's servants? He surely was far from perfection—that perfection to which the religious must ever aspire or be unfaithful to his vow; yet—yet—

Now, it must be understood that Dom Gregoire had not the faintest intention, when he came forth from the library (where he had been limning most skilfully a perfect little illumination in the great antiphonaire), of daydreaming, or even of trying to puzzle out this perplexing matter. He had merely stepped out into the garden, and crossed to the fringe of the copse to breathe a little fresh air after the close atmosphere of the library, and intense application to his beloved art.

It had then wanted but fifteen minutes to the evening meal, as the faithful bell had told him. It had even floated through his mind that it would only ring out like that six more times. But the air was hot and heavy; the trees, in full bloom, scarce moved; the birds were silent; a frightened hare flashed by on its way home; and then nothing at all disturbed the calm and peace. As the setting sun fell lower it cast a deep glow all around; the flowers gave out their perfumes; all lent their aid to meditation and to what is often mis-called meditation, but which is really daydreaming. And, daydreaming being generally quite desultory, leads frequently and naturally to dozing.

The flowers still poured out their wonderful fragrance; the birds settled themselves down to repose, and the memory of Dom Gregoire relaxed. The little images that had floated before his imagination hesitated, became blurred and died out; his mind paused in its mental activity; the will loosed its hold—and Dom Gregoire was in less than ten seconds sleeping like a tired child, his face pressed against the bark of a friendly tree, his hands lying in the folds of his white habit. For a space Silence came down, veil upon veil, all around him.

The next thing that struck the young monk's senses was the shuffling feet of Dom Angelus, and his voice calling for him. He sat up suddenly, stretching his stiff young limbs, answering the call meanwhile. It was nearly dark now, and the flowers had folded their petals and gone to rest. Dom Angelus peered through the branches in the direction of the voice, and espied his confrère in the act of rising to his feet.

"What can have happened to thee, my brother?" said Dom Angelus. "My lord abbot is much displeased. He hath missed thee at refecton. Thou wert not at thanksgiving nor commendations. Even thy choir stall was vacant at night prayer. How is it, my Brother? What aileth thee? But come quickly; for my lord abbot bade me search till I found thee, and bring thee to his cell. I fear me—" muttered the old monk. But whatever his fears were, he did not give utterance to them.

The young man stepped out of the border of the wood where he had lain and slept, and followed Dom Angelus across the soft lawn into the convent. There was a strange look on his face as he went. He appeared like one who, after some mighty effort to solve a deep riddle, had come upon the answer suddenly, when he had least expected to find it. Yet there was more than that written on his countenance. The eyes held something new, as if they had drunk deeply of things hidden. The lips, though firm, smiled at the possession of some sweet secret now known at last. His whole face glowed with joy over his strange possession. It was as if some higher influence or power had taken possession of him. Dom Angelus saw it too, and was not a little awed at it. "Evidently Dom Gregoire is not fearing my lord abbot's anger," thought the older man.

As the two mounted the stone stairway which brought them to the abbot's cell, a small bell rang out the warning for all to extinguish lights for the night. Thence no one might leave his cell until the first bell rang out at midnight for Matins.

This warning bell to extinguish lights the young monk realized meant that it wanted but a few minutes to eight o'clock. Then he must have been asleep close on two hours. And now he saw it all! How good God was!

The abbot's voice bade them enter, in response to the discreet knock. He was a tall, fine-looking man. None better could have filled the abbatial throne or worn an abbot's mitre. He could command, too; for he had, for long years, practised how to obey. He looked up from his table at which he was sitting, and they were stern eyes that fell upon the two men at the entrance. His lips, naturally thin, seemed to get thinner; the square chin more set; yet his eyes were not hard, as he continued to look upon these two subjects of his. "Dom Angelus," said the abbot, "you may retire for the night." The elder man stepped forward, knelt down and kissed the abbot's scapular and withdrew. The abbot's hand rested kindly for a second on the kneeling man's head, as he murmured a blessing over him. Then he held out his scapular to Dom Gregoire: the young religious came forward, and, kneeling down, kissed it respectfully.

For some seconds my lord abbot said nothing,—just looked blankly on the table before him. He seemed to be schooling himself for some duty awaiting him. For my lord abbot of G—— belonged to the famous house of the De Mervilles, which, as all the world knows, is renowned for its high sense of justice. Indeed, it is said, and truly so, that no injustice was ever, knowingly, done to peasant or to noble by a De Merville; and that never did any one of that noble house fail to set a wrong right immediately on hearing of any mis-carriage of that cardinal virtue.

But my lord knew that he must allow no laxity of discipline within his abbey. That would be an injustice to the rest of his subjects. One and all, even he himself, were bound by the same vows and laws.

At last he spoke, and his voice, though soft, was calm; there was not a trace of

passion in it. Looking steadily at the kneeling figure beside him, he said:

"Dom Gregoire, thou wert absent, my son, from every act of community this evening. Since the refection bell till now, no one of the community knew ought of thee or thy doing. This would appear grave laxity on thy part. What hast thou to say? How dost thou explain thyself, my son? Dost thou—"

The abbot suddenly leaned forward towards his young subject, and for a full second looked earnestly, searchingly into the fair young-face, in complete silence. He, too, caught the strange look there reflected, as though the rays of a light within shone through the youth's face and eyes, and rested on his countenance. The abbot left his sentence unfinished, and slowly sank back into his chair, but never for an instant did he remove his eyes from the face of the monk kneeling beside him. Then he drew a deep breath, and very softly indeed did my lord's next words fall on the air.

"Wilt thou, my son,—wilt thou tell me that which hath happened to thee since refection, or wouldst thou rather make it known to thy confessor?"

Oh, my lord abbot of G—— was a very learned man, skilled not only in science and art, but still more in the things of God! None could listen to his discourses on meditation and contemplation without realizing that he spoke of what he *knew* rather than of what he had heard or read.

The clear young voice sounded full of joyous exaltation as he gave reply to his superior:

"My lord, who art also my father, I will tell all to thee. As near as human words can tell, will I tell thee, and keep nothing back from thee."

The voice of the kneeling figure rose and fell and quivered with happiness; and all the while my lord never allowed his eyes to wander from Dom Gregoire's face.

"A quarter before refection I did but step into the borders of the wood to take air before our evening meal. And as I

sat there, the horror of our expulsion was heavy upon me. The cruel tearing of us all away from—from—all this" (he had waved his hands around in explanatory manner); "the deliberate cutting off, for no apparent adequate reason, of the stream of praise and prayer that hath gone up day upon day to God; the casting out of our older brethren, so necessary here, so useless, helpless, in the world outside,—angered me."

The young monk quivered a little piteously now. But he quickly resumed:

"Then my anger passed from the men who are the cause of it, to God who was allowing it. I searched in my mind and heart, but could find no real cause why He should permit it. A perfect service Divine Majesty doth not receive from us, for human beings are always imperfect. Perfect service is given to Him only in heaven. But a devoted service, a regular, prompt service of love, He certainly hath received for many, many years from the Abbey of G—. Then why doth He allow men to do this evil thing? Why suffer them to cast us adrift? Why—why? And at that point, my Father, I fell asleep; for the sun had left the air still hot. And as I slept this is what came to me.

"I was on a high peak, where human beings do not walk, and where time and space are left far, far below. It was so high up that I could look out over all the world, as on a map at my feet. Now stretched out upon the world was a huge Cross. So huge was it that the apex and foot and arms reached out to the ends of the earth. Yet again I saw how the whole Church, which is in truth the body of the Lord Christ, was stretched out upon this Cross. The blood flowed freely from the Five Wounds and bedewed the earth; and some of this Precious Blood was also caught up by angels, who adored, and sprinkled it upon the parched earth, and many souls sprang up that before were stricken down.

"Crouching at the foot of the Cross was a woman, whose face was at first hidden by her veil and hair. Presently she looked

up into the face of the Lord Christ above her, and I saw she was of wondrous beauty. Her eyes shone with pure love. Then she looked towards me with great pity and yearning, and, pointing to the great, gaping wound in the Lord Christ's side, she said—O my Father, her voice was like the sound of silver bells, like the rustle of the softest wind."

The young monk had now laid his hands upon the table, and his chin rested upon his hands. A great, sobbing sigh escaped his lips as he went on:

"Thou knowest, my Father, that words can not be found in this earthly speech of ours to convey what only the language of Heaven can tell."

He paused a little, and his eyes looked into those depths that only few may fathom. All the while my lord abbot never moved, or let his glance fall from the face beside him. Then once again the younger monk tried to explain.

"She said," he continued,—*"she said, 'Why dost thou resent the place which my Son hath given thee in His Passion? Impulsive child! Dost thou not see that the Lord Christ hath reserved the greatest of the honors for thee and thine, to suffer with Him, even in the wound of His own Sacred Heart? Is it not the best of all places in which to hide thy love? Is there a higher or more exalted place in all His Church, which is His body, in which He lives, suffers, dies again and rises again? Be of good courage, then. If you suffer and die with Him, you shall also rise again and reign with Him.'*

"Then I knew, my Father, that the very best place in the body of the Lord Christ was given to us, because we have tried to be a little faithful to Him; that this abbey of ours forms a heart valve through which love pours in and out of the Body Mystical. I saw, too, that every thrust that shall be made at us will pierce His Heart also, so that He will suffer and bear with us all those things soon to come upon us. Then the Mother of All looked upon me with a smile; for she knew that at last

I understood. And I fell upon my face and adored; and, so adoring, awoke—to hear Dom Angelus anxiously seeking me.”

When the monks came in procession into the great choir at midnight, they found the abbot and young Dom Gregoire already in their stalls; and scarce a man present but knew that some strange thing had happened that night, though the religious knew not then what it was, any more than they knew that both their lord and his subject had lain, until the ringing of the Matins bell, flat upon their faces before the high altar, with their hearts full, and burning withal for very love.

The next morning, in chapter, this act of God's great love which I have tried to set down here was faithfully related. All the brethren were assembled, so that not one was absent. My lord abbot related it to them, full of zeal and fervor, and with exceeding great reverence; for my lord is a more than ordinarily wise man, with a full share of the love of God.

When, six days later, these men took leave of what had been their home so long, no tears were shed; there was not a single murmur of regret. My lord abbot, with consummate dignity, handed over the keys of his abbey to the two officials of the State who had arrived the night before. They left in a perfectly orderly manner, without ostentation or demonstration of any kind. The villagers gathered about the doorway; some wept, most looked on stolidly, but everyone wondered much at the joy in the faces of these men going into exile for the love of God.

Some days afterwards, when the gossips of the village gathered together on the village green to discuss the recent event, it was said that one small child, who had made her First Communion scarce a month before in the abbey church, had asked her mother why the young Père Gregoire had carried the pretty white bird on his head as he left the abbey gates. But none could say, since none save the little child herself had seen it.

The First Month.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

THE quaint sayings, beliefs, and customs associated with the months and days of the year are always interesting. In connection with January, we find an unusually large number of aphorisms, or proverbs; for example:

If the grass grow in Janiveer,
It grows the worse for't all the year.

Again, for the first of the months:

March in Janiveer,
January in March, I fear.

Or yet again:

If January calends be summerly gay,
'Twill be winterly weather till the calends of May.
The latter prophecy, we often notice, is correct; for mild weather at the beginning of the year is usually followed by frost, cold, and a long-delayed spring.

The festivities of New Year's Eve and New Year's Day, though of very ancient date in England, are too well known to need repetition here; but it may be mentioned in passing that at Coventry, and possibly other places in that country, a curious custom prevailed—that, namely, of eating what were called “God-cakes” on New Year's Day. These cakes, which were triangular in shape, and about half an inch thick, were filled with a kind of mince-meat. Cheap ones, costing as little as a halfpenny, were cried in the streets; whilst others, rising in price to as much as a pound, “were used,” we are told, “by the upper classes.”

The practice of making presents on New Year's Day was much more general, in times long gone by, than it is at present. Subjects gave to their sovereigns, tenants to their landlords, friends to friends, and so forth. An orange, stuck with cloves, was a common present; gloves also were favorite New Year's gift's. They were then, it is scarcely necessary to state, far more expensive than they are at present; for which reason a sum of money, called “glove money,” was given instead.

Presents were not only made to persons in authority, but were also accepted by magistrates and judges. For instance, we read of Blessed Thomas More that, "having, as Lord Chancellor, decided a cause in favor of a certain lady named Croaker, she, on the following New Year's Day, sent him a pair of gloves, with forty gold coins in them." These coins, it will be remembered, went by the name of "angels." Sir Thomas returned the money with the following courtly and characteristic note: "Mistress, since it were against good manners to refuse your New Year's gift, I am content to take your gloves; but as for the *lining*, I utterly refuse it."

In old lists of gifts received by kings we find mention of sums of money varying in amount; we also note that certain sums were given to the servants of those who presented New Year's gifts to their sovereign.

Pins were considered a very suitable gift for ladies, and money given for the purchase of them was called "pin-money." History tells us that, in earlier days, they were made of boxwood, bone, or silver; whilst those used by the poor were of common wood,—neither more nor less, in fact, than skewers. But metal pins appear to have been invented about the beginning of the sixteenth century; for during the reign of Henry VIII., in the year 1543, a statute concerning them was passed. This statute was entitled "An Acte for the true making of Pynnes," and decreed that the price charged should not exceed six and eight-pence per thousand.

There prevailed, and possibly still prevails, amongst many persons in England, the idea that January 14 is the coldest day in the year. Exactly why this belief arose it would be difficult to say; though it may have sprung originally from the fact that, on this date, in the year 1205, Stowe's Chronicle tells us that there "began a frost which continued till the two and twentieth day of March, so that

the ground could not be tilled; whereof it came to pass that, in the summer following, a quarter of wheat was sold for a mark of silver in many places, which for the more part, in the days of King Henry II., was sold for twelve pence."

January 22, the feast of Saints Vincent and Anastasius, martyrs, was another of those days to which a prognostication concerning the weather for the coming season was attached. Old rhymes, in Latin and French, tell us that if the sun shines brightly on St. Vincent's Day the year will be a dry one, and there will be a good vintage.

A somewhat similar forecast has been associated with the 25th of the month, the feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, which, not only during the Middle Ages, but even down to quite recent times, was held, in Western Europe, to influence the weather throughout the year. This festival is mentioned in ancient calendars and ecclesiastical service books, and authorities tell us that it was long kept as a holyday of obligation in most of the churches of Western Christendom; indeed, we find it mentioned as such in England, in the Council of Oxford (1222), in the reign of King Henry III.

In respect of the weather, there are many verses in Latin, French, and English. We give a curious one of the latter, which runs as follows:

If St. Paul's Day be fair and clear,
It does betide a happy year;
But if it chance to snow or rain,
Then will be dear all kinds of grain;
If clouds or mists do dark the skie,
Great store of birds and beasts shall die;
And if the winds do flie aloft,
Then war shall vexe the kingdom oft.

Other days in this month, as we have seen, enjoyed, at different periods and in different places, much the same reputation; but none of them were so widely held and so firmly believed in as the day of the Conversion of St. Paul.

In the "Chronicle of the Grey Friars of London" we are told that in the reign of Philip and Mary, 1555, "on St. Paul's

Day there was a general procession with the children of all the schools in London, with all parish priests and clerks in holy Orders, in copes with their crosses; also the choir of St. Paul's, with divers bishops in their episcopal vestments; and the bishop of London, in his pontificals, bearing the Most Holy Sacrament under a canopy carried by four prebends; and so up into Leadenhall, with the mayor and aldermen in scarlet, with their cloaks, and all the crafts in their best array; and so came down again on the other side, and so to St. Paul's again. And then the King, with my Lord Cardinal, came to St. Paul's and heard Masse, and went home again; and at night great bonfires were made throughout all London, for the joy of the people that were converted likewise as St. Paul was converted."

A sad significance attaches to the above description, recalling as it can not fail to do, how short-lived was that "joy of the people," so soon to be robbed of the priceless treasure of the true Faith.

Another Incident in the Life of Cardinal Donnet.

A LETTER FROM CARDINAL LOGUE.

REVEREND DEAR FATHER:—When I recently read in your excellent periodical "An Incident in the Life of Cardinal Donnet," I was reminded of another incident in his life which might interest your readers. The record of the debate to which I am about to refer is buried in the files of *Le Monde* newspaper—the journal, I think, in which I read it,—and probably in the files of the other Paris journals of the time. I can not fix the date from memory, except perhaps approximately. In the autumn of 1866 I was sent, when only a deacon, from Maynooth to teach theology in the Irish College, Paris. The debate in question took place, I think, within the first two years of my residence there,—probably in 1867 or 1868.

At that time Cardinal Donnet, then a

very old man, was a senator, as indeed were all the French Cardinals. Napoleon III. appointed them senators in order that the *traitement*, or salary attaching to the office, might contribute to the support of their dignity. A *projet de loi*, or bill, was under discussion in the Senate, the object of which was to extend the time between death and burial, to guard against the danger of any one's being buried alive. The bill had a hostile reception. It was contended that the danger was merely imaginary; that all possible precaution was taken; that the body of every deceased person was examined, before burial, by a doctor, appointed by law for the purpose and excluded from all other practice, commonly called *médecin des morts*.

Cardinal Donnet rose to speak in favor of the bill. In the course of his speech he related a fact which came within his own experience. A young priest, who had some reputation for preaching, suddenly dropped down in the middle of a sermon. He was carried from the pulpit, dead, so far as any test could determine; kept for the usual period, examined by the *médecin des morts*, and all necessary arrangements were made for his funeral. All this time he was not only alive, but fully conscious, heard and felt all that was going on around him, felt the undertaker measuring him for a coffin, and was perfectly aware that he was about to be buried alive. Yet neither by voice nor movement could he give sign of life. At last the voice of some friend whom he had not seen for years brought a kind of wave of joy, which restored the power of motion, and he was saved.

The Cardinal wound up by saying: "Messieurs, you need have no doubt of this fact. The young priest who was then on the point of being buried alive is the old Bishop who addresses you to-day." The bill was carried unanimously.

I am, Reverend dear Father,

Yours faithfully,

✠ MICHAEL CARD. LOGUE.

ARMAGH, Nov. 22, 1918.

A General Injustice.

"WE take no note of time but from its loss," says an eighteenth-century poet; and his statement is abundantly verified throughout the several weeks that comprise the passing of the old year and the advent of the new. During these weeks more than at any other time from January to December, we are prone to moralize on time, on its rapid flight, and on our personal improvement or waste of the days and weeks that so swiftly come and go. Such moralizing is undoubtedly most salutary—

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to Heaven,—
especially if our serious reflection on the past engenders, as it should do, firm resolves to effect obviously needed reforms in our methods of spending our time.

Of those of us who have done our moralizing as to the year just gone, who have asked the hours of 1918 the nature of their report to Heaven, who have recalled the vanished days and carefully noted the industry or the idleness that filled them, how many can honestly affirm that in the course of last year we wasted not time? Very few—far fewer than are conscious that we squandered our hours recklessly, that in a hundred and one instances our time was "elaborately thrown away." Most of us, perhaps, reviewing the past twelve months, recognize that, on any given day, we could truthfully have said with Horace Mann: "Lost yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever."

The wisdom of economizing time has, from immemorial ages, been a favorite theme for the preacher, the moral philosopher, the essayist, and the poet; and the consequent folly of wasting it is admitted by all who give ever so little reflection to the subject. "Economy of time," says Bishop Spalding, "is more indispensable than economy of money; for it is a means

of getting not only money but what is vastly higher and more precious—wisdom and virtue." "Thrift of time," declares Gladstone, "will repay you in after life with a usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams; and the waste of it will make you dwindle, alike in intellectual and moral stature, beyond your darkest reckonings."

Waste of time, however, is not only a folly but a flagrant injustice; and this aspect of the subject is all too seldom, perhaps, brought to our minds. In the case of those whose time is "not their own," who have hired it out to an employer, the injustice of wasting it is, of course, obvious. The plumber or carpenter who dawdles for half a day over a job which he could readily finish in an hour or two is clearly guilty of dishonesty. The clerk who, in the employ of a private firm or of the Government, neglects the work for which he receives a salary to devote his time, or any considerable portion of it, to other matters or to idling, is unquestionably defrauding his employers, is unjustly disposing of what is not his own.

In such cases as the foregoing, the positive sinfulness of wasting time can scarcely be ignored by any save the most callous conscience. But what of those whose time is their own, at least in the sense that they are subject to no specific taskmaster? What of merchants and journalists, lawyers and judges, physicians and clergymen who habitually squander some portion of what Franklin calls "the stuff that life is made of"? Does their waste of time injure no one but themselves? Is the self-culture, the increase in wisdom and virtue, the expansion of powers for good, the additional skill and efficiency in their respective callings, their progressive development into citizens of notable worth and eminence,—is all this, so clearly dependent on the genuine improvement of the time which they waste, merely a personal affair, concerning none save themselves alone? Assuredly not. They all owe duties to their families, to their

clients, to the community of which they form a part, to their country; and in just that measure in which their waste of time prevents their giving to these various creditors the best of which they are, or could be, capable, they can not but be considered as delinquent debtors.

The physician who fails to utilize the odd half-hours of his leisure in keeping up with the latest advances in medical science is guilty of injustice towards his actual and prospective patients. The lawyer who gives up serious study when once he has passed the State board of examiners, and who fritters away the hours that should, and easily could, be devoted to the acquisition of further legal lore, is unjust to his clients, even though he may cram energetically for each special case. The clergyman who spends his leisure moments in desultory reading, in frivolous occupations, or in immoderate attention to social functions, instead of preparing as effectively as is within his power his Sunday sermon or sermons, is unjust to his flock who have a right to the best that is in him. And so of all other professions or callings; in none does waste of time injure the waster alone: in all of them such waste is an injustice to others, few or many.

It need scarcely be added that, from the Christian viewpoint, all our time belongs primarily to God, and that every hour lived in separation from Him is, in the fullest and most comprehensive sense of the word, utterly and irretrievably wasted. To do God's will is the most excellent possible way of improving one's time. The accomplishment of that divine will, however, is identical with the perfect performance of the commonplace, everyday duties of our state in life; and a little self-examination will probably enable most of us to see that many of the duties we have hitherto neglected, and many others we have performed but ill, might have been fulfilled both easily and worthily had we only improved, instead of wasting, the leisure left us after our regular work and our legitimate recreation.

Notes and Remarks.

Catholics, of course, have many religious teachers more reliable than the late Dr. James Moulton, but we are hoping that a recently published collection of his papers and lectures will have numerous readers among Protestants, especially preachers, so many of whom still cling to the literalistic interpretation of the Bible; or, going to the other extreme, question the divine power it possesses. Besides being an able writer, Dr. Moulton was an eminent linguist and Biblical scholar. He provides consolation for those who fear lest science should prove the Scriptures to be mere human documents, by showing that the true appreciation of scientific investigation leads to no weakening in the conviction that the Bible is still in a supreme sense the Word of God. The book ends with a declaration which will impress all serious readers—that truth is revealed to men only as they are disposed to receive it. In our moral growth, Dr. Moulton insists, we attain a clearer spiritual vision. If men degenerate, the truth becomes less clear, and they become victims of error. Christianity provides the clearest manifestation of the truth, because it also promotes the highest spiritual life in men; while Christ becomes the Truth to them in proportion as they are transformed in character and become like Him.

It is gratifying to learn that the efforts to impress American Catholics with the urgent need of assistance to the Foreign Missions, and with the congruity, not to say the justice, of this country's furnishing such assistance in a much larger measure than has heretofore been the case, are meeting with commendable success. One of the most recent concrete measures taken to bring about the desired results is the establishment of "The Catholic Students' Mission Crusade." The movement was started at a conference of Catholic students held last summer at

Techny, Ill., under the auspices of the Fathers of the Divine Word. No fewer than thirty Catholic colleges and universities and eight religious Orders and missionary propaganda societies were represented at the conference, and the enthusiasm displayed was a good augury for the genuine success of the enterprise. At the very least, the Crusade is expected to accomplish for our Catholic missions, home and foreign, what our separated brethren have achieved by means of "The Students' Volunteer Movement."

We learn that the present headquarters of the Crusade is Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati, whose rector is the chairman of the Executive Committee; the president of the Crusade being Bishop Shahan. We hope to see the movement spread until it embraces every Catholic educational institution in the land.

Premiers may be as shrewd as they ever were, but some of those we now hear about do not impress one as being gifted with more than common reticence—that is, unless the newspaper correspondents have conspired against them. A diplomatist who talks freely is almost sure to say something indiscreet sometime. William Pitt could never be caught off his guard, even when those who tried to "pump" him employed flattery. "My dear Mr. Pitt," the Duchess of Gordon once said to him in her most winning manner, "you know everything that is going on in the political world: pray tell me the latest piece of news."—"I am indeed sorry, madam," answered the astute premier, "that I can not oblige you: I have not as yet had time to read the morning papers."

Writing on the credibility of the Gospels, a contributor to the *Catholic Gazette* (London) emphasizes a point which, though often made, is quite as often disregarded. "To quote a Berlin professor of zoology," he says, "or a Chicago professor of comparative anatomy, on a question of first-

century historical criticism of Greek documents is absurd. They know nothing about it. A bishop's word as such is not considered final on chemistry, nor is a professor's word final on questions he has not studied; and that he has studied them he must prove."

The assumption that, because a man has attained eminence in one walk of life or in one department of science, his opinion or conviction as to all other walks or departments is entitled to authoritative weight is in reality fully as foolish as to hold that because John Jones can make an excellent pair of shoes, he is quite competent to discuss the most intricate questions involved in the coming treaty of peace. Yet we are used to such absurdities in this country. Mr. Edison, for instance, marvellous scientist as he is, can scarcely be considered of other than negligible importance when he presumes to settle offhand questions of theology. And he is only one of many "bright" or "brainy" Americans who are cited as authorities on matters of which they know nothing. The world still needs to be reminded that it is the part of wisdom for the shoemaker to stick to his last.

Time and time again we have deprecated in these columns the following, by Catholics, of the non-Catholic custom of purchasing floral wreaths, etc., to be placed on the bier of a departed friend or neighbor. The distinctively Catholic practice on such occasions is to give or send to the surviving relatives an obituary card stating the number of Masses, Holy Communions, etc., that will be offered by the sympathizer for the repose of the departed one. The sympathy and condolence manifested by the offering of Masses and other suffrages are obviously of far more worth to the deceased, and consequently should be far more welcome to the surviving mourners, than the more or less pagan offerings of ephemeral flowers. Catholics generally may well take to heart the lesson which a Knight of Columbus recently gave to a

member of his Council who moved that a sum of money be voted to purchase flowers on the occasion of the death of a brother member. "Valerian" tells of it in the *Brooklyn Tablet*. "Gentlemen," said our Knight, "we are Catholics, and as such we know the value of intercessory prayer. Instead of wasting it on flowers, I propose that the money allotted be used to enroll our deceased brother in a Purgatorial Society where he will receive the benefits of innumerable Masses." This suggestion was adopted. It is too bad that similar suggestions are not more frequently made and acted upon.

The members of the British House of Commons were addressed recently by his Eminence Cardinal Bourne as spokesman of the Temperance Council of the Christian Churches. The programme of Temperance reform drawn up by the Council contains nine points, of each of which the Cardinal gave a lucid exposition. Of the last of these points—the provision of alternatives to the public-house (the equivalent of our saloon)—he declared that it seemed to him to be quite the most important, because it went to the very root of the solution of the whole problem. 'Were that question to be satisfactorily solved, the need for several of the other points would disappear. They had to accept the fact that there would always be a considerable number of persons who desired refreshment of an alcoholic character. They claimed truthfully that they could, and did, use such refreshment in moderation; and there was no law, human or divine, which might legitimately debar them permanently—though it might do so for a time in the case of great national necessities—from the use of their liberty in this matter. But the facility for the use of this liberty should be given in such wise as not to be a danger to the community as a whole. The first step in the provision of alternatives was the establishment in the very places where alcoholic liquors were sold—namely, the existing public-

houses where the sale of such liquor was the main if not the sole attraction—of hostelrys where all might have light refreshment in food and drink, both of an alcoholic and non-alcoholic character, on at least equally attractive terms, together with the sale of some drink of a low alcoholic strength. The existing public-house ought to disappear in this process of complete transformation.'

American Prohibitionists, the Catholic few as well as the non-Catholic many, will probably criticise the foregoing as questionable doctrine and ineffective remedial action; but a considerable number of judicious citizens will applaud the Cardinal's words as being eminently sane, devoid of the extravagance which often renders the temperance advocate the most intemperate of reformers.

* * *

To the foregoing may be added the declaration of the hierarchy of Australia, convened in Melbourne under the presidency of the Apostolic Delegate, two months ago. This declaration appears in Australasian papers just to hand:

We deem it our duty to co-operate with every wisely directed effort to stem the evil of drink in Australasia and to promote temperance among the people. We have no sympathy with those who oppose well-considered restrictive legislation, or the strict and impartial administration of the laws which regulate the sale of drink. But, needless to say, we have as little sympathy with those—and they are very active at present—who do not distinguish between the use and the abuse of alcoholic drink; who seem to regard drink as something essentially evil. . . . No lasting improvement can be based upon false principles, and no good cause can be served by false charges and intemperate language.

We frankly admit that drink has done, and is doing, much evil in Australasia. We are so much alive to the necessity for legal control of the drink traffic that we would regard with sympathy any sane proposal to buy out existing liquor interests, to take the drink traffic out of private hands and to vest it in some public authority. But we view with misgiving and alarm the crude proposals of those Prohibitionists who, under the cover of war conditions, demand drastic legislation, which would be unjust to those engaged in the drink traffic; which would

be an unwarrantable infringement on the reasonable liberty of the mass of the people; which would most probably be inefficacious for the purpose in view; and which, in the end, might produce more evil than it would remove.

If Australasia ever proves in the future to be really drink-sodden, and if the people can be redeemed only by drastic measures, then, by all means, perhaps, try Prohibition. But that time has not come yet. Australasia has not yet given a fair trial to the simple remedy of giving the mass of the people a chance of practising sobriety in decent homes and in reasonable comfort. If wealth were justly distributed, and if, as a consequence, home surroundings were what they might be, education on sound lines and religious influences would in time do the rest to make our people temperate. What they need is not compulsion from outside, but a building up and a strengthening of character from within; and then decent surroundings and comfortable homes—real homes—in which they will have a chance of living honest, clean, sober lives.

A moral and mental giant in a generation of dwarfs was the late Senator Benjamin Tillman, of South Carolina,—a man whose honesty and sincerity were never questioned; a legislator above the suspicion either of cowardice or corruption; a speaker who always commanded respectful attention, even from those who disagreed with him; a patriot and a citizen against whom there was no reproach. He could play the game of politics, but he was never known to cheat; and it was as useless to try to cajole as to intimidate him. He showed the courage of his convictions when the case of Senator Lorimer was up for settlement. Unlike some of his colleagues, who, in order to safeguard their political interests, voted for expulsion, Tillman stoutly refused to do so. In a tribute paid to him in the House of Representatives on the 15th ult. by the Hon. James F. Byrnes, we find this record of the incident:

Former Senator Bailey, who for years sat by the side of Tillman in the Senate, . . . states that when the Senate was about to vote on the question of expelling Senator Lorimer, Tillman sent for him, and when he went to his office he saw about 100 telegrams piled upon his desk. Tillman handed him about a dozen of them to read. The messages from South Carolinians

declared the people of South Carolina were unanimous in the belief that Lorimer should be unseated; and that if he failed to vote to expel him, it would endanger his re-election to the Senate. Tillman told him that a man who was very close to him had come to Washington that morning to advise him that if he voted against expulsion he could not be re-elected. Bailey said he knew how anxious Tillman was to be re-elected because of his interest in pending problems, and stated: "Tillman, that is a question you must submit to your own conscience, and I have no right to advise you."—"I expected you to say that," replied Tillman. "I have submitted it to my conscience; and, whether I be right or wrong, on the record before us I do not believe the man should be expelled, and whatever be the consequences I shall not vote to unseat him." He went to the Senate Chamber and voted his convictions. Many South Carolinians differed with him, but they had an abiding confidence in the honesty of Ben Tillman and respected his courage, and I doubt whether his vote in this case alienated a single friend.

By going with the current, some other Senators, one in particular—all who failed to examine the testimony in favor of the accused,—not only lost friends but merited their contempt.

The prejudice against Mediæval Latin on account of its alleged barbarism and unclassical character—a prejudice shared by some Catholic scholars—is only one more point upon which bigotry has gone astray, according to the writer of "Educational Notes" in the *London Tablet*. He declares that Mediæval, or monkish, Latin was something very different from what the Protestant tradition has represented, and says there are numerous and authoritative witnesses to prove this contention. Among them is the author of that monumental work, "The Universities of Europe in the Middle Ages" (Rashdall), who does not hesitate to say:

Both the excellences and defects of thirteenth-century or fourteenth-century Latin were due to the fact that Latin was still a living language, though its use was confined to the clerical class. J. S. Mill has rightly praised the Schoolmen for their unrivalled capacity for the invention of technical terms. The Latin language, originally rigid, inflexible, poor in vocabulary, and almost

incapable of expressing a philosophical idea, became in the hands of the Mediæval thinkers flexible, subtle and elastic. And this enrichment of the language, which has had such immensely important effects upon the tongues of modern Europe, was carried on not only in the schools by the Sophists and Theologians, but (no doubt with less wholly satisfactory results) in the epistles of the ecclesiastic, and even in the conversation of the ordinary schoolboy, until Latin as a living language was killed by the Ciceronian pedantry of the sixteenth or seventeenth century. The barbarism which shocks the modern scholar in the pages of the average Mediæval scribe consists in the introduction of new words, of vernacular idioms and combinations, and above all of new forms or derivatives of good Latin words demanded by the exigencies of new ideas, rather than in the violation of the ordinary rules of syntax or accident.

As is plain from this testimony, the Mediæval Latinists are to be praised instead of blamed. Had they not rendered the language elastic, a great deal of what they wrote would now be utterly unintelligible to us.

Calling attention to the fact that the terminology employed even by well-informed Catholics in discussing Oriental Churches is frequently incorrect, the *Lamp* declares: "Those Orientals who accept all Catholic dogmas and the Supremacy of the Holy See are properly called Greek-Catholics, or, better, Catholics of Oriental Rites, because the Greeks as a nation are almost entirely schismatic; and the word 'Greek' in the name 'Greek-Catholic' refers to the origin of their Liturgy (the Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom, the greatest of the early Greek Fathers), and not of the nationality. Now, those Orientals living outside of the Church must be called schismatics, and they call themselves 'Orthodox,' which means in Greek, 'of the true faith.'"

The point is well taken, and the distinction is one to bear in mind.

Only very serious readers, the number of whom we judge to be very small, are interested in such publications as the Gifford Lectures, the latest collection of

which is "Moral Values and the Idea of God," by Dr. W. R. Sorley, who holds that goodness rather than happiness is the aim of human life. His contention is thus lucidly and eloquently expressed:

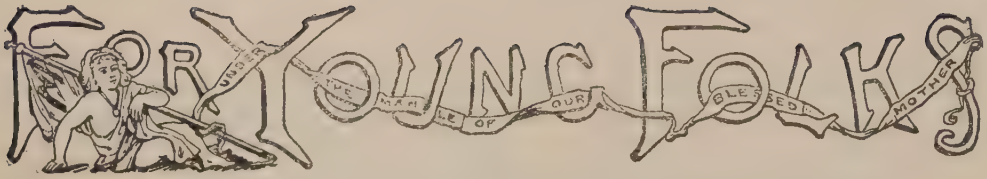
Every individual life has before it the possibility of good. Other values and the opportunity for them may be distributed more unequally. The enjoyment of art and the cultivation of knowledge stand in need of material instruments which are not, in any abundant measure, at every man's service. But opportunities of realizing moral values are not thus limited. They are offered in every sphere of life and in all kinds of material and historical conditions; for their realization needs good-will only, and is not dependent upon circumstances. I do not say that the opportunities are equal, but they are always present: whatever the circumstances, there is an attitude to them in which goodness can be realized, and the sum of realized values in the world increased.

Our reason for thinking that works like Dr. Sorley's have few readers is that whenever we secure such volumes through antiquarian booksellers, the leaves are almost sure to be uncut.

An old gentleman, who, though reputed a man of few words, always followed St. Teresa's council of speaking to everyone with "quiet cheerfulness," used to say that if he were to make only one New Year resolution, it would be to guard his tongue. He acted upon some such saw as—

If you form resolutions too many,
You'll finish by not keeping any.
Here's a good one—best take it,
Though often you break it,—
All through the New Year till December,
I'll bridle the unruly member.

The pagan philosophers recognized the virtue of silence, and not a few of them took pride in practising it. It is related that the ambassadors of a certain prince once invited Zeno to a feast, and were surprised, as they had heard much of his powers of conversation, that he had so little to say. When they asked what report they should make of him, the philosopher said: "Tell your prince that you have been in company with a man who could hold his tongue."



To Bethlehem.

FOR "THE AVE MARIA," FROM THE SPANISH.

WHO are these in silk and gold,
Bearing treasures manifold?
Caspar, Melchior, Balthazar,
Guided by a lonely Star;
Alien tongues the travellers speak,
Eagerly one goal they seek.

Who is this, with trait'rous smile,
Bidding them to pause a while,—
Aye, beseeching that they bring
Tidings where to find the King?
Let us steal away with them
Silently to Bethlehem.

Whose the wailing loud and deep?
Why do women moan and weep?
They are mothers mourning sore,
To be comforted no more
For the babes that shall not wake,
Murdered all for Jesus' sake.

Angels, Shepherds, Wise Men three,
Innocents from pain set free,
May our childish voices ring
Praises to the newborn King!—
Keeping company with them,
In the peace of Bethlehem.

Buddy.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

I.—A CAMP AND A SHOW.

IT had been a bad day for fishing. Buddy—or, to give him the honorable cognomen bestowed by his godparents about a dozen years ago, "Master Roger Kent Reeves"—had been out with his faithful henchman, Tobe, ever since breakfast; and as yet there were only four mudfish and half a dozen crabs wiggling in the flat bottom of Tobe's boat.

Still, there are times when fishing, like

virtue, brings its own reward; and Buddy was now enjoying one of those compensatory periods. Stretched out luxuriously on a ragged sailcloth, he was busily engaged in scooping out the luscious heart of half a watermelon, "red to the rind"; Tobe being as fairly engaged, without consideration of race or color, on the other half; while a long-haired yellow dog surveyed the feasters with questioning eyes.

"Dar's no use in your looking longing like dat, Tatters," said Tobe. "Water-melons ain't for dogs to eat, ez you orter to know."

"Didn't you bring a bone or—or anything for him?" asked Buddy, lifting a curly head from the rosy depths of his fruit.

"Naw!" said Tobe, who was lank and lean, and "black as the ace of spades." "I don't kerry round bones for Tatters: he kin look out for hisself. What wif de birds and de young' rabbits and de hares, and all dem wild tings, he lives high,—a heap better dan folks like me. But dis hyah watermelon is suttinly fine. Jedge Jameson hez de finest melons on dis hull shore."

"Judge Jameson!" said Buddy, startled. "Is this one of Judge Jameson's water-melons? You haven't been in his melon patch, Tobe?"

"Naw, sah,—naw, Marse Bud, I heven't. I ain't been in nobody's melon patch dis hull summer,—not since gran hauled me up to de mourner's bench at camp meeting and told de preacher I was a brand ter snatch from de burning. Naw, I's kept de straight and narrer path ebah since,—specially since Jedge Jameson got dat ar bow-legged bulldog ob his'n running loose ob nights. And I was keeping straight 'long de narrer path, a-driving old Cush 'bout daybreak down de Jameson's lane, when I seen dis here melon what had straggled out under de fence rails right to my feet. When a melon do like dat,

you jest nachally hev to pick it up and fotch it along."

"I don't know," said Buddy, doubtfully. "Melons didn't count once, but they do now. You can get thirty cents for one down at the camp."

"Dat's so," replied Tobe. "Dem sojers is wuss dan de seben years' locust for clairing tings up. But dey pays for it, ez gran says,—dey pays good for shuah. She's down dar ebbery day, selling doughnuts and gingerbread. Sort ob skeert to go at fust: didn't know who or what dey was. She knowed in de ole war how de Yankees wore blue coats, and de Rebels de grey; but she nebba seen dese tight-legged, browncoat sojers before. I tole her dey was Uncle Sam's boys, but she say: 'Go way, Nigger! Dey nebba was man in God's world could uncle all dat ar crowd. You couldn't count der heads if you tried all day.' What brought dem down here, anyhow, Marse Bud?"

"They're going across the ocean to fight," answered Buddy, taking a last scoop at his melon and flinging the rind out into the water.

"Fight?" echoed Tobe. "What all dem sojers got to fight about? De Niggers is all free, and dar ain't nobody hurting us. Gran say she libbed troo de ole war; and what wif de burning and de shooting and de killing, dat was turrible enough, de Lawd knows; but what all dis tergiver-sation is 'bout now she can't see,—no, she can't!"

"It's to make the whole world free now," said Buddy. "They are doing awful things across the ocean,—worse than your gran ever saw or heard of, Tobe."

"So I heern de folks down de ister wharf say deys doing turrible tings, for shuah. But de ocean's mouty wide and deep, Marse Bud, and dey can't get 'cross it to do no turrible tings here. What we meddling in de mess-up for, anyhow?" inquired Tobe.

"Because it would be mean to stay out," replied Buddy, with a flash in his blue eyes; "because Rick says it's our business

to go in. And all these soldiers are getting hard and strong in the camp, so they can set things right over there."

"Do you reckon dey kin do it?" asked Tobe, doubtfully.

"I know they can; Rick knows it, too. He is going over to France next week. Gee, I wish I was big enough to go with him!"

"Wid all dem ar new boats blowing up de ships! Golly, Marse Bud, you orter jes bress de Lawd you can stay safe at home wif your ma!"

"Pooh, you must think I am a molly-coddle, Tobe! And no Reeves was ever a molly-coddle yet. That is what Rick told mamma when she was crying the other night about dad being dead, and Ted learning to fly an airship, and now he was going to leave her with only Bess and me. Bess and me! Gee, that made me feel sick! Just as if I were a girl, too!"

"But you ain't, you know, Marse Bud," said Tobe, cheerfully; "and Miss Bess, she's most as good a boy as you are. Lawd, de way she made my ears ring yesterday, when she caught me drowning dem kittens down de creek! Kerried 'em all off in a basket; and how she's gwine to feed and riz six more cats I don't know—hi-yi, jest look round de Pint dar, Marse Bud! How Uncle Josh is hauling up de catfish! Let's go down dar and get our share, too."

And the boys took up their oars and were soon rounding the point of land that jutted out from the wider bay, of which the shallow waters of St. Ronald's formed a far-stretching inlet, that curved and wound by sloping banks and under shadowing hills, into a land of peace and plenty, that seemed remote indeed from the din and horrors of war. Old homes that dated back to Colonial days stood under the protecting shelter of oaks and elms; little fishing cabins of humbler natives dotted the shores; the spire of an old church uplifted its cross into the clear blue of the summer sky; the fields were golden with ripening grain, the orchards bending with ripened fruit.

Yet beyond the Point, where Uncle Josh was hauling in the catfish, there had risen within the last two months, as if by magic, a tented city, where drums beat and trumpets blared and bugles sounded, and thousands of khaki-clad soldiers marched and countermarched, treading the green fields bare.

"Dey's a lot of 'em, sure," said Tobe, as the camp came in full view. "Do you reckon dey's a-gwine to stay here for ever and ever, Marse Bud?"

"No," answered Buddy; "only until we whip the Kaiser and his crew. Rick says the boys here are just hardening their fists so as to whack at him good—halloo, Uncle Josh!" Buddy broke off his patriotic boast to hail the grizzled old fisherman they were nearing. "You're having great luck to-day."

"Fa'r, sonny,—fa'r." (Uncle blinked through his half-shut eyes at the intruders.) "But de tides turned now, and I guess I's pooty well clarr'd up dis pint. Wat wif de bugling and de trumpeting, dey's gwine to scare all de fish outen de bay. Dese is quar times, sonny,—quar times. Nebba thought I'd lib to see der shore thick wid sojers agin,—sojers wif plenty to eat and plenty to wear, and fa'rly 'rank' wif money. I's gwine to get one hull dollar for dese fish. Dar's a lot of sojers say dey can't eat no meat to-morrow, for it's Friday, and dey's bound to have a catfish stew."

"They must be Catholics, then," said Buddy. "Rick told us that there was a big bunch due at St. Ronald's on Sunday, and asked mother if some of the ladies couldn't give them breakfast when they came to early Mass. Gee, it must be fine to be a soldier!" continued the young speaker, his blue eyes turning wistfully to the far-stretching camp. "And I'll never have a chance; for Rick says this is going to be the last war forever."

"Ain't much fun in being a sojer no-how!" said Tobe. "Heap better sit in de courthouse and lay down de law, like Judge Jameson. And if Uncle Josh hez

clarr'd out de catfish, Marse Bud, no use in our fooling roun' heah."

"What shall we do?" asked Buddy, whom the sight of the camp had roused into a spirit of adventure. "Mother won't expect me home until supper time. Let's—let's do something *exciting*, Tobe."

Tobe seemed to consider the word gravely.

"Got any money, Marse Bud?" he asked.

Money! It was not the vital question in the green slopes of St. Ronald's that it is in the outer world. There was little need of money where all the good and needful gifts of earth were free as the sunlit air. Buddy usually gave small thought to money, but yesterday Rick had told him to keep the change from some purchases he had made at Denham's store. He thrust his hand into the pocket of his corduroys and drew out a dozen or so jingling coin—nickels and pennies.

"Fifty cents!" Tobe, who was more of a financier, counted, with brightening eyes. "Golly, dat orter takes us both in, Marse Bud."

"Where?" asked Buddy, eagerly.

"They've got up a show at Falcon Cove for the sojers in the camp. Dar's playing and singing, and pictoors and lemonade and candy and gingerbread, and all sorts of good things. It's ten cents to get in, and you kin buy all de rest. Jim Weaver said he was out dere Monday night, and them pictoors was real as life,—horses galloping, and sojers marching, and guns firing, and flags waving, and everybody singing 'De Star-Spangled Banner' together. There wasn't never anything like it up on dis hyah shore, 'cause we never had no sojers or no camp before. They shows the pictoors three times a day,—ten and three o'clock, and eight in de evening. We kin catch that three o'clock show if we start right now."

A show,—a picture, lemonade, candy and gingerpop show within half an hour's journey! Buddy's eyes brightened indeed. On the calm green slopes of St. Ronald's such a thing had never been known. True,

there had been the country fair some twenty miles distant, and the breathless delight of two visits to Aunt Rebecca in Baltimore; but a show at St. Ronald's—springing up, so to speak, right on his native shore—was a temptation not to be resisted by any live boy of twelve and a half. And just when he happened to have fifty cents in his pocket, too.

But a sudden doubt assailed Master Roger Kent Reeves. He recalled the clean collar and blue necktie, the hair-brushing and shoe-brushing that had always preceded festive ventures in the past, and looked down ruefully on his sturdy bare legs and well-worn corduroys.

"I'm afraid we don't look fit to go to a show to-day, Tobe."

"Oh, yes, we do!" reassured Tobe, hastily. "Dat is, *you* do, Marse Bud. Don't make no difference 'bout a Nigger like me. 'Tain't no lady show, anyhow,—jest for men folks what don't keer. You looks all right for dat."

"Then pull along. We'll go."

And they pulled along, out into the wider waters, where Tobe's old boat had never before borne its present curly-haired passenger; past the long stretch of the camp that covered the sloping shores far back to their girdling hills; past the old homes with their hooded windows and columned porches, that seemed looking out with bewildered questionings in this new page of their country's history; past the Rock Light that had flung its guiding beam for more than a hundred years over the bay.

"Gee, the soldiers are there, too," said Buddy, as he glimpsed the khaki-clad sentry pacing the wave-washed ledge.

"Yes," answered Tobe. "De ister boats can't drap 'longside to bargain wif old Cap Keller now: sojers push out a gun at ye if ye go nigh de place. And de search-lights stream far across de water ob nights till it's most clar as day. Dese here am curus times. Heah we is a-watching and a-feeding and a-camping, and kerrying on all dis fuss, for folks we ain't neva

seen, about ten thousand miles away."

"Oh, not ten thousand miles, Tobe!" laughed Buddy. "But even if it *was* ten thousand, we'd get over there with the Stars and Stripes waving, and settle things with Kaiser Bill just the same. Gee, I wish I was big enough to go."

"And get killed fust ting," rejoined Tobe. "Better stay alive long ez you kin, Marse Bud, and have good times heah."

"It will be all over before I'm eighteen," continued Buddy, gloomily; "and I'll never have a chance to be anything but a doctor or lawyer—"

"Or—or a preacher," interrupted Tobe.

"A priest you mean?" corrected Buddy. "I can't be good enough for that, and I'd have to study Latin and Greek for years and years, and never have any fun. No, I don't want to be a priest, Tobe."

"De Reeves hez allus been mouty big people, Marse Bud,—generals and governors, and jedges, and all that. Ef I wus white, and fust family folks like you, I'd strike out to be President. Dey say down to de ister wharf dat de President ob dese United States is de biggest man in de world. Ye don't hev to study Latin and Greek and all dem things to be President, Marse Bud."

"No," answered Buddy, "I don't suppose you do."

"Den dat's de job I'd go in for, if I was you," said Tobe, decisively. "Heah we is at Falcon Cove now; and, jiminy!" (the speaker started up in his boat at the imminent risk of a capsize, that he might face the full glory of the scene before him), "this is a crackerjack of a show-place, suah!"

(To be continued.)

Two Apiece.

Three men had four silver dollars to be equally divided among them and were puzzled as to how it should be done, until one of them settled the matter in this manner: "There are two for you two, and here are two for me too."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A documented account of the action of the Holy See during the World War, for general circulation, is announced.

—A *Life of Armelle Nicolas*, a mystic of the sixteenth, or perhaps fifteenth, century, by T. T. Allen, has been published by Allenson, London. The original "Life" was first issued in France in the year 1676.

—"The Chancellor Prize" is the title of a new school operetta, in three acts, for male characters, by the Rev. Andrew Green, O. S. B. It can not be said that the plot is a novel one; but the moral is excellent, though somewhat obvious. The lyrics are metrically good, and the accompanying music is pleasing and easy, also well adapted to the theme. Published at St. Benedict's College, Atchison, Kansas.

—Among new books by Catholic authors, and also contributors to *THE AVE MARIA*, we note "Marshal Foch: His Life and Theory of Modern War," by Capt. A. Hilliard Atteridge; "Mystics All," by Enid Dinnis; "Herb O'Grace: Poems in War-Time," by Katharine Tynan Hinkson; "Our Goodly Heritage," by the Rev. H. G. Hughes; and "Folly" (a third volume), by Theodore Maynard.

—A delectable bit of literary criticism is recorded by the *Examiner* of Bombay. A lady travelling in Egypt was sitting in the shade of the Sphinx, when, turning to her "Baedeker" guide-book to settle some point of information, she saw a sheik looking at her and sadly shaking his head. "'Murray' good," he said in a warning voice; "'Baedeker' no good!"—"Oh," said the lady, "why do you object to 'Baedeker'?" Looking down on her with the pitying eyes of Islam, the sheik crossed his hands. "'Baedeker' very, very bad book," he solemnly repeated. "'Murray' very, very good book. 'Murray' say, 'Give the sheik half a crown; 'Baedeker' say, 'Give the sheik a shilling.'"

—The first volume in the series of leading classics in international law, the republication of which has been undertaken by the Carnegie Institution, contains the tractate by Legnano, entitled "De Bello, De Represaliis et De Duello," written in 1360, and now printed for the first time in its integrity. The work of Legnano, which represents the earliest attempt to deal as a whole with the group of rights and duties arising out of a state of war, has been collotyped from a photograph of the manuscript preserved at Bologna, which was written in the lifetime of the author. It has been edited by

Sir Thomas Holland, late president of the Institute of International Law. The English translation is by Dr. James Leslie Brierly, Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford.

—The most beautiful volume offered at a recent sale in London was a Book of Hours, dating from the fifteenth-sixteenth century, a richly-illuminated English MS. on two hundred and forty-two vellum leaves, with forty-three remarkable miniatures. It "is said to have been executed in King Henry VII.'s time for the young Prince Henry, afterwards Henry VIII." Scarcely anything is known of its history. It has on one of its end fly-leaves what looks like the shelf mark of an ancient library.

—"In 'Le Code de Droit Canonique," by Mgr. J. M. Emard, (Valleyfield, Bureaux de la chancellerie) a handsome volume of three hundred pages, with an excellent table of contents, we have a masterful presentation of the practical aspects of the New Code of Canon Law. It was evidently the right reverend author's desire that his clergy should have at hand a reliable guide, indicating the differences as well as the agreements between the old law, with its local provisions, and the New Code. "Ignorance of law duly promulgated does not excuse," he remarks in his preface. "Nobody has a right to expect others to point out the special parts of the Code that are more interesting or practical. It is necessary, as a matter of conscience and to escape culpable infractions of the law, that each becomes thoroughly conversant, not merely in a general way, with all the details that are precisely made for us. We must give the faithful the example, by strictly observing them ourselves." Excellent advice and sound doctrine. The New Code should be for some time the *vade mecum* of every priest.

—That authors, especially apologists, who expect to have their books widely read, should not neglect style, is no new idea. On the contrary, it has been expressed a thousand times, and its importance insisted upon and illustrated in a great variety of ways. Nearly seventy years ago, the learned Dr. Patrick Murray, of Maynooth College, discussing the need of books so written as to attract and please the general public, had this to say:

We have works that come up fully to the proposed mark, and others that approach to it; but that their number is, considering the wants of the times, very small, no one at all acquainted with the facts of the case will hesitate to admit. Let it be borne in mind that we live in a period when essays are published in a hundred newspapers and other periodicals which, if written sixty or eighty years ago, would have placed

their authors far above Johnson and on a level with Edmund Burke for vigor and richness of mind, or with Oliver Goldsmith for charming simplicity and purity of language. It is very easy for certain persons to vilify the labor bestowed on a skilful selection, distribution, and adaptation of matter; to sneer at the careful elaboration of style, words, phrases, and sentences. With such persons—to whom I by no means allude for the purpose of sneering at *them*—I most cordially agree that, if we could carry the great truths of God into the minds and hearts of men by a mere dry, bald enunciation of them, this system and no other should be adopted; we might well leave Rhetoric to modulate his lips to the piping winds. But, . . . we must take this world as we find it, and speak to it in the only language it will listen to.

Will any one assert, for example, that Macaulay's History of England, though its accuracy were as unassailable as that of Lingard's immortal work, and though it flattered the national pride of Englishmen even much more than it does, would, in less than one year, have run through a large number of editions, and been multiplied to twenty thousand copies, and been read by everyone who could purchase or borrow it, if it had been composed in the style even of ordinarily well-written books? What we want are not so much good books, learned books, solid books, as books that *together with* possessing these merits, possess also the merit of being readable by those who most require to read them. How perfectly all this is in accordance with the spirit of the Church, I might easily and abundantly prove, by a reference to those of her great writers who addressed themselves to the world at large, whose light was not designed merely to illuminate the school and the cloister. Let the name of Augustine stand for all.

Another point which all writers should attend to is paragraphing; it can not always be "left to the printers." The more general use of composing machines necessitates the careful preparation of MS.; and the importance of frequent paragraphs is obvious. That they render all kinds of printed matter more easy to read is unquestionable.

Some Recent Books.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "The Hand of God." Rev. Martin Scott, S. J. \$1, postage extra.
- "Pastor Halloft." \$1.50.
- "In the Soldier's Service." Mary Dexter. \$1.50.
- "The World Problem." Rev. Joseph Husslein, S. J. \$1.35.
- "Foch the Man." Clara E. Laughlin. \$1.
- "War Mothers." Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S. J. 65 cts.
- "Outline Meditations." Madame Cecilia. \$1.50.
- "A Manual of the History of Dogmas." Rev. Bernard J. Otten, S. J. Vol. II. \$2.50.

- "Armenia and the War." A. P. Hacobian. 50 cts.
- "The Secret Citadel." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.50.
- "To the Heart of the Child." Josephine Van Dyke Brownson. \$1.
- "Your Better Self." Humphrey J. Desmond. 50 cts.
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Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HAB., xiii, 3.

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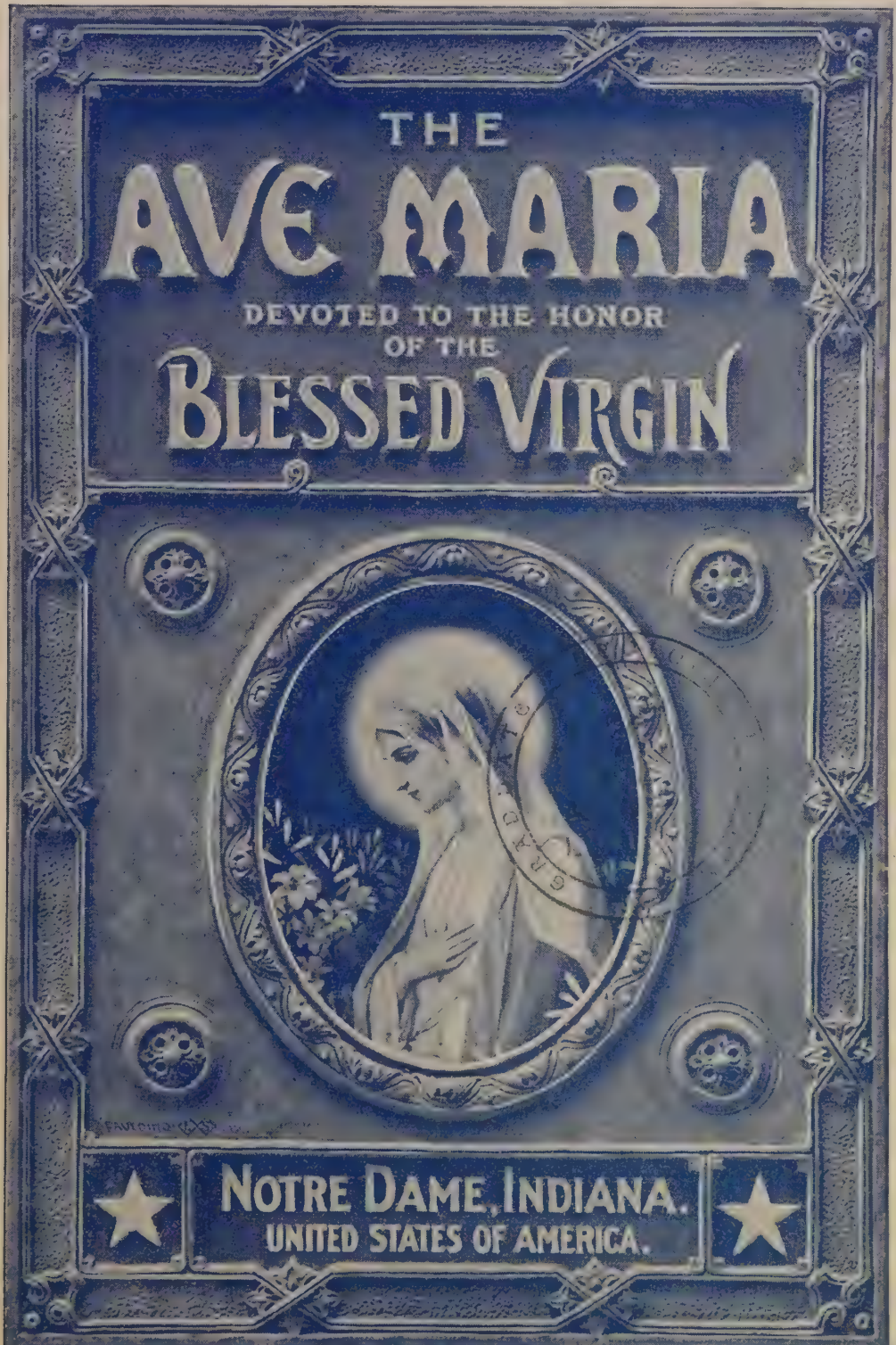
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii. 34.

SATURDAY, 11.—St. Hyginus, P. M.	WEDNESDAY, 15.—St. Paul, First Hermit. St.
SUNDAY, 12.—First after Epiphany. St. Arcadius, M. St. Benet Biscop, Ab.	Maurus, Ab. St. Ita, V.
MONDAY, 13.—Octave of the Epiphany. Bl. Veronica, V.	THURSDAY, 16.—St. Marcellus, P. M.
TUESDAY, 14.—St. Hilary, B. C. D. St. Kentigern, B. C.	FRIDAY, 17.—St. Anthony, Ab.
	SATURDAY, 18.—St. Peter's Chair at Rome. St. Prisca, V. M.


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NO. 2

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In Suppliance.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

PITY, Mother,—pity on thy wayward child
who grieves thee!
Frequent though his trespasses, his heart is
truly thine;
Swift remorse assails him whensoever he weakly
leaves thee,—
Pity yet again his woe, thy face to him incline.
Mercy, Queen, have mercy on thy subject often
swerving
From his true allegiance, oft inconstant in his
love;
Mercy, though the traitor's doom has been his
true deserving:
Henceforth will his loyalty all question be
above.
Pardon, Lady,—pardon for thy knight forsworn
in seeming
Trailing low thy colors in the coward's shame-
ful flight;
'Twas but passing weakness, and he vows for its
redeeming
Valiantly henceforward will he bear him in thy
sight.
Mother, Sovran, Lady, hear once more thine
erring client:
Refuge blest of sinners vile, oh, grant a sinner's
plea!
Help of Christians, aid me—pitfalls wait the self-
reliant—
So my soul, distrusting self, confides for aye in
thee.

You are weak, you say; but have you
measured the strength of God?

—Mme. Barat.

What Did It?

SOME MEMORIES OF A CONVERSION.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.



IT was the grace of God, of course,
that did it. But the grace of God is
not a blind force acting on purely
passive material: it is a divine,
and therefore an intelligently ap-
plied influence, acting on the vital
faculties of the human soul. And these
faculties receive the impulses and move-
ments of grace not merely passively, but
actively, as the eye receives light and the
ear the waves of sound. As ear and eye
react to their proper stimuli, and play their
part in producing the results which we name
sound and sight, so, too, under the influ-
ence of grace, the powers of the soul act,
with their own proper and natural action;
supernaturalized and ennobled indeed by
grace, but not other than the native activ-
ity that belongs to man as such. Divine
grace, in its action, does not do away with
the normal exercise of the powers of rea-
soning and will, or with the activities of
thought, imagination, and emotion. Grace
leaves the human will, too, free to co-
operate or not, to respond to its move-
ments or to reject them.

When, therefore, a man finds his way
into the Church of God with the aid of
God's holy grace, he goes through the
ordinary human process of thought and
inquiry, of consideration and examination.
This process is swift with some, slow with
others. Sometimes the action of grace is

startlingly evident, so that it seems as if grace did all, and the mind scarcely anything. Some find, on reflection, that grace has been quietly working for years, unnoticed and unrecognized till the climax came. For some the deep study and anxious thought of months precede the final surrender. But, however this may be, grace acts, and the soul co-operates, and both intelligence and will are exercised upon the great question. In other words, in the process of a person's conversion to the Catholic Faith, certain evidence and motives are presented to him and considered by him, and his mind is made up in favor of acceptance of the Church's claims and submission to her teaching.

In heading this paper "What did It?" I have in view to tell, as well as I can, what was in actual fact the deciding consideration in the conversion of an English Protestant into whose mind I have had excellent opportunities of entering. I bring the case forward because I believe it to be a typical case, and to present, in the deciding motive of conversion, just that element the lack of which, or failure to attend to which, explains why many people with an entirely Catholic bias and much of Catholic belief stay outside the Fold of Christ.

The convert in question, as a small boy, had a strong attraction to the Catholic Church. It was mainly unreasoning and instinctive; but was due, I believe, to the motive, dimly apprehended then, which eventually prevailed. A period of strong "Ritualism" in youth dimmed the attractive light that in boyhood's years had seemed to play about the great Church of the centuries, of whose history he knew something, of whose saints he had read admiringly and with veneration, never being able to look upon them as in any way belonging to the Anglican establishment. He has always believed, however, that the deciding motive—that which in the long run "did it"—was at work all the time; that this it was which attracted him in childhood, and always gave a halo

of superiority to the Church Catholic and Roman whenever he thought of her. It was something, indeed, that "High Church," however high, was powerless to imitate effectively.

But this motive was only in the background of his mind, and not clearly brought out till the end. When it was thus brought out it was decisive, and instantly decisive. This, he always maintains, was due to the fact that it had been working in his mind all through. It would seem to have disappeared or to have become still more hidden for the few years immediately preceding conversion. This was due to a change of residence, and the opportunity thus given of hearing, from a pulpit of the Establishment, the flat denial and contradiction of every Catholic truth that he had learned to hold sacred. This also had its part in the process of conversion; for it took away, once for all, every claim of the Church of England to supply him with the motive of religious belief which he found eventually in the Church.

My readers will have guessed, perhaps, by this time "what did it." But let me endeavor to show why I think this case a typical one; why I consider that it is the want of that motive, or want of attention to it, that keeps great numbers of good, earnest, and well-meaning people outside of the Fold.

There are many non-Catholics, chiefly Anglicans of High Church views, very religious, very interested in their religion, very uneasy about the claims of Rome; always asking questions of Catholics; invariably putting difficulties and advancing objections when Catholics try to answer their questions; greatly afraid of being led by sentiment or emotion, or by the fascination of what they look upon as the external and factitious unity of Rome; never resting in their quest for peace of mind in religion, and ever failing to find it.

These people have many theories, constantly changing, on which to justify their remaining where they are. They seize eagerly upon every historic difficulty that

can be mustered up against the Church's claim to be the one infallible exponent of the truth. They bring up Pope Honorius, the Inquisition, the British Church and the "Celtic" conversion of England. They are always on the lookout for anything new to the detriment of Rome. They are not happy; they seem to fight almost unwillingly for their position. They speak in a tone of irritation and trouble about religious matters; they are keenly alive to the manifold deficiencies of Anglicanism and the Establishment; they are very apt to scold parsons face to face, and to abuse bishops from a distance. They are most excellent people, but they are truly altogether at sea, anchorless, driven hither and thither, and under a dark cloud of uncertainty and dubiousness.

In it all, I verily believe they have a suspicion of the true remedy for their distressful state. They have an inkling of *what would do it*; they can guess, if they put their minds to it, *what did it* in the case of friends and acquaintances who have "gone over to Rome." But they shrink from adopting the remedy; they are afraid of it; they do not get so far as to face it squarely. National feeling, British independence, all sorts of prejudices mixed with a genuine fear of making a mistake; the strange wish and endeavor to have full Catholic privileges without the Catholic obligation of full submission; a natural human unwillingness to give in,—all these things seem to stop them from facing the one consideration that would give them light, the one motive that grace is urging them to attend to,—the motive that would solve their doubts, dissipate the clouds of uncertainty, and anchor them safe at last. They are very good, but they are very human. It seems unkind to say that they are also proud; but there *is* a text about becoming like little children as the only way of entering the kingdom,—on which it might repay them to meditate.

Our convert had gone through all this, and gone beyond it. The shock of

hearing all his cherished Catholic beliefs scouted by a Church of England clergyman, *in church*, ruined the foundations of his trust in the Anglican body. He realized that there was something wanting in the Establishment that was necessary for a religious teacher to possess in order to gain credence, but he did not yet formulate to himself what that something was. There followed a period of vague and undirected wandering in religious thought. That, however, is not now to the point, so I will not dilate upon it. The end came at last, and in this way.

Our friend made the acquaintance of a Catholic, a recent and enthusiastic convert. They talked of religion, as most young persons do. One day the subject of the Immaculate Conception came up. The Anglican—he was still nominally an Anglican—had always held this dogma to be one of the "modern Roman accretions." That he had no conception of any Scriptural or Patristic proof of the doctrine has a bearing upon what follows. "Do you really believe in the Immaculate Conception?" he asked his companion.—"Of course I do," replied the Catholic.—"But are you quite certain of it?" was the next question.—"I am as certain of it as I am that the sun is in the sky," was the reply.—"But how can you be so sure?"—"*Because the Church teaches it.*"

How banal and ordinary this seems to a Catholic! I imagine the readers of this page exclaiming, "Is *this* all the good man has to tell us after all these long preliminary remarks?" But it was not banal or ordinary to our friend: it settled the question; it was a flash of brilliant revelation to his mind. He hesitated no longer. He said nothing at the time, but the utterance of that simple statement by his friend showed him at one glance the great, infallible Teacher of the nations possessing the truth, and speaking the truth *with authority*. He saw that what was said of the Divine Master is true of His Church, and makes the same difference between her and all other claimants to

teach religious truth as there was between Our Blessed Lord and the Scribes: "He was teaching them as one *having authority*, and not as the Scribes."¹

In a word, our convert grasped then and there the idea of authority—of infallible authority—in religious teaching, and *that* was "what did it." I think, as I have already implied, that he had always felt an instinctive need for a real teaching authority, and a veneration for it even in the vague form in which it presented itself to his mind. But on reflection he found that his beliefs did not rise beyond opinion,—strong opinion, but not more than opinion, with the exception of certain fundamental matters, such as the existence of God. His distinctively Christian and Catholic tenets rested on private judgment and nothing more.

Doubtless the vivid faith of his friend had a big part in flashing upon him in its fulness the bright light of the idea of a real and existent teaching authority, with an effect that he gratefully remembers to this day. Faith pulsated in the quiet tone of undoubting certainty with which that friend spoke, and shone out in his simple, unquestioning acceptance of the Church's authority as the all-sufficing and satisfying reason for belief in the doctrine they were discussing; but the fact that the Church's authority had continually been making its secret appeal, and meeting in his mind with an instinctive response, had much to do, I believe, with the apparent suddenness of the revelation. It was the clear presentment in a concrete case, in a *person*, of what he had wanted, and what his heart had been crying out for all along.

Many non-Catholics are doubtless in a position similar to our friend's. There is in their hearts the same instinctive need of authority and the same half-conscious desire to hear its clear, unhesitating voice. The desire to learn, the desire *to be taught*, is inherent in man. And in what is it

more needful to be taught, in regard to what subject-matter should the desire for teaching be, normally, keener, than in religion, with its deep mysteries and its immense practical importance?

If only our earnest but puzzled non-Catholic friends would direct their attention to this one point of authority—to the *need* of authority which they already dumbly feel, to the *fact* of authority so plainly evident and at work in the True Church, ready to supply their want,—they would find the solvent of all their puzzles, the answer to all their doubts; and "what did it" for the convert whose experiences have here been touched upon will do it by God's grace also for them.

Search-Lights.

BY VALENTINE PARAISO.

III.

FURZLEY was just outside the London suburbs; but, with its electric tram connection, it was almost reckoned in the region of "Greater London." In all that outer zone, Furzley was the most peaceful, easy-going place. One turned from the High Road at an open space called Chestnut Corner, where there was a group of trees with wooden seats in their shade, in the middle of the open ground at the meeting of the roads. Perhaps the grassy space was the remnant of a former village green. Facing it was an old inn—"The Salutation,"—with an obliterated picture on its signboard; and before the inn there were dusty orange trees in tubs, and a drinking trough for horses.

From this point turned West Street, which ran north and south. The Square was at its farther end; and the Square was a triangle; there was grass between its cobblestones. A lane led from one corner to Morton Court; and from another corner of the Square a street turned towards the brewery. This was Blackberry Lane,

¹ St. Mark, i, 22. I quote the Authorized Version, since that was in the mind of our friend at the time.

built up now with workmen's dwellings of the small, brick-and-mortar, all-alike type. The intruding chapel was to the right where the Lane joined the Square. It stood on a scrap of waste ground, behind a bit of hawthorn hedge.

In West Street one might see the cottages of centuries ago among modern country shops, with windows full of sunshine and surprisingly empty of stock. Vines flourished here in the open air, bearing only abundant leaves, running up luxuriantly from rustic porch to red-tiled roof. Roses grew in profusion; hollyhocks raised spires of pink, saffron-yellow, and crimson; flowers filled little blinking windows between the small panes of glass and the white curtain.

Except on the High Road, there was hardly any traffic. All round the village were orchards and pasture fields, and green and furrowed gardens that sent produce to London in the night for the market at dawn, with plodding horses that could find their way if the driver was asleep.

From Old-World Furzley crowds of workers went daily by the early "trams" to town, coming back in the evening. At the other side of the High Road a newer Furzley had sprung up,—a populous, ugly quarter. The biscuit factory with a chimney was somewhere in the rear; and the contractor had set up streets of brick-and-slate houses, as regular and unlovely as if they were all turned out of a mould. These new streets were close behind Colonel Spaggot's ivied house. The contractor had bought the back garden; for he offered a fat sum, and Uncle Jeremiah was fond of money. There was only a strip of kitchen yard, where Pepper had his kennel. He could not bark without being answered by "thoroughbred mongrels" beyond the back wall.

The one fine residence in old Furzley was at the other end—Morton Court, where the Verrekers lived. Old Lady Verreker was a Miss Morton; and the Mortons had been at Furzley before the

Verrekers were ever thought of. There was a Morton lady, a maid-of-honor, when Orange William was at Hampton Court. The house was built in Queen Anne's time, and afterwards the fortune was gambled and squandered away. Old folks still living in Furzley could tell that Miss Susan was "as poor as a church mouse" when Verreker, the "coal man," married her and gave her his wealth and his title. He had found the coal on his land, and was Sir George then. The Verrekers had become the great family of the place, with more money than ever the Mortons had. Furzley was sufficiently in touch with the world to have a profound respect for money.

IV.

Sydney said the wrong thing when he greeted Daisy. Exteriorly, he was but a clumsy, colorless, average young man, not likely to attract the girl he had set his heart upon. Possibly, like the famous parrot, he thought a great deal, but he was no talker.

"Why, Daisy," he said, "you remind me of my boyhood, when I frequented a 'tuck shop.' You look just like a strawberry ice."

He said it among the banks of fern in the large cool hall, when the Spaggots arrived to lunch. So this was the impression her new "creation" made,—her pink silk under a cloud of white! Poor Daisy! It was cruelly unromantic.

"Don't say that! I am sorry I look like a spoonful of sweet stuff."

"But that's what you are," roared the Colonel, with a hearty laugh. "By Jove, it's perfect!"

It was the season of close-fitting gowns, and the short-skirted girl could have gone to a fancy dance as "Strawberry Ice."

"Then I shall melt in the sun," she said.

Another voice broke in, deep and noisy. Sydney's brother was coming to shake hands.

"We shall keep you in the shade, Miss Daisy. She must sit in the tent, among the pots, where the rosebuds are,—don't you think so, Colonel?"

This was better. Daisy laughed and blushed with pleasure. Ralph was the better courtier of the two; and Daisy loved a compliment as a child loves sugar.

Lady Verreker received the girl with quite a demonstrative embrace. A crowd of guests had already arrived from London; and there was lunch in the long, low-ceiled dining-room, with an amazing display of old solid silver. Her ladyship was vigorous, plying an ear-trumpet held in a hand glittering with diamonds. She was masterful-looking in the eighties, with scarf and mopcap of priceless lace, erect figure, and eagle nose. There was nothing in which she was not interested,—from the prizes for cottage window-flowers (which gave her a chance of enjoying a patronizing attitude) up to the outlook of Orangeism in Ulster, on which subject she betrayed family pride and the hardness of adamant. The vicar and his wife were also at the lunch. Daisy wondered if her father had been able to think of anything to say about green peas, and wished Mrs. Kells would turn her attention to pumpkins or anything else instead of asking questions.

After lunch, while the committee talked, the Colonel's pretty daughter saw the show flowers with a group of town friends. Strangers were asking who she was. People she already knew reminded her of promised visits, and week-ends to be spent at country-houses. A titled lady, whom she had met often with the Jayby-Joneses, was surprised Daisy Spaggot had not been presented. Well, of course, Lady Verreker did not appear at Court any more, and now the season was almost over. The first Drawing-Room of the year had been magnificent, she told the girl; no one in London had ever seen anything like the jewels. The usual "Court trains," trailing for several yards, were of cloth of gold or of silver tissue, lined with exquisite coloring.

"There was never such a scene at the palace; and the débutantes in white and silver were enchanting. My dear, I must

present you. The Colonel would lend you to me?"

"Papa would love it!" exclaimed Daisy. "And I shan't sleep for a month before."

"You ardent little creature! That would never do for those bright eyes. But now that is settled for next season."

Daisy, with a sudden look of distress, realized that she could not enjoy two huge pleasures at once. Why, they were going away in September for their tour round the world,—going out by the East to Japan, and coming back by the West.

"Oh, you lucky girl! Then, when you come back, I shall bring you to make your courtesy to the Throne."

The girl felt that it was a blissful world. It did not seem to matter so much now what Miss Bulger wore. She pitied that bulky young woman, who had nothing but Furzley prospects; Daisy had caught sight of her in the grounds, in starchy white. Poor Miss Bulger! She would never travel or be presented at Court. Daisy Spaggot had already in her mind a picture of herself, robed in showy gauze all glistening with pearls, and with a white plume and a veil, and a silver train draped from her shoulders and streaming along the ground.

The Colonel surpassed expectation, and Daisy enjoyed the applause. He stood behind the red table covered with prizes, among the committee and facing the crowd, and he condescended to make the most atrocious puns. The people laughed so immoderately that old Lady Verreker in the midst of the circle of chairs wanted to know what was the matter, and the miserable puns had to be repeated through the ear-trumpet. He said they all knew the vicar was a man of *peace*—"but not of such fine ones so late in the year."

The winners received their goblets and tea and coffee pots. There was a vote of thanks from the vicar. Lady Verreker beamed in her armchair; she had always enjoyed being the great lady who patronized. The vicar's wife secretly hoped her husband would know how to come to

an end—and beamed, too. Miss Bulger beamed, with the great Bulger marrow in her arms tied with the red ribbon of victory. Daisy beamed most of all, because life was going to be so splendid.

The foreign travels and the glories of the Court all mingled in one bright dream before her. The band struck up, on a round platform beneath an awning, just far enough off to be pleasant. Daisy stood, looking round for the Colonel. Her little foot, in its white shoe, danced in and out on the grass under the edge of her skirt, in time to the music. Truly it was a blissful world. Here was her father coming. She told him, with the excitement of a child, all about that dazzling invitation; and he was off at once, to thank the friend who had thought of "borrowing" her for the Queen's Drawing-Room. Daisy had made up her mind they should have their foreign tour first; for that would be her father's pleasure, too. But they would be back for next year's season, and then—

V.

Sydney Verreker found Daisy isolated from the crowd. The girl had drifted with her own happy thoughts, away from the chatter of friends and the noise of the orchestra. He never looked attractive; but he was at his worst, shuffling with tired steps over the grass, and mopping his hot face with a handkerchief.

"Suppose we go into the house?" he said. "It's cool there."

"You *are* hot, Sydney!" It was a remark that never yet made anybody cooler. These two had known each other with the intimacy of country neighbors since the time, that seemed so long ago, when the Spaggots moved to Furzley, and when the Colonel introduced Mr. Verreker to a bright-haired girl who was leaning out of the summer-house window above the road. "The carnations are lovely this year," she said. "And the perfume—I could just live on it!"

Sydney shook his head. "I am afraid men are not so ethereal. One wants something to be cut with a knife and

fork. Well, I'm glad the flowers were a decent lot."

"Haven't you seen them?"

"Couldn't! Too awfully busy. The Furzley people wanted to see everything, all at the same time. I squeezed into one of the tents and had a tough job to squeeze out again."

"You must have felt like a pressed flower yourself?"

"Not much! I felt like a boiled lobster when they have squashed him into the tin and they are just going to solder the cover on."

How unpoetical he was! Daisy gave a longing glance towards the garden to the left,—a sunny Old-World "pleasance," divided from the rest of the grounds by a high hedge of box, cut with Dutch squareness. It was a quiet region of flowery alleys, remote from the guests,—a place suggestive of delicious tints and those spirit-like, elusive perfumes that are part of the charm of a summer garden. At first sight, it was a wilderness of roses and hollyhock spires. But one could see, near at hand, peaches against the red wall. There were bowers, far on, tangled with clematis, trees dotted with apples, bushes aflame with touches of yellow clear as light, groups of lilies like white angels.

A broad path paved with red brick led away into this paradise,—a smooth pavement hollowed by the footsteps of two centuries. A peacock crossed far off, and disappeared, his long brush of a tail sweeping the ground with metallic blue and green and gold.

"Oh, there is the peacock!" cried Daisy, with the glee of a child.

"He ought not to be there: he will pick the flowers to pieces. I suppose he ran away from the mob and the brass band. I feel just like that myself."

"Then," said Daisy, "let us do like the peacock, and go down that lovely garden."

Sydney Verreker wanted the cool shade of the house, but he crossed at once towards the paved pathway. They were soon among the bowers and spires of bloom,

where the warm air was touched with those breaths of scent that the pleasure-loving Daisy had longed for: Her footsteps went with the slow rhythm of far-off music.

There was a new meaning in the look of the man's pale grey eyes. A possibility flashed into Daisy's life. Her father was right; the future owner of Morton Court "cared" for her. She had been shutting her eyes when she laughed about "the three-cornered friendship"; one corner had deepened. And all at once the question sprang into her mind: Would it not be nice to have all this beautiful old place some day, and to be very rich—tremendously rich,—and to have "papa" at Morton Court, too? He would not be happy with Lady Verreker; but Lady Verreker was nearly ninety, and perhaps she would go to heaven. The worst of it was that she did not really care for Sydney Verreker.

"Will you have a rose, Daisy?" The man had a clumsy way of doing everything, and he was not wary of thorns; he had to give "first aid" to his right hand with the handkerchief in his left, even while he held out the flower. "It's a pity these things have such beastly claws," he remarked. Never did a lover give a rose with so unromantic a speech.

VI.

"It is lovely," said Daisy. Then she caught sight of the red spots. "Oh, don't bleed, Sydney—I shall faint! I always do if anybody cuts a finger. I wish we were like the dolls. I remember my oldest and dearest; she was all bran inside."

He murmured regret, and ran into a pocket his scratched hand with the handkerchief round it.

The girl tucked the flower into the waistband of her dress. It was, indeed, lovely in itself, but it "fought" with the new frock.

"Do you think there is going to be thunder?" she asked, in the intervals of enjoying the flowers.

"Not yet; to-night, perhaps. Have

you heard, Daisy, that there is going to be a war?"

"I never read the papers. I wish papa wouldn't worry over them. I hope there won't be thunder; it would spoil your party."

The affairs of the universe were of no consequence. Sydney Verreker could not get any further than the presentation of that rose with the "claws."

They went as far as the orchard, and talked only of fruit till Daisy suddenly asked whether he or his brother had ever gone to Court.

It was a strange question. He said, 'No: he had never bothered. Of course Sir George went a lot: he was in Parliament. And "gran" used to go in the old Queen's time. He liked the King and Queen: they were "ripping good people." But no, he had never bothered. He might have gone, of course, when he was a Territorial officer; he had given that up, there was so much work to do in Wales.'

"I am going to be presented next year," said Daisy, with dignity. And then he perceived that she was not looking at the orchard at all.

The two returned along the worn brick path. The peacock came out of his hiding-place among the bushes, and peeped after them, and spread his fan of gold and blue and purple with no one to admire it. Daisy had a vague impression of a fairy-land of colored light all round her, as she chattered about her future pleasures. Sydney Verreker was downcast when she spoke of going off for long travels in September. Unknown to herself, there was a spice of the coquette in this spoiled child. It was a triumph that he should want her, although she did not care for him. He actually said he would miss her.

They crossed a stretch of grass towards a side-door of the house. The sun blazed. The clouds were massing for the thunder that had not yet come. The sky was a dim grey instead of the morning's blue.

Sydney Verreker wanted to show Daisy two pictures that were to be carried away

one of these days to Wales. "Gran" was getting restless, he said; she had an idea she would like the other house better, though this place always belonged to the Mortons—

"I don't think you have ever been up to her queer little Queen-Anne room. These are portraits of my brother and me when we were 'kids.'"

"So Lady Verreker is going away, is she? Soon?"

"Yes, very soon; before the end of the week."

They went up to an old-fashioned boudoir, with faded silken furniture, and curtains of pale sea-green. The man drew up the blinds and let the sunshine in. Here was the picture of a fair boy seated, wearing a green velvet costume with white ruffles, and blowing bubbles, like the beautiful boy in the picture by Millais. It was almost laughably unlike Sydney now; his straight locks were of a colorless ashen shade, and his "pepper-and-salt" clothes were far from any artistic possibility.

"How nice you were then!" said Daisy. It was a very natural remark, but there was an insinuation that the poor fellow had changed for the worse.

Then they looked at a brilliant picture: a Spanish bull-fighter of eight years old, splendid and dashing in a blaze of color—yellow and gold and scarlet. The strong boyish face, the dark eyes and black curls, suggested at once the personality of the grown-up Ralph.

"Oh, what a darling!" exclaimed Daisy, rapturously.

"I am afraid he was a young terror," said the matter-of-fact elder brother. "We were both the most awful little scapegraces!"

"But you both look so good."

Sydney laughed. "That was how we, young scamps, appeared at the Lord Mayor's Ball,—the affair for the children, you know."

"How lovely it used to be!" said Daisy, readily. "I went one time as a Water Lily, and another time as a China Shepherdess."

"Great Scott, we couldn't have been there in the same year! When I was like that, you were screaming in the nursery. The very most you could have done was hold to the chairs. Why, I am twenty-five!"

"I am eighteen," said Daisy, tranquilly. It seemed to her that they had known each other a long time. Two years may seem a long time in a young life.

"We had everything we wanted—my brother and I," Sydney remarked. "Gran spoiled us."

"How nice!" said Daisy, rather absently. She was looking into the nearest frame no farther than the glass, judging whether her large white muslin hat was aslant at exactly the right angle.

"No—no, it was not good for us." He said it in a low voice, thinking aloud. "Poor Gran!"

The touch of sadness in his tone was a surprise.

"Why shouldn't you have had a good time?"

Sydney Verreker stopped and thought. He was not ready with words.

"But not 'a good time' and nothing else,—not to do as one liked all along. You see we had no father, and I can hardly remember my mother. I don't know whether what I remember is a real memory at all, or just some way I have always thought of her. But I wouldn't forget it,—not for the world!"

For a moment Daisy's heart went out to him. She was touched that Sydney liked to speak to her of something he felt to be so sweet and so sacred. And, after all, when once Sydney did begin to talk in this intimate way, what revelations he made!

"But what harm can it do," the girl persisted, "if one has a good time all along? Why shouldn't you two boys have had everything you wanted?"

He faced round slowly, and looked at her with an indulgent gentleness. Was it too deep a mystery to talk of to this bright-eyed girl dressed for a garden party on a sunny afternoon? But the bright-eyed girl

was so unspeakably, so unreasonably, dear to him he could not help trying to explain.

"To get everything we wish for in this world"—he stopped and thought—"is not the Divine plan. Children have to find that out before they grow up, or they will want to please themselves and do as they like and grab everything. One has to learn to do without things."

If he had begun talking Greek to Daisy, she could not have been more completely mystified. "The Divine plan"! What could he mean?

(To be continued.)

A Candidate for Canonization.

II.

ST. FRANCIS OF SALES died in 1622; and the following year, contrary to his usual custom, the Bishop of Belley did not come to Paris. Communications by letters were in those days slow and difficult; and Mgr. Le Camus, who foresaw that a considerable time might elapse before he returned to Paris, advised Louise to place herself under the direction of a priest attached to the neighboring parish of St. Sauveur. This priest, generally known as Monsieur Vincent, was remarkable for the simplicity of his manners and his great piety. St. Francis of Sales, who held him in high esteem, had begged him to accept the post of superior of the Visitation nuns in Paris; and those who knew him intimately professed implicit confidence in his prudence and holiness.

Monsieur Vincent—in whom our readers have doubtless recognized St. Vincent of Paul—was thirty-nine years of age when Louise first made his acquaintance in 1625. The son of a poor laborer, he often recalled his lowly origin; and his characteristic trait was a tender and thoughtful love for the poor and little ones of this world. He was, at the time of which we speak, tutor to the children of Monsieur de Gondi, Comte de Joigny, a nobleman of high rank and considerable influence; but his

duties in the family did not prevent him from devoting much time to various works of charity.

Although destined to create institutions of immense importance, and to found an Order whose organization was a startling novelty in the history of the Church, St. Vincent's outward demeanor was singularly modest, humble and calm. He carried out his undertakings with great boldness, and with a spirit undaunted by obstacles and by opposition; but he prepared them with extreme prudence, ever fearful, as he used to say, of overstepping Providence. In the midst of affairs so varied, so numerous and so important, he preserved his presence of mind and equanimity. When requested to give a decision, he invariably took some time to answer; and when, after mature reflection, he had come to a resolution, he was accustomed to reply to the matter on hand, "*In nomine Domini*," with great precision, in a few words. His favorite maxim was that "Christians should love and serve Our Lord in the person of their neighbor, and their neighbor in the person of Our Lord." He did not encourage extraordinary practices of devotion, but never ceased to preach humility and charity in spirit and in deed.

Louise, who was already accustomed to visit the poor, responded eagerly to a teaching that harmonized with her own aspirations. But about the time of her first meeting with St. Vincent she was called upon to devote all her energies to her home duties. Antoine Legras, whose health had long been a source of anxiety to her, gradually became a confirmed invalid. As his bodily strength declined, his soul seemed to grow in grace and beauty; he had always been a practical Christian, but suffering made him turn yet more generously to thoughts of God and heaven. The Passion of Our Lord became the subject of his constant meditations, and helped him to bear his own sufferings without a murmur.

Louise watched by him with unwearied

love and care until he died on the 21st of December, 1625. "It was at night," writes his wife. "I was alone to help him through this important passage. He was only able to say to me: 'Pray to God for me: I have no strength left.' Words that remain forever engraved in my heart." Our heroine's first act next morning was to hasten to the neighboring parish church, and there to receive Him who alone could sustain her under the weight of loneliness and sorrow. Many years later, after she had become the foundress of a religious Congregation, we find, in her last will, the name of Antoine Legras, the husband of her youth, faithfully recorded, together with the mention of the "great virtues" he had practised during his last illness.

The first portion of Louise's life closes here; but from the depths of her solitude and sorrow was to arise, like a star piercing the darkness of a clouded sky, a new vocation destined to bring comfort to her own soul and salvation to thousands of human beings. She was thirty-four years of age when her husband died; her only son Michel was twelve, and his education became the chief object of his mother's thoughts. Her husband had left her only a small fortune; but although not wealthy, she belonged, through her father, to a family whose members occupied important posts at Court. One of her uncles, Louis de Marillac, had married Catherine, daughter of Cosmo de Médicis and aunt of Queen Marie de Médicis. Louise might, therefore, have mingled with the highest society of the day; but even in her husband's lifetime she had lived apart from the great world, and after his death she resolved to devote herself entirely to the care and education of her son and to the service of the poor.

With this double object in view, she left the fashionable quarter of the "Marais," where she and her husband had lived, and retired to the Rue St. Victor, a quiet street on the slopes of the Montagne Ste. Geneviève. To this day, in spite of the changes that have modernized its once

quaint streets, this part of Paris is much the same as it was in the days of Louise de Marillac.

She began by choosing a college for her son, and decided to place him at the Seminary of St. Nicolas, which St. Vincent of Paul regarded as "one of the most holy houses that exist in the Church of God." It had, moreover, the advantage of being situated near the Rue St. Victor, so that the anxious mother was able to see her son frequently. St. Vincent himself, when in Paris, resided in the immediate neighborhood. He had now left the De Condi family, and had laid the foundation of a Congregation of missionary priests destined to preach missions in country towns and villages. Madame de Condi, realizing the immense importance and usefulness of this work, helped largely in its development. Through her intercession, the Bishop of Paris had given the saint a house where he and his first disciples could reside when in Paris. This house, which in the Middle Ages had been a college, was situated near Louise's new home; and, under St. Vincent's guidance, she drew up for herself a rule of life, almost monastic in its severity.

She rose at half-past five in summer, and at six in winter, made an hour's meditation and said part of the Office of Our Lady. She then attended to household matters, and at half-past eight or nine went to hear Mass. After this she worked with her needle, dined, prayed for a few moments and worked again (either for the churches or for the poor), unless charity obliged her to pay or receive visits. At four she was accustomed to go to the neighboring church, recite the remainder of her Office and meditate for half an hour. At five she examined her conscience, and the rest of the evening was spent in prayer.

To this severe mode of life Louise added the use of disciplines, hair-shirts, iron belts, and other instruments of penance. She mortified herself also in her food, took only two meals a day and fasted frequently. Yet this austere and meditative

life did not satisfy her aspirations: she felt vaguely that God held another vocation in store for her, and she longed to discover it. St. Vincent shared her feelings. With that keenness of vision in spiritual matters, the privilege of unusually holy souls, he realized that his spiritual daughter, so rich in generosity, energy and love of souls, was well qualified to accomplish great things for the glory of God. Nevertheless, ever faithful to his principle of waiting till the guiding hand of Providence should point out the path he was to follow, he exhorted Louise to curb her vehement desires until "the holy and adorable will of God should manifest itself clearly."

At the end of two years he began to give her some share in his own apostolic labors, and it was at this epoch, toward 1629, that he employed her to establish in the provinces and in Paris the work known as the Confraternity of Charity. The greatest of God's works in the history of the Church often spring from the lowliest origin. The Order of the Sisters of St. Vincent of Paul, that numbers to-day perhaps as many as two thousand houses scattered all over the world, owes its remote origin to the humble Confraternity founded for the assistance of the sick and the poor.

The first thought of the foundation came to the saint as follows. Some years before the time of which we are speaking, he was preaching a mission in a village in the centre of France. As he was about to ascend the pulpit, a noble lady, living in the country, begged him to recommend to the charity of the faithful a family, several of whose members lay dangerously ill in a lonely farmhouse. St. Vincent complied with her request. His burning words went straight to the hearts of his hearers, and when in the afternoon he started to visit the farm, he was surprised to meet all along the road groups of people carrying food and remedies. "Here is indeed great charity," he said: "but it is not well regulated. These poor people will have too much provisions at a

time, part of which will necessarily be spoilt, and after a while they will probably fall back into their former misery."

From this incident, St. Vincent conceived the desire to regulate the generous impulses of charity, in order to render their effects more lasting. He proceeded at once to carry out his idea,—assembled the women of the parish and drew up a code of simple and practical rules, destined to regulate in the most judicious manner the distribution of the alms given to the poor and sick. Several women, chosen among the rest for their superior ability and piety, were to direct the little Confraternity; and every month a report was to be drawn up, stating the progress of the little enterprise.

The one object of the Confraternities, as St. Vincent called his work, was to assist the sick and poor in their bodies and in their souls, for the love of Our Lord. The members, women of good character, took the name of "Servants of the poor"; and every two years one among them was chosen by her companions to be directress of the rest. Her election was to be submitted to the approval of the parish priest. The directress undertook to select the sick and poor whose distress rendered them fit objects of compassion; she also collected the alms for their relief. The associates were charged in turns to visit the sick, cook their food, dress their wounds, apply the remedies, and console and instruct them if necessary. They bound themselves, moreover, to recite certain prayers, and to go to Holy Communion on fixed days for the intentions of the association and for their poor charges.

The Confraternities of Charity gradually spread through several dioceses; they met with the warm approval of the parish priests and were publicly recommended by many bishops. In 1629, St. Vincent was requested to establish an association in Paris. Here its organization and spirit made a deep impression on many generous souls, who, though willing to assist the poor, realized that an association, guided by

particular rules and animated by a truly Christian spirit, must necessarily produce effects far more beneficial than mere individual effort, however generous.

Our Louise was appointed by St. Vincent to organize the first Confraternity established in Paris; but it became necessary to modify in a slight measure the rules of the association, in order to adapt them more perfectly to the new sphere in which the members were to exercise their charitable mission. So far, in the country towns and villages where the work had hitherto been established, its associates were chiefly recruited among the people. They were women or young girls possessing robust health and ample time to devote to the sick; and were accustomed, each in turn, to cook with their own hands the food destined for the poor. In Paris, a new class of associates sought admittance; these were noble ladies anxious to assist the poor, but whom their social duties, the cares of their family or their delicate health, prevented from giving much time to the task.

St. Vincent, who desired to enroll in the cause of charity all classes—rich and poor, noble and plebeian, the royal princess and the peasant girl,—deemed it necessary, in order to exclude no one, to separate his associates into two classes. The first—recruited among women of the people, free to dispose of their time—was entirely devoted to the service of the sick and poor; the second—composed of women of the world, fettered by the ties of family and society—undertook to provide the necessary funds for the maintenance and extension of the work. They were also advised to visit the poor, so far as their home duties would permit; and many of them proved no less generous and zealous in the task than their humbler sisters.

In his apostolic journeys through the provinces, St. Vincent remembered to have met with a certain number of young peasant girls, unwilling either to marry or to enter a cloistered religious Order, and yet desirous of consecrating their lives

to the service of God. He judged that these were the women he needed for the work to be done in Paris; and several among them, having gladly responded to his appeal, became the leading spirits of the Confraternities of Charity which were speedily established in the different parishes of the capital.

In 1629 St. Vincent went a step further. At this period, beyond an ardent desire to work for God and for souls, he had no definite plan of founding a new religious Congregation. He strove simply, according to the inspirations which he received from Providence, to relieve in the best manner possible the miseries that he met with. But the will of God, to which he was so blindly submissive, was leading him step by step to the accomplishment of the great work that was to be the salvation of millions and a lasting glory of the Church.

After having founded the Confraternities of Charity, he realized the necessity of creating a bond of union between these associations scattered through the provinces. He, therefore, commissioned Louise to visit the different Confraternities which he had founded in Paris and in the neighboring dioceses. She was to examine the working of the associations, encourage their members, stimulate their fervor, and, if necessary, reform disorders. She gladly accepted the mission. Her son was pursuing his studies in the college she had chosen for him, and no more pressing duty now prevented her from fulfilling the task laid upon her by St. Vincent.

In May, 1629, she started for the town of Montmirail, in the diocese of Soissons,—after having previously received Holy Communion and placed her journey under the protection of Him whose journeys, during His mortal life, she desired to imitate. It is probable that she was accompanied by one or other of the holy persons who, like herself, devoted themselves to a life of charity under the guidance of St. Vincent.

This visitation was followed by many others. In her desire to resemble as closely as possible the poor whose servant she had become, our heroine tried, during these difficult journeys, to live like them in all respects. Her food, her lodgings, and her dress were as poor as possible; but her naturally delicate health suffered from these hardships, and we find St. Vincent endeavoring to moderate her zeal. "Be careful," he writes, "to preserve your health for the love of Our Lord and of His poor. Take care not to do too much. It is a trick of the devil to delude many good souls. He urges them to do more than they can accomplish, in order that they may end by doing nothing. The Spirit of God, on the contrary, prompts us to do only what we can accomplish reasonably, to do it well and with perseverance."

Among other places, Louise visited Beauvais, where the association was unusually numerous and flourishing. There were eighteen Confraternities of Charity established in the town, and the bishop was an ardent promoter of the work. Our heroine remained for some time among these devoted women, directing their efforts, and admiring rather than stimulating their zeal and charity. Her kindness and tact won all hearts, and when she left Beauvais to return to Paris crowds of people accompanied her.

(To be continued.)

I do not advise you to use multiplicity of words in prayer: many words and long discourses being often the occasion of wandering. Hold yourself in prayer before God, like a dumb or paralytic beggar at a rich man's gate. Let it be your endeavor to keep your mind in the presence of the Lord. If it sometimes wander and withdraw itself from Him, do not much disquiet yourself for that: trouble and disquiet serve rather to distract the mind than to re-collect it: the will must bring it back to tranquillity. If you persevere in this manner, God will have pity on you.

—*Brother Lawrence.*

The Service Flag.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

MY Service Flag, with bright red rim and tiny star of blue,

Was given me by my dearest one before he said adieu.

Each day, before I pinned it o'er my yearning mother's heart,

I prayed that he would never know how hard it was to part.

And every day I wrote to him gay letters full of cheer,

Telling him I'd learned to knit, and that he must not fear

That I was sad and lonely; for I sang his songs each day,

And lived the life we used to live, though he was far away.

The dreary winter days came on, and still my heart was strong;

And, though I missed him—oh, so much!—and could not help but long

To see his dear brown eyes again, and hear him speak to me,

I knew in God's own time, at least, united we should be.

When summer came, and all the land was full of warmth and bloom,

The dreadful news was given me—alas! that day of doom,—

"Joyce Kilmer, Sergeant, killed in action." Could the news be true?

"Yes," my mother heart responded: "life and joy are dead to you.

"But my Service Flag I'll wear the while my weary life shall last."

On a bow of sable ribbon then I placed it sure and fast.

When my sad eyes looking downward on the flag so dear to me,

I beheld a golden star where the blue one used to be.

So I wear my Flag of Service, with red rim and star of gold,

And the memories it awakens still my confidence uphold;

For God is good, and knows how mothers' hearts must sorely ache,

And brave my gold star keeps me, though my sad heart will not break.

SERGEANT JOYCE KILMER'S MOTHER.

Brother and Sister.

BY A. RAYBOULD.

I.

"**N**OW I may go my way in peace." The old woman took her hands off the young man's shoulders, but she still continued to look at his face. It was a fresh, pure face,—the face of this young priest who was also her son.

"I have lived to see your ordination, Michael. Now that I have seen it, it will soon be time for me to die."

"Don't say that, mother! There is much for you to do yet. And what would become of Marguerite if you were to leave her now?"

The girl, who had never once taken her eyes from her brother's face, lowered them now and smiled. Her face was a perfect replica of the young priest's, but with this difference: what was merely fresh and young in the one was beautiful in the other.

The old woman turned to her armchair and sat down wearily. She looked very old to be the mother of these children, whose first youth seemed to be hardly dimmed.

"You're twenty-five to-day, Michael, though you don't look your age; and you said your first Mass this morning; and for twenty-five years since that first morning when I brought you into the world at break of day, and with much pain (for I was already almost an old woman), I have prayed day and night that God would make you a priest. He has heard my prayer; and to-day I can forget all the sorrows of my life, though they have been many."

"I must show you your room, Michael," said the girl, anxious to have a few words alone with her brother before the evening meal,—*"your old room; but I'm sure you have forgotten it,—forgotten,"* she added with a laugh, *"even where it is."*

The young priest protested:

"I remember every inch of it. The seminary has not made me forget the dear old home."

"But perhaps your holiness has made you forget."

"The holiness is still quite hypothetical, —something to come, I hope, after all the wonderful things that have already come."

The girl, looking up at him, guessed the radiance in which his soul walked. They went into the room together. It was the same old brown room, with the dark walls and heavy furniture; yet it looked somewhat changed. The furniture had been newly polished and differently placed; the spotless white curtains and coverlet were innovations,—a bowl of spring flowers stood on the table, a little red lamp burned before the old crucifix in the corner. Marguerite's hands had evidently been busy.

"Do you recognize the room, Michael?"

"Hardly. It's like finding an old friend with a new lease of life. I see you have been busy here—but what luggage is that in the corner? It is not mine."

"No: that belongs to a man who came to see John on business. We had to let him sleep in this room, and he left that valise behind, saying he would send for it immediately, but he has not done so yet. John insisted on its remaining. He said it contained valuable papers, and that it would be safer in this room. You know it is no use arguing with John. I do wish he would not bring his odious friends here."

"Then there is no fear of your marrying one of them?"

"No, there is no fear of that, Michael."

"But what about some one else?"

She turned rosy.

"Not just yet, at any rate. I shall tell you, Michael, when the time comes."

Her hands were still busying themselves about the room. It was so wonderful to have Michael back,—this brother that was almost her twin; who had shared all her childish pranks, and, later, her studies; who had shared with her also the hard,

gloomy days that had been their common lot in that gloomy old house; who had shared the dislike of the elder brothers for these two younger children born out of due time; and who had shared, too, the religious aspirations and practices which had made these two a subject of contempt and scorn to those same elder brothers. It was, indeed, wonderful to have Michael home again, if only for a few days. She had so much to tell him. And yet she found it hard to speak: he seemed already so far away from her. Her reverence had almost got the better of her love.

"I suppose there's little change here at home?"

"None that I can see. Mother is weaker in body, but always strong in mind. John is more absorbed in his business,—more bearish and impossible every day."

"Then it must be rather hard for you, Marguerite."

"Oh, no, not so hard! I have made friends, and mother and I live quite apart."

"And the business?"

"I think the business prospers. The offices downstairs are grayer and dustier than ever, and John hasn't allowed himself a new coat this year,—that really means that he's richer than ever," she added, with a laugh.

"And gives you less?"

"Mother takes care of me. Don't let us think of unpleasant things to-day, Michael. It has been such a wonderful day!"

Just then some one knocked at the door, and a dingy-looking servant brought in the priest's bag.

"That's John's new man," Marguerite said, when he had closed the door. "John sent Louis away. Poor old Louis! He used to be so good to us when we were children."

The young priest began to unpack his modest belongings.

"You know I must leave again to-morrow," he said after a minute's pause. "I have to present myself to the bishop, but I think I am nearly certain to get the

curacy in D——; and as there will be no hurry about my going there, I shall be able to spend a full week at home before my work begins."

In the meantime old Madame Berthier was in her own room. She needed to be alone to thank God for the crowning grace of that day. She had lived to see her son a priest, and now her desires were accomplished. He and the good little Marguerite would atone to God for the others,—for those other sons, bad children of a bad father, who had followed in his ways, not in hers. She looked back over the long years and saw them full of sorrow,—from that first year when, as a young bride fresh from a convent school, she had learned what a bitter disillusion marriage may be; on through the painful years of child-bearing, and the cruel years of neglect and unfaithfulness, when she had to see her elder children perverted by the husband whom she could no longer respect or love. And yet God had sustained her through all those years, had kept her feet in His paths, and had enabled her to snatch in time the two younger children as brands from the fire, and to bring them up wholly to God. And in these two she had been blessed,—doubly blessed in the son, who would now plead for her daily at the altar.

How carefully she had guarded these two children when, as a widow, she had at last been free to educate them as she wished! With what solicitude had she not watched over them through the passing years! But now at last she had her reward. It was the happiest day she had known since the day when, as an unsuspecting schoolgirl, she had left her parents' home. Now she was an old woman,—old and weary, standing almost on the brink of the grave. But God had been good to her,—infinitely good. The old woman rose from her knees and wiped away a tear from her wrinkled cheek.

Other tears would fall in prayer that day in that same house,—Marguerite's tears of simple joy and thankfulness;

the young priest's tears of rapture and praise as he knelt before the old crucifix, watching the red light flicker upon the wounded figure of the Master to whom he had consecrated his life. But only the old mother's tears were mingled with the bitter brine of past sorrow.

II.

Next morning Father Michael left early, promising to return as soon as possible. They almost expected him back that night; but he sent a message, in the course of the day, that the bishop had been called away suddenly, and that he, Michael, would have to wait for his return, which might be delayed for a few days. During his absence the stranger's luggage was sent for and removed, much to the satisfaction of Marguerite, who disliked any reminder of strangers in a room which she considered sacred to her brother.

Two days later she was alone with her mother, sitting sewing by the open window, embroidering a hundred fancies into the piece of work she held in her hands, when John Berthier entered the room. It was an unknown thing for him to intrude upon their privacy, unless he had something very important to communicate. On seeing him, the two women instinctively felt that there was trouble in store for them.

John Berthier was naturally a hard-hearted man, and he had little love for his mother and sister. Their ways, and especially their piety, annoyed him, and he was secretly glad whenever an opportunity occurred for breaking up the usual placid tenor of their lives.

"The chief of police is downstairs," he began abruptly. "There has been a theft in the house,—a theft of 5000 francs. The money has been missed from the valise left here by Mr. Romand the other day. No one has been in that room but you two and Michael, so you must clear the matter up."

"But it is impossible!" answered the mother. "There must be some mistake."

"I'm afraid there can be no mistake.

The information given to the police seems very accurate. Where's Michael?"

"What has Michael to do in the matter?" asked Marguerite, impatiently.

"Everything, perhaps," replied John, with a sneer. "It's wonderful what young men are taught in the seminaries."

"How dare you?" cried Marguerite.

"Have you come here only to insult me?" asked the mother. She had stood up and was leaning heavily on her stick, for she was trembling in every limb.

"I am insulting no one that is not guilty. Who has been in the room?"

"Why, *we* have been in the room, of course," Marguerite responded, hardly trying to disguise her anger. "You don't imagine that we have stolen the money!"

"The servants have also been in the room," added Madame Berthier.

"What servants? Old Annette, who has been here for forty years, and who, as you know, would not take a farthing."

"And what about your new man?" queried Marguerite.

"He was never in the room, except to bring up Michael's bag, and you were there then. I gave you the key of the room when Romand left, so that you are responsible. You had better come down and give evidence. Where has Michael disappeared to?"

"We expected him to return to-day."

"Strange his going away like that! Well, come down now to the chief of police."

Trembling, the two women followed John Berthier down the stairs. What evidence could they give? The whole matter was a mystery. It seemed impossible that any one should have gone to that room and opened the luggage of the stranger without their knowing of it. They saw at once that, whatever evidence John Berthier had given, it had thrown suspicion on the young priest; and, in their anxiety to counteract this impression, they succeeded only in injuring Michael still more in the estimation of the official.

The latter stated the case briefly. A sum of 5000 francs had been put by Mr. Romand in an old pocketbook in the valise which he had left behind. When the valise had been fetched by a trusty clerk and opened by Mr. Romand, the pocketbook containing the notes was not to be found, and he had put the matter at once into the hands of the police. The valise had evidently been opened with a key that fitted; the chief of police had the lock now with him, and it would be necessary to make a search of the house.

The two women, confident that nothing condemnatory could be found, aided in the search. They helped to turn over every article in that room, which had grown almost sacred to them since Michael, the priest, had slept there. Finally, they were about to leave the room when Marguerite pulled out the drawer of a little table near the bed. There was a key in it. The police at once tried it in the lock and it fitted.

"A mere coincidence," Marguerite argued. "Who, having stolen the money, would have left the key about?"

But the officer of the law paid scant attention: he was determined to follow the matter up. The rest of the house was searched, but nothing was found; the servants were questioned, but they could throw no light on the matter; and the policeman was just preparing to leave when there was a ring at the front door. Old Annette opened the door, and Michael, radiant with good news and with the joy of being home again, ran up the stairs. He stopped short when he saw the policeman and the anxious faces of the two women.

"Why, what has happened? What's the matter?"

Marguerite told him in a few words.

The policeman began to excuse himself: said that he was very sorry, but that he was obliged to do his duty, and that the young priest would have to submit to a personal search. The whole affair was very disagreeable and very mysterious.

"You can search me, certainly; only be quick about it."

Michael was in the best of spirits, and suspected nothing. His one thought was to get rid of the man, and be alone with his mother and sister. In his haste, he began turning out the pockets of his overcoat, and from one of them an old leather pocketbook fell to the floor. Marguerite saw it and gave a little cry of horror. The chief of police saw it and picked it up. It was empty.

"Where did you get that?" he asked sternly.

"That? Why, it's not mine! I never saw it before."

John Berthier exchanged glances with the policeman. Then the latter said:

"I am afraid you will have to come with me."

"But, my God, what do you mean? It's all a horrible trick! Some one must have put that thing in my pocket. I swear to you that I never saw it before." The priest's face was now pale as death. "Will you not believe my word?"

The officer smiled, as it is often the privilege of agents of the law to smile at the protestations of the innocent. Marguerite burst out crying; then there was a moment of terrible silence.

"I shall pay the money that has been lost,—every penny of it," said Madame Berthier, raising herself to her full height. "But I forbid you to lay your hands on the Lord's anointed."

The police agent looked confused.

"I'm afraid we can't make distinctions in a case like this, Madame," said the policeman. "I hope that the matter may be cleared up in a few days; but in the meantime this young gentleman will have to come with me."

Like a flash, the whole horror of the situation passed through Michael's mind, and suddenly all his high hopes died. The accusation would probably ruin his career; he might find difficulty in clearing himself in the eyes of the world; how could he begin his life's work with a slur upon his

reputation? In a moment of bitterness he saw rising up against him the cruel irony of Fate, and it seemed impossible to submit to it. But then he remembered the hour of his first Mass,—remembered the sacrifice he had then made of himself and of his life; and the bitterness died out of his heart. Had he not chosen the way of the Cross, the way of his Master? After a brief silence he said calmly:

"I am ready!"

Marguerite hung round her brother's neck in an agonized embrace; his mother only touched his forehead with her lips as she said, "God will be with you, Michael!" Then the two women knelt for his blessing. To her dying day Marguerite never forgot the look in her brother's eyes as he turned to her before he left the house.

"God has chosen Michael to be one of His saints," said the old mother, as she dropped heavily into a chair and began to weep. "This blow is my call to another world."

Marguerite went back to that bedroom where the spring flowers still bloomed on the table, and where the little red lamp still burned before the crucifix. She knelt down before it.

"Take me, O Lord; let me suffer, let me bear the cross, but spare Michael. I shall leave the world,—leave my friends, leave him whom I was beginning to love. I offer this sacrifice now to Thee, dear Lord; and ask of Thee only to vindicate Michael's innocence."

A nun sat by the window in her cell. She looked up from her work and out over the spring landscape and the cowslip-studded field beneath. Through the open window the scent of the spring flowers came to her, and the perfume made her sad,—sad almost to tears. It reminded her of a day, now long past, when she had gathered spring flowers for the last time and placed them in the room of one she loved. Where was he now, this most affectionate of brothers?

It was ten years since she last saw him,—ten years since that spring morning when a seemingly cruel Fate had taken him from her eyes forever. Where was he? Far away in North America, in an obscure mission; unknown, perhaps uncared for; giving the best years of his life to arduous, endless tasks; an exile from home, with a cloud on his reputation. And yet Marguerite knew that in that obscure mission Michael was playing a hero's part; knew that he was toiling and suffering to win souls to God. But this was not enough for her, because she was not yet a saint: she wanted to see him vindicated, restored to his country, and working among those who could appreciate his worth, and might repay his devotion.

She remembered her mother's words, "God has chosen Michael to be one of His saints." And there was no doubt of it: he was fast becoming a saint. She could divine it from his letters. She knew how to read between the lines, and she knew that he had learned to live wholly for God and for the souls that had been entrusted to his care.

Yes, she could understand. God meant him to be a saint, and yet she was sad. Was this the answer to her prayer, to her life's sacrifice? God had vouchsafed her no other answer. She longed, still longed almost passionately, to have Michael's honor vindicated; and she longed, how much she dared not let herself think, to see him again.

Then she fell to thinking over the past,—over the anguish of that trial in which her brother had been falsely accused and found guilty; over the pain of that parting when he had left them forever. Then she thought of her mother's death, which followed immediately afterwards, and of her own entry into religion. She had found a certain peace and happiness in the convent, but she could never forget that terrible, almost unbearable trial. The years had softened it, but they had brought her only peace, not joy as they had done to Michael.

As she was so thinking there was a knock at the door and a Sister brought her a letter. It was in a strange hand, and was from an unknown priest. It took her only a few minutes to read it through; but when she had done so she did not understand it, and had to read it a second time before she fully grasped its significance. Then she fell upon her knees in tears. God had heard her prayer at last: Michael's honor was restored and his innocence proved; he could come home, and she would see him again. They would talk once more together of the past,—of their childhood, of their mother, of the old home. He would come back to guide her, to teach her, to show her that higher path that he had trod so bravely. God had been so good, so wonderfully good, to them both!

Then she read the letter over again. Some one (the name was given, but it was strange to her) had acknowledged the theft and had restored the money. The theft had been made during the evening meal, when, by an evil chance, the door of Michael's room had been left open. The thief had made full restitution of the money, and it was in the hands of the priest who wrote, to be paid, on demand, to the one to whom it rightly belonged.

Marguerite's heart overflowed with joy and gratitude. How glad she felt that she had sacrificed her little dot, her trinkets and all that she possessed, to pay the sum that had been missed, in order that her brother might be set at liberty! How he had used that liberty she would soon hear from his own lips.

“Do not accustom yourself to being too critical,” says the Rev. Walter R. Strappini, S. J. “Faults are obvious enough, yours included, even when you yourself do not see them. If we could know how kindly blind others are to our glaring faults, from very shame we should affect as much blindness when the many defects of human qualities in other men are bared before us.”

A Strange Experience.

IN communicating the following story connected with the celebrated Dr. Green, the author of a valuable and erudite work called “The Tax-Tables,” an esteemed correspondent writes: “It was related to me by my late father, who was a personal acquaintance of the learned Doctor. At the date of this story the latter was living at Herts, England; and, judging by a letter of his now in my possession, the incident probably occurred about the year 1865.

“My father was chatting with him one evening in the month of November on the subject of indulgences, of which doctrine Dr. Green was an able vindicator. During the conversation my father ventured to ask him if he believed in the appearance of departed souls to friends on earth. The question elicited this personal testimony to the same.

“I must admit,” said the Doctor, “I was always somewhat sceptical about the actual fact, though of course not of the possibility of such occurrences, when I was, strange to say, disillusioned by a personal experience that left no doubt that visions of the dead do happen. I was on a visit, not long ago, to a family I had known for many years. At dinner a question arose between my host and hostess as to where I should sleep during my short stay with them. There was, they said, a certain spare room which was formerly occupied by visitors; but, on account of mysterious sounds and sights which had frightened them, it was no longer used and had come to be regarded as a haunted room. I smiled incredulously at the story, assuring them I should have no hesitation in occupying the room in question, as I believed there was no solid foundation for the curious story circulated in regard to it. And so that night I took up my quarters in the ‘haunted chamber.’

“I slept soundly the night through, and came down to breakfast next morning

thoroughly refreshed, looking, as my kind host remarked, 'quite the pink of perfection.' I joked at dinner that evening about ghosts and visions, and attributed the strange apparitions to indigestion, and the noises to fancy on the part of the guests who were said to have been disturbed in their slumbers.

"But that night I did not sleep so calmly as on the previous night. I had fallen into a profound slumber, when, so far as I could tell about midnight, I suddenly awoke with a feeling of uneasiness, as though there were some one in the room. My eyes were heavy, and, thinking that the stories I had heard must have affected my nerves and that I was the victim of an attack of neuritis, I turned over and strove to resume my slumber. But all to no purpose. There seemed to be happening something uncanny for which I could not account. So I sat up in bed, rubbed my eyes and looked toward the end of the bed, where I saw—believe me, quite distinctly: there was no delusion—the upper portion of a lady's figure swinging to and fro as one in dire anguish and moaning like one in great sorrow. As if by instinct—I was not in the least afraid—I recited the *De Profundis*, and immediately the apparition vanished, and was from that time never seen again.

"Undoubtedly it was a soul from purgatory," concluded the Doctor, "pleading for a prayer which was necessary to break asunder the last link that bound her to her bed of pain."

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IF we love God with a love of appreciation above all persons and things created, nothing will draw us from His will. This effective love may be calm, and with little, if any, sensible emotion; but it reigns in the soul, and governs the life in deed, word, and thought; restraining from all that God condemns, and prompting to all that He commands or wills.—*Cardinal Manning.*

A General Evil.

IN the lengthy catalogue of man's offences against the divine law there is doubtless many a more grievous sin, but scarcely a more common one, than uncharitable speech. Serious reflection on this subject during ten minutes, and a vivid recollection of the habitual drift taken by the conversation of ourselves and our friends and acquaintances, will suffice to convince us that St. Jérôme had excellent reason to write, "Rarely do we find any one who is not ready to blame his neighbor's conduct"; and that St. James hardly exaggerated when he declared, "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man."

The quasi-universality of this evil explains the affectionate insistence with which the Beloved Disciple St. John used in his old age to reiterate to his flock: "My little children, love one another." Love is, in very truth, the only charm that can effectively tame our rampant desire to impart to others whatever we know to the discredit of our neighbor. We divulge nothing that is prejudicial to ourselves, whom we love very sincerely; we sedulously keep secret anything detrimental to the good name of beloved friends; and, just in proportion to the genuineness of our charity—our loving our neighbor as ourselves for the love of God—will be our reticence concerning that neighbor's vices, crimes, sins, faults, or backslidings.

Perhaps the most singular circumstance connected with this very general sin of detraction is the slight account made of it by those who incur its guilt. It would be difficult to discover any other offence in the whole "table of sins" concerning which so many people, even normally good people, have erroneous consciences. Penitents who are scrupulously exact in detailing other transgressions will gloss over sins of detraction that are unquestionably grave, as if such lapses scarcely

merited the name of imperfections. Yet it is obvious that neither imperfections nor even venial sins render us "hateful to God," and it is thus that St. Paul characterizes detractors. Indeed, the defamation of our neighbor is anathematized in Holy Scripture in a manner that clearly proves it to be, in its nature, a grievous sin,—a "sin unto death." But, of course, it admits levity of matter; and thus many (let us hope, *most*) uncharitable speeches are only venial. It is well, however, to bear in mind the remark of St. Alphonsus: "O fool! thou dost declaim against the sin of another, and meanwhile, by evil speaking, dost commit a far greater sin than that which thou blamest in thy neighbor."

It is elementary that the detractor is not freed from guilt simply because, as he is wont to declare: "After all, I told only the simple truth." Unless the simple truth that is detrimental to my neighbor's character is generally known, is notorious, I very certainly sin against the justice which I owe to him when I divulge that truth to others. Just as certainly I am bound to repair, as far as is possible, the injury which has been occasioned to him by my detraction. And this is another point that merits some insistence. Exactly as restitution, when practicable, is a condition precedent to the validity of absolution from the guilt of theft, so reparation of the damage done to our neighbor's character must precede our being loosed from the sin of evil speaking.

The knowledge that effective reparation is a most difficult matter should prove a strong deterrent to restrain us from incurring the obligation of making it at all. We have everything to gain—peace of conscience, the esteem of our fellows, and the blessing of God—by strictly adhering to the rule graphically laid down for us in Ecclesiasticus: "Hast thou heard a word against thy neighbor? Let it die within thee, trusting that it will not burst thee."

Notes and Remarks.

The Holy See having empowered the Society for the Propagation of the Faith to receive and distribute Mass intentions in any part of the world, priests who have a superfluity of them, and the laity whose pastors have more intentions than they are personally capable of attending to, may well be advised to avail themselves of the Society's service in having Masses celebrated. The stipends for the Masses are sent by the Propagation of the Faith to needy missionaries in the home or the foreign field, and it is obviously an excellent form of charity thus to contribute to the upkeep of the missions. Readers of our various missionary periodicals are familiar with the pleas for Mass intentions often appearing therein,—pleas sent by priests in far-away destitute missions, many of them dependent on the receipt of Mass stipends for their very existence. Needless to say, once a director of the Society acknowledges the receipt of the stipends, the sender thereof may consider himself quite free from any further responsibility in connection with the Masses.

The admirable practice of having many Masses celebrated for various needs, spiritual and temporal, seems to be growing in favor with our people; and, as the wants of the missions have increased of late years, the form of charity upon which we are commenting would seem to be especially opportune.

With anarchy rampant in various parts of Europe, we fail to see what grounds some of our leading citizens can have for the assertion that nothing is to be feared from anarchy in the United States. Present conditions may be altogether unfavorable to its spread, but there is no assurance that present conditions will be permanent. Recent events in Philadelphia—the bombing of the homes of a justice of the Supreme Court, the acting superintendent of police, and the president of the

Chamber of Commerce—ought to open the eyes of those citizens to whom we refer. There is such a thing as being too optimistic. Militarism is dead, but Bolshevism has come in its place, and it is a fearful menace. It is the culmination of anarchy and the negation of law and order. Measures to suppress it in this country can not be too prompt or energetic. The number of avowed anarchists in all our large cities is sure to increase unless their movements and activities are closely watched and controlled.

Catholic readers of "In Time of War," a volume of addresses on several occasions, by Clement Webb, Fellow of Magdalen College, will find themselves agreeing and disagreeing with him—as completely in one case as in the other. He contends that "nations in this world would not of necessity be better without armaments, any more than individual men in this world would be better without fists." A curious argument. Mr. Webb forgets that men are born with hands, not with fists, which are of their own forming. If by the creation of an international court and a league of nations, the necessity of turning hands into fists could be removed, the nations would unquestionably be better. Mr. Webb approvingly quotes Plato as saying in effect that the man who does wrong and is punished for it is better off than the man who does wrong and goes unpunished. Here one can entirely agree with Mr. Webb and Plato—while pitying the unpunished.

That the Knights of Columbus should experience a certain measure of legitimate gratification over the results of their labors in connection with the World War is only natural; and that the success which their organization has achieved in affairs that called for the expenditure of millions of dollars, and the personal service of thousands of civilian members, should inspire them with confidence in their future undertakings is quite a matter

of course. It will occasion no surprise, accordingly, to learn that the Knights have set for themselves as their next great task the increase of their membership to the million mark in the course of the present year. As they number at present 428,000 only, the proposed task is no small one; yet it is surely performable if the energy and system which marked their war activities are brought into play in this work of peace. While wishing for them full success in their efforts, we may be permitted to express the hope that anxiety to lengthen their muster roll will not lead them to sacrifice quality for the sake of numbers. Half a million Knights who are sterling, practical Catholics are worth more to the Church and the country than ten times that number of members whose Catholicity is of the weak-kneed, invertebrate variety. A million Knights in 1919, by all means; but a million who are Knights indeed,—genuinely loyal sons of the Church, sincere professors of her doctrines, and faithful exemplars of her morals.

The recurrence of the influenza epidemic in many places in which it had apparently been stamped out, and its spread in other places hitherto exempt from its disastrous effects, emphasize the necessity of taking such precautions against its attacks, and such judicious action when the attack declares itself, as are advocated by the most trustworthy members of the medical profession. Obviously, the better one's general health, and the greater one's bodily resistance, the less danger one incurs of succumbing to the influenza germ; and, accordingly, the simple, hygienic life—wholesome food, abundance of fresh air, and adequate physical exercise—is perhaps the best, as it is the only available, preventive. We say the only available one, because the British Royal College of Physicians is authority for the statement that "no drug has as yet been proved to have any specific influence as a preventive of influenza." As for the plan of action if

attacked by the malady, the same authority, quoted in the *London Times Weekly*, declares: "At the first feeling of illness or rise of temperature, the patient should go to bed at once and summon his medical attendant. Relapses and complications are much less likely to occur if the patient goes to bed at once and remains there till all fever has gone for two or three days; much harm may be done by getting about too early. Chill and overexertion during convalescence are fruitful of the most evil consequences."

The influenza is not a very spectacular instrument of destruction, but that it is a thoroughly effective one is proved by the fact that its victims in this country during the past few months have been more numerous than all the fatalities among our soldiers and sailors during the Great War.

The political power of the Irish clergy is again under discussion,—whence is it, and what, and how, and why? It is inveighed against, underestimated, sometimes exaggerated; but it can not be ignored or denied, nor is it likely to be subdued. The reason for it was satisfactorily explained by the distinguished Dr. Patrick Murray, of Maynooth, whom we quoted on another subject last week. His words have all the more weight because he does not claim that Irish priests have invariably exercised their power with discretion and due regard for the rights of others. He is as much opposed to despotism and injustice as those who so loudly denounce both, never failing to indict the whole clergy of Ireland for the intemperate words or reprehensible actions of a particular priest. Dr. Murray holds that Irish priests, although possessing almost unlimited power over the passions of an excitable and long-suffering people, have seldom abused it, but, on the contrary, have exhibited an extent of moderation for which, out of the history of the Church, it would be hard to find a parallel. But the secret of the wondrous influence of the

Irish clergy is the point now under consideration. Dr. Murray thus discloses it:

The temporal authority of the priesthood over the people in Ireland sprang as naturally from the state in which the people have existed as does the authority of the parent over his children. The people were on all sides degraded, oppressed and plundered,—degraded in the name they bore, in the language they spoke; degraded by the written law, degraded also by the unwritten law of social usages. . . . Whatever contributes to form the character to self-reliance, to rational independence; whatever contributes to educate the mind, to educate the heart, to civilize the manners, to invigorate the frame, were, as far as possible, taken from them. They were shut out from hope and environed in affliction, as their island was environed by the sea. Ruled with a rod of iron, scourged with scorpions, pillaged with impunity, and slandered and murdered, a broken and dispersed people,—sadness and abasement and desolation impressed themselves in their hearts and marked the race. Humiliation and woe became the characteristics of everything about them,—of their music, their poetry, their dress, their dwellings, their gait, their demeanor, their sentiments, the very stature of their bodies, the very form and expression of their faces. Dark were the memories and stories of the past, dark the picture of the present, dark the prospects of the future. It was no more the green Erin of the valleys and the streams, but Erin of the afflicted children forever.

Yet in that black sky there was one star ever bright; in that sea of bitterness there was one islet of comfort the waters could not cover. In their own priesthood was their common centre, and their only centre of hope and consolation. There lay all their wisdom, all their guidance, all their reliance; all their strength to bear their chains, and all their strength to break them; and these were indeed all theirs,—theirs under the sword, under the cavern roof, under the forest tree; theirs through good report and evil report, in sickness and in health, in life and in death. . . .

But the Apostolical succession of the priesthood remained unbroken throughout. It was not princely descent nor Milesian blood nor the possession of broad lands nor might in arms nor skill in field or cabinet that aggregated men into this royal line; not the will of flesh nor the will of men nor the power of them, but the mysterious sacrament of God bequeathed to the Church's keeping,—the unwearied energy of the Catholic spirit fed from above, believing all things, defying all things, daring all things. . . .

Time, death, shining gold, sharp steel, the gates of hell warred against every other rock of their strength and at last prevailed; warred

against this rock and prevailed not. Community of country, of blood, of religion, of caste, of danger, of things hated and of things loved, of things to fly from and things to pursue; every claim to confidence which the true Christian priest possesses from a devoted Christian people; every claim to guidance, counsel, fidelity unto death which such a people possess from such a priest; every principle of mutual sympathy and closest union without a single element of repulsion,—all combined together in producing and consolidating this clerical power, the object of so much deep reverence, of so much vain fear, of so much angry vituperation. To the people it has not been a despotism to oppress and to be got rid of, but their pillar of light and consolation, their last tower of strength which the hand of Heaven and their own built together, whose ruin would have been their greatest ruin.

How long the great clerical influence in Ireland may last is matter for conjecture; but it is safe to assert that only when its people have lost all memory of their wrongs and sufferings will they cease to love and trust those who have always been ready to defend them, and, at any sacrifice, to minister to their needs.

While the abstract question as to the effect, favorable or unfavorable, of the war in so far as religion is concerned, may still afford matter for discussion, the record of the past four or five years furnishes not a few concrete instances of religious words and actions on the part of some of the war's outstanding figures. Our own General Pershing, for instance, was not ashamed to declare, in a recent address: "As soldiers inspired by every spiritual sentiment, we have each silently prayed that the success of righteousness should be ours. Great cause, indeed, have we to thank God for trials successfully met and victories won. Still more should we thank Him for the golden future, with its wealth of opportunity and its hope of a permanent universal peace. With thankfulness, we humbly acknowledge that His strength has given us the victory. We are thankful that the privilege has been given to us to serve in such a cause."

Commenting on the foregoing, the *Boston Congregationalist* says that the words

of the American General "recall the remark credited to that stern British soldier, Lord Kitchener, when the news came to his London office in October, 1914, that General Joffre had thrown the Germans back at the Marne: 'Somebody has been praying.' Marshal Foch's well-known custom of taking a portion of every day for quiet meditation and prayer, and the devout spirit of General Allenby, the conqueror of Jerusalem, must also be noted in this connection."

Instances such as these, taken in connection with the preponderating testimony of the thousands of military chaplains, would appear to indicate that, in the final summing up, religion has benefited instead of suffering from the mightiest conflict which the world has ever known. In the twentieth century, not less than in the first, Providence knows how to draw good from evil.

Though an Anglican himself, the Rev. M. R. Newbolt, M. A., frankly asserts, in a new book on "The Missionary Question," that "of every twenty-one workers in the Mission Field, fourteen are Roman Catholics, six are Protestants, and one only is contributed by the Anglican communion." Nor does he hesitate to acknowledge that "the true state of the case is that, both in efficiency, experience, size, and devotion, the Roman Catholic Church is far and away the greatest missionary body in Christendom." Surprising as this may seem to Mr. Newbolt, it would be inexpressibly more so to a Catholic if such were not the case. As a matter of fact, the statement is entirely obvious. Not less curious than Mr. Newbolt's admissions is his declaration that the Church of England may best serve the great cause of the union of Eastern and Western Christendom by keeping free from identification with the warring interests of the world, not circumscribed by any narrower formula than the Catholic Faith of the One Holy Catholic Apostolic Church.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

When Morning Comes.

BY C. M. C.

DEAR Guardian Angel, is it day?
I'm wide awake! But I must stay
All snuggled up in my wee bed
Till mamma comes; for so she said.
And while I wait in this soft nest
For her to come and get me dressed,
I'll do as she has taught me to:
Say "Thank You!" to dear God and you.

Almighty God, please look at me;
I'm just a little girl, You see.
I want to say "Good-morning!" now.
I'd say my prayers if I knew how;
But they're quite long, and, as You know,
My mamma helps me through them. So,
I'll just say "Thank You!" Father dear,
For loving me, and leaving here
Your Angel, who watched all the night,
And woke me sweetly when 'twas light.

And now, dear Angel, thank you, too!
Your wings, pure white and pearly blue
And dainty pink, I can not see.
You showed them, though, last night to me.
I think they're like the morning sky.
(I'm glad my curtain is so high;
My mamma fixes it that way
So I can see when it is day.)
My mamma says the heavens tell
How good God is.

He loves us well,
I'm sure, to paint the whole big sky.
One day I asked my mamma why
They came sometimes into my head—
Those lovely thoughts; and then she said:
"When souls are very, very white,
With no dark spots to spoil God's light,
Or ugly curtains of black sin,
The angels pour God's grace right in."
Just like through that big window now
The sunbeams pour.

See, Angel, how

They cover all my low white bed,
And play like snowflakes 'round my head.
They're soft and warm upon my face.
Is that the way God's holy grace
Feels when my little soul is white
And no black spots shut out the light?
Oh, there's my mamma in the hall!
She knows just how to 'splain it all.
Good-morning, my own mother dear!
I'll jump up now, 'cause you are here.

Buddy.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

II.—FALCON COVE.

B UDDY started up in breathless surprise at Tobe's wondering cry; for Falcon Cove, revealed by the sudden turn of its shore, was a bewildering sight indeed. Known from a remote past by its especial brand of bivalves that had drawn epicures to a modest little oyster house on its banks, Falcon Cove had seen its military opportunity, and grasped it without hesitation. The little one-story oyster house, with its wide jutting wharf, had developed into a very Aladdin's Palace, with almost the speed of an Arabian Nights' tale. Shingles and stucco had done magical work, and the blue waters of the Cove dashed against walls of mimic marble, above which rose a domed temple flanked with pillars and pagodas and porticoes in every style of ancient and modern art; while the wide arch of a wharf, gorgeous in white and gold paint, bore the inviting legend: "The Palace Inn, Moving Picture, Theatre and Oyster House. Refreshments at all Hours. The Six-Reel Drama of 'The Battle Cry of Freedom' beginning at 10, 3, and 8 o'clock. Admission, 10 cts."

Huge posters illustrating the rather lurid scenes of the "Battle Cry" orna-

mented the mimic marble walls; the crash of a brass band came from the domed temple. Flags of the Allied nations fluttered from the pinnacles while "Old Glory" flung its stars and stripes to the freshening breeze over all. The county fair, even with Rick's bay colt a prize-winner; the yearly Sunday-school picnic at St. Ronald's, with its games, swings, and merry-go-round; even the "Blue Bird" as seen last winter through the silken draperies of Aunt Rebecca's opera box, could not compare to this. So Buddy felt, as, with a breathless, expectant thrill, he pulled into the Cove and up to the broad steps of the wharf, where an official in glittering green and gold uniform stood on guard; an officer who, casting a critical glance on the party—on Tobe in his ragged jeans, Master Roger Kent Reeves bare-legged and trouser-patched—gave sharp and decisive command:

"Clear out, boys! No dogs allowed here!"

"No dogs!" The young adventurers had quite forgotten the third member of their party—Tatters, sound asleep in the bottom of the boat.

"Jing!" exclaimed Buddy, in amazed indignation.

"We can pay for him, too," put in Tobe, with the assurance of the newly-made rich.

"I tell you dogs are not allowed!" repeated the green-and-gold personage, sharply.

"Can't we leave him here tied up in the boat?" ventured Tobe.

"On my hands,—that dirty brute? No, you can't!" was the impatient rejoinder. "I haven't time to fool with you or your dog. Take him off, I say, or I'll call a cop. We keep one here to settle matters with just such little water rats as you."

"Cop! Water rats!" gasped Tobe, as he pushed off hurriedly. "I nebba heern such sassiness. Talking like dat to de fustest famblies on dis shore. We'll have to drap Tatters somewhar on de bank, and tie him up to a tree till we comes out."

"No, we won't!" said Buddy, resolutely.

"Tatters wouldn't stand being tied to a tree, as you know, Tobe. He'd raise such a row that some one would come along and shoot him for a mad dog."

"And we's got to miss dat grand show for—for Tatters!" said Tobe, gloomily. "Lawd, what did I ebbah bring dat ar yaller dog long for to-day, anyhow? Did you see 'em pictoors, Marse Bud,—soldiers and guns and fire and smoke and forts and battleships? And inside dey moves. De ships sail and de soldiers march and de guns shoot jest as true as life; good as gwine off to de war yo'self, dey say down to de ister wharf. You don't know whar you is and what you is when you git in dat show. And wif all dat money in yer pocket, too. You go in, Marse Bud," said Tobe, with heroic sacrifice,—"you go in, an me and Tatters will stay out here."

"No," said Buddy, "I won't,—I won't go without you, Tobe. I'm not so mean as that."

"Den, golly" (Tobe's eyes suddenly brightened), "I knows,—I knows what we can do, Marse Bud! I clean forgot till now 'bout ole Sol Slocum, t'other side of de Cove. We can leave Tatters dar wif him. You remember old Sol dat useter peddle clams and isters up and down de shore, till he got down wif de rheumatis so bad he couldn't peddle no more?"

"Yes," said Buddy, who had vague recollections of a leathern visaged old man delivering luscious Friday viands at his home wharf. "Ted used to go round with him in his boat."

"Yes," answered Tobe. "He tuk to Marse Ted Reeves sure,—let him run dat old ister boat whar and how he pleased. But he ain't dat sort now: he's monstrous grouchy and grum. Spec it's de rheumatis. Gran says it do sour folk's blood and temper so dar's no bearing 'em. He'd cuss me blue, I know, if I went near him; but, considering it's you, Marse Bud, I reckon maybe he'll let us leave Tatters until we see de show."

"We'll try him, anyhow," said Buddy,

who was primed for adventure now; and they pushed on across the Cove, to a bolder stretch of shore, where the water dipped under high wooded banks that had been washed into hollows by the current sweeping against the jutting point that barred its way.

Here, in a sheltered nook, stood the queer old structure of stones and logs that was Sol Slocum's home. A reach of shallow water rippled up to its door; and in the rotten, half-beached boat that had once been his pride, sat the old man mending the nets that, with the meagre sales of oysters bedded in the carefully-guarded shoal beside his house, were the only sources of income left from a more prosperous past.

His greeting to the young intruders upon his domain was all that Tobe had anticipated.

"Git out of here!" he cried fiercely, shaking a knotted stick in his trembling hand, and punctuating his remarks with language not to be transcribed. "Git out of here, you—Niggers, you! Mebbe you don't know I keep a shotgun, and ain't forgot how to use it agin rogues that comes nosing 'bout my ister beds."

"Lawdy, Cap'n Sol, you's talking quar when we're de fustest famblies on der shore!" protested Tobe. "Dis heah is young Marse Reeves dat you is cussing for a rogue."

"You're lying!" rejoined the old man, who had grown savage as a crippled wild cat in his helplessness. "Don't I see your black face?"

"But mine is behind it!" laughed Buddy, rising into view.

"Eh, who—what—whar did you come from?" cried the old Captain, in a startled voice. "What—what sort of young debbil trick is you playing, to come back like this, Teddy Reeves?"

"Oh, I'm not Ted!" explained the young visitor, as the boat pushed up closer to the shore. "I'm his brother Buddy."

"Wall, if you ain't the spit of him," exclaimed the old man, still staring,—the

very spit of that ar boy I use to know! I thought he was dead somewhar, and had come back to skeer me. It would be like one of his tricks. That ar Ted Reeves was a little debbil. Sartin' sure I ain't seen him since he started for college three years ago. Where is he now?"

"Aviation Corps," answered Buddy, briefly.

"Eh?" Captain Sol put his hand to his ear, that was growing dull. "What sort of crack-brain work is that?"

"He's flying," explained Buddy, whose boat had drawn up close to the old net-mender now. "In an airship, you know."

"An airship!" echoed the old man. "You mean to say that consarned young fool is off sailing the sky. But it's like him—durned if it ain't jest like him,—when the hull sea is made for navigating, to start up against nature and reason and try to sail the sky,—sail the sky!" repeated Captain Sol, indignantly. "No channel, no harbor lights, no chance to anchor, and like as not run into a star and be stove in!"

"Oh, but he couldn't do that!" said Buddy, quickly.

"Why couldn't he," asked the old man, grimly, "when they are thick in the sky as they are these nights, boy? And a rattle-pate like that brother of yours ain't the sort to keep a sharp lookout. But, Lord," and into the dim, sunken eyes there came a sudden flash of light, "if I was on my legs agin I'd like to be with that boy Teddy, a-hitting the stars,—I would sure. Was it to tell me about him you pushed in here to-day?"

"No," said Buddy, honestly; "though I'm glad to talk with you about him. And if you'd like to hear the letter he wrote me last week, I'll bring it round and read it to you."

"I would," answered Captain Sol, nodding. "I'd like to hear about this sky-sailing sure."

And, with this favorable introduction, Buddy found no difficulty in settling his business with the old man, who consented

to keep Tatters while his companions went to the "show."

"Though I don't take to that ar place myself," said Captain Sol, gruffly. "It's bringing a no-'count crowd down here to the Cove, a-skeering off the fish and the duck and all the natral-born critters that belong here. More'n that: folks come sneaking and spying round that I don't like. Chap round here yesterday, talking about ister raising, and how he'd like to go into business with me; he didn't know no more about isters than I do about sheep. And he kept spying up and down the shore, while he talked, with a glass big nuff for the skipper of an ocean liner, and asking more questions about the points and the coves than I could answer in a week. Gave me a lot of saft sawder about how an old shore-man like me could make a lot of money these war times if he liked. Told him I was ready and willing to do anything for my country that the Slocums had fit for clar back to Bunker Hill; and that seemed to shut him up. No, I didn't like his looks," repeated Captain Sol, reflectively,—"I didn't like his looks at all. Yes, you can leave your dog, sonny." The old man thrust his hand into a tin pail behind him, and drew forth some cold meat and corn-bread left from his noonday meal. "Here, pup, pup!" he called.

"Dinner, Tatters! Go for it!" encouraged Tobe.

And Tatters, roused from hungry sleep, started up at the call and bounded into the old Slocum boat at the welcome scent of food, leaving Buddy and Tobe free to pull off for the show.

But they had no mind to face the green and gold guardian of the wharf again.

"Dis time he'll say no Niggers 'lowed," remarked Tobe. "Let's push up de boat in de alder bushes, and hike in wif de crowd to de odder door."

And, entrance to the enchanted Palace thus successfully accomplished, Buddy found himself pressing in with an eager throng through a red-carpeted lobby into

a great, cavernous auditorium, black as night save for the wild battle-scene facing him on its farther wall. For this great film picture was the sensation of the hour, and had held crowds of older and wiser spectators than Buddy enthralled by the vividness with which it reproduced the reality of war.

Pushing forward into the darkness, for the show had begun, Buddy managed to find a seat somewhere in the gloomy void peopled with half-seen figures—and then all his dim surroundings vanished, and he was off in the pictured realms across the seas, in the ravaged fields, the looted towns that marked the foe's advance.

The war had been a subject of vital interest in Buddy's home; but, as the youngest of the family, he was considered too much of a "kid" to share or understand the sentiments that had sent his elder brothers eagerly into service. So he had been left with his pony and his dogs and his faithful henchman, Tobe, to enjoy the lingering delights of a long summer holiday, giving only passing thought to the world tragedy whose thunderous echoes fell dully on his boyish ears. But to-day he sat aroused, breathless, enthralled, as the mightiest drama of all history unfolded itself before his wondering eyes. Lille, Louvain, Rheims merely names until now, stood out in vivid reality. He saw the invading armies pouring over the fair fields of France, bringing ruin and devastation as they came. He thrilled to the fearless spirit that met and defied them. He groped through the gloom of the trenches, went "over the top" with dashing heroes, and down in the depths with treacherous submarines. He saw the air fleet of the foe bombing cities, and people sinking to death in torpedoed ships.

It was as the men on the oyster wharf had said—just what he was or where he was, he didn't know. Even Tobe had vanished, forgotten in the darkness. For a good two hours Buddy sat oblivious of his surroundings, clapping, hooting,

cheering, as the scenes before him seemed to demand, until at the final picture, that showed the Stars and Stripes waving over a countless army marching to waiting ships, he started to his feet and burst into a wild "Hurrah!" He was jerked rudely back to his seat, while there fell upon his ear a muttered word that he understood; for it was what Hans, the blacksmith who shod his pony, said when Dandy kicked,—a German oath.

(To be continued.)

A Punning Collector.

A punning collector of works of famous artists, and who would have some connection between the name of his artist and his subject, proposed to open his collection to the inspection of the public. Among the works which decorated his gallery were the following:

- A Study of a Foot, by *Ah! toe* (Artaud).
- The Garden of Eden, by *Best-land*.
- Rural Conversation, by *Chatfield*.
- Apprehension, by *Constable*.
- A Hay Field, by *Clover*.
- The Lamplighter, by *Has-lit* (Hazlit).
- The Ship-launch, by *Off-land* (Hoffland).
- Shoeing a Horse, by *Farrier*.
- The Asthmatic Patient, by *A cough-man* (A. Kauffmann).
- Portrait of Myself, by *Me* (Mee).
- Fuseli in a Passion, by *Grim-all-day* (Grimaldi).
- Going Down Stairs, by *Stepping-off* (Stephanoff).
- The Gipsej Party, by *Strolling* (Stroehling).
- The Shipwreck, by *Tempesta*.
- The Locksmith, by *Will-key* (Wilkie).
- Sunset, by *West*.
- Dead Game, by *Partridge*.
- Two Cats Fighting, by *Claw'd* (Claude).
- The Rescued Flower, by *Salvator Rosa*.
- The Extracted Tooth, by *Stump*.
- The Kitten in a Cage, by *Pouss-in*.
- The Carpenter's Shop, by *Turner*.
- The Polar Expedition, with a portrait of Captain Ross, by *Landseer*.

A Martyr's Son.

DURING the persecution of the Church under Diocletian and Maximian, the Christians were forbidden to meet, and their churches were destroyed. Among those who refused to conform to the royal mandate was Saturninus and his sons. One day while Mass was being offered in his house, Saturninus and forty-five relatives, friends, and Christian neighbors in attendance were seized, dragged before the Emperor's tribunal, and first of all cruelly scourged. The judge said to Saturninus:

"Was it you who gathered these people together contrary to the Emperor's orders?"

"It was," answered Saturninus, bravely, without a moment's hesitation.

"And why did you do so?"

"Because we can not let the Lord's Day go by without sanctifying it."

While Saturninus was being executed the rest of the assembly unhesitatingly cried out: "We, too,—we, too, are Christians! We were all at the celebration of the Mass."

All were put to death except the youngest of Saturninus' sons, a little boy named Hilarion.

"Were you too at the Mass?" demanded the judge, looking down upon his curly head.

"I am a Christian," said Hilarion, fearlessly. "I was at Mass, and I went because I wanted to be with the other Christians."

"Very well, then," said the judge. "I am going to cut off your nose and your ears, after first putting you in prison."

"You may do what you like, but I shall remain a Christian; and I am going to Mass whenever I can," answered Hilarion.

While the jailer was turning the prison key upon him he heard the little boy exclaiming: "Thank God, I am a Christian, ready to die like my brave father and big brothers!"

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The latest volume in the series of "Hand-books of Catholic [Anglican] Faith and Practice" (Morehouse Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.) is "The Missionary Question," by the Rev. M. R. Newbolt, M. A. It is a book that should set our Anglican friends thinking.

—"Labor's Ascendency," by Anthony J. Beck (Paulist Press), a pamphlet of sixteen pages, is a revised reprint of an admirable paper contributed to the April (1918) issue of the *Catholic World*. A sane Catholic discussion of a perennially interesting topic, it merits the widest reading.

—The library of Douai is said to possess a Psalter which belonged to Sir Thomas More and Bishop Fisher of Rochester, to whom the Blessed Chancellor had given it not long before their execution. The names of both owners are written in the volume, which was printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1508.

—The world-famed London publishing house of John Murray has just celebrated its one hundred and fiftieth anniversary. The present head of the house is John Murray 4th—who, by the way, has twice declined the offer of a peerage. Like Mr. Gladstone, and his own father and grandfather, he prefers the distinction attaching to his name rather than the practical anonymity of a new honorary title. Plain John Murray means far more to the great reading world than would "Lord Tomes and Volumes" or "Earl of Bookdom."

—Friends and admirers of John Ayscough on this side of the Atlantic will be gratified to learn that he is to come to the United States in March on a lecture tour that will also embrace Canada. His subjects will be literature, poetry, art: "the pleasures of life (books, people, travel, nature, pictures, music, talk, etc.)." John Ayscough's books have already had wide reading in this country, but we hope his presence here will have the effect of making them still better known. In private life he is the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Francis Bickerstaffe Drew. Address: The Manor House, Winterbourne Gunner, Salisbury Plain, England.

—The New Year is pre-eminently the season for calendars, and innumerable varieties of that popular species of publication are being issued by, not only the regular publishers and book-makers, but insurance companies, railways, art dealers, and hosts of others. An admirable calendar for the Catholic home is that of the Propagation of the Faith. Among the useful

items of information to be found in its thirteen illustrated pages are: the special devotions of the Church for each month, patron saints for every day of the year, holydays of obligation, days of fast and abstinence, etc. There are in addition a number of religious considerations appropriate to the different seasons of the Ecclesiastical Year.

—"Ireland: Its Saints and Scholars," by J. M. Flood (P. J. Kenedy & Sons), is a twelvemo volume of one hundred and twenty-eight pages, graced with a number of excellent illustrations. The book is a popular study of the early Christian period of Irish history; a companion volume to the author's former work, "Ireland: Its Myths and Legends," which dealt with the pagan period. More attention than is usual in such works is given to the activities of Irish saints and scholars in other lands than their own; and Mr. Flood has availed himself of the most recent research on the subject of Irish learning and early Christian Irish art.

—Because clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country sometimes allow ministers of other denominations to occupy their pulpits, and because American bishops of the P. E. C. visiting England are called "My Lord," an English reviewer of Sir Henry Lunn's new book on Christian Reunion ventures to predict that the day for something like the unity of Christendom is about to dawn. He seems much impressed by this remark of Bishop Potter of New York: "When I am in England people call me 'My Lord'; but when I land on New York pier, any casual bystander comes up and claps me on the back and says, 'Hello, Bish! How are you?'"

—"For we are born in others' pain" was spoken as truly of poems as of persons. To the world at large, the Dublin rebellion of Easter week, 1916, was a regrettable but not unprecedented thing; to Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Clement Shorter), that eager, romantic lover of Ireland, it was a tragedy of lost lives and hopes deferred. Eventually it broke her heart, but not until she had sung out the lamentation of her ardent spirit, grieved and tortured by it all. These poems, arranged by herself before her death, are now published under the title "The Sad Years." (G. H. Doran Co.) From the introductory tribute by Katharine Tynan, which is as fine as anything in the book, to its end, one feels the dramatic, half-mystical temperament of the poet over the protest and music of her songs. Dora Sigerson had a fatal facility for artistic

expression. This and a certain intense intangibility of feeling lift her above even the high native altitude of her poems. It is no mean compliment to them, however, to say that their author lived a greater poem than she ever wrote. She partly describes it in "The Sea-mew," only that the sea-bird "had no song at all"! The suffering soul of Ireland is in the "Sad Years"; but if Cathleen Ni Hoolihan, the young girl with "the walk of a queen," ever lived in the flesh, she was Dora Sigerson.

—A German field-marshal's opinion of war is interesting; and, thanks to Sir Thomas Barclay, we now have the opinion of Field-Marshal von Hahnke, who told him some years ago in Berlin that he was mistaken "in having implied in some speech that the German war party was mainly recruited from German officers." The Field-Marshal went on to say (so we are told): "If an officer professes to long for war, beware of him: he must be as insane as an engine-driver who longs for a railway accident. When the accident of war occurs, officers and men do their duty manfully and willingly; but, at the best, war is a fiendish thing, and those who have seen it can never wish to see it again." These words are quoted from Sir Thomas' recently published book, "New Methods of Adjusting International Disputes and the Future."

Some Recent Books.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "The Sad Years." Dora Sigerson. \$1.25.
 "Ireland: Its Saints and Scholars." J. M. Flood. 75 cts.
 "The Hand of God." Rev. Martin Scott, S. J. \$1, postage extra.
 "Pastor Halloft." \$1.50.
 "In the Soldier's Service." Mary Dexter. \$1.50.
 "The World Problem." Rev. Joseph Husslein, S. J. \$1.35.
 "Foch the Man." Clara E. Laughlin. \$1.
 "War Mothers." Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S. J. 65 cts.
 "Outline Meditations." Madame Cécilia. \$1.50.
 "A Manual of the History of Dogmas." Rev. Bernard J. Otten, S. J. Vol. II. \$2.50.
 "Armenia and the War." A. P. Hacopian. 50 cts.

- "To the Heart of the Child." Josephine Van Dyke Brownson. \$1.
 "Your Better Self." Humphrey J. Desmond. 50 cts.
 "The Future Life." Rev. Joseph C. Sasia, S. J. \$2.50.
 "His Luckiest Year." Rev. Francis Finn, S. J. \$1.
 "His Only Son." Rev. William F. Robison, S. J. \$1.25.
 "The Heart of Alsace." Benjamin Vallotton. \$1.50.
 "The Mystical Life." Dom S. Louismet, O. S. B. \$1.10, postage extra.
 "The Greater Value." G. M. M. Sheldon. 55 cts., postage extra.
 "Herself—Ireland." Elizabeth T. P. O'Connor. \$2.50.
 "The Dartmoor Window Again." Beatrice Chase. \$2, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. H. T. Richards, Rev. John Dunn, and Rev. Michael McCormack, of the diocese of London; Rev. James Riley, diocese of Manchester; Rev. J. P. Coughlin, diocese of Davenport; and Rev. Joseph Zimmermann, archdiocese of Chicago.

Sister M. Roberta, of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. William Steele, Miss Agnes Wagner, Mr. Cecil Chesterton, Mr. James Stoffel, Mrs. J. T. Keohane, Mr. Simon McCarney, Miss Bernadette Lansway, Mr. John H. Jarvis, Mr. P. G. McDermott, Mr. J. J. Kelley, Dr. G. W. Teppe, Mrs. Lilly Nolan, Mrs. Ida Hardenbrooke, Mr. Edmund Lennon, Miss Anna Gancher, Mrs. William Lavery, Mr. A. C. Wagner, Mrs. Margaret Donohue, Mr. James Thornton, Miss Johanna Riordan, Mr. A. F. Boyer, Miss J. M. Fields, Mr. Michael Morrison, Mr. James Keefe, Mr. Charles Hackett, Mr. Joseph Lawler, Miss A. M. Holden, Mr. Timothy Holland, Mr. John Murray, Mrs. Margaret Brennan, Mr. H. J. Kaber, Mr. Anthony Freesmeier, Mrs. Mary Gorman, Mrs. Julia Timmons, Mr. William Lydon, Mr. M. J. Preis, and Miss Edna Morrow.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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vis. 10. September 1886.

*Deus dilecte Mater, et Summo ac maximo Dei
gloria, et B. M. Virginis omnia sunt directa,
Benedicimusque inceptum et annuere celebrat
et Dominus. I. E. quod perfructus actusque
Pius P. M.*

[TRANSLATION.]

September 10, 1866.

These things being so, and provided that all be directed to the honor and glory of God and of the Blessed Virgin Mary, We bless the undertaking and all the co-operators therunto; and may our Lord Jesus Christ perfect and strengthen the work.

PIUS PP. IX.

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY

Entered as second-class matter at Notre Dame, Indiana. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on June 25, 1918.
American News Co., Gill & Son; Burns and Oates; Catholic Book Depot, Fort, Bombay;
Sydney, N. S. W.; Louis Gille & Co.; Melbourne, Australia, William P. Linehan.

FOREIGN

\$3 (12s 6d)

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii. 34.

SATURDAY, 18.—St. Peter's Chair at Rome. St. Prisca, V. M.	WEDNESDAY, 22.—SS. Vincent and Anastasius, MM. St. Walter, C.
SUNDAY, 19.—Second after Epiphany. The Holy Family. St. Wolstan, B.	THURSDAY, 23.—Espousals of the B. V. M. St. Emericiana, V. M.
MONDAY, 20.—SS. Fabian and Sebastian, MM.	FRIDAY, 24.—St. Timothy, B. M.
TUESDAY, 21.—St. Agnes, V.	SATURDAY, 25.—Conversion of St. Paul.

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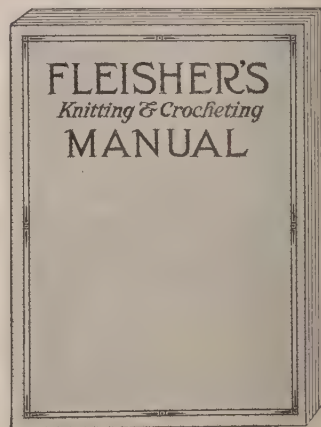
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VOL. IX. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 18, 1919.

NO. 3

[Published every Saturday. Copyright, 1919: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

The Red Cross.

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS.

Shrines of Our Lady in Palestine.

BY DARLEY DALE.

SYMBOL of ignominy, sign of shame—
Once none could name you but black death
to name!

Gibbet and scaffold both, in dark affright
Loomed your dread portent 'gainst the sorry night.

Dogs bayed upon you; men with veiled eyes
Passed you to spit upon you, crying cries

And cursing curses! So, amid the din
Of man and beast afraid, gaunt tree of sin
Through darkened ages, harbinger of crime
You stood—until befell that radiant time

One walked beneath you free of earthly stain,
Who came, All Innocent, to hang in pain

Upon your blackened length, to wet your wood
With the bright crimson of His holy blood.

O barren tree, how flowery bloomed you then,
Shining before the tear-dimmed eyes of men

Incarnadined in heavenly loveliness!
Great branches stretching out to shield, to bless;

Great arms uplifted, and still lifting up
Love's healing chalice for all men to sup.

So now, no longer black with dread, nor stark
With nothingness, but in the deepest dark

Ruddy with gladsome light, O Cross, you rise,
Red rainbow of the universal skies!



PALESTINE is a small country, full of ruins and sacred memories, and, at the time of this writing, the scene of victorious battles by the British and the Allies against the Turks. A short account, therefore, of some of Our Lady's shrines in the Holy Land may be just now of special interest. Indeed, there is no country in the world that teems with interest for the theologian, the historian, and the antiquarian as does Palestine; while for Catholics it must ever be of supreme importance. Our Lady is held in high honor there not only by Catholics and members of Eastern Churches but also by Moslems, who have a great veneration for her and make pilgrimages to her shrines. Some of these shrines are as old as Christianity itself, although they have changed hands and been restored more than once.

In the seventh century, just after the Mohammedan occupation of the country, a pilgrim named Arculphus mentions three churches dedicated to the Blessed Virgin near Jerusalem. In the valley of the Kedron was the great basilica of St. Mary on Mount Sion; at the burial place of Our Lady was another church dedicated to St. Mary; and a third, under the same title, was near Jerusalem. The church of the Tomb of Our Lady (now called St. Anne's) has been destroyed and rebuilt several times; it was first built in the

It is a great reproach to beings doomed to die, that death should come without their having thought of it beforehand.

—*St. Francis of Sales.*

fifth century, and is now underground. There is, in the courtyard, an underground reservoir which is said to be the Pool of Bethesda. Explorations are now being made there by the White Fathers. The Crusaders rebuilt this church, and also that of St. Mary Latin, called also St. Mary the Less and St. Mary of Gethsemane. This Latin church of the Agony of Our Lady, which is very small, is in the church of the Holy Sepulchre; and underneath it is the Greek church of St. Mary Egyptiaca. This Latin church, which was originally built by the Emperor Charlemagne, was intended for Catholic pilgrims.

The basilica of St. Mary the Great was erected by the Emperor Justinian in the sixth century, on the site of which is now built the church of the Cœnaculum, or of the Last Supper. Close to it stands the German Lutheran church. The original church of the Cœnaculum is believed to have been destroyed by Saladin in the twelfth century. The remains of the convent adjoining it were given, as a residence, to the Franciscans by the Sultan of Egypt in 1244. Before this date the convent was inhabited by Canons Regular of the Lateran. It is believed that it is the spot where the Last Supper took place, and also where the Blessed Virgin lived after Our Lord's death, and where the Holy Spirit descended upon the Apostles. In 1368 this convent was attacked by Moslems, and twelve of the friars were slain.

Near the church of Our Lady's Tomb is shown the site of the Garden of Gethsemane, with a group of olive trees; but as the Romans, in A. D. 70, cut down all the trees in the neighborhood of Jerusalem, it is considered improbable that any of the original olive trees now exist.

On the Feast of the Assumption of Our Lady, called by the Greeks the Feast of the Dormition, and preceded by them with a fourteen days' strict fast, crowds of peasants flock to all the convents and churches under the invocation of Mary throughout Palestine. On this feast they

also visit the churches dedicated to the Prophet Elias,—or Elijah, as the Greeks name him, because he was taken up to heaven alive in a chariot of fire. On Mount Carmel there is an altar in a grotto called the Grotto of Elias, which, according to antiquarians, was originally dedicated to Baal. Both Catholics and Orthodox go in procession to this shrine of Our Lady and Elias on certain feasts.

The church of the Nativity at Bethlehem was called by the Franciscans in olden times "*Hortus Conclusus*," or the Enclosed Garden, because in the village of Urtas, a few miles from Bethlehem, is the site of the garden of Solomon. Many kinds of fruit—peaches, pears, apricots, and figs—are still grown there in the orchards; for they are watered by a brook which never dries up; and, moreover, the remains of Solomon's Pools are in this neighborhood. It was here, too, that David is believed to have wandered as a shepherd; and by conservative critics it is thought that here he wrote Psalm xxii: "The Lord ruleth me."

In 1187 the church was destroyed by the Saracens; and it was not rebuilt until 1894, when the convent of Our Lady of the Garden was built at Urtas. When the orchards there are full of fruit, families from Bethlehem and Jerusalem go out and live on the fruit, sleeping in tents or in the open air for a few weeks. Honey is also plentiful at Urtas and Bethlehem. The bees feed on the wild thyme which grows plentifully on the poor soil; and they are kept in the old clay hives they inhabited in the time of Our Lord,—honey being one of the foods He is said to have eaten when on earth.

Palestine being one of the most conservative countries in the world, it is probable that the peasants wear much the same dress they wore in Our Lady's time. The women are clad in a kind of long tunic of blue homespun; over this is a white veil which reaches to the waist. When coming from the market, they carry their provisions in their veil, and

put their packages in their wide sleeves, and in a large flat basket which is carried on their heads. The women wear also a silk or woollen girdle, under which they loop up this tunic when they are at work.

At Nazareth, which, happily, has been retaken for Christendom by the Allies, there still remain the foundations of the Holy House of Nazareth, piously believed to have been transferred by angels, first to Tersato in Dalmatia, in 1291; and then to Loreto, in 1294. On one side of the original foundations at Nazareth is a small chamber hewn out of the rock, which is still called the House of the Blessed Virgin. The Franciscans, who have charge of it, believe that this cave was her oratory. A French writer of the nineteenth century, M. de Plancy,¹ mentions a curious coincidence with regard to the translation of the Holy House to Tersato. St. Jerome, who visited Nazareth eight centuries before the Holy House was removed, had a great devotion to it, and to the church then enclosing it, which had been built by Queen Helena. The Blessed Virgin is honored at Nazareth and in many other places under the title of Our Lady of Nazareth.

There is a beautiful legend, quite as strange as that of the Holy House, in connection with Our Lady of Bethlehem, which is well known throughout Brittany. In the Middle Ages a Breton lord named Garo and his squire were taken prisoners by the Saracens, at or near Bethlehem, in one of the Crusades. The Saracens put them both together into an enormous box, and told them to ask their God to get them out of it if He could, while they prepared a grave in which to bury them. The squire's faith was apparently not very strong, and he was in despair; but Garo commended himself and his squire with great confidence to Our Lord, and earnestly invoked Our Lady of Bethlehem, vowing that if she delivered them from their desperate condition he would build a church in her honor. The legend says

that presently they felt the box moving; soon it stood still, and the squire exclaimed that he heard the cocks of Garo crowing. Then some peasants, seeing a great chest on the shore, opened it to find out what was in it. To their amazement, they found their lord of Garo and his squire, whom they immediately set free. Garo soon after built a beautiful chapel dedicated to Our Lady of Bethlehem as a thank-offering for his wonderful rescue. Brittany is the land of legends of Our Lady and of pilgrimages, and many quite as wonderful stories as the foregoing are firmly believed by the peasants.

Our Lady of Damascus is the title given to a celebrated image which has a very interesting history, especially just now when the conquest of Damascus by the British and the Allies is fresh in the minds of everyone. The city possesses a wonderful fascination for the tourist, and all who visit it long to return again. It is a great intellectual centre of Arab learning and culture, and is well supplied with modern universities and schools; there are cities as finely or even better situated and with handsomer buildings, but Damascus exercises a special charm over the traveller. Its antiquity no doubt adds to its popularity, for Damascus was old when Abraham was young. For Christians, St. Paul and St. John Damascene have endowed it with a double interest. The latter saint is connected with the legend of this statue of Our Lady of Damascus.

The statue is now in a Greek convent, to which it was carried for safety under Moslem rule. The convent is about eighteen miles from the city, at a place called Seidnaia, and still attracts crowds of sufferers in mind as well as in body,—so great is the faith that is placed in the power of Our Lady of Damascus to heal the infirm, and to grant extraordinary graces to erring and sin-sick souls. It is said that this image was not made by human hands; and it is honored alike by Syrians, Arabs, Saracens, Christians,

¹ "Legends of Our Lady."

and even Jews. Though evidently of great antiquity, it is hardly probable that it was, as is believed by some, the identical image before which St. John Damascene prayed after his right hand had been cut off by order of the caliph, and which, by Our Lady's intercession, was miraculously joined to his wrist again, as is recorded in the Roman Breviary. He was governor of Damascus at the time; and the Iconoclasts, whom he opposed most strenuously, accused him falsely of treachery to the caliph, with whom he had been on friendly terms. This so incited the latter against him that he peremptorily ordered his right hand to be cut off there and then. After he had been healed, St. John left the world and retired to the monastery of St. Saba, near Jerusalem, where he became a monk and a priest, and wrote many valuable works. He was eventually created a Doctor of the Church.

Whether or not this image still so venerated was the one before which St. John prayed to be healed is immaterial: St. John invoked Our Lady, not her statue. It is to be hoped that, now that Damascus is in the hands of the Christians, and delivered from Moslem rule, this statue, at present in the Greek monastery, will be brought back to Damascus, and a fitting shrine found for it; for there is no doubt that it is of great antiquity.

Such are some of the shrines of our Blessed Lady in the Holy Land,—shrines which have survived after centuries of persecution, and of partial destruction, under the rule of the Turks and Saracens.

CHRIST prayed, not for Himself, except that He might drink the full chalice of suffering and do His Father's will; but Mary showed herself a mother by following Him with her prayers, since she could help Him in no other way. She then sent Simon of Cyrené to help Him. It was she who led the soldiers to see that they might not be too fierce with Him. Sweet Mother, even do the like to us!

—Cardinal Newman.

Search-Lights.

BY VALENTINE PARAISO.

VII.



HE band was still playing under the round awning. The crowd, a living sea of color, was ebbing and flowing. The influx of Furzley folk made a crush about the band-stand; people were excited, yet trying to keep cool. It was then that somebody had the bad taste to upset the village flower-show by talking about the troubles of Europe. And how the lady asked her question was a mystery; for, so near the brazen music, it was not easy to get anything heard.

"No! no! no!" roared Colonel Spaggot in answer. There he stood, wedged into narrow space, his head towering above the rest of the people, erect and valiant, with iron-grey hair, a ferocious mustache, and those thick black eyebrows, of which Miss Daisy's were a dainty copy. He had an orchid in his buttonhole and a pair of lavender gloves in the hand that held up his hat in a desperate attempt to be cool. "We are not at war; and I don't think there will be any war, either. We always come out on top of these war scares. It's in the paper, is it? Well, of course, the newspaper men are making the most of it. If they had not this, they would have to fall back upon the Great Sea Serpent."

The band was making what Colonel Spaggot considered "the deuce of a row"; there was a finale in full swing. At such close quarters, the basses were snorting like elephants, and all the rest of the brass was shrieking like a whole menagerie. So the Colonel shouted, as if he were bellowing up a field:

"It was worse than this years ago, when the French were at Fashoda. It always blows over."

He did not notice that the band had stopped suddenly. He was going on at the top of his voice:

"My dear Madam, don't forget you are

on an island. Even if the worst happens, you will see nothing of it over here. I know what war is, and what the size of our empire is. I served twenty-five years myself. There was any amount of fighting, and it made no difference in England. We were at it on the Indian frontier; we were at it in Afghanistan; then came the South African war; we have all made friends and forgotten it now. This is a big empire; war is an episode, quite outside the national life. If we do have war, it will be all over by Christmas—except the shouting!—and nobody will be a penny the worse."

Some wag at the edge of the crowd called out, "Go it, sir,—go it!" and chaunted "Rule Britannia!—Britannia rules the waves!"

There was a ripple of laughter at the fragment of song; and only then the Colonel found out that he had been addressing the assembly, amid profound silence, in a series of shouts. He stopped abruptly, and looked round, with his hearty laugh. And then the band struck up some idiotic pantomime tune, such as "I—don't—care—what becomes of me! I—don't—care—what becomes of me!" The rougher Furzley element took up the chorus; the more select part of the company began wandering away in groups. And it occurred to the Colonel that it was time to go and have tea with Lady Verreker; and after that, if Daisy could be found, they should say good-bye and go home.

The heir of the house did not see that his pretty companion was adjusting the angle of her hat again, as they lingered in the boudoir among the faded sea-green silk. Daisy thought it a most convenient arrangement that Lady Verreker had put glass in the frames to preserve the color in the portraits of the boys. Her big white hat had slipped too much to one side, and looked too little like a Court milliner's "creation."

Sydney Verreker^e was not of quick per-

ception. He was glad to see the girl go back and take an interest in his portrait.

"I am afraid the spoiling made me a 'slacker,'" he said. "I often wish I knew more when I talk to other men. Poor little idle imp! It was just the right thing for me to be painted blowing bubbles."

Daisy went to the other picture.

"And what did Ralph do?"

Sydney laughed.

"What did he *not* do? He had a stormy time at school,—but I ought not tell tales, ought I?"

Among the dark oak of the landing there was a splendid colored window flooding all the place with ruby and amethyst and amber light. The coat-of-arms of the Mortons in the middle of it was cracked right across.

"Jolly coloring!" said the unpoetic Sydney, as they passed.

"But what a pity it is cracked!"

"Oh, that's where Ralph had the scuffle with the tutor. Yes—really! I believe he was very sorry after, and offered the reverend gentleman his rabbits. Ralph is awfully good-hearted, you know. The groom used to like to vex him when he came for his pony, because he would knock the man about if the pony was not ready, and give him a sovereign before the day was over."

Daisy laughed merrily; the stories of Ralph's passionate outbursts attracted her. She was a little shy of the younger brother, perhaps because unconsciously she liked his dashing ways and the gay assurance of his manner. She knew Ralph hated being in England: he had seen the world and had led a life of adventure. The girl liked to hear about him. She was always anxious to stand well with Ralph,—to interest him. This was the reason of the self-consciousness which caused that shyness when they met.

With Sydney there was the ease of indifference; yet once or twice to-day her vanity had been pleased by the wonderful discovery that her father was right, and that he admired her,—that he

"cared" more than friendship warranted. He led her now into the long, low-ceiled, deserted dining-room, to take a look at "Gran long ago." There was the early-Victorian lady, in voluminous white satin ("enough to make a dozen dresses!" the modern girl reflected) youthful, with an inartistic tight waist, hair shining from the brush, and ringlets at each side. Her ample white neck displayed many rows of pearls. Her eyes were beautiful, with the peculiar quality of youth in them. The lips were red, firmly set and proud; the delicate features, exquisitely fine, did not foreshadow the sharp looks, hard, rugged brows, and eagle-nose of her ladyship sixty years after.

Daisy had always looked at the picture with some dread.

"Funny, isn't it, to think gran was like that?" remarked Sydney.

Daisy sighed.

"Isn't it dreadful that everybody has to grow old?" She turned away from the picture. "I don't like portraits of people as they were long ago. One wants to be young—always."

Sydney paused to think, and gave a queer, inscrutable little laugh. Then he made the most unexpected answer:

"They say we must wait for heaven to get that."

Daisy glanced at him in wonder.

"I don't want in the least to go to heaven."

"I don't suppose you do," said Sydney, and laughed again, but this time quite differently. "I am sure, my dear Daisy, I don't want you to go there just yet."

So he called her "my dear Daisy," did he? The girl could not make Sydney out: he said such unexpected things. He seemed to be, indeed, like the famous parrot: he had been thinking a great deal.

Then they went and saw the portrait of the man Susan Verreker married. Sir George had acquired his title by finding coal on a small Welsh estate, floating a company to work the mine, and being very accommodating in money to his polit-

ical party when he went into Parliament. All this Daisy knew from the Colonel. Sir George, in his picture, had a background of crimson curtain and a thunderstorm. But he was not a romantic-looking knight. He had mutton-chop whiskers and a port-wine complexion.

"I wonder why she married him?" said Daisy, in a dry little tone of disparagement.

"I suppose they were in love with each other."

"Oh, do you really think she was—with that—man?"

A moment ago, Sydney thought he was working nicely up to the subject; but Daisy's criticism of the great Sir George made him doubtful. He became nervous and diffident.

"Externals don't so much matter in a man," he ventured to say. "And people fell in love with each other long ago, I suppose,—just as they do now."

"Oh!" said Daisy, doubtfully,—“oh, I thought it might have been 'fixed up,' don't you know?" She had been a show-child among the Jayby-Joneses, and had gleaned some knowledge of the world.

Sydney Verreker made a desperate plunge.

"I suppose you could never come to care about a poor plain fellow, Daisy—not even if—he thought there was no one in the whole world like you?"

"I don't know," said Daisy, hurriedly, trying to look unconscious. "I haven't thought about it."

"Could you think about it now, Daisy?"

There was an awkward moment. Her heart beat fast. He told her the rest with his earnest eyes—and waited.

"I don't know anybody that is poor and plain," said Daisy, laughing. "Now, who is there? There is Tom Moran,—he is the only one; and I am not going to think about Tom Moran!" She moved away towards the next of the suite of old-fashioned rooms, that opened into each other. "And you have no portraits of your father and mother, Sydney?"

"No," he said. As a fact, the parents

of the brothers had stayed but a short time in this world before they left their children to "gran."

"Then, shall we come and see the 'Maid-of-Honor'? I always think her so sweet," said Daisy.

And she was already making for the corner that led to the two long drawing-rooms. A tumult of polite conversation came to their ears, as he held open the heavy mahogany door. The guests were busy with ices, talk, and tea; and the Colonel stood in the midst, devoting himself to Lady Verreker, while he held a little cup all gilt and color.

"You are not going into that parrot-house?" implored Sydney. "Suppose you and I have tea among the flowers in the hall? Come, and let us sit outside with 'Queen Anne.'"

In the hall of marble pavement and many windows was the portrait of Queen Anne. There she was, high above the hearth, with fat cheeks and neck, crowned and ringleted, bedizened with ermine and ropes of pearls. The picture looked down over the fireplace of Dutch tiles, at the hall with its modern banks of fern, and the globes of pale pink and lilac hydrangea. There were vine leaves and trailing roses wreathing the windows. It was just the place for Sydney to press his pleading a little further.

But at that moment the younger brother swept down upon them. Ralph was always either in a bad temper or in a boisterous good-humor. It was the turn of good-humor to-day.

"Haven't you had tea, Miss Daisy?—Let me get tea for her, Syd! You have had your innings. I have not had a minute all day. Is it tea and raspberries and cream? Yes, the hall is the coolest place. There is a nice corner opposite Queen Anne,—exactly so! Gran was asking for you, Syd. She is over there, where you see Colonel Spaggot. Come along, Miss Daisy."

He had slipped a hand through her arm, and whisked her out into the spacious, flowery vestibule that ran along between

the suite of reception rooms and the front courtyard. He drew a cushioned chair for her to a little table, and signalled to one of the Verreker men to come and wait on them. Opposite Daisy, he sat back on an oak settee, and looked up at the picture over the blue tiles of the empty fireplace.

"I wonder did she wear her crown all day?" he began. "That was a curled wig. They started tea-drinking in her day, didn't they?" And then he rattled on, quoting old verses:

"And there Great Anna,
Whom three realms obey,
Doth sometimes take counsel
And sometimes take tay."

He turned half round:

"Bestly mean of me to run away with you from Syd; but gran has been worrying to ask him about something: and *he* won't mind, I'm sure. Awfully good sort, isn't he? I wish he wouldn't go to the 'tin church,' all the same. Did you know he did?" (Daisy had started.) "Oh, yes, he does! But don't let on. Gran would just take two fits and go off. Gran—dear old soul!—is sour orange, you know. Here are the cakes and tea. Pour it out, won't you? I like to see a girl making tea. You do it as if you were playing with a toy tea-set."

"Do I?"

Her heart beat fast with pleasure. Just a little of the inevitable shyness had come; she was so anxious that he should like her looks, her ways, her talk. It almost made her nervous to be with Ralph Verreker. And yet he was easy to get on with; one had mostly to listen and laugh. But just now she was shocked by the revelation about Sydney.

"You don't mean to say that—that he has joined the—" It seemed to Daisy too terrible to put into words.

"Oh, no! He goes with gran in the morning (she never can capture me), and he goes to the Blackberry Lane place in the evening. I am afraid he is getting a jolly sight too serious; that is the only thing that's the matter with Syd. I ought not

have told you that about him. He had got his serious look on just now: that's why I spoke. And it's a pity he gives himself so much trouble for nothing. I have always a feeling that sort of thing may come against him. It's a funny thing. I never could get on with—" He stopped suddenly. "I oughtn't to talk. I forgot. All good little girls like church."

"I don't like it a bit!" said Daisy, anxious to be in sympathy with him, and drifting with the stream. "The Furzley fashions worry me in church. And in weather like this it smells of dust. One can see the dust thick in the sunbeams. And in winter they get the pipes hot; then it smells like old Mrs. Moran's ironing-day, when we had a little flat in town long ago. Papa calls it 'church parade'; and he has a horrid bit of a pew, just where the pretty side of my hat is up against a pillar." (Ralph Verreker laughed aloud, and Daisy felt with pride that she was the sort of girl he liked.) "Then the sermon always puts one to sleep. The vicar goes on such a long time, when once he is wound up!"

Somehow the disclosure about Sydney troubled her. Sydney Verreker had spoken to her with looks and words. It mattered nothing yesterday what he did or what he was; but to-day it might matter personally more than her entertainer dreamed of. Those superstitious ideas were all very well for poor Mrs. Moran, who had kept house for them at the flat. Irish people were born Papists; and Mrs. Moran was "just a darling," all the same. But it was quite a different thing for a man of education and property to go flirting with silly Roman stuff. Sydney Verreker ought to be attending to his duties as a man of wealth and position,—going into Parliament, and all that, like Sir George. Daisy could not have put her grievance against Sydney into so many words, but this was the drift of her annoyance.

She had received a shock. It was as if the man, who had spoken a while ago as a

lover, was convicted of falling into depths of intellectual wickedness. He was gone over to idolatry. The waxen-fair face of Daisy had become extraordinarily grave, before Ralph had ceased laughing at her disavowal of any pleasure in the Sunday service at the parish church.

"I am awfully sorry about Sydney!" she said.

"Oh, nonsense! It doesn't matter. Why bother, after all? If a fellow has got a soul, he may call it his own, I suppose. But, speaking as a poor worldly devil, I am afraid it may not be to his interest to have a soul of his own while gran is alive."

Daisy could only laugh again. And yet there was a desperate earnestness in this man. One saw the violence of his feelings always in his face, except when he was purposely joking, or when he looked straight at her with his rare and radiant smile.

"I am not going to say another serious word," he remarked. "When you have finished your tea, we are going to see the big vine."

"Papa will be wanting to go home soon."

"Oh, no! You have spent years with 'papa,'—happy man! I have only this little taste of your company. Are you ready? Come along!"

He hurried the bewildered Daisy through a doorway from the hall. They passed out near a wall covered with dark leaves and waxen-white magnolia blossoms; and he opened a greenhouse door of glass. There was a slanting roof beyond, canopied inside with a luxuriant vine, thickly hung with bunches of purple grapes.

"I have something to say to you, Daisy. I shall have to kill somebody, if I don't get my chance. Come in quickly,—no, it's not time to go home!"

"Oh, what a glorious vine!" She drew back. "But it is so hot in there!"

"Hot? No: one gets used to it in a minute. There is lots of the glass open. And you shall eat grapes all the time. Come in, Daisy,—quick, or the vine will catch cold and start sneezing!"

A Candidate for Canonization.

III.

SINCE 1628, the chief towns of France, Paris especially, had suffered more or less continually from the ravages of the plague. The filth of the streets, the want of fresh air, the absence of sanitary measures, and the scarcity of enlightened physicians, contributed to the general state of unhealthiness. We can hardly realize, in these days, how great the evil must have been. The hospitals, whose interior arrangements were defective in the extreme, were overcrowded to a frightful extent. Thus in 1631 the Hôtel Dieu in Paris contained, on an average, 1800 sick people,—that is to say, four times more than the revenues of the hospital were supposed to permit. The ravages of the plague gave Louise and her associates fresh opportunities for displaying the heroic devotion which, from that day to this, has been the characteristic trait of the Daughters of St. Vincent.

In February, 1631, the Confraternity of the parish of St. Sauveur, in Paris, gave to God its first flower in the person of Marguerite Naseau, a simple village girl, who, obedient to St. Vincent's call, had come to tend the plague-stricken people, in whose service she laid down her life. It was said of her that she was most lovable and beloved, and Louise keenly felt the loss of this precious auxiliary.

Towards the end of the same year, our heroine, at St. Vincent's request, went to visit the Confraternities established in the dioceses to the west of Paris; and, almost for the first time, she encountered some difficulties in the accomplishment of her task. These difficulties, however, served only to exemplify the spirit of humility and submission which St. Vincent so carefully impressed on his spiritual daughters.

As a rule, Louise's passage through the towns and villages where the Confraternities were established brought her

almost unmingled consolation. After examining the working of the Association, and attending to the sick and poor, who formed the chief objects of its care, she used to assemble the women and young girls and, in a few burning words, instruct them in their duties to God and their neighbor. The parish priests gladly welcomed these zealous helpers, whose assistance was precious to them; and, in general, bishops and priests alike were anxious to establish as many Confraternities as possible among their flock. There was one exception, however,—the Bishop of Châlons-sur-Marne, Mgr. de Fleuri, a holy prelate, but evidently an enemy to any innovation. These hitherto unknown practices excited his alarm, and Louise was obliged to leave the diocese.

This unexpected obstacle in no way ruffled St. Vincent's serenity; but, knowing that his spiritual daughter would instinctively blame herself for what was no fault of hers, he encouraged her, and recommended peace and cheerfulness. When he first heard that the Bishop looked with disfavor upon the Confraternities, he writes: "Offer to suppress anything that may displease him, and even to abandon the whole undertaking if he so wishes. That is the spirit of Christ." And again: "How happy you are to be obliged, like the Son of God, to leave a province, where, thank God, you did nothing wrong! . . . I beg of you not to think that this happened through any fault of yours. No: God has allowed this for His greater glory and the greater good of your soul."

In all the letters addressed to Louise during her frequent absences from Paris, the saint writes in the same strain,—preaching peace, submission, and cheerfulness to a soul inclined to over-anxiety: "An humble act of acquiescence to the will of God is worth more than quantities of good works. . . . Be cheerful. . . . Honor the holy cheerfulness of our Saviour and His Blessed Mother."

Besides her tendency to disquiet herself

on the subject of the work confided to her—a tendency that sprang from an excess of humility,—Louise was troubled about her son, whose physical and moral welfare caused her not a little anxiety. She had, indeed, taken every means to secure his well-being. She had placed him in an excellent college; she visited him frequently, and was kept informed of all that concerned him; and when she was absent from Paris, St. Vincent never failed to send her news of this only and beloved child. At the same time, however, he gently chided her for her excessive anxiety and unfounded fears: “Do not disquiet yourself about your son: we are taking care of him. . . . I shall see him. But remain in peace, I beg of you. He is under the special protection of Our Lord and of His Holy Mother, to whom you have so often confided him. . . . It seems to me that his mind opens more and more. . . . He is cheerful and good with us, and edifies us all.”

Thus, while reproving our heroine's inclination to wear herself out by exaggerated fears, St. Vincent, as these extracts prove, could enter into the natural and legitimate feelings of the loving mother, whose works of charity abroad never made her forget the first duty of her life and the first earthly love of her widowed heart.

Although she had broken with the world, Louise retained all her family affections. Special ties of love and confidence bound her to her uncle, Michel de Marillac, Chancellor of France, a man of great virtue, the friend of St. Francis of Sales, and the temporal father of the Paris Carmelites. When terrible reverses befell one so honored and so beloved, Louise was filled with sorrow, and it needed all her resignation to the will of God to enable her to endure the trial with due submission. Both Michel de Marillac and his brother Louis, Marshal of France, occupied posts of confidence in the government of Louis XIII. They were men of high character and ability,

and the King was heard to say: “Would that my council were composed solely of Marillacs!”

In the deadly struggle between Queen Marie de Médicis, the King's mother, and Cardinal Richelieu, his minister, the Marillacs remained faithfully attached to the Queen, to whom they partly owed their high position, and with whom, moreover, they were connected by the marriage of Louis de Marillac with Catherine de Médicis, the Queen's aunt. It would lead us away from our subject to enter into details. But in 1630, the Cardinal, whose influence had appeared on the wane, regained all his power over the feeble King. The Queen was banished, her partisans disgraced and imprisoned; and the Marillacs, being the most prominent amongst them, were the first to be sacrificed.

Michel de Marillac fully expected the blow. He had written to the King asking to be relieved of all his charges and employments; and, resigned to the will of God, he retired to his country house near Versailles. Here he was assisting at Mass in his private oratory when, as the priest pronounced the words of the Epistle, “*Communicantes Christi passionibus, gaudete*,” the door opened and the soldiers entered to arrest him. He was first taken to Lisieux, where he was kept during six weeks in solitary confinement, and led to Mass between two lines of armed soldiers, like the vilest criminal. The people murmured loudly to see a venerable old man, whose pure and noble character was well known, treated in this fashion. But he gently observed that he “owed it to God to bear in peace and tranquillity all that might happen.” Richelieu himself acknowledged his virtues—his honesty, courage, and sanctity. But both Marillacs belonged to the party of the queen-mother, whom the relentless minister had resolved to crush.

Louis, the brother of Michel, was at that time in Piedmont, where he held an important command in the French forces,

then engaged in a war with Spain. He was arrested by order of Richelieu, and accused of having, as governor of the province of Champagne, disposed in an unjust manner of the funds that passed through his hands, and of having accepted bribes from certain towns. This may have been the case; similar practices being, unhappily, not uncommon at the time. It is certain, however, that Louis de Marillac, as a commander, had served his country well, and that the proceedings against him were marked by extreme severity. Twice the Paris Parliament recognized his innocence, and twice the King put the verdict aside.

Richelieu had decided that the removal of the Marillacs was necessary to establish his power firmly, and the King was a mere tool in the minister's hands. Louis de Marillac was beheaded on the Place de Greve, in Paris, in 1631. He died like a soldier and a Christian; and, hearing one of the spectators pity his tragic fate, he said: "Regret my death for the King's sake, not for mine."

His brother Michel remained in prison, where he spent his time in reading spiritual books and in writing a treatise on that eternal life to which he was hurrying. All his friends and relatives were in exile or in disgrace, and could do nothing for him; only his widowed daughter-in-law was allowed to share his captivity. Louise sought, but in vain, to obtain admittance to his prison. She consoled herself by praying unceasingly for her beloved uncle; and behind their iron gratings the Carmelite nuns of Paris poured forth their petitions to God on behalf of their former protector.

The holy prioress, Mother Madeleine de St. Joseph, after a fruitless endeavor to move Richelieu to pity, turned to the King of Heaven, in whom alone she could trust. During sixty days and sixty nights the Blessed Sacrament remained exposed in the chapel of the Carmelites,—where a little later the remains of the fallen minister were laid to rest. God answered these

ardent prayers by calling His servant home. The old man's strength was gradually declining, and soon it became necessary to tell him that death was at hand. "*Vado ad Patrem*" ("I go to my Father"), he repeated; and on the 7th of August, 1632, he gently breathed his last.

The sufferings of her uncles—the tragic fate of the one, the lingering agony of the other—tore Louise's loving heart. St. Vincent strove to raise her thoughts above the miseries of earth. "Never mind *how* those whom we love go to God," he wrote to her, "so long as they *do* go to Him." And she, obedient to his teaching, sought consolation for her own sorrow in ministering to the sorrows of others.

Just about this time a new work claimed all her attention and all her care,—or, rather, the rapid development of the Confraternities of Charity rendered a more complete and regular organization of the work absolutely necessary. The women who directed the Association in the provinces were, as a rule, good and devoted, but they did not possess the religious training that was needed to make their ministry among the sick so efficacious as it might have been. In many cases, the souls of their sick charges needed their good offices no less than their bodies; they were called upon to instruct and to convert, and for this a special formation was necessary. In her visits, Louise strove, it is true, to impart to them the spirit and teaching of St. Vincent; but both she and the saint himself felt that something more was needed.

With the humility that characterized him, the saint reflected some time before proceeding further. He had no intention of founding a religious Congregation; and, as was his wont, he feared to overstep the designs of Providence. At length, feeling that the good of souls was at stake, he decided to select two or three young peasant girls and to entrust them to Louise. She was to receive them under her own roof, and to train them to the duties of their calling. These duties were the care of

the sick and the teaching of poor children.

Louise gladly accepted her share in the work. The peace and joy that now filled her soul convinced her that she was truly following the path marked out for her by God's holy will. It was on the 29th of November, 1633, that the first "Daughters of Charity," as they were then called—or "Sisters of Charity," as we are now in the habit of calling them,—assembled at her house. A few months later, on the 25th of March, 1634, she consecrated herself by a solemn vow to the work she had undertaken,—a work that satisfied all the aspirations of her soul, and for which her previous life had admirably prepared her. To this day the 25th of March is regarded by the Sisters of Charity as the birthday of their Congregation.

Under the direction of St. Vincent, our heroine drew up a rule of life for her little group of novices; and the saint completed her work by a series of conferences, in which he explained the spirit and object of the Association. These conferences, which were carefully written down and preserved by Louise, breathe a touching spirit of simplicity. They appear to be rather the conversations of a father with his children than regular instructions, and were, as we must remember, addressed to peasant girls, rich in purity and courage, but poor in worldly knowledge.

After impressing on his hearers the necessity of prayer and meditation, and the importance of daily Mass, St. Vincent goes on to speak to them of the chief object of their life—the service of the poor. "When you leave prayer and Holy Mass for the service of the poor, you must know, my dear daughters, that you lose nothing: to serve the poor is to seek God. . . . Never be angry with them or speak to them roughly. Think rather that you are their guardian angels. . . . Never contradict them, but for their good. Weep with them. God has established you for their consolation. Honor the sick, and look upon them as your masters."

(To be continued.)

To-Night.

BY FLORENCE GILMORE.

TO-NIGHT, as I sit here dreaming,
Alone, and with heart at rest,—
At rest in content's soft gleaming,
Safe, safe in its own home nest,—
White souls for the world are pleading,
And sick men await the dawn;
Sad hearts for their loves are bleeding,
And pleasure's mad rush whirls on:
To-night, as I sit here dreaming,
Alone, and with heart at rest,
Why is it my eyes are streaming,—
Alone, and with heart so blest?

In Restraint.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

M R. PURDON groaned. He was sixty and stout, and the half-mile walk from Stockpool had tired him. He drew out a large silk handkerchief and mopped his face, and groaned again. The plank across the gurgling, laughing little brook did not look very secure, and the crossing of running water always made him giddy.

"Confound *her!*" he said. The person confounded was his partner's wife, Mrs. Field. "Couldn't she have gone to Brighton as usual instead of wanting a cottage in the country? Women are odd creatures!"

He placed a foot cautiously on the light wooden plank. It bent beneath the weight, and he drew back and looked at his watch. If he wished to view "*Meadowsweet*"—ridiculous name!—and catch his train, he must cross the stream at once.

Purdon & Field had amassed considerable wealth by supplying household effects for net cash. There was nothing, from a nutmeg grater to a mahogany sideboard, Mr. Purdon was wont to boast, that the firm could not supply at a cheaper rate than any competitor. Purdon & Field gave good value, and prospered exceed-

ingly. A new branch had been opened at Stockpool, and the senior partner had been obliged to visit that provincial town; and Mrs. Field, who had been in communication with the local house agent, had asked her husband's partner to inspect a certain house.

The agent was a busy man. He had merely glanced at Mr. Purdon.

"'Meadowsweet?' You'll walk to it in fifteen minutes," the man said, and gave Mr. Purdon short, clear directions. "When you cross the brook you'll see the lane leading to the house. You can't miss it. There's no other house nearabouts. A lady has just got the key. There isn't any one to go with you,—two of my men are off work."

Mr. Purdon again tested the plank, and with careful steps made the passage of the stream. The lane lay right before him, and he had a glimpse of a cottage partly covered with creepers. A lad, who should have been in Farmer Bryard's meadow in charge of the farmer's cows, saw the stout figure, and retreated from the gooseberry bush he had been picking to the rear of the house.

"Old Pedlow again!" he muttered, swallowing three or four berries. "And spying as usual!"

The lad peeped round a corner of the building. Once or twice Mr. Pedlow, the owner of the cottage, had interfered with the boy's consumption of fruit. The lad saw a black-coated figure enter the cottage, and the spirit of mischief asserted itself. He crept cautiously to the open door, closed it carefully, and as quickly turned the key. The key he proceeded to drop in the brook.

"He'll get rested," the lad grinned, "'till his missus comes to look for him." And he went back exultingly to the care of his cattle. Very few people had occasion to pass "Meadowsweet."

In the meantime Mr. Purdon was giving a perfunctory glance round the kitchen and scullery and pantry. Mrs. Field was a notable housekeeper, and

would make searching inquiries concerning these apartments. It was when he ascended, puffing, to the upper regions that he encountered Mary Lee. The young woman was gazing from an open bedroom window at a fair expanse of country. Wide meadows, fragrant with the scent that had given the cottage its name, spread far. A stream of silver meandered through them; and here and there on the distant horizon, church towers showed above red tiled roofs. The scene was very beautiful, very peaceful; the cottage was quite habitable, and the rent not excessive.

Mary Lee had earned her living for ten years as a poorly-paid teacher in a fashionable boarding school. An unexpected legacy of three thousand and odd pounds from a devoted aunt in New Zealand had left her free to order her life anew. She had always had literary ambitions, and she loved the country. Why shouldn't she take "Meadowsweet" for six months and try to write the novel she was always planning? The place was quiet, but that was an advantage. The world wasn't such a very fine place. At least—and then Mary thought of Cromer, where she had, for two years in succession, met Guy Regan. It was at the second summer meeting that Guy had asked her to marry him, and Mary had assented. She had no kindred to consult. The two had been very happy for three or four weeks, and then a dispute over some trivial thing had occurred. Mary had defended her viewpoint, and Guy had insisted that his contention was right. The quarrel would doubtless have adjusted itself in a few days, but Guy had been unexpectedly called away. When he returned a day or two later, Mary was gone; and so for the time being the matter had ended.

"What a fool I was!" Mary sighed, and smiled a bit sadly. "I lost my temper, and that's the truth."

Mr. Purdon's heavy step roused her, and she turned to meet his gaze. The

gentleman removed his hat hastily, as he remembered that the agent had said that a lady was viewing the house.

"I came to see the cottage," Mr. Purdon explained apologetically, "for a friend of mine."

Mary bent her head.

"I am viewing it in my own interest," she said, with a smile.

"I can hand in my report," Mr. Purdon looked at his watch. He was due at an important meeting in London that evening. "I'll barely have time to catch my train," he went on. "However, I've seen enough. Good-day, ma'am!"

"Oh, I, too, have seen enough!" Mary said, and followed Mr. Purdon from the room and down the stairs. He proceeded to the hall door.

"Thought I left it open," he commented as he turned the knob. The door did not open. He gave the knob another turn.

Mary pointed her umbrella towards the lock.

"The lock has caught," she observed.

"So it has, confound it!" Mr. Purdon peered at the keyhole. "And the key's away! Somebody must have locked the door."

"I am afraid so," Mary remarked placidly; "but the windows will open."

That, however, was what the lower windows would not do. Each and all of them were securely nailed down; and Mary shook them and Mr. Purdon pushed them with no results.

"What am I to do?" the gentleman questioned helplessly. "I was to meet a gentleman from New York at dinner this evening with a view of establishing a branch of our business in his city. And now,"—he looked at his watch again,—"*and now it is ten minutes to my train!* What can I do?"

"I'll look from the upper windows,"

Mary proposed. "Perhaps there's someone about."

No one was to be seen. Far away, in the deep lush grass, Farmer Bryard's cows grazed contentedly, and as contentedly

the farmer's mischievous boy munched the stolen gooseberries in the shade of a willow tree.

"I couldn't catch the train, anyhow," Mr. Purdon said when Mary reported. "Well, Mrs. Field can attend to her own business in future. Women are at the bottom of every mischief."

"Oh, isn't that rather a sweeping assertion?" Mary laughed.

"Not at all," Mr. Purdon replied dogmatically,—"*not at all!*" He added with considerable irrelevancy: "And I have missed my lunch, too!"

Mary laughed again, and the gentleman noted unconsciously that her laugh sounded clear and sweet. She was rather a nice, sensible-looking girl; not a bit like his ward, Letty Maynard, who had disappointed him grievously by engaging herself on her twenty-first birthday to a penniless barrister.

"I can help you there!" Mary held out a small leathern case. "I have luncheon here. And I saw a table and a couple of boxes in the kitchen."

The table was a bit grimy and dusty.

"Have you a newspaper?" the girl asked.

Mr. Purdon produced two from his pocket, and spread them on the table; while Mary placed before him a bundle of sandwiches, two tiny enamelled mugs, and a thermo flask.

"Tis only tea, unfortunately," she said. "If it had been cocoa instead!"

"I like tea," Mr. Purdon asserted. He had placed himself precariously on an upturned soap-box. "And you are very kind! But I shall be eating your sandwiches." He eyed the bundle.

"Oh, there are biscuits, too!" Mary answered. "I expected to have a girl with me, but she could not come at the last moment. I packed liberally."

Over the tea and the ham sandwiches Mr. Purdon became communicative, and spoke in aggrieved tones of Miss Maynard's engagement.

"She's heiress to twenty-eight thousand

pounds," he said, "and it is at her own disposal since she was twenty-one. And she's going to marry Ronald Cassway, a barrister who has never handled a brief."

"But if she loves him and he her?"

Mr. Purdon grunted.

"Oh, love—rubbish! I had it all planned out beautifully. I thought my nephew and she would have married. Letty laughed at the idea. 'The minx!'"

Mr. Purdon, a bit shamefacedly, accepted another sandwich. He was having more than his share, really.

"Not that my nephew wanted to marry the girl. He didn't. He's an engineer. He had his love affair; that went wrong, too. I wasn't sorry. He has time enough."

Mary presented the biscuits. Mr. Purdon hesitated, and took one.

"I'm very greedy," he said,—"very; but I was so hungry!" He munched his biscuit with appreciation. "You have been very good to me, Miss—"

"Lee," Mary supplied the word. "Shall I pack?"

She did so, while Mr. Purdon smoked a cigar. His mind, however, was on his misfortunes.

"I'll miss the New Yorker. He's sailing on Wednesday," he said, "and I told my nephew I should be here. He may have come over from Bassingdale. How long shall we have to stay here, do you think, Miss Lee?"

"Not long, I hope," replied Mary. "The house agent will send some one. I'll take another look from the upper windows."

But no one was visible except a small boy in a distant meadow. Mary waved a handkerchief in a half-hearted way. The boy was really too far off to notice the signal.

"We'll just have to wait," she told Mr. Purdon. "I thought perhaps there would have been a creeper strong enough to bear me, so that I could have clambered down from an upper window. There isn't."

An hour later a man came from the agent's. His master had wondered at

the nonappearance of Miss Lee and Mr. Purdon. There was some delay before the man got one of the lower windows raised, and some difficulty in getting Mr. Purdon through it; but at last the two prisoners were free.

"You must come with me to the 'Royal,' Miss Lee," the gentleman said. "I stayed there last night. We'll have a supplementary luncheon or tea or something." And Mary consented.

As Mr. Purdon entered the hotel a waiter spoke to him. The gentleman's face brightened, and he turned to his companion.

"My nephew is waiting," he said. "The boy couldn't know where I had vanished to. You'll like Guy, Miss Lee."

"Guy!"

"My nephew, Guy Regan,—father was Irish. O Guy, I've been a prisoner, and this is my fellow-captive!"

A tall, good-looking young man was staring at Mary. The girl laughed nervously.

"I—I—know Mr. Regan. We met at Cromer," she said,—"at the seaside."

"Mary, I was a fool, an idiot!" the young man exclaimed. "Can you forgive me?"

Mary extended her hand. Guy took advantage of the action, and turned to his uncle.

"This," he said, "is my future wife, uncle."

And Mr. Purdon could only ejaculate with considerable satisfaction:

"God bless me! Guy, you're a lucky dog, after all!"

To become a Catholic one is not required to abandon any truth which he already believes, because this is the very nature of the Catholic faith—that it includes all truth; hence it is called *catholic*. To become a Catholic is to complete one's belief by embracing in addition to those truths already acknowledged others taught by Our Lord with equal certitude and plainness.—*Father Hecker*.

The Martyrs of Valenciennes.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

ABOUT four months ago, at the very time when the victorious Allied armies were steadily winning back, inch by inch, the towns and villages held by the enemy since 1914, there appeared in the Catholic papers a short paragraph, in which one of these liberated cities was named. The paragraph simply mentioned that the "causes" of several martyrs there had been presented to a preparatory commission, when they would be handed over to the Congregation of Rites, with a view to the future beatification of these servants of God.

One of these "causes" (to use the technical expression), that of Mother Marie Clotilde, an Ursuline nun, would have had a joyful echo at Valenciennes, if the quaint Flemish town, where she won her crown more than a hundred years ago, had not been just at that moment going through a terrific ordeal. This ordeal is now at an end; and Valenciennes, free from the German yoke, will duly rejoice when, at some future time, Mother Clotilde and her ten companions are raised to the altars of the Church. They were guillotined in the market-place of Valenciennes in October, 1794, when the Revolutionists terrorized the north of France. The introduction of their "cause" is the natural and logical consequence of the beatification, in 1906, of the sixteen Carmelites of Compiègne executed in Paris on July 17, 1794.

The Revolutionary Government, that established its power on the ruins of the ancient French monarchy, was distinctly irreligious in its spirit and aims. The priests who were cruelly murdered in the Paris prisons, those who died of want on board the prison ships, and the nuns of Compiègne, Bollène, Cambrai, and Valenciennes, were all put to death because of their fidelity to the Church; and in this fact, proved by historical evidence,

resides their claim to be considered as martyrs. This claim has been officially recognized by the beatification, under Pope Pius X., of the sixteen Carmelites of Compiègne; it is further proved by the sympathy with which similar "causes," relating to the same epoch, are examined in Rome.

Mother Clotilde and her companions, the subjects of this sketch, belonged to an Ursuline monastery, founded at Valenciennes, then a Spanish possession, by two noble Flemish ladies in 1654. The Ursulines of Mons, whose schools were flourishing, consented to spare a few Sisters, for whose use the generous foundresses bought a large house in the Rue Cordon, at Valenciennes. The newcomers soon became popular, and their schools for poor children were well filled. The first superior of the new convent was Mlle. de Blaton; and the first novice was Agnes de Francqueville, a girl of nineteen, whose family is still represented in the country, and has suffered cruelly by the late war.

From 1654 to 1790 the Ursulines filled their humble task worthily. We have many testimonies that prove how devoutly and zealously they trained their little pupils. For instance, Jacques de Bryas, Archbishop of Cambrai, writing to the Archbishop of Malines, praises their "union and serenity of spirit"; and also the solid religious instruction that they gave their children, to the great satisfaction of the latter's parents. The monastery was prosperous and peaceful when the storm of the Revolution broke over France. Valenciennes had, in 1677, been taken possession of by Louis XIV.; and in consequence, belonging then to France, its inhabitants were fated to experience the horrors of the great upheaval. In the north of France it left memories which the tragedy of the war has now effaced, but which during several generations remained singularly vivid.

At a moment when the darkening clouds foretold a coming storm, the Ursulines had occasion to elect a new superior,

who was destined to guide her community through steep and thorny paths. Their choice proved a fortunate one: it fell upon Mother Clotilde Paillot, who belonged to an excellent family of the country. She had joined the community when only seventeen, and was in her fiftieth year when she assumed the government of the monastery. It was said of her that she had the gift of "winning hearts"; but her characteristic sweetness and gentleness were combined with a firmness of purpose that was to be severely tested.

Almost directly Mother Clotilde had difficulties to face. In 1790 the French Government, having already suppressed monastic vows, sent delegates to visit the convent, and to inform the "victims of tyranny" that they were free to leave their Order. The thirty-two Ursulines of Valenciennes unanimously protested that they were determined to remain faithful to a state of life that they had freely embraced; their only desire was to live and die in their convent. Having made this profession of loyalty towards their Order, they quietly pursued their daily task. Their pupils, among whom they were very popular, continued to attend classes until 1792, when a decree was issued forbidding members of religious Orders to teach. Moreover, all the nuns in France were notified to vacate their houses before the 1st of October. The Ursulines of Valenciennes, alarmed at the religious persecution that was the immediate consequence of the Revolutionary régime, decided to leave a town where they were forbidden to carry out their educational work.

They were on friendly terms with the Ursulines of Mons; and, after much hesitation, they decided to settle in Belgium. They did so, and remained there for some months. Then, in November, 1793, after bidding an affectionate farewell to their kindly hostesses, they made their way back to Valenciennes, the laws against religious Orders having been repealed by the victorious Austrians,—little thinking

that they were taking their first steps on the Via Dolorosa, of which the guillotine was to be the Calvary. Who can blame them? In the fact that the cause of their departure was removed they saw an invitation of Providence to take up their mission as teachers of the children of the poor, and unhesitatingly they obeyed the call.

When the community had left Valenciennes, several aged Sisters had, with their superior's permission, remained in the convent, and they now joyfully prepared to receive the travellers. Only a small portion of the big monastery could be used by its lawful owners: the rest was appropriated by public offices. But the Ursulines made light of this drawback; and, with characteristic generosity, Mother Clotilde received among her daughters a Poor Clare and two Brigittine nuns, whose communities, having disbanded in 1792, had not formed again. At their request, they were admitted into the Order of St. Ursula; and an unexpected consequence of their faithfulness to their religious vocation was the grace of martyrdom that they were to share with their new superior.

Although their first impression on returning to their home was one of joy and gratitude, the Ursulines soon realized that the general outlook was an anxious one. The French Revolutionists, who had once deprived them of their work as teachers, and whose sacrilegious attitude at Mons had terrified them, now tyrannized the neighboring towns of Cambrai and Arras; the guillotine was in daily use; and the fugitives who sought shelter at Valenciennes brought hideous tales of the cruelty of Joseph Lebon, who reigned supreme at Arras. On June 26 the defeat of the Austrians at Fleurus spread terror among the right-thinking citizens of Valenciennes. They knew that, in the event of the town's being taken by the French, they must fall into the hands of the Revolutionary party, and they naturally preferred remaining under the mild rule of their new masters.

Some weeks passed in alternatives of hope and fear; and it was during this time of suspense, harder to bear than the immediate presence of a well-defined danger, that gentle Mother Clotilde proved to what heights of heroism a soul may rise when fidelity to duty and submission to the will of God have laid foundations that no storm can shake. She showed herself the worthy leader of the little band. She no longer thought of leaving the city. When she had done so eighteen months before, her object was to secure for herself and her daughters the liberty they claimed of serving God according to their rules. Now the northern provinces were aflame; between war and revolution, no place was safe; and she elected to remain in the monastic house that she loved, and at the post to which God had appointed her.

Her daughters were one with her in all things. She spoke only words of encouragement: "We shall prove our love of Our Lord by our faithfulness to Him when we have to suffer for His sake. It is too easy to serve Him when the path is strewn with roses. Be brave, my children. It is now that you must show your courage." There were a few devoted friends, too, who shared the nuns' anxieties. We hear of a Mlle. Rosalie Léro, who was the superior's niece; and of a brave Mme. Levavasseur, the "mother of the poor."

On September 1 the end came. The Austrians capitulated. They made an attempt to protect the priests and nuns who were in the city; but, the French Republicans having rejected these conditions, they submitted, and abandoned these helpless victims to their fate. The Reign of Terror, that in the rest of France came to an end in July, 1794, with the downfall of Robespierre, now began for the unfortunate town of Valenciennes, which was given over to the despotism of Lacoste, a bloodthirsty tyrant, whose means and methods were those of his late patron, Robespierre. Under pretence of punishing the people for their willingness to accept the Austrians' rule, he waged

war against the nuns, priests, women and old men, who, in hopes of living unmolested, had flocked to Valenciennes.

The gates of the city were kept closed, and an order was issued forbidding the inhabitants to leave. But Mother Clotilde was able to provide for the removal of several aged and infirm Sisters, who had in the town relatives or friends willing to receive them. She rightly believed that they would thus be less exposed to persecution, than if they remained within the monastery, where she waited for the worst.

Meantime, on September 28, the guillotine was erected on the market-place; and all the public buildings, now used as prisons, were soon filled to overflowing. The Ursulines, after having been kept as prisoners in their own convent, were finally transferred to the town prison. Here, on October 15, we find ten peaceful, smiling Sisters gathered round their Mother. The future martyrs, eleven in number, were, besides Mother Clotilde: Natalie Vanot, aged sixty-six; Laurentine Priu, aged fifty-seven; Ursula Bourla, aged fifty-six; Marie Louise Ducret, aged forty-two; Augustine Déjardin, aged thirty-four; Anne Marie Erraux, aged thirty-two; Françoise Lacroix, aged forty-three; Josephine and Scholastica Leroux, aged forty-nine and sixty-five; and Cordule Barré, aged forty-four.

There exist at Valenciennes many local traditions that give us a pleasant picture of the nuns' attitude in prison. Their cheerfulness and serenity made a deep impression on their fellow-sufferers, who treated them with marked deference. The same spirit of bright and willing acceptance of God's will dominated them all, but each one kept her own characteristics. Thus Mother Natalie Vanot, who was constitutionally timid, seemed raised above fear, and her calmness and courage delighted her companions. Mother Augustine Déjardin, whose buoyant spirits had often cheered her community in difficult moments, looked forward to martyrdom with enthusiasm. Mother Scholastica, who

in happier days was scrupulous to a fault, marvelled that she no longer felt any "spiritual anxiety."

On October 17 five of the nuns were informed that the next day they would appear before the military commission to answer the accusations brought against them—of having reassumed their religious habit contrary to law, and of having "emigrated."

The attitude of the five religious was brave and straightforward. To the question of their judges as to whether they had emigrated, they answered: "We went to Mons, with a passport signed by the town councillors of Valenciennes."—"Why did you return to France?"—"In order to teach the Catholic, Apostolic and Roman religion," replied Mother Laurentine.—"We had no other object," added Mother Natalie. With the disregard for justice and common-sense that marked all its proceedings, the tribunal condemned the five nuns and three priests (who were judged at the same time) to suffer death. Their offence was that they had "voluntarily left the territory of the Republic; and that they had returned to it against the law, in order to exercise, under foreign protection, functions that they had been forbidden to practise."

A contemporary account of the scene tells us that the Ursulines heard the sentence with untroubled serenity. On returning to the prison, they immediately began to prepare for death, as their execution was to take place the same day. Their superior and their companions, who were waiting for their return, were more troubled than the chosen five. "My dear Mothers," said one of the latter (Marie Louise Ducret); "we must now think only that we are soon to appear before God." And, taking a little crucifix, they set it up before them, knelt down at its feet, while, in the name of all, Mother Natalie Vanot began the prayers for the dying. The other nuns joined in the petitions; and the prayers went on till a loud noise, of doors that opened and shut,

informed the kneeling women that the moment of parting had come.

Turning towards her superior, Mother Natalie, in the name of the others, begged pardon for any pain that they might have caused her or the other Sisters, and thanked her for her constant motherly kindness. "Will you now," she added, "give us your blessing for the last time." Tender-hearted Mother Clotilde was weeping so bitterly that the youngest of the victims, Augustine Déjardin, affectionately remonstrated with her. "Mother," she said, "you, who always encouraged us to be brave, are weeping when we are going to be crowned! What a contradiction!" The good spirits of Mother Déjardin amazed her guards. "You seem very gay," they said.—"Why should I not be gay?" she replied, laughing. "I have no fear." The same account adds: "While all present were in tears, only the condemned five were cheerful, and did not shed a tear."

At the door of the prison, the nuns' hair was cut by the executioner, their hands were tied, and they were placed behind the drummers who headed the little procession. "The day of glory has come," said Mother Natalie, quoting the "Marseillaise," whose echoes haunted the people of those days as they haunt our twentieth-century soldiers. On their way to the scaffold, which stood on the Place du Grand Marché, close to the Rue Cordon, the nuns recited the *Miserere*, the Litanies, and the *Magnificat*. The crowd pressed close to them as they walked, and many present wept. After the sentence had been read from the platform of the hideous instrument, Mother Natalie's name was called, but the eager Mother Déjardin stepped forward. "Wait a moment, my dear Sister!" exclaimed the elder nun. "I am to pass first." It is said that, in order to punish Mother Déjardin's holy eagerness, the executioner summoned her the last.

The spirit in which the nuns who remained in prison heard of their Sisters' sacrifice is revealed in their letters. On

October 20, three days after the execution, Mother Scholastica Leroux wrote to a nun at Mons: "Do not pity us, but marvel why we are thus favored. . . . Our Sisters ascended the scaffold laughing. We feel a happiness that my pen can not describe; and we should be very sorry to miss the grace of martyrdom." Some of Mother Clotilde's letters have been preserved by her family. She had recovered her serenity, and was now looking forward to the end with joy. "You must share my happiness," she writes to her niece; "I am the happiest person in the world."

There were a number of priests in the same prison as the Ursulines. The latter were able to go to confession to their fellow-sufferers; and on the eve of the day when she was to appear before the tribunal, Mother Clotilde insisted upon inviting them to a supper, at which she and her companions did the honors: "To-morrow we shall meet in paradise," she said cheerfully.

The next day (October 23), at half-past nine in the morning, the superior and five other nuns were summoned to the tribunal. Among them was Anne Marie Erraux, the youngest of the group of martyrs, who a few days before had written to her brother-in-law that she was unable to express the peace and joy that filled her soul. They passed close to the guillotine where their Sisters had so lately won their crown, and re-entered their former home, now desecrated by the presence of the iniquitous tribunal.

Mother Clotilde had thought over the matter; and, although she did not doubt her Sisters' willingness to die for the Faith that they taught, she considered herself bound to assume the whole responsibility of their conduct and to offer herself as the only victim. "My Sisters," she explained, "were obliged to obey me. I told them to return to Valenciennes and to take up their educational work. If they acted against the law, it is my fault,—I alone am responsible. Condemn me, if you please to do so; but let my Sisters go free." The nuns would not agree to this generous

offer, and eagerly claimed their full share of responsibility. "We assisted our superior in re-establishing the community," they exclaimed. And Sister Cordule added: "If my superior dies, I ought to be executed with her: I acted as she did." Mother Scholastica was asked: "Why did you return to France?"—"To obey our bishop and our superior," she answered.—"You see, citizens, that I alone ought to be punished," interposed Mother Clotilde. "I obliged my Sisters to return to Valenciennes."

The six nuns were condemned to death, and with them four priests. Mother Clotilde, having failed to save her Sisters, now claimed for them and for herself the honor of dying for a great cause, and her last words to the judges were suggested by this noble purpose. "We do not die for the Republic," she said, "but for the Catholic, Apostolic and Roman Faith that we taught. It was for this object that our institute was founded."

After their return to the prison, the six religious cut one another's hair and made ready for the summons. They were reciting the prayers for the dying when Rosalie Leroy, Mother Clotilde's niece, entered; and, hearing the news, she burst into tears. Her aunt tried to comfort her. "I am going to see God," she said gently, "and for this you are crying!" When the soldiers came to fetch her, the superior greeted them courteously: "Citizens, this is the happiest day in our lives, and we are very grateful to you."—"We forgive our judges and the executioner," added Mother Scholastica.

The other prisoners pressed round the little group, and their emotion contrasted with the nuns' cheerfulness. They started with the usual accompaniment of drums and soldiers, for the scaffold; and as they walked through the crowded streets they sang the *Te Deum*, the *Veni Creator* and the Litanies. Mother Clotilde had been her Sisters' pattern in happier days, and remained so to the end. She was appointed to die first, and she ascended the bloody

platform with eager steps, the others following in the same spirit.

The martyrs of October 23 were, like those of October 17, buried in a common grave in the cemetery of St. Roch; but their work at Valenciennes was taken up, less than a quarter of a century later, by another group of Ursulines, headed by Angélique Lepoint, one of Mother Clotilde's novices. Thus the memory of the eleven heroines was kept fresh among their fellow-citizens. When, after the necessary delays, the Holy See judges that their "cause" has been proved, its decision will be joyfully received in the quaint Flemish town. It has lately gone through a severe trial, during which the martyred Ursulines must have prayed for their suffering countrymen.

King Arthur's Nephew.

THERE exists no ancient Life of St. Constantine, nephew of the famous King Arthur of song and story, and one of the valiant knights of the Round Table; but from the scattered references made to the Cornish saint in the various Welsh, Scotch, and Irish hagiologies, it was easy to construct his biography. Difficulties have beset some writers, but these were owing to the fact that the Irish martyrologies commemorate at least two Constantines.

Constantine was the son of Cadur, Duke of Cornwall, and he won great renown by his courage and valor. He married the daughter of a British king, and was devotedly attached to her; indeed, her death, later on, is said by some writers to have caused him to forsake the world.

Constantine must have mingled with the throng of fair ladies and gallant knights that assembled in the court of Arthur Pendragon; but after the treachery of Guinevere the Fair, and the treason of Mordred, the king's nephew, it became necessary for the unhappy monarch to collect his army on the fatal field of Camlan. Here our saint fought for his uncle and

king; and the cause for which he battled triumphed, but Arthur was wounded to death. He was borne to the green island-valley of Avalon to die, and there bequeathed his royalty to Constantine.

Of this period of the saint's life Gildas the historian writes very bitterly. Constantine is said by some writers to have murdered the two sons of Mordred; but others insist that the two rebellious young men only suffered just retribution for their disloyalty to their king and kinsman. At any rate, the words of Gildas touched Constantine; or perhaps the death of his wife led him to repent of his evil doings. He suddenly forsook his throne and country, and passed over to Ireland, between which land and his own much intercourse prevailed. According to one author, Hector Boece, he assumed the disguise of a poor man and labored for a time as miller in a monastery. His identity was discovered by a monk who heard him say to himself: "I am Constantine, whose body was once encased in armor and whose head bore a plumed helmet."

From this place he went to the monastery of Rahen, in what is now King's County, and in due time became a priest. He is mentioned by Ængus the Culdee in his "Festilogy" of the saints. Later, either by his own desire or by order of his bishop, he went to Scotland, and founded the Church of Govan on the Clyde. Colgan calls Constantine a disciple of St. Columba, but this is not believed by the majority of students; neither Adamnan nor other of Columba's biographers mention him. Having reached a green old age, the saint died, martyred by some savage people of Cantyre. He died peacefully and happily, and was buried in his church at Govan.

Many Scotch churches were dedicated to the saint, and many places in Scotland still bear his name; and in Cornwall there is a St. Constantine Chapel near Padstow. Both Scotch and Irish annalists place his feast on the 11th of March.

The Sericus Side of Jestng.

JOKES ought not, perhaps, to be taken seriously; but the habit of jesting at the expense of virtue or in palliation of vice can not be too often or too indignantly rebuked. It is easy to oppose argument or force in a good cause, but it takes a brave man to steer his course against laughter. Newspaper men know that the pungent paragraph that "pokes fun" at persons or policies is more effective than columns of well-reasoned editorials. It is the clown, not the logician, that undermines the faith of many,—so easily does the jest, among unthinking people, ascend into the place of argument.

The mother-in-law joke is at once the most familiar and the most striking illustration of this truth. Most people who have mothers-in-law know that in real life they are almost invariably lovable and helpful relatives; yet the jesters have created an unreasonable prejudice against mothers-in-law by associating them in the general mind with peevishness, tyranny, suspiciousness, and offensive meddling. Then there is the divorce joke, whose dull point is that affection between man and wife languishes and dies soon after marriage; that marital infidelities are matters of course; and that the possibility of divorce is the one mitigating circumstance of the odious marriage bond. Finally there is the drunkard joke, which shows a battered figure reeling home from the club, with a maudlin excuse for his waiting wife. In practical effect, these last two are the most degrading of all; and in touching upon them we are glad to quote these vigorous words of a recent writer:

"The effect of this sort of literature can not be otherwise than pernicious. It turns into a joke, in the case of the drunkard, the insult which he has offered to the woman he has sworn to love and cherish, and raises a laugh over an experience which to her has the aspect of a

tragedy. In the other instance, that obligation which is the most serious one in life is flung upon the bargain counter; and the failure of love, which even among the least civilized of us, is a matter of sorrow, is paraded for the merriment of the unthinking. The effect of this quality of humor upon the old and experienced is anything but uplifting; upon the young, whose opinions regarding the relative values of things are all unformed, it is bound to be disastrous. The youngster who is inclined to blame himself severely for his first step in dissipation turns to the humorist, and is informed that what he has done is not a sin but a joke. Why should he worry over something about which the world is laughing?—The young couple having their first tiffs are grievously worried, until they chance upon the sarcastic philosophy of the funny man; then they laugh bitterly at each other, and ask why so absurd a thing as love should be taken so seriously. Their efforts at self-control and self-abnegation diminish; it is useless, they conclude, to struggle to maintain an ideal relationship in a society which finds opportunity for mirth in proceedings for divorce. In such subjects as these there can be no real humor, and the persons who try to joke about them are guilty of a moral *lèse-majesté*."

There is more to a joke than a laugh. There is a serious side to jesting whenever the jest reflects upon either a sacred institution like marriage or a moral virtue like sobriety. The effect of humor upon the serious tendencies of life ought to be taken into account; and jokers of jokes ought to feel a responsibility for their utterances, and to bridle, when need is, their exuberant fancy. There are jests and witticisms which make the judicious grieve, and the judicious would do well to make the fact known now and then, as occasion offers, both in public and in private. A true sense of humor is a blessing, but irreverent joking is little short of a curse.

Notes and Remarks.

Commenting on the fact that a number of Protestant sects are developing great activity with regard to work in the field of the missions, an esteemed contemporary observes: "We Catholics have nothing to fear for our missions." Is not this a little too optimistic? A recent report of the United States branch of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, after stating that two-thirds of the Foreign Missions' revenue had been cut off by the war, added: "To make matters worse, Protestant missionaries, who are at all times one of the most powerful obstacles to the planting of the true Christian Faith, are increasing their efforts to supplant our priests and to take up the work which the latter may have to abandon for lack of resources." More judicious than the sentence we have quoted from our contemporary is its further declaration: "At the same time we should heed the lesson which is given by sectarians. It should not be said that we are less energetic than they, or less generous."

Because he has conducted and described as many as eighty-seven experiments, Dr. W. J. Crawford, lecturer in mechanical engineering, the Municipal Technical Institute and Queen's University, Belfast, seems to be under the impression that most, if not all, of the psychic phenomena he has witnessed are unusual. The fact is, however, that a great many far more extraordinary ones are on record. If he were familiar with the literature of spiritism, he would realize that as yet he has touched only the fringe of his subject. He has had nothing to say in regard to the identity of the invisible agents with whom he has been so long in communication. "That is left for another occasion," he remarks in the preface to his book on "The Reality of Psychic Phenomena." We venture to assert that, if his experiments in this direction are

conducted with his accustomed thoroughness, he will see and hear things to surprise him, and of which he would not care to have a repetition. We are hoping he will be convinced that his "operators" are not, as he now thinks, "the spirits of human beings who have passed into the Beyond," but the spirits of darkness of whom the Scriptures speak.

From an interesting short article contributed by Dr. James J. Walsh to *America*, we clip the following extracts:

In these days, when individuals are demanding more and more freedom, it is well to remember that the best use that man has made of his freedom has been to place limitations upon it. In every age and country where demands for personal freedom have been most insistent and extreme, where men and especially women have demanded freedom from the burdens of bearing and rearing children, as well as from other natural, social obligations, the end has been degeneration and extinction.

One of the most serious indictments against modern systems of education is that they devote so much time to training memory and intelligence and so little attention to the training of the will, upon the proper development of which so much depends.

As coming from Dr. Walsh himself, these extracts would of course be nothing more than commonplaces of Catholic thought; but they are rather interesting as the statements of a non-Catholic scientist and author. The sentences quoted are found in a new book by Prof. Conklin, of Princeton University.

Death had a shining mark in Col. Roosevelt, the most conspicuous of the world's citizens and the most celebrated of contemporary Americans,—a man of remarkable ability, versatility, energy, and intensity; a leader who never lacked followers, a patriot whose devotion was ever ardent and never questioned. His talents were many and marked: he might have won fame and success in numerous careers. He had admirable qualities, and, it must be admitted, some of their defects. Though compared to Lincoln, he was far

more like Napoleon, at least in character and temperament. History will probably class him as a great political leader rather than as a great statesman. By his intimate friends, those who knew best his good qualities, especially his kind-heartedness, he was sincerely beloved. The general public admired him without being blind to his impetuosity and ambition. No one who opposed his will or stood in his way could remain his friend. That such a man, in such positions as he filled, so powerful and influential, should have had as many opponents as partisans, as many bitter enemies as attached friends, is no surprise. It is to the credit of those who disliked and distrusted Col. Roosevelt most that, when death claimed him, they recalled only what others admired, and acknowledged his numerous claims to the nation's grateful remembrance. Of all the tributes paid him, the one he would undoubtedly have valued most was the grief of the children of Oyster Bay, who gathered in the streets on the day of his funeral and talked in subdued whispers of their dead friend.

Those good people, not a few, who cherish the delusion of universal peace, and who find nothing unfeasible in the proposal to establish an international Court for the settlement of any future quarrels in the family of nations, and who see no reason why this country should not enter into a league with the other great Powers to enforce the terms and conditions of their agreements upon each other and upon the rest of the world,—all such simple-minded citizens should “read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest,” as the Book of Common Prayer expresses it, what Senator Reed, of Missouri, had to say on these propositions in a recent speech. The following paragraphs will give the reader a good idea of its importance and timeliness:

The mere emission of a judgment by a Court without any power to enforce the judgment leaves the Court a thing for laughter and jeers. This fact, indeed, is conceded by those who

advocate the doctrine I am discussing. In plain language, an international Court, to be effective, must be backed by an international army. It must be further conceded that an international army will be ineffective unless it be powerful enough to conquer any single nation. Aye, more: it must be able not only to conquer any single nation but to conquer any combination of nations that may be formed to defy the decree of the Court....Who is to command this proposed international army?... Certainly the command will not be vested in our citizens for all time. Surely no one can claim that the United States will always have a friend in command of the international army....

Who, pray, is to constitute the Court that is to decide matters involving the very life of our country? What individuals shall constitute this international Court? It must be composed of representatives of different governments. What are these governments? What are their interests? What are their prejudices? Lawyers who sit in front of me never in their lives agreed to submit the vital interests of their clients to an unknown tribunal. They invariably insisted on submitting only a particular controversy, and always then to a tribunal which they were sure would at least be fair and impartial.

But who will constitute this international Court?... First, shall it be composed of one representative of each nation? If so, is the United States, with 104,000,000, to have the same representation as the island of Haiti or the Republic of Liberia, or Serbia or any other of the smaller countries of the world? And if we are to have a greater representation, what becomes of the doctrine of the equality of nations in the international Court? What becomes of the doctrine that small nations must be protected from the strong or great nations?

* * *

After discussing at length the probable personnel of the proposed league, Senator Reed proceeds to consider its purposes. To what are we to be bound? he asks.

First of all, let me say that there are certain problems not involved in any league of nations,—certain progressive things that ought to be done. But I emphatically assert that they are not dependent upon a league of nations. By treaty, by an international assembly called for the purpose of agreeing upon principles of international law, we can clear up many difficulties which have hitherto confronted the world.

There is no reason why the right of blockade should not be so defined that any nation breaking it would stand before the world in the disgraceful position of having violated the plain terms of international law. That, of course, does not

restrain and hold nations completely in check, but it has at least some deterring influence. Likewise we could agree upon what constitutes contraband and noncontraband upon the seas, the rules of submarine warfare, the rights of neutral States, and many other vexed questions. The clearing up of these obscure points of law would go far to protect the rights of neutral nations, and in some cases would prevent war. . . . I do not doubt, also, that by treaty some steps may be successfully taken leading to a limitation of armaments. I am sure by treaties based upon good faith many other benefits may be secured. So that when I argue that we should not enter an international league, I do not mean to say that we should not by treaty agree upon a code of international law, or enter upon many mutual undertakings the performance of which rests in the honor and good faith of nations. . . .

Is the league to guarantee the stability of the governments of the different countries that are permitted to become members? If so, no monarchical or tyrannical government can ever be overthrown, because its power will be sustained by the league of nations. No oppressed people can rebel, because they must fight not only the unjust government of their own State, but they must contend against the governments of all the other countries of the league.

* * *

The difficulty of framing a code of ethics and morals for the settlement of questions that may arise is another important point upon which the Senator touches. He shows that differences of religion, forms of government, and degrees of civilization, render it utterly impossible to establish a tribunal whose decisions would be authoritative and final.

In answer to his question, What is to be the policy of this league of nations? the Senator has this telling paragraph:

Mr. President, is England to disband her mighty fleet, which we are just now being assured has saved the world and civilization? Is there anybody on this earth great enough fool—I intentionally use that harsh term—to believe that England is going into any league of nations upon terms that will compel her to disband her fleet? Why, if England were to disband her fleet, and if she then were attacked by any first-class Power, she could be starved into subjection within ninety days. Does any one for a moment believe that England will yield her fleet? If, however, England does not yield her fleet, and all other nations agree to build no more ships and to be bound by this league, England will be the

master nation of it and also of the world. All other nations will be subject to her power should she see fit to exercise it. If it be argued that other nations might continue to arm and build ships, notwithstanding the league, such an argument negatives the chief purpose of the league and renders it a useless thing. . . .

Senator Reed concludes his speech with words of warning which every voter and every representative of our Government should heed and ponder:

Mr. President, the life of this Republic may hang upon this decision. We can not engage in these foreign alliances without making mutual bargains. We can not call upon them to protect us unless we agree to protect them. We can not expect them to come to our relief in a controversy unless we go to the relief of each of them in their controversies. The man who proposes to thrust America into the broils and wars of Europe, binding her for all time to the intrigues and conspiracies and ambitions of the Courts of kings and czars and such other governments as may exist,—who proposes to reverse the policy of Washington, the opinions of Jefferson, the doctrines of the fathers,—advocates that which may unmake this great Republic.

Catholics to whom the practice of "saying grace" before and after meals is unknown, or who through indifference or negligence have abandoned it, would read, with no little surprise and perhaps some shame also, the following incident from an unidentified secular journal sent to us by a non-Catholic friend:

The other day a little group of people went into a restaurant here in the city,—one of these modern "self-serve" affairs. There was a mother and father, and a soldier son, and two smaller children,—a rugged family that was evidently here to meet the soldier son who was returning from the service. They took their place in the long line in front of the counters where the food is served, and moved along gradually making their selection. When the members reached the cashier's desk, and each had upon his plate the food he or she had selected, the father paused and the family bowed their heads. And then, there in that public place, with busy people all around, the father returned thanks to the Creator for the food of which they were about to partake,—audibly, with a firm voice, with great faith, with humility and thankfulness in his tone.

But the little family were not the only ones who bowed their heads. The long line of busy

people paused in their snatching; each bowed his or her head, and waited the end of the blessing. There was never a smile of derision, never a murmur of disgust. Instead, there were smiles of appreciation, and everybody in the long line felt better,—that there was something in the thanks offered up that helped wonderfully in this prosy old world.

The editor's comment on this little incident is also well worth quoting:

Returning thanks before partaking of the daily food is going out of style, it seems; but it ought not to go out of style. It ought to be practised in every home. We are getting away from too many of the sacred things of the earlier days. We are too prone to give up the little sentiments that mean so much in this materialistic age.

Courtland, California, has a school principal who does not think it necessary to adopt all the newfangled notions that are soliciting vogue in matters educational, and who is not afraid to proffer some very direct advice to the fathers and mothers of the young people entrusted to his care. In the course of a letter recently contributed to the *Bee*, of Sacramento, this schoolmaster, Mr. F. W. Mower, delivers himself to this effect:

I do not hesitate to say that, in my opinion, the children of to-day do not need vocational guides so much as they need a new set of parents,—parents who have spunk enough to crawl back upon the thrones in their own households, which they have abdicated in favor of their children; parents who have energy enough to get their children out of bed in the morning early enough for them to wash their faces, comb their hair and lace their shoes, without the schools being obliged to give promotion credit for their doing so; parents who, when the shades of night begin to fall, look after their boys with the same degree of care that they give to their bull pup, which they chain up lest he associate with the stranger cur upon the street.

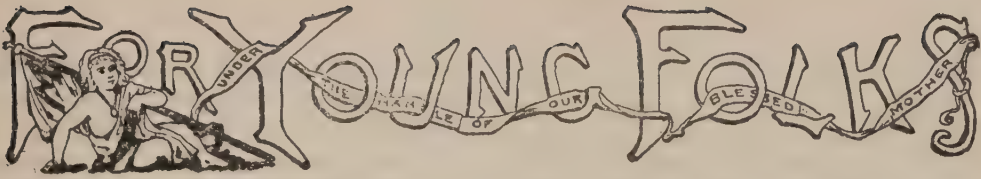
This blunt rebuke is merited, not only out in Courtland, but in the general run of our towns and cities. Parents, even Catholic parents, of the present day are, as a rule, altogether too neglectful of the supervision of their children. Until boys and girls are out of their teens, they are not by nature, and should not by convention be allowed to become, inde-

pendent of parental control. American fathers and mothers need an awakening as to the extent and the seriousness of their responsibility for their children's character and conduct.

The death, in France, of Mr. Cecil Chesterton, victim of an illness contracted in the trenches, is a greater loss to the Church in England, and to England herself, than is perhaps obvious to the general reader on either side of the Atlantic; but such a reader can not fail to attach some importance to the statement of Mr. Hilaire Belloc, who says of his friend and fellow-journalist: "We have lost a very great man." Those Americans who came in contact a few years ago with the modest and eminent English convert know how fervent a Catholic he uniformly showed himself; and they will recognize his spirit in this extract from an address made by him in 1916:

When the war is over, Frenchmen who have played with atheism, and Englishmen who have been prejudiced in favor of Protestantism, will begin to think seriously whether there is not something on earth which is capable of preventing such Satanism [militarism] from disfiguring the face of the sun again; and I think they will find that there is only one thing strong enough to pen the devil up again for another thousand years, and that is that Church which alone has a divine weapon at its command.

Seven hundred years ago St. Francis of Assisi went to Palestine and founded there what is still known as the Custody of the Holy Land. From that time to the present day the Franciscans, the Friars Minor, have uninterruptedly remained there and acted as custodians of the Holy Places. The Franciscan Fathers of the Church of Mount St. Sepulchre, Washington, D. C., announce the gratifying news that, on the occasion of this seventh centennial, the Holy See has been pleased to grant to their church at the National Capital the same indulgences that may be gained by visiting the shrines of Palestine.



The Mules of Padova.

BY C. L. O'D.

THE mules you see in Padova
Are meek as lambs and small;
They draw the carts all day, at night
They have a humble stall;
But once a mule of Padova
Had glory over all.

Our Lord one day went down the street
Borne in St. Anthony's hand;
Men saw the Blessed Eucharist,
But would not understand;
So a little mule went on his knees
As at some high command.

Of course you can not say a mule
Has walked in Paradise,
Or known and understood as man
He saw God with his eyes;
But the mules you see in Padova
They look so meek and wise.

Buddy.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

III.—A DILEMMA.

FOR a moment the fierce grasp, the ugly muttered word, startled Buddy into silence; then the lights flashed up; the audience rose and burst into "The Star-Spangled Banner." The show was over. Even as the triumphant chorus swelled through the high-vaulted room, the crowd was pressing hurriedly for the exits that opened on every side.

Buddy glanced around him in angry bewilderment to find the seats on his right and left already vacated, and only a kind-looking old man, blinking through silver spectacles, pushing forward from the chair just behind his own. Who could

have caught him in that rough clutch, muttered that fierce, wicked word? Buddy, who had never known rude touch or harsh speech in all his sheltered young life, was still swelling with righteous indignation, when Tobe, who had been relegated by the ushers to a seat in the rear, came hurrying through the crowd to meet him.

"De Lawd, wasn't it grand, Marse Bud,—just grand? Don't know yet if I'm awake or asleep arter seeing all dat fighting and things."

"I know!" growled Buddy. "Somebody snatched me wide awake, and made me mad, I tell you. Gee, I wish I had seen who it was swearing at me!"

"Swearing at you?" echoed Tobe in dismay. "What for?"

"I don't know," was the indignant answer. "Didn't like my cheering, maybe. I did whoop up pretty loud when I saw all those soldiers on the ships. And somebody jerked me back into my seat and swore at me in German. I know it was swearing, for it was what blacksmith Hans growls out at Dandy when he kicks him. Jing, but it's late!" There was an anxious change in Buddy's tone as he came out of the wide doors. "Look how low the sun is, Tobe! We had better be making for home quick, or mother will be worried to death."

And, forgetful of the insult to his own boyish dignity in the fear of mother's worry, Buddy sped along to the alder bushes, where the boat had been pushed up, and securely tied, as its owner believed, to a sturdy young tree. It was the ordinary thing on St. Ronald's quiet shores, where a stolen boat, like a stolen horse, could be spotted for miles around; and Tobe's leaky old craft was certainly not of a pattern to tempt the most covetous. But times had greatly changed during the

last few months. The boys stared at each other in blank dismay: their boat was gone!

"You didn't tie it up fast," said Buddy as soon as he could find speech.

"Yas, I did,—I did for shuah, Marse Bud. I dun give it three twists and den de hangman's knot, what ole Pete Dixon larned me,—de knot what nebber can slip. And it didn't," added Tobe, as, with gloomy triumph, he picked up a snarl of dirty hemp from the bushes. "Thar's de rope and de hangman's knot, Marse Bud—*cut!* Somebody dun tuk dat boat," declared its owner, in a shaking voice, at this conclusive proof of his calamity. "Somebody dun stole dat boat, shuah," added Tobe, in rising despair.

"Oh, they wouldn't!" said Buddy, making a valiant effort at cheer. "It isn't worth stealing, Tobe."

"Why ain't it?" queried Tobe, dismally. "Dat boat mout be a little patched and leaky, but it's good for a heap, Marse Bud. It's good for fishing and crabbing and istering, and for gwine off like we dun to-day. And" (as another direful thought struck the speaker) "how's we to git home without dat boat *now?*"

How, indeed? Laying aside the distance of six miles that must be travelled, Buddy's home lay on the other side of the river, that opened into the deeper waters forming Falcon Cove. And already the bay was shimmering with the rose and gold of sunset, violet shadows gathering on its eastern shore. Though not given to reflection, Buddy's face sobered into serious thought. Tobe's had already darkened into hopeless gloom.

"I's got to git dat ar boat of mine back, Marse Bud. I's got to stay 'long here and watch for it. Gran will be throwed into a fit if I go home and tell her it's gone. How is we gwine to git fish or crabs or isters or anything to eat without dat ar boat of ourn?"

Tobe's voice broke into something very close to a blubber; and even Master Roger Kent Reeves, who had been accus-

tomed to the command of horses, boats dogs, and all the pleasant things that belong to boy life, stared ruefully up and down the sunset waters. But he came of a sturdy race that difficulties had never dismayed.

"You stay, then, and watch for your boat, Tobe. Maybe some one has just borrowed it and will bring it back here."

"Dat's so," agreed Tobe, brightening. "And if I's not here to cotch it, dey mout kerry it off agin. And dar's Tatters I'll hev to look after, too. But—but what 'bout 'you, Marse Bud?"

"Oh, I'll foot it up the Shore Road to Dunker's and get somebody to take me across home. And I must move quick; for mother must be getting more worried now every minute. So I'm off, Tobe! You stay and look out for your boat. You will get it back, I'm sure."

And, with this parting word of comfort, Master Roger Kent Reeves sprang lightly off for his six-mile walk to the little fishing village that lay across the water from Maplewood, his cwn stately home. He knew the Shore Road well,—a friendly, comfortable, old-fashioned road, winding here and turning there, to suit the convenience of the dwellers in old mansions that, before the railway had forced entrance into their peaceful seclusion, had found the Shore Road all the link they needed to the city forty miles away. It had grown a little dull in these later years, but was a pleasant road still,—or had been when Buddy spent his last Easter holiday at Great-uncle Kent's, with Jack and Bob and Phil and half a dozen other boy and girl cousins, all out of college and convent for a springtime lark.

But Great-uncle Kent had been called to Washington, and Kentwood given up for officers' quarters; and there would be no more jolly holidays there for a long time to come. And Ted was off flying an airship, no one knew where. And Rick was going next week. All Buddy's care-free world had been rudely shaken during the past few months; but until to-day,

beyond a boyish wish for adventure with his brothers, he had given little thought to the great cataclysm whose tremors were felt even on the peaceful shores of St. Ronald's. But he understood now. He had seen the ruined churches, the devastated fields, the wrecked and pillaged homes, the hideous gloom of the trench, the blackened stretch of No Man's Land. He had seen the bombs falling from the midnight sky, and the ships sinking in the darkened ocean.

The "battle-cry of Freedom" had stirred his young soul to its boyish depths. If he could only do something to help! Even Bess put on a big white apron and blue veil twice a week and went over to Mrs. Judge Jameson's to make bandages. And old Miss Patsy Perkins, who had been in a rolling-chair ever since Buddy could remember, had started a knitting class, and was making more money than she ever had in her life, teaching all the ladies in the neighborhood how to make sweaters and socks. But there seemed nothing for boys to do. True, he had heard about war gardens; but, with the wide acres of Maplewood waving with corn and wheat, its closer fields filled with rich yield of fruits and vegetables, it scarcely seemed worth Master Roger Kent Reeves' time to scratch up a small corner of his own for common beans and potatoes, and such like. No, there was nothing for a boy to do, now or forever,—as Rick had said this would be the last of all wars; and it was clear to Buddy he was out of it entirely.

Not even the Boy Scout movement had reached the quiet shores of St. Ronald's, perhaps because St. Ronald's saw no need of it. Its boys had been "scouting" from time immemorial,—learning, without master or book, the deft ways of the tried woodman and waterman, the lore of forest and stream; while in their old homes, whether lofty or lowly, kindness and courtesy and friendly help had been the unwritten code for generations. So there was no Scout work, classed as such, to make Buddy feel that boys had a place to

fill even when not big enough to fight or to fly.

It was a Master Roger Reeves roused into new spirit that hurried on under the gathering shadows of the old Shore Road, making quick time indeed now; for it was after six o'clock, and he was beginning to think not only of an anxious mamma watching from the rose-wreathed porch, but of the silver tea urn steaming on the big mahogany table, of the cold chicken and hot biscuit, the big bowl of peaches and cream waiting her darling's return.

For Buddy—so Bess, who was a year older, had called her newly-arrived "brother"—was in mamma's tender eyes her "baby boy" still, as last comers usually are. He had been kept in curls and big collars until Ted had intervened by giving his golden locks a close cut during mamma's absence; he had been governessed by Miss Marceron until a year ago, when he had become a weekly boarder, with many holiday breaks, at the Xaverian Institute down the Bay. This, too, like Great-uncle Kent's, had been demanded by military necessity; so Master Roger Reeves was at present enjoying a holiday that seemed likely to be prolonged indefinitely, to his great, if unspoken, satisfaction. For, with Ted and Rick preparing to brave hitherto unknown perils, mamma had been too distracted for lesser anxiety; and Buddy had escaped from her usual loving watchfulness, and fared free and far with his ever-faithful Tobe,—fishing, crabbing, hunting, trapping, drifting around the shallow, sunlit waters that lapped his home shore, without a thought or care until to-day.

"What are you going to do with Buddy in the fall, mother?" he had overheard Rick asking last night.

"Oh, I don't know,—I don't know!" had been the tremulous answer.

"You could send him to the Jesuits at Marylea," suggested Rick. "He is old enough now. I'll see Father Roydon about it before I go."

"O Rick—dear," his mother had fal-

tered, "no, no, no! With you and Ted both going away, I couldn't part with Buddy, too."

"But you can't have him doing nothing here. Great guns, mother, you're keeping Buddy a kid too long! He is over twelve years old now."

"Oh, I know,—I know, Rick! But he is my last, my little boy. Oh, I've given you and Ted up, as my duty, you say, demands; but no duty demands him as yet: he is all,—the—only son perhaps" (the sweet voice broke) "that I may have left."

"Tut, tut!" Rick had cheered. "What sort of a soldier's mother are you? We will both be back safe and sound, mother darling; and if we're not, well, you'll have Buddy left, as you say. But in the meantime don't make him a baby. He is a manly little chap, I must confess, in spite of your coddling. Ted and I have looked out for that. But when we are both gone, don't spoil him, mother. The Reeves may have had their faults, but they never have been weaklings. Roger Kent Reeves must be worthy of his name."

The words now came back to Buddy as he tramped along over the old Shore Road. They had floated up to him from the rose-wreathed porch last night as he lay in his little white bed, too sleepy to be roused. Roger Kent Reeves must be worthy of his name,—the great-great-grandfather's name that was written high in his country's annals, and whose portrait—with the Constitution he helped to frame held in his strong, shapely hand—was to be seen in the carved moulding of the chimney-place in Maplewood hall.

Worthy of his name! But what could a fellow do when all the fighting and flying and glory, that his brothers were going to share, would be done forever before he was a man? So perplexing was the question that, before he realized it, Buddy had reached Great-uncle Kent's apple orchard and was about to make the short cut he knew by a scramble over the fence when he was suddenly confronted by a tall figure in khaki holding a gun.

"Halt!" came the brief command, which, as Buddy only stood staring, was followed by the more friendly explanation: "That ar means stop just whar you are, sonny. I'd hate to hurt a nice boy like you; but if you come pushing in here, I'll surely have to shoot."

(To be continued.)

The King and the Miller.

A mill once stood in the way of the plans of Frederick the Great, of Prussia. He was building his famous palace of Sans Souci, and the mill was exactly where he wished to have a part of his grand mansion. So he sent word to the miller that he wished to buy the mill, and asked him how much he would take for it.

The miller, a blunt and honest fellow, replied to the messenger that it was not for sale—that there was not money enough in Prussia to buy it. Thereupon the King sent him word that, besides paying him any sum he demanded, he would build him a fine new mill in a better situation. But the owner was obdurate.

At last the King, very angry, concluded to see what a personal interview and skilful words could do, and ordered the miller into his presence. Attempting to conceal his irritation, he demanded to know why his visitor had refused so generous an offer for the sake of keeping a tumble-down old ruin. Again the miller enumerated his reasons: it had belonged to his father and grandfather, etc.

"Are you aware," asked the Great Frederick, "that I could take your old mill away from you without giving you a penny in return?"

"Yes," answered the miller, quietly, "I know you *could*; but I am sure you *would not*. You have too much respect for the laws of the Chamber of Justice."

Frederick was so pleased with the reply that he said: "Keep your mill, then, you stubborn fellow! I will have my grounds laid out after another plan."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A new and improved edition of "Christ's Life in Pictures" has been issued by the Extension Press. It is pleasant to hear of the success of this publication, of which as many as 10,000 copies have been sold.

—"A History of the United States," the last work of Mr. Cecil Chesterton, finished shortly before his death, will be published soon by Messrs. Chatto & Windus, London. A short biographical sketch is contributed by Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

—There will be many to welcome a new book by Cardinal Gasquet, entitled "Religio Religiosi," published by R. & T. Washbourne. It explains the object and scope of the religious life; or, to quote the preface, "the reasons which led me, just fifty years ago, to seek salvation through the help afforded by the monastic life and what those helps have been."

—"O Hara San," a Japanese operetta in two acts, by Edith M. Burrows and Edward Johnston, is an unusual production. Music and words combine in producing one of those airy unrealities that are pleasing enough in an Oriental, dreamy way. Horace may have suggested the theme,—surely nothing more, for it is not Horatian in manner or in merit. Old Prince Fushimi and the Cavalier Enipeus make a fine pair of "back numbers" by contrast. J. Fischer & Bro., publishers.

—"The History of the Lithuanian Nation and Its Present National Aspirations," by Kūnigas Antanas Jusaitis, of the University of Fribourg, Switzerland, a twelvemo of one hundred and sixty-five pages, is a translation from the Lithuanian, and is published by the Catholic Truth Society of that nationality. Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, who contributes the preface to this interesting volume, speaks highly of the people whose story is told in its pages; and that story will prove so novel to the average American reader that the book is well worth while. For sale in this country by Scribner's Sons.

—The compendious exposition of Christian apologetics set forth in three courses of Lenten lectures delivered by the Rev. William F. Robison, S. J., is brought to a close in "The Bedrock of Belief." (B. Herder Book Co.) A twelvemo of two hundred and six pages, it contains six lectures, in which are evidenced the argumentative force, the lucidity, and the readableness that characterize Father Robison's two former volumes, "Christ's Masterpiece" and "His Only Son." The discourses are well

calculated to serve the purpose of the author,—that is, to furnish an antidote to the poison of irreligion, especially when masked under the guise of pretentious erudition.

—The John Murphy Co. has issued a second edition of "Whence Cometh Victory," by Mary Brabson Littleton. A brochure of one hundred and nine pages, it discusses a number of the great warriors and empire-builders, and the action of prayer on military victories.

—The death, last week, of Count George von Hertling, formerly Chancellor of the German Empire, is the loss of a great Catholic scholar as well as a great leader. He was as sincerely devoted to peace as he was strenuously opposed to Socialism. As a member of the Reichstag, head of the Centre Party, and Premier of Bavaria, he exercised great influence and was regarded as one of the strongest opponents of Prussianism. His writings, of which there is a long list, are chiefly on philosophical and historical subjects. None of his books, to our knowledge, have as yet been translated into English. Count von Hertling was a Catholic of strong faith and sincere piety. *R. I. P.*

—Some six months ago we noticed in these columns "A Handbook of Moral Theology," by the Rev. A. Koch, D. D., adapted and edited by Mr. Arthur Preuss. It was the first of a series of five volumes dealing with the general subject indicated by the title. Volume II. of the series has just reached our table, and deserves all the praise with which we greeted its predecessor. The contents have to do with "Sin and the Means of Grace," ninety-seven of the book's two hundred and thirty pages being devoted to the first of these topics. Especially commendable features are the copious footnotes, the suggested readings at the end of each chapter, and the good index. Published by the B. Herder Book Co.

—The late Mōnsignor A. A. Lambing, LL. D., of the diocese of Pittsburgh, whose death, at the close of the year, is widely mourned, was distinguished as historian, scholar, educator, and author. He published numerous books on religious and historical subjects, the best known of which are "Mixed Marriages" and "Masses for the Dead," both of which first appeared in THE AVE MARIA. Until failing strength forced him to lay aside his pen, he was a frequent contributor to our pages, and wrote many important articles for historical reviews and the daily press. As a parish priest he was noted

for his zeal, piety, gentleness, and self-sacrifice. A man of the most amiable disposition, always ready to render any service in his power, he won the highest regard of all classes of citizens. His death is a great loss, not only to the diocese of which he was a model priest and in which he held important office, but to the whole Church in the United States. *R. I. P.*

—In proof that the English, who enjoy nothing so much as an Irish "bull," sometimes make very ludicrous mistakes themselves, Montesquieu relates that the publishers of a monthly periodical in London, finding that the last day of the month sometimes happened on a Sunday, held a meeting at the Coffee House, when, to remedy the inconvenience, it was resolved that the publishing day should be the last day but one of the month, not thinking that it would as frequently fall on a Sunday as any other day. A meeting of the inhabitants of Stepney was once called for the protection of the householders against the repetition of robberies which took place the year preceding. The lawyer who drew up the resolutions put an advertisement in the newspapers, stating that the meeting was held for the purpose of preventing the robberies which took place the year before

Some Recent Books.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "A Handbook of Moral Theology." Rev. A. Koch, D. D.—Mr. Arthur Preuss. \$1.50.
- "The Bedrock of Belief." Rev. William Robison, S. J. \$1.25.
- "The Sad Years." Dora Sigerson. \$1.25.
- "Ireland: Its Saints and Scholars." J. M. Flood. 75 cts.
- "The Hand of God." Rev. Martin Scott, S. J. \$1, postage extra.
- "Pastor Halloft." \$1.50.
- "In the Soldier's Service." Mary Dexter. \$1.50.
- "The World Problem." Rev. Joseph Husslein, S. J. \$1.35.
- "Foch the Man." Clara E. Laughlin. \$1.
- "War Mothers." Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S. J. 65 cts.
- "Outline Meditations." Madame Cecilia. \$1.50.
- "Armenia and the War." A. P. Hacobian. 50 cts.

- "A Manual of the History of Dogmas." Rev. Bernard J. Otten, S. J. Vol. II. \$2.50.
- "To the Heart of the Child." Josephine Van Dyke Brownson. \$1.
- "Your Better Self." Humphrey J. Desmond. 50 cts.
- "The Future Life." Rev. Joseph C. Sasia, S. J. \$2.50.
- "His Luckiest Year." Rev. Francis Finn, S. J. \$1.
- "His Only Son." Rev. William F. Robison, S. J. \$1.25.
- "The Heart of Alsace." Benjamin Vallotton. \$1.50.
- "The Mystical Life." Dom S. Louismet, O. S. B. \$1.10, postage extra.
- "The Greater Value." G. M. M. Sheldon. 55 cts., postage extra.
- "Herself—Ireland." Elizabeth T. P. O'Connor. \$2.50.
- "The Dartmoor Window Again." Beatrice Chase. \$2, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bonds.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Francis Clark and Rev. John Walsh, of the archdiocese of Philadelphia; and the Rt. Rev. Mgr. A. A. Lambing, diocese of Pittsburgh. Mother Mary Agnes, of the Sisters of St. Francis; Sister M. Monica, Sisters of St. Dominic; Sister M. Stanislaus and Sister Berlinda, Sisters of Notre Dame; Sister M. Amabilis, Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Sister M. Gertrude, Sisters I. H. M.

Mr. John Barnes, Mr. James Siebert, Mr. Thomas Alty, Miss Agnes O'Brien, Mr. Walter McCormick, Miss Elizabeth Finch, Charles, Anthony, Thomas, and Louise Jordan; Miss Catherine O'Connor, Mr. Joseph Mistek, Mrs. Mary Bahr, Mr. John Moynihan, Mr. Frank Petrick, Miss Bridget McAvoy, Mr. Julius Diel, Mr. Arthur Williams, Mr. Ralph O'Connell, Mr. Peter Cassidy, Mrs. Catherine Wessling, Mr. James Cahill, Mr. Clarence Field, Miss Emily Randall, Miss Catherine Higgins, Mr. Charles I. Duffy, Miss L. D. Valle, Mr. John Tompkins, Mr. S. E. Twining, and Mr. Joseph Stein.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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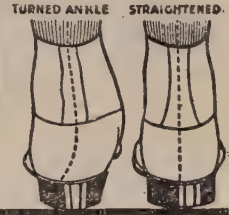
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VOL. IX. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 25, 1919.

NO. 4

[Published every Saturday. Copyright, 1919: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

Our Lady's Quest.

Q WINTER'S eve, the weary seeking rest;
A Mother begs a shelter for her Child;
But sinful men, by passion's voice beguiled,
Refuse to harbor this unwelcome Guest.
Shall no abode by Jesus' birth be blest
Save that where cattle from the tempest wild
Take refuge? Must the Virgin undefiled
Find in a cave the object of her quest?

An early morn, and, from her heavenly throne,
A Mother gazing on this world of sin
Still seeks a shelter for her Son, concealed
In that sweet Sacrament we call Love's own;
A heart her quest, where Jesus, entering in,
May find but faith and tender love revealed.

MARIE.

A Continent to Conquer.

BY THE REV. J. B. CULEMANS, PH. D.

WITH permanent peace in prospect, Catholic eyes will turn anxiously and eagerly to their mission fields, so sorely tried during the war. Many among them have been deprived almost entirely of revenues which in normal times were only barely sufficient for their support and gradual development. Their younger and more vigorous priests were often taken from them to be sent to the army and an early death. The results of long years of superhuman effort, of painful struggle and sacrifice, were threatened with destruction. The bright hopes of a lifetime of unflinching devotion to duty were gradually overlaid

with dark forebodings of an uncertain future. Schools and orphan asylums, the foundation stones of every mission, were eking out a bare existence, unable to admit a large number of the little ones who applied, or were left in charge of the missionary Sisters. New institutions were not to be thought of; and new stations, outposts of light in the darkness, could not be started for lack of priests.

With the re-establishment of normal conditions and the resumption of commercial relations, a gradual improvement is bound to take place. Provisions and money will flow once more towards remote corners of the earth; while, above all, consecrated men and women will wend their way over sea and mountain to fill the gaps made among the veterans in the ranks. It will take years, however, to repair the havoc wrought in mission lands by the world conflagration.

Our Catholic missionary enterprises are scattered over the face of the globe, from the icy Arctic through the burning tropics as far as human life reaches out towards the desolate South Pole. On islands scarcely known to the world at large because they are lost in the vast expanse of the ocean, the Cross is planted, and watered with sweat and tears and often with blood. On immense continents with teeming populations the work of evangelization is carried forward without pause. China, with its unnumbered millions, has long been the goal and the grave of brave and daring apostles of the Crucified. China is a most fruitful field; and on its soil a native clergy is being recruited, to share

the burden and the glory of the "white" teachers; thus rendering their task somewhat lighter, while preparing a reliable army of native apostles for the future.

Several other Asiatic countries enjoy the same advantage, if to a lesser degree. In Japan, in Korea, in Anam, but especially in India and Ceylon, the number of native priests is increasing to a considerable extent. During the past few years of war a new impetus has been given to the training of native candidates, as it became apparent that, for years to come, Europe would be unable to supply a sufficient number of missionaries to replace those who had been called to the colors and had died on the battlefield. Besides, the native priest contributes not a little toward giving prestige to Catholicism in the eyes of his compatriots. And he is able to gain access to their souls to an extent that the white man can seldom hope to attain. The Society for the Propagation of the Faith, realizing the great need, has made a strong appeal for funds to enable missionary bishops to educate more native priests for their dioceses. The response that Mgr. Freri has thus far met with has been very gratifying.

But all mission fields are not so favorably situated as to be able to draw upon their own converts for the work of the ministry. There is still a whole continent where, perhaps for a very long time to come, white missionaries will have to do the work of evangelization unaided; and where the ultimate sacrifice is asked of them generally after a few years of exhausting apostolic labor,—Africa, the Black Continent, and the white man's grave.

The southernmost extremity excepted, and also the northernmost strip along the Mediterranean, Africa is a tropical country, and has in numerous ways been most lavishly endowed by nature. There are found many of the wonders, most of the extremes, the most signal beauties and some of the worst horrors of the habitable globe. Small portions of this immense tropical area—namely, and strangely, the

table-lands under the equator rising from 3000 to 6000 feet above sea level—enjoy a healthy climate. Some years ago our late ex-President-big-game-hunter, after a sojourn there of eleven months, emphatically proclaimed them to be a white man's country. And most authorities have agreed with him. But their extent is small when compared to the enormous area of extreme insalubrity, or to those vast districts of hideous desert devoid of any form of vegetation, of which the Sahara, although the largest, is yet only one among many.

Again, there are belts of forest so extensive, and of such luxuriance and variety of woods, that they are perhaps not equalled anywhere on the globe. The same continent contains the largest, most abundant and most remarkable forms of mammals: the rhinoceroses with the largest horns, the elephants with the biggest tusks; as well as the most manlike ape: the chimpanzee. To complete the contrast, it can boast of a large perpetual ice and snow field, one hundred square miles in extent, right on the equator, where the Ruwenzori Mountain rises to an elevation of more than 20,000 feet; while, farther east, Mounts Kenia and Kilimanjaro are only a little less high and their snow fields just a little smaller. Between these isolated summits and the Ruwenzori range towers the biggest extinct volcano in the world: Mount Elgon.

One of the world's great chains of lakes there gives birth to one of the world's longest streams: the storied Nile. Africa contains the wonderful ruins of one of the earth's mightiest empires and civilizations: the far-famed temples and sculptures and paintings and pyramids and treasure-troves of Egypt. It holds the world's smallest and tallest races: the Pygmies of the Congo Forest and the giant warriors of Masailand. And amidst all this splendor it also holds the world's most degraded types of humanity, farthest removed from all religion or even civilized influence. When white men cease to

slay and destroy one another, they will find there an ample outlet for legitimate ambition, a healthy spirit of adventure, and a stirring life dedicated to the service of their fellowmen.

And what a field for Catholic zeal and effort lying fallow on this vast continent! For, although it was hallowed by the footsteps of the Infant Saviour; although the Faith spread to it early; although the pages of history record the names of its numerous martyrs, saintly confessors, great Doctors of the Church, hermits, and founders of monastic Orders, the continent as a whole has, even to-day, after twenty centuries, scarcely come under the beneficent influence of Catholicism. True, it was only towards the end of the last century that the vast, mysterious recesses of the interior were penetrated by white explorers and opened to the world. And then they revealed a story of such horrible atrocities, of such fearful cruelties, that the world stood aghast.

Those who can recall the indictments drawn up against the Arab slave raiders and traders must have preserved a vivid recollection of those fiends incarnate whose lust for blood and torture knew no bounds, stopped at nothing, and recognized no law either human or divine. The well-armed Arab often killed for the mere brutal joy of killing. His black slaves and soldiers shared all his ferocity. Captive women were needlessly murdered in cold blood. Their children were torn from them, and thrown into camp fires or spitted on spears. A large number of boys were mutilated and sent to Mohammedan harems. One single raider, whose life came to an untimely end, was credited with being responsible for as many as ten thousand deaths.

Nor was this all. The natives themselves were involved in perpetual bloodshed, in internecine fighting, in aggressive attacks on other tribes, when no pity was known and no quarter was given. Whole nations were at the mercy of the powerful

chief of a warlike tribe, who would loot and destroy, kill and mutilate, without ever being sated. Again, the worship of the spirits involved constant human sacrifices, as well as the accession of a new chief. The flow of human blood was so common a sight as to render human hearts absolutely callous. The common tie of humanity between tribe and tribe did not exist, as one swooped down upon another to steal and lay waste, and to drive a frightened remnant of humans into the bush to die of starvation.

Now the whole of the African continent has been partitioned among European nations, who have created colonies; or established protectorates and spheres of influence. The worst orgies have been stopped; cannibalism, while still practised, is on the wane; the most warlike tribes have been brought under control and kept within bounds by military power. Life is fairly safe; general outbreaks of inter-tribal warfare are comparatively rare and quickly suppressed. Superficial signs of civilization have penetrated to many remote corners in the wake of merchants and traders. But the real task of the education and civilization of the black race remains to be undertaken at the hands of missionaries,—Catholic missionaries first of all. An American non-Catholic traveller in those regions, speaking from personal observation of Catholic accomplishments, wrote that such "worth while results can be attained only by men who are willing to go to Africa, and to stay there for life without any regard to immediate success."

How far has the work of evangelization progressed at present? Only before-the-war statistics are available. As gathered by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, they give the whole African continent and adjacent islands a population of 160,391,250. Of these barely 1,516,737 are Catholics, ministered to by 2375 priests. Indeed, "what are these among so many?" A pitifully small mustard seed that must grow until it becometh a tree; a leaven that must

increase until the whole mass is leavened. For nothing less does Christ the Master expect and demand of us than that we should apply ourselves to the task until it is accomplished. Purses lean and fat, the mite of the poor and the abundance of the rich, will be called upon to contribute the material means towards this work of God. But, above all, undaunted men and women will be called upon to come forward and dedicate their lives to it. Will America claim its share in the harvest by furnishing its quota of enthusiastic workers?

Judging from American experience with representatives of the black race who have lived for so long in the midst of our civilized surroundings, it will take more than one generation before the African aborigines shall have advanced far enough in settled Christianized habits of life and modes of thought to give to the Church any large number of candidates for the priesthood. Grace builds on nature; and while it is superabundantly poured out, it meets with a ready response only in long and well trained docile human hearts. In the meantime white apostles will go in numbers when the need is made known and a well-directed organized effort is put forward. Struggling with a merciless climate, with age-old degradation and inveterate vice, finding pleasure in discomfort and hope in the midst of failure, they will lay down their lives, and finally conquer this continent for Christ.

"MARY," says St. Bernard, "is the treasurer of the graces which Jesus Christ has merited for us. But in favor of whom will she dispense them? On whom will she pour them forth abundantly? Doubtless on those who honor her with a truly religious worship, who tenderly love her, who imitate her virtues, and serve her with zeal and fervor." He thus teaches us that devotion to Mary, to produce its salutary fruits, ought to possess certain qualities that make up its character.

Search-Lights.

BY VALENTINE PARAISO.

VIII.

COLONEL SPAGGOT'S house seemed to have shrunk, when he came back from Morton Court. It was very small by comparison. But he always maintained that there was one thing he had and that Morton Court had not: he enjoyed his "Gazebo,"—his summer-house with windows on the wall.

The Colonel could still remember how funny he had thought this erection when first he visited Furzley as a boy and saw Uncle Jeremiah's house. He had always seen a summer-house standing on the ground, but this was sitting on the wall of the front garden. It was round (or, rather, eight-sided), made of wood painted green, bulging a little over the road, and having a pointed roof. Uncle Jeremiah, long-ago, called it a "Gazabo," giving the word a sort of Spanish pronunciation. Such windows were not uncommon on the southern English roads in the old coaching days. They were a good post of outlook for the coach, for travellers on horseback, and for all the sights of the highroad.

When, to his great surprise, Ivy House became Colonel Spaggot's property, his good old housekeeper came to see it from the little flat in town. "Why, then, indeed, sir,—and not to offend you," she said,—"'tis the whole house itself that's the Gazabo!" He discovered that, over in Kerry, they were quite familiar with his uncle's word; but they applied it to any big, inconvenient barrack of a place. The Colonel took to calling Ivy House the "Gazabo." His friends thought the word came from the Indian frontier.

The summer-house on the wall was reached from the level of the grass-plot by a wooden staircase almost as steep as a ladder. The interior was painted a creamy white; and the bright matting on the floor, the flowers on the table, the

girlish workbasket full of lace and ribbons, the cushioned chairs and soft transparent curtains, were all signs of a feminine presence. At the same time there was a slight flavor of tobacco in the atmosphere, a rack of pipes near the door, and a heap of newspapers accumulating on a chair.

Colonel Spaggot sat and smoked there on summer evenings. He could hail a newsboy, when the lads were coming from distant Furzley station with their stock of papers shouldered. The boy would deftly fling up the folded news and catch the coin, and then the Colonel would settle down to read. The grey sheep-dog liked to look out of the open window, standing with his paws on the sill, watching the motors sweep by, and receiving the admiration of country children.

"Things look badly," said the Colonel, opening out his paper.

"I hope my frock looked all right," replied Daisy. "Lady Verreker says blue is my color. I ought to wear Saxe blue."

"Dreadful news!" the Colonel murmured. "It looks inevitable."

"I am not going to fret about it, even if pink *was* a mistake. I might run up to town with you on Monday, papa, and I could buy Saxe blue."

"My dear, you won't find the shops open. First Monday in August—Bank Holiday!"

"So it is! Oh, what a bother! I wanted to begin shopping for our tour."

"The Russians are massing on the German frontier," said the Colonel, as a terrific announcement.

"Papa, I shall want you to bring me to the French shop in Pond Street. I must have one or two dress-baskets more, and a very large hatbox."

"One can't realize it." (The deep voice was speaking behind the paper.) "The Germans massing on the French frontier! Is it going to be 1870 over again?"

"Everyone that goes to Paris ought to carry one trunk quite empty,—Mrs. Jayby-Jones used to say that," observed Daisy, tranquilly, thinking of her own affairs.

"Bank rate doubled!" ejaculated the Colonel, with a low whistle.

"Lady Verreker said I ought to take a maid, papa."

The Colonel laid down the newspaper.

"My dear, we shall have to change the plan of our travels. P. & O. steamer down the Mediterranean, if you like; but we must leave Paris out. There is war over there."

"Oh, what a bother! Why will they have a war, when I want to go to Paris?"

It was some time before they talked again. The girl was occupied with vexation against the European Powers in general. Her father was studying what had passed in "the House" last night. He said to himself that the Empire was facing a terrible question.

"Which do you like, Sydney or Ralph, papa?" said the girl.

The Colonel had to come down from the affairs of nations. His daughter's happiness might depend upon the answer to the question so lightly asked.

"I have altered my opinion about Ralph," he said, in as decided a tone as if he were passing an orderly-room sentence.

"Sydney is an excellent fellow,—excellent!"

"But Ralph is the most fun."

The newspaper went down, and the Colonel took off his reading glasses, and looked at his pretty daughter with some anxiety. She was threading her needle, and smiling over some merry recollection.

"My darling, I know the world and you don't!" Her father was always saying that,—very likely everybody's "papa" was; and, though she loved him beyond words, it was most provoking. He went on: "I know Ralph Verreker to-night better than I knew him this morning; I know him from his own showing,—his own talk and bragging. And you are not going to have anything more to say to him, Daisy. If I thought he was making up to you, I'd want to shoot him."

He walked about in the narrow space of the little, white, wooden room. And

then, perceiving that Daisy was in tears, he stooped over her chair behind the window-curtain, and in a transport of tenderness implored his darling's forgiveness for his rough language.

"You frighten me, my little girl, when you think he is 'fun.' I know from his own lips what a roysterer and spendthrift he is. I heard the other lad say Ralph was giving you tea in the hall with Queen Anne. I couldn't get away from Lady Verreker. Sydney seemed a bit disappointed and down in his luck. I believe he cares a lot about you, Daisy. It would be a pity if he felt that he was second-best."

The Colonel approved of the elder Verreker; all was going well, if Daisy's thoughtlessness did not "upset the apple-cart."

Ralph had disgusted the old soldier by a fit of extravagant talk earlier in the day. First, Ralph talked of Furzley as a "stick-in-the-mud hole," and condemned its slowness with his most violent participation. Then he bragged of "freak parties" in London. He had masqueraded as a gold-digger at a Klondyke supper, where the hotel was transformed with mimic huts, and everything was in camp style—except the wine. There had also been a Nell-of-Old-Drury night, in costumes of Charles the Second's time, entertaining those titled beauties and favorite actresses without whom no fashionable London gathering was complete. There was to be a "hunting" supper next, with horses, scarlet coats and riding habits, in a hotel courtyard roofed over for the occasion. The guests were to sup in the saddle; and, if the frolic and the wine led that way, there would be some leaping before the night was over. He himself had, before now, taken a horse over a table loaded with china, without chipping a glass. Talking of horses, he told anecdotes of his visit to South Africa. He went there to shoot big game. He laughed over his evenings with the diamond men at Kimberley, where he always gave his

mount a pailful of champagne to make him frisky for going home. Ralph Verreker had a good deal to say about horses. He confided to the Colonel that he had got on the wrong ones lately,—'but Syd was an awfully decent sort.'

And Bulger, in speaking to the Colonel about the expenses of the flower show, declared that "Mr. Sydney" always paid most of them; for it was well known that the old lady parted with nothing she could hold on to; and "Mr. Ralph" had spent his portion long ago and was head-over-ears in debt. Bulger stated facts bluntly. Perhaps he had overheard the reflection upon Furzley; for he said it was better to "go slow" any day than to run through other folks' property. Bulger was a builder who had got on and become an Urban District Councillor; and what Bulger did not know in Furzley was not worth knowing.

The summer sky darkened, while the Colonel and his daughter talked that night in the window of the Gazabo. Daisy's tears and the father's tenderness had drawn them nearer together. All was right now. She drew a sigh of relief. There was no one in the world for whose sake she would hurt that faithful heart. But the little scene, while she feasted on grapes in the vinery "for fun," had gone nearer affecting her destiny than she could have imagined. She had fenced with Ralph's flatteries and yet enjoyed them; and she had to reassure herself now that she had made no shadow of an avowal, no promise. She would try to think no more of her impulsive admirer. It had been an exciting day. Ralph's compliments had been a sudden siege laid to her heart through her weakest point—her girlish vanity. The whole affair had been the greatest surprise of her life. The girl would have been still more surprised if she could have known that Ralph Verreker himself had not dreamt of such a crisis an hour earlier, and had forgotten all about it before the evening was out. He went up to town to the first night of

"March Hares," and was presently more interested in the central figure of the new "revue" than ever he had been in Daisy Spaggot.

The Colonel walked up and down in the darkening summer-house, coming to the window to shake out the ashes of his cigarette, and pausing in his talk when the tram-car went heavily by.

"Dear child," he said, putting a hand on her shoulder, "I happen to know that Syd is very fond of you."

"Well, I wish he wasn't!" She caught her father's hand with both her own, and laid her cheek against his sleeve. "All the Verrekers are going away, papa,—the old lady and all. So we shan't think about them any more."

She stood up and went to open the door at the back of the summer-house. It had grown very dark. There was a peal of distant thunder, but not yet a drop of rain. Pepper took two steps on the ladder, and went sliding down, as he always did, barking and shaking himself when he was on level ground.

"Take care of yourself!" said the girl. "Papa darling, do take care!"

The Colonel came backwards like a sailor down the steep wooden staircase.

"My dear Daisy, you must not get it into your head that you have always to stay and take care of me. That would be hard on Somebody!"

The girl, in her soft white, waited at the foot of the ladder, and clasped his arm when he touched the ground, and turned towards the house.

"If you want to get rid of me, papa" (the coaxing voice had a hint of a grievance in it), "I had better go to the 'tin church,' and then I could go into a nunnery and be one of the abbesses."

Lady Verreker was not well; she blamed Furzley. When Colonel Spaggot and his daughter called at Morton Court, they had to mount to that boudoir with the faded hangings of sea-green silk. Her ladyship was restless, exactly as her

grandson had said. She was setting out to-morrow for the house in Wales, taking her favorite possessions with her, as well as her maid, her "invaluable" cook, the pair of horses and the carriage, and Old Grubbs the coachman.

The portraits of the two boys in fancy costume caught the Colonel's attention, and "gran" talked of nothing else but those boys from that moment. Ralph was away again; he was everybody's favorite. But Sydney would soon be back at Morton Court. He had to be near town for Company business, and he could run up from Morton Court in half an hour. Whenever Lady Verreker spoke of Sydrey, she looked at Daisy Spaggot. The Colonel was elated. He had set his heart upon this marriage. He wanted Morton Court and the Verreker fortune for Daisy. And it would be all right. Though she had a coquettish way with her, and might make delays, the lad would like her all the better for having had to win her. Even Daisy herself began that afternoon to look at the spacious Queen Anne house with personal interest, just as she had looked at the garden of flowers and light, when it dawned upon her that Sydney "cared."

Next day the carriage-and-pair went in state past the Gazabo, followed by a wagonette with the servants and the luggage. Then came the Wednesday, four days after the Furzley flower show. Very early in the morning the newsboys came down the long road from the railway station, loaded with their papers. They ran shrieking one word, like imps rejoicing in evil tidings. Across the news-bills there were but three letters as large as printers' ink could smear them.

It was a short word. But it meant the stepping of England over the brink; it meant European war, that one of her own statesmen had rightly named but a few hours before an "unparalleled calamity." No one realized as yet that "the floodgates of the great deep were opened." The nations were involved in a deluge that

would seem as if it were going to submerge the earth forever. The waters of the new deluge were blood and tears and ruin.

The little word, that meant so much, was but a proud excitement at the beginning. People met in tram-cars and trains, and talked glibly of the mobilization of the army, and wondered what force would be sent abroad, and where would they go. Would our soldiers cross over to France, or were they already on the way to save Belgium? Details were secret; there was a slight strain of curiosity and impatience. It all added a new spice to life for the millions who did not understand. Furzley had a group about the newspaper shop, staring at the placards. The boys began to play at soldiers, with helmets made of brown paper bags: and they had as much idea of the reality as the Furzley folk. There were rustics whose imagination pictured a vast field beyond the sea, where the whole contest was to take place; there was always a battlefield, of course.

When one met a convoy of four-year-olds in Blackberry Lane, holding up both hands, and going laughing and singing along—as prisoners!—one saw a lively illustration of the blissful ignorance of the masses at the beginning of the war. As the novelty wore off, the knowledge of the reality spread. The children of the streets found other games. War became a state of existence, a burden day and night; it reached to Furzley; there was no village of the land, no peaceful corner or cranny it did not find out. It came in like a shadowy presence, and broke up the circle at every fireside, and put out the fire on the hearth, and beckoned with a gaunt finger to the best and the dearest to follow and to come back no more.

Colonel Spaggot was up to town every day to gather news. He was besieging the War Office by letters and calls. Was there nothing he could do in his country's service? All his efforts had ended so far in a tangle of "red tape."

The climax of the "war scare" had been a shock. War had come, in spite of his optimism. He had always thought himself to be absolutely right,—to have practically infallible judgment. He sometimes wondered now what else he was wrong about. He had said war would not come, and here it was!

The very first morning after the great news, he was looking for his cigarette case before an early start to town; and when he found it in the pocket of his favorite old coat, he had to stop Daisy's search. She had gone up to the summer-house. He crossed the grass-grown plot that was their substitute for a garden, and went up the steep steps among the row of elms.

"Are you there, Daisy?" he called. "I have found it."

The girl did not hear him. She was in their watchtower above the road; but she was looking out of a wide-open window at the front; while Pepper stood beside her on his hind-legs, with his paws and mop head on the windowsill. From the road came a roar of motor vehicles and boyish voices cheering. Just as the Colonel stepped into the summer-house, the crowded top of a motor bus went rushing by. Men in khaki were on it, standing as well as seated. The bus rocked along, followed by another and another.

"Hurrah, boys!—hurrah!" shouted the old soldier from the window. "Wave to them, Daisy!"

"Bravo!" cried the girl in white; and again: "Bravo-o-o!"

"That's right!" the Colonel said. There was a moist brightness in his keen eyes. He stood back abruptly from the window.

"Where are they going?"

He shook his head;

"To some dépôt. They are joining up to their regiments. They may be with some of the first lot going over. God knows where they are going, child, and what they are to see before they are killed or come back! Well, well, I wish I was one of them! A man is 'as old as he feels,'

and I am young enough to serve; but I can't get them to see that. They have such entanglements of 'red tape' one can't hope to get through. If they are thinking of having wire entanglements out there, they ought to try 'red tape' instead."

"Why are the soldiers going on buses?" the girl asked, anxious to steer her father away from his grievance.

"They are going to centres where they muster, but I fancy some thousands of the good old buses will go to the Front with the transport."

"Oh, look! Here are more coming!"

"By Jove, yes,—here they are! I wonder if they are going out with the first lot,—the first to go,—the first to die! Look at them, Daisy! Most of them will never come back again. Hurrah, boys!—hurrah!"

He was leaning out of the middle window, cheering. He looked at the girl beside him. She was waving a fluttering handkerchief, calling out, "Bravo!" with a splendid smile, with the tears running down her face.

As the loaded buses rattled by, many a hand went up to the foreheads under the khaki caps, with a grateful salute. Farther down the road, the soldiers set up a chorus; and so they disappeared in a cloud of dust,—sweeping off into the darkness of mystery. They went in those days with heroic readiness to an unknown destination. Not even the hand that grasped theirs last had any idea whither they were going.

A revelation had come to Daisy Spaggot. The world was much wider than her own life. Her impressionable nature saw in a flash that there were such things as duty and sacrifice and heroism. These things were sacred, and kept their nobility in the most commonplace surroundings: the everyday motor-buses and the dusty London road mattered nothing. She had forgotten herself completely.

"We must give up that tour of ours, Daisy." The Colonel was turning away

from the window. "I must get them to accept my services in some way."

"Oh, not abroad?" Her face whitened with the question.

"Unfortunately, no!"

She put her arms round his neck, and drew down the grey head to kiss his cheek.

"I am so glad you are not going away! I can make only very little sacrifices. I can do without Paris and Japan, papa; but I could not do without *you!*"

And then they wondered how long this strange thing called war would go on. Not long, the Colonel thought; he was an optimist.

"When it is all over, papa, we shall illuminate with colored lanterns, and make the Gazabo look so pretty."

(To be continued.)

A Candidate for Canonization.

IV.

THE "Little Company," as St. Vincent called his foundation, was a novelty in the history of the Church. In the seventeenth century all religious Orders for women were cloistered; and the sight of these young girls—who, as their rule beautifully expresses it, 'had a sick room for their monastery, a hired room for their cell, the streets of the town or the wards of a hospital for their cloister, holy modesty for their veil'—was a strange spectacle. It needed all St. Vincent's reputation for sanctity and prudence to render his foundation acceptable even in the eyes of pious persons. The idea of religious women going to and fro, engaged in active works of charity abroad, was generally regarded as an alarming innovation.

In deference to the prejudices of his time, the saint carefully abstained from giving his "Little Company" the appearance of a religious Order. He forbade the Sisters to put up gratings in their parlors, in order not to alarm the poor who might come to speak to them. Their dress, too,

was that usually worn by women of the people,—a dress of thick grey stuff, with white undersleeves; a tight white cap, under which the hair was gathered up. Those who were stationed in the country were allowed to wear over their cap a kind of white linen headdress, with wide wings destined to preserve them from the sun. This headgear, which was worn at the time by the peasant women of the Ile de France, was adopted in 1685 by all the Sisters of Charity without distinction. Now as then, it is called a "cornette," and is the distinctive outward sign of St. Vincent's daughters.

By degrees, as the number of the Sisters increased, the little house where Louise had lived since her widowhood became too small; and in 1636 she removed with her community to a house situated in the outskirts of Paris, on the road to St. Denis. Here she remained until 1641, when she was again obliged to seek a larger abode to lodge her rapidly increasing family. She bought a spacious house in the Faubourg St. Denis, close to St. Lazare, where St. Vincent had established the headquarters of his Congregation of Missionaries. The Sisters of Charity resided here until they were driven out by the Revolution of 1793.

The "Little Company" began, very soon after its birth, to take its place in the religious world of the day. A survey of the works of charity and zeal in which Louise and her daughters took a prominent part will prove the rapid growth of an association so lowly in its origin, so glorious in its fruits. We have already seen how the attention of our heroine and of her first companions was drawn to the miserable state of the sick in remote country villages. Their condition in large towns was scarcely any better; and the hospitals in Paris contrasted strangely, by their internal arrangements, with the hospitals of our own day.

In the Hôtel Dieu, or chief hospital, from 1000 to 1200 sick persons were

lodged at a time. They were under the care of 130 Augustinian nuns, whose superior had occupied the post for twenty years. She spared no pains to improve the food and general treatment of her charges; but, in spite of her efforts, she was unable even to obtain that each sick person should have a separate bed. This reform, which seems to us elementary, was not accomplished till the reign of Louis XVI., nearly a century later. Neither St. Vincent nor Louise had the intention of encroaching on the field so worthily occupied by the Augustinian nuns; but these devoted women needed assistance in their laborious task, and the funds of which they could dispose were inadequate to provide for all the necessities of the sick.

We have already related how the Confraternities of Charity founded by St. Vincent were divided into two classes,—the one composed of women wholly consecrated to the service of the poor; the other, of women of the world, unable to give all their time, but whose alms supported the workings of the associations. The first class of associates were now living in community under the name of Daughters (or Sisters) of Charity; and their helpers, the Ladies of Charity, continued to bring to the work the assistance of their money, their influence, and often their personal exertions.

It was one of these Ladies, Madame Goussault, who first suggested to St. Vincent that the Ladies of Charity might be usefully employed in visiting the Paris hospitals. She herself was one of the most interesting of this noble band of women. The widow of a magistrate and the mother of five children, she was still young, exceedingly beautiful, and very wealthy, but it was her spiritual gifts that made her remarkable. On one occasion, St. Vincent having sent her to Angers to visit the Confraternities of Charity, she fairly took the town by storm. "It is easy to see that you love the poor!" exclaimed some one who heard her speak on her

favorite topic. "You are twice as beautiful when you converse with them." Her piety was contagiously simple and cordial.

St. Vincent approved of her desire to visit the Paris hospitals; but he carefully impressed upon the Ladies of Charity that he sent them to assist the nuns and not to dictate to them: "You must ask them as a favor to allow you to help in taking care of the sick; . . . and honor them always as the real mistresses of the house and the spouses of Jesus Christ." The Ladies seem to have entered into the spirit of this wise piece of advice; their humility and discretion won the good nuns, who gladly gave them every facility for visiting the hospitals.

Madame Goussault had noticed that the sick were allowed only two meals a day: the funds of the Hôtel Dieu did not provide for more. She, therefore, with the assistance of Louise and her Sisters, established a kitchen in a house adjoining the hospital. Here the Sisters cooked the food, which the Ladies distributed on their rounds through the wards. The sick, who speedily recognized the benefit of this welcome addition to their scanty fare, grew to know and love their visitors. And, not content with ministering to the bodily necessities of their charges, the Ladies spent much time in consoling and instructing these poor waifs and strays of humanity, whose gratitude they earned by the unstinting generosity with which they supplied their wants.

It was a new and touching sight in the gay Capital. Every day, towards one o'clock, a certain number of Ladies of Charity—among whom, we are told, were princesses and duchesses—arrived at the Hôtel Dieu. Their first visit was to the Blessed Sacrament. Then, in groups of four, having on a white apron and carrying soups, jellies, and other delicacies, they visited the different wards; and, assisted by the Sisters of Charity, they distributed to the sick all that they had brought them. After having ministered to their bodies, the Ladies of Charity devoted more time

and more care to the souls of their charges. They used to spend hours by their sick beds, speaking to them of God and of heaven, preparing them for confession and Holy Communion with truly apostolic zeal. During the first year after their entrance to the Hôtel Dieu, they were the means of converting seven hundred and sixty Lutherans, Calvinists or Turks.

It would take too long to relate the history of all the noble women who enrolled themselves in the Confraternities of the Ladies of Charity. Besides the beautiful Madame Goussault, between whom and our Louise there existed a tender friendship, we must name Madame de Lamoignon, whom St. Francis of Sales calls "one of the holiest women of her day." Her life in the world was that of a religious. It was said of her that her clothes and her money seemed the common property of herself and of the poor. The doors of her hospitable mansion were opened wide to receive them; and none ever crossed the threshold of this "mother of the poor" without finding relief and comfort.

The Duchess d'Aiguillon (Cardinal Richelieu's niece), the Duchess of Liancourt, who later fell into the errors of Jansenism, but who at that time was one of the holiest women of the great world, and many others completed this band of devoted workers. It was from our heroine that they learned the lessons of that charity of which they gave to the world such noble examples.

Madame Goussault and other ladies of high rank used often to spend several days under the roof of the Sisters of Charity, in order to enjoy the society of Louise. Many of them, under her guidance, consecrated two or three days to prayer and meditation. But she seems to have used her influence with extreme delicacy and discretion, never intruding her advice, and giving it, when sought for, in the humblest manner possible. Her definition of perfection deserves to be quoted. Writing in 1636 to a lady who had asked her for advice on spiritual matters, she

says: "Perfection is a sweet and loving union of our will to the will of God."

After the visit of the hospitals, the most important work which owed its origin to St. Vincent was the "Enfants Trouvés," or abandoned children. The police reports of the period inform us, incredible as it may appear, that between three hundred and four hundred infants were exposed each year in the streets of Paris. Those whom the police picked up were given over to a widow woman who was supposed to take care of them, but who made them an object of traffic. It often happened that she or her servants sold the poor infants either to other women anxious to replace secretly some child whose parents had entrusted it to their care; or else, worse still, the infants were given to beggars, who used them to excite public interest and compassion. St. Vincent, who was not prone to exaggerate, affirms that of the children who remained under the care of the widow not one had survived in the course of fifty years. Moreover, she herself confessed that she never had even one of them baptized.

The saint had long felt an ardent desire to save these little unfortunates from certain death. One evening as he was returning from preaching in the neighborhood of Paris, he saw a beggar who was engaged in mutilating an infant in order to render it an object of compassion. He tore the child from its tormentor, and then and there resolved to found the work for the rescue of children whom their parents had abandoned. Full of this idea, he assembled the Ladies of Charity. Most of them were happy and loving mothers, and their hearts went out to the poor little waifs.

The Confraternity decided to begin by adopting twelve infants, who were immediately established in a house hired for the purpose. The Ladies of Charity undertook to provide for the expenses of the new foundation; but the immediate care of the children was entrusted to Louise and to her Sisters. St. Vincent often

visited the home. We are told that he would appear at nightfall, sometimes drenched with rain, but full of joy as he displayed, wrapped in the folds of his shabby black cloak, one or two little infants whom he had picked up in the streets.

The books still exist in which Louise and St. Vincent kept an exact account of the workings of this most useful institution. Although our heroine continued to reside habitually in the midst of her novices, yet she was charged with the general supervision and direction of the new foundation. She devoted herself to it with loving tenderness, and at the same time with the practical good sense and exactitude that characterized her, and to which her old account-books bear witness. The number of infants rescued, the date of their entrance, the expenses of the house, the minute details of its organization, are carefully noted. As a rule, the little waifs are known only by the name given to them at their baptism; sometimes by that of the day on which they were rescued; thus we have "Jeanne de la Résurrection."

The human element necessarily mingles with the noblest works. The Ladies of Charity had embraced with real enthusiasm the idea suggested to them; they had generously provided for all the first expenses, and had constituted themselves the adopted mothers of the "Enfants Trouvés." By degrees, however, their zeal somewhat slackened; and, owing perhaps to the political troubles that disturbed the kingdom during the minority of Louis XIV., their alms became more scanty. For some time St. Vincent and Louise struggled bravely against financial difficulties; but the number of the infants had considerably increased, and prices of provisions were ruinous.

At last, in 1648, the saint assembled the Ladies and laid before them the state of the case. "Compassion and charity," he said, "made you adopt these little creatures for your children. You have

become their mothers, since their natural mothers have abandoned them. Do you also wish now to abandon them? Cease to be their mothers, and you become their judges: their life and death are in your hands. They will live if you continue to care for them; they will most certainly perish if you abandon them." The Ladies present responded to this appeal by their tears; and, with an ardor equal to their former enthusiasm, they decided to pursue the work at any price. Later on, however, in consequence of circumstances which it would be too long to relate, the institution again passed completely into the hands of the Sisters of Charity, under whose charge it remained and prospered.

As we have already mentioned, the period during which Louise laid the foundations of her Congregations was one of the most unsettled in the history of France. During the latter years of the reign of Louis XIII., and during the regency of Anne of Austria for her infant son, Louis XIV., the kingdom was a prey to foreign invasions and to internal dissensions. Among these scenes of bloodshed and misery, the Daughters of St. Vincent proved themselves to be what they are now, in the midst of the wars and revolutions of our own day. Inspired by love for their "dear lords and masters," the poor, these simple village girls displayed the courage of heroines and the self-sacrifice of saints. Louise set them a bright example of devotion. When in 1636 the Spanish armies invaded the North of France, she threw wide open the doors of her little house at La Chapelle to receive the peasants who were flying in terror before the enemy.

(Conclusion next week.)

EVERYONE knows how necessary prayer is for all men: not that God's decrees can be changed; but, as St. Gregory says, "that men by asking may merit to receive what Almighty God hath decreed from eternity to grant them."

—Pope Leo XIII.

Mother.

BY THOMAS A. LAHEY, C. S. C.

MOTHER—the name that an angel caught
From the lips of God in the courts above;
Mother—the name that an angel taught
To the speechless tongue of an infant's love.
Mother—a memory heeded not
In the first wild, reckless hours of life;
Mother—the name that a man forgot
In the weary hours of worldly strife.
"Mother!" the sigh of a fallen foe
Through the night hush falling on fields of pain;
"Mother!" an answering word, and, lo!
The wayward man is a boy again.

The Reformation Monument at Geneva.

BY DUDLEY BAXTER, B. A. OXON.

THIS remarkable and unique "Mur de la Réformation," just under the old ramparts and the "Rue de la Croix-Rouge," was to have been inaugurated upon the fourth centenary of Luther's advent in June, 1517, at Wittenberg, by an international assemblage, headed by the German Kaiser himself. Instead, upon July the 7th, 1917, a few Genevan dignitaries merely made speeches in the presence of a small attendance; and there was no unveiling even of Calvin's *sole* statue here. The first stone had been laid on July 6, 1909 (the fourth centenary of Calvin's birth); and the memorial's total cost will be about 700,000 francs,—of which over 10,000 were not yet paid. Subscriptions came from various parts of the world, especially Great Britain and the United States of America, as well as from the Protestant parts of Switzerland itself.

The entire lofty wall in the beautiful University park has been faced for nearly two hundred yards with special stone; and its long range of statues, together with the artistic bas-reliefs, are of the same material. Underneath runs a wide

stone "trench" to match, filled with water and water-plants; while beyond and opposite rises a terrace of steps, with granite armorial mosaics in its centre (including Scotland's Lion), and at either end a stone pilaster, engraved with only the names of Luther and Zwingli respectively.

Raised on a massive pedestal in the centre of the wall itself are four "graven images" of heavy German aspect and colossal dimensions,—already much disliked and even ridiculed. The tallest portrays Calvin himself, of course; while the others of this gloomy group represent his predecessor Farel, his successor Béze, and his odious Scottish disciple, John Knox (holding a Geneva Bible). Their surnames are carved on each side, with the sacred monogram underneath; and they are all arrayed alike in the Genevan "black gown" with lappel-ties and skull-caps. Along the wall above, also on either side, in big iron letters, is Geneva's municipal motto—"Post tenebras lux." One may here note that, through the immigration of French or Italian Catholics and the annexation a century ago of Savoyard communes, there are now about ten thousand more "Papists" than Calvinists in Geneva and its small canton,—verily *Light after darkness!*

Jean Calvin, who arrived here in 1536, was himself an apostate Frenchman,—having been born at ill-fated Noyon. The other three were all foreign refugees, too; and consequently there was nothing national about this "reforming" quartet. Low down, the date 1559 is carved twice as that of Calvin's book "*Institutio Religionis Christianæ*"; also of Geneva University's foundation, the Covenant's signature at Perth, the Reformation's commencement at "St. Giles d'Edimbourg," etc.; but, curiously enough, the Elizabethan fundamental Acts of Supremacy and Uniformity are not included in these "1559" inscriptions.

Beginning from the north end, in order to describe the other six statues (much

smaller in size and far more artistic) and their successive bas-reliefs, first comes the date 1536, with a statement that on May 21 the people of Geneva ratified the Reformation's edicts, and decreed public obligatory education. Both above and under each bas-relief, in its "framed" oblong panel, is carved an inscription; others in smaller size are inscribed around, as well as names just underneath; but they can not be detailed here.

The first is in German—an extract, beginning "*Wir Friedrich Wilhelm,*" from the *Potsdamer Edikt* of 1685. Under this picture carved in stone are the following explanatory words in French: "The Elector of Brandenburg, Duke of Prussia, receives in his States French refugees, victims of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes." The adjacent first statue, upon a species of buttress, is that of their kind friend, "the Great Elector," and was the gift of his imperial descendant, William II.

The next upper inscription is in Dutch, and under its bas-relief is engraved in French: "July 26, 1581, the States-General, assembled at The Hague, adopt the declaration of independence of the United Provinces." Its accompanying statue, on the right, of course portrays William the Silent, the murdered Prince of Orange, whose daughter died here and was buried at St. Pierre.

All the adjacent inscriptions are in French, and under the carved panel one reads: "Henry IV., King of France and Navarre, signs the Edict of Nantes, April 13, 1598." As that tolerant monarch was then a convert to the Catholic religion from Calvinism itself, the adjoining statue represents instead another assassinated Protestant—viz., the Huguenot Admiral Coligny, Orange's father-in-law. Next comes the "*Nostre Père*" in old French; and underneath the bas-relief is an explanation that the latter portrays "The Reform preached to the people of Geneva in the presence of the envoys from Berné." Beyond this rises the ugly central group

of four heresiarchs, the last and best being the lifelike statue (its head was even remodelled for greater accuracy) of Knox,—one of whose direct descendants, a convert Anglican clergyman, was ordained priest during the "centenary" year!

Upon the right of this bigoted vandal's image the "Lord's Prayer" is carved in English; and under the bas-relief are the following words in French: "John Knox preaches the Reform at St. Giles', Edinburgh, before the Court of Mary Stuart." Our martyred Catholic Queen herself is not, of course, portrayed therein; but her confessor is introduced, listening with angry aspect, amid Darnley and other noblemen, to "Scotland's Reformer" (who dwelt here, with his wife and family, from 1555 to 1557). We may also note, in regard to the ever-increasing disunion of Protestantism, that the Calvinist "Church of Scotland" even at Geneva apparently always worships apart from its parent stem (itself now divided into various conflicting sects); while the "Church of England," although locally of the Evangelical variety, now almost abhors Calvinism. On the other hand, Luther's Germany had a Catholic Chancellor in 1917; its mixed "Calvinist-Lutheran" State religion is being widely exchanged for free-thought, and at Geneva itself Calvinism has long been on the wane.

The first of the three statues upon this side represents the English colonist and dissenting divine, Roger Williams, holding his (?) book called "Soul Liberty"; while the adjacent inscription is an excerpt in old English from "The Mayflower Compact" of 1620. This panel—inscribed in French, "The Pilgrim Fathers found the first colony of the New England,"—shows these Puritan exiles for religious liberty signing their *Pact* on board the historic Plymouth ship before landing in the future U. S. A. It is interesting to note that persecuted English Catholic "pilgrims," including two Jesuit Fathers, also sailed for freedom in 1633; and,

under the direction of that zealous convert, Cecil Calvert (later the second Lord Baltimore), founded Maryland. This was the first colony in the New World to establish real religious toleration, and was named after Protestant England's Catholic Queen, Henrietta Maria (the Bourbon consort of hapless Charles Stuart); while *New York* itself received its name in honor of her Majesty's convert brother-in-law, then Duke of York and afterwards our last Catholic King, James II.

Then comes an admirable statue of that British bigot, Oliver Cromwell, in armor, leaning on his murderous sword; followed by an upper inscription in English of some phrases from the Protestant Bill of Rights (and of Catholic Wrongs!). Under the bas-relief is engraved in French: "The Lords and Commons present to William and to Mary the Declaration of Rights of the English,"—these Royal usurpers forming its central figures.

The last statue is that of Bocskay in picturesque magnate's costume; while the adjoining inscription up above is in Latin, being an extract from the *Pacificatio* of Vienna. Underneath the carved picture-panel is recorded in French: "Victorious Stephen Bocskay, Prince of Transylvania, brings to the Hungarian Diet on December 13, 1606, the Peace of Vienna, fundamental guarantee of religious liberty in the realm." Finally, at this end of the Reformation "wall" is the date 1602, in large figures; and a last inscription, relating how the people of Geneva, on December the 12th, repelled the nocturnal "Escalade" attempted by Savoy's Catholic Duke, thereby assuring its independence, both political and religious.

Meanwhile two more bas-reliefs are eventually to be added near the side steps at either extremity,—one of which will commemorate Archbishop Cranmer and the *English* Reformation, much to the chagrin of future "Anglo-Catholic" tourists. Of course this charming City of the Red Cross was also the "cradle" of nearly all these national heresies, as

well as the "spiritual home" of their principal promoters; it was long, in fact, the Rome of Protestantism. Now Calvin's own city actually contains over three and a half thousand more Catholics than Protestants!

Addenda.—During the old religion's restoration under Queen Mary, so many British Protestant refugees arrived at Geneva that a local "Church" was founded for them, over which John Knox presided as pastor in Calvin's "Auditoire" chapel, close to the ex-cathedral of St. Peter. Their new prayer-book in English and Latin included Calvin's catechism, and reproduced the Strasbourg "confession of sins," approved by that tyrannical heresiarch. The leaders published here several works, including an edition of the Bible, Goodman's attack upon poor "Bloody Mary," and Knox's violent "First blow of the trumpet against the monstrous government of women," for which Elizabeth never forgave the latter. Indeed, after her accession to St. Edward's throne, this Tudor *virago non virgo* refused him a passport via England; although Knox hypocritically now stated that God, by "a special disposition of His mercy," had rendered feminine rule legitimate in her (illegitimate) Majesty.

Many Britons became very democratic out here; and some, including Knox himself, were made citizens of republican Geneva, as well as members of its new Church,—afterwards returning, as Anglican or Presbyterian ministers, to propagate Calvinism in Great Britain. A paper was read recently here about the Stafford family's adventures at Geneva. They arrived in 1555, and next year was born a son, to whom Calvin himself stood sponsor. After Sir William's subsequent death, his widow wanted to return to England with her children; but the autocratic Calvin refused permission, for fear of "Popish perversions," despite the appeal of her brother-in-law in person.

Thereupon Lady Stafford, who evidently much disliked the cruel heresiarch, went to Basel, and in 1559 was enabled to reach home with this boy.

In conclusion, perhaps I may add that, as head of the old Warwickshire family, I myself am the reputed "heir" of Richard Baxter, English Nonconformity's virtual founder in the seventeenth century; and that on St. Peter's Day, 1917, I "came of age" at Geneva as a Catholic—*laus Deo semper!*

Stars in the Night.

BY NORA RYEMAN.

When the night is dark the stars come out.

A CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS.

THE war has taken its toll of the lives of Catholic chaplains,—of those priestly heroes who have ministered to their sheep, under shot and shell; have "gone over the top" when they could, with comparative safety, have remained in the trenches. The thrilling words of the Six Hundred apply to these priests, parochial and religious, who literally obeyed their Master, and earned His glorious meed of praise: "As long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it unto Me."

One of these heroic "sky pilots" was a convert-priest, the Rev. Charles Whiteford, of whom I think the numerous readers of THE AVE MARIA may like to hear. He lived in a beautiful house in the fair green county of Shropshire, not far removed from Mary's Meadow, where, as in a cosy and fragrant nest, lived Armel O'Connor, the poet, whose beautiful *Life of St. Philip of Alcantara* has been a joy to so many; and Violet, his wife; with Betty, for whom "Thoughts for Betty" was written.

In this same district, near by historic Ludlow, is Whitton Court, one of the stately homes of England, where the boy's aunts resided. He had many happy hours in this antique mansion; played in the

tapestry room in winter, when the fires blazed on the big open hearths; and took part in Christmas gatherings in the great hall, all decked with greenery, when the village children gathered round the Christmas Tree, prepared for them by the amiable ladies of the Court, who loved to play the rôle of fairy godmothers. In summer he had the Old-World garden for a playground, watched the unfolding of the roses, the shadows falling on the sundial, and doubtless the ripening of the cherries. Ludlow has many memories, and it seems to me the group of friends who live close to it enhance its charm.

The boy often went to Mary's Meadow, felt an interest in Catholicism—an interest which deepened into faith,—and in course of time he became a Catholic. His widowed mother had one of those noble spirits which rejoice to see men led by conscience; so, though herself an Anglican, she hindered not her son,—on the contrary, helped him on his pilgrim's way.

He had graduated at Oxford; but, upon deciding for the priesthood, he went to the Beda College, Rome, for a long course of study. And there he was ordained, his own loved mother presenting him with the chalice for his first Mass. I have two of his First Communion cards. One of them bears the image of the Miraculous Virgin; the other, of a priest saying Mass. The date is the 27th of February, 1915.

I hope I may be pardoned if I give a slight personal reminiscence, showing the young priest's kindliness. I intensely desired to pray, in the church of St. Cecilia in Trastevere, for one most dear to me, and I could make only a spiritual pilgrimage thither. Some of you may have felt this same strong desire to reach an especial place, sanctified by the blood of martyrs, by miracles, by memory. Father Whiteford knew of this wish, went to the temple in my stead, and prayed for the one I loved—*still* love.

Upon his return to England, he took up parish work at Shrewsbury, and later on

became a chaplain to the Forces. And on the Western Front he passed away. Like so many of his brethren in Christ, he died to self, and lived for others. He went on the field in one of the fiercest battles, ministered to the dying in the face of danger, and was mortally hurt.

He lay in the open, under the stars, for hours; then they found him and took him to the hospital, where he heard, "Follow thou Me," as blessed Peter heard it ages ago by the Galilean Lake. "It seems to me that the only peace on earth is the peace of Christ," he once wrote in a letter from Rome; and we, who are still but pilgrims and strangers, think of him as one of the inheritors of that peace which can not be taken away.

His Requiem Mass was said in the chapel of the Holy Souls, in Westminster Cathedral,—that chapel given by Mrs. Weld after the loss of her husband, and prior to her entering religion at Bergholt Abbey. The dear sister, who shared his interests and loved him so tenderly, sent me his photograph; and the brave young face of this Captain Courageous of God's great army looks at me from under an officer's cap.

He has gone on the long furlough. They will no longer watch for him at Mary's Meadow, neither will his dog bark when he opens the gate at home. But, as we humbly hope, the mother who went before him may have met him. And as for us—

We hope to find him resting underneath an angel's palm,

With no battle scars upon him, by a sea forever calm,

Where the doves of peace are cooing, and no trumpet sounds alarm.

THE GOLDEN DOCTOR.

We find some doctors who are both heroes and good Samaritans, both in the piping times of peace and in war time; both in civilian life and the life of the trenches. The priest, the doctor, the lawyer,—these are often a man's last friends. I am going to tell you of one

whom I call the "Golden Doctor" and his sweet and gentle wife. I see the "one" whom of all God's creatures I loved the best sitting between them as I write. They are talking together as close friends. The birds are singing outside in the Virginian creeper; and the "black camel" has not knelt outside the door. "O love, O life, O time!"

One of the loveliest names given in the New Testament is that bestowed on St. Barnabas—a "Son of Consolation." The Golden Doctor is pre-eminently one to *his* patients. Although a non-Catholic, he is most kind to Catholics. One autumn day, when calling at his house, I noticed that he looked ill and troubled, and in reply to my inquiries he said: "I have just left a Catholic home in which there are both death and sorrow, and I can not forget it. I feel I must do something,—I *must* do something." These were his watchwords, and also those of his gentle wife, who followed in his footsteps, with ripe grapes for parched lips and kind and holy words for wounded hearts.

I would like to tell you a little anecdote of a young hero (a nephew of theirs) who was so severely wounded on the Western Front that it was thought it would be necessary to amputate both legs above the knees in order to save his life. The operation was never carried out: he sank too rapidly. When they told him that he was near the parting of the ways, the Great Divide, he looked up in their faces and said: "Tell mother not to grieve. It is quite all right." Words worthy to rank with those of the dying sentry in an Afghan pass, who traced on a rock with a finger dipped in his own ebbing life-blood: "I leave all I have to mother."

The Golden Doctor lives in a large, roomy, old-fashioned house at the junction of four cross-roads; and if you wait a while for the cars on the other side, you will see all manner of people making for that same pleasant-looking house. That man in khaki is going, for one. He is on

furlough, and fears that his youngest child (whom the doctor is attending) may die after his return to the Western Front. We may be sure that if there is a grain of comfort to be found it will not be withheld.

That tired-looking clerk who dreads a breakdown will be given a tonic both mental and material, and pick up his "fardels" and go cheerily on the pilgrim's way, after he has seen the sympathetic brother of St. Luke, who realizes that he will not pass this way again, and wants to leave some flowers of remembrance behind him.

See!—a crowd gathers. A whisper, "Take him in to the doctor," runs through it. There has been a slight accident: a man has been knocked down by a milk float, and they bear him into the surgery. Inside those portals will be found peace and sympathy; and the doctor's life partner, who helps him along the rugged road, will minister to him.

She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her because she pitied me.

There are those in the industrial centre close by who can apply the last words to the Golden Doctor's wife,—who love her because she has come with Christlike pity to shadowed homes.

There is a glorious English church (St. Michael's, Coventry), to which Henry of Windsor and Margaret of Anjou went to Mass, in which there is a splendid window devoted to the representation of the Corporal Works of Mercy. On these jewelled planes (or rather lights) Mercy is represented as a woman. Benignant, calm, she stands by the nail-studded, iron-clamped prison door, waiting for it to be opened to her. Full pitying, she places a coin in the outstretched hand of Lazarus, and stands by the sick bed and comforts the mourner. Frail fingers of the orphan cling to her robe.

I wonder if the Golden Doctor and his wife have seen this window? It is certain that they have learned by heart the lesson it teaches.

THE FRIEND IN THE NIGHT.

Quite recently I was told an anecdote illustrative of the words of Holy Writ: "Weeping may endure for a season, but joy cometh in the morning." Near one of the English industrial centres stands a beautiful Benedictine Abbey, one of whose congregation was a widow lady, a Mrs. N——. One Sunday morning she went to early Mass, evidently in deep distress. Her friends gathered around her after the Holy Sacrifice had been offered, and she told them that the War Office had sent her an intimation that her son had fallen in action.

She had brought her deep sorrow to the ever-present Christ on the altar... Her joy may be imagined when, upon reaching home, she found a note from the soldier who had been reported slain. He was in a West Country hospital, and asked her to visit him. Her soul was filled with thanksgiving. She could say, with the father in Our Lord's parable: "This my son was dead and is come to life again; he was lost and is found."

He had been seriously injured, had been shot through the body, had lain wounded on the battlefield two days and two nights. Save for a deed of merciful kindness which showed forth like a star in the darkness, the ordeal could not have been survived. The poor fellow was unconscious most of the time. But when he was conscious, during one of those two dreadful nights, a German soldier, providentially came his way, had pity upon him and succored him, did all that could be done for him,—in a word, saved his life, gave him back again to his mother, and so earned that mother's undying gratitude and love.

Surely the Recording Angel wrote that good Samaritan's name in the Book of Everlasting Life.

If money-making were the real test of success, we should have no heroes,—we should have no poets, no religious, no orators, no priests.

Sayings of Dr. Johnson.

It was an annual custom for Dr. Johnson's publisher to invite his authors to dine with him; and it was on such an occasion that Dr. Johnson and the famous Dr. Rose of Chiswick sometimes met. There was once a discussion between them on the pre-eminence of English over Scotch writers. In the course of conversation, Warburton's name was mentioned, and Dr. Rose observed:

"What a proud, imperious fellow he was!"

"So he was, sir," answered Dr. Johnson; "but he possessed more learning than has been imported from Scotland since the days of Buchanan."

Dr. Rose, after enumerating several Scotch authors, of more or less eminence, asked triumphantly: "What think you of David Hume, sir?"

"He was a deistical scribbling fellow," was Dr. Johnson's only answer.

"Well, be it so," admitted Rose; "but what of Lord Bute?"

"I do not know that he ever wrote anything noteworthy," replied Johnson.

"No?" said Rose. "I think he has written at least one line that is most creditable to him, and that you, sir, should appreciate and be familiar with."

"Pray, what was it?" queried Johnson.

"His signature for your pension, sir."

Johnson, who was quite confounded, exclaimed: "Why, that *was* a very fine line, to be sure, sir!"

The Wheel.¹

PEACE begets Prosperity;
Prosperity breeds Wealth;
Of Wealth come Pride and Luxury:
Pride with Contention swell'th;
Contention looks to War for health.
War begets Poverty;
Poverty breeds Humility;
Humility brings Peace again!
So turn our deeds in endless chain.

¹ From Clément Marot (1496-1544), edited by Henry Morley. Vol. I., 131. Translated from Minfaut's comedy, "*La Destinée Fatale*," quoted by Marot in a letter.

The Revival of the Cultus of the Blessed Virgin.

IN an essay written by an Anglican clergyman, for the purpose of advocating the claims of the Blessed Virgin on the devotion of members of the Church of England, it is stated that "one of the first acts of those who took in hand the extinction of the old Faith and the setting up of the new was the abolition of the cultus of Mary and the invocation of the saints of God." The writer then proceeds to show that the immediate result was the revival of old heresies and the invention of new ones. "Years have rolled on. And what do we now see? That by far the larger number of those who commenced by denying to Mary the title of Mother of God have advanced to the point of denying, or at least of not confessing, that her Son is the Son of God." To quote Newman on the same point: "Look at the Protestant countries which threw off all devotion to her three centuries ago, under the notion that to put her from their thoughts would be exalting the praises of her Son. Has that consequence really followed from their profane conduct towards her? Just the reverse: the countries which so acted, have in great measure ceased to worship Him, and have given up belief in His Divinity; while the Church, wherever she is to be found, adores Christ as true God and true Man, as firmly as ever she did."

The unexpressed unbelief of popular Rationalism has become common to all the sects. The number of Protestants of any denomination who are really orthodox on the Christian doctrine of the Incarnation, or who believe in the Holy Trinity, is comparatively small. The unknown writer from whom we have quoted contends that unless Anglicans exert themselves to reintroduce the cultus of the Blessed Virgin, they must expect to see more and more the spread of Rationalism and unbelief.

There are indications, however, that some non-Catholics of all shades of belief are coming to understand Our Lady's place in Christian worship. Painful and blasphemous opinions concerning the Incarnation have given place to reverent and orthodox teaching. In no point were the Protestants of the past generation more determined than in dishonoring the Mother of Christ. It is not so now. Her name is spoken with deep reverence in Protestant pulpits, her praises are sung even by Presbyterians, and tender tributes are paid to her by numerous writers whose immediate ancestors only blasphemed.

The Anglicans have confraternities in honor of the Blessed Virgin. Representations of her are now to be seen in some Protestant churches. Not long ago the Ritualists of New York city issued a leaflet advocating the revival of the "Hail Mary," describing it as an ancient and eloquent form of Christian prayer. Some learned and reverent books on the Blessed Virgin have been written by non-Catholics. The *Ave Maria* is sung by choirs of pious Presbyterians, and not a few Methodists have come to love the *Stabat Mater*.

A wondrous and blessed change is this; and we should be blind indeed not to see in it a sign of that happy time when there shall be, as Our Lord said, one fold and one shepherd.

Catholics who are zealous for the return of the strayed sheep—and what Catholic worthy of the name is not?—can not do better than to spread abroad the knowledge of the Blessed Virgin,—to advocate her claims on the devotion of all who glory in the Christian name. The rest will follow. As it was by denying these claims that faith in Christ and His Church was lost, so by acknowledging them will that faith be regained. The cultus of the Mother of the World's Redeemer is in reality the missing link that has so long severed Protestants from the centre of Truth.

Notes and Remarks.

It is an easy prediction that the decade of years begun in 1914 will be referred to by future historians as the most changeful and destructive of which there is any record. The changes wrought have been mighty and manifest, and they are still in progress. As to the destruction, material and vital, due to the war, everyone has some realization; but very few persons, it would seem, are aware of the fact that what is called the world-plague has already proved five times more deadly than the world-war. One cause of the terrible death roll of the influenza is the general impairment of physical and mental health,—a cause that it will take time to remove. Dr. H. M. Biggs, Health Commissioner of New York, is authority for the statement that as many as 400,000 have died of influenza in the United States alone during the months of September, October, and November. In India and Africa the death rate has been even higher. It is somewhat surprising—in view of the fact that, though statistics show a decrease in the number of “flu” cases, the disease has, by no means run its course (as is proved by a recurrence in many communities)—there should not be recourse to public prayer for the removal of a scourge so general and so destructive.

The notable victory achieved by the Sinn Feiners in the recent elections in Ireland naturally modifies the views of many American and Irish-American friends of that long-suffering land. While Americans of all classes have for decades past been practically a unit in favor of Home Rule, of some kind or other, for Ireland, not all of them have sympathized with the views of Sinn Fein leaders. The Irish Parliamentary Party possessing as it did the confidence of the Irish people, very many on this side of the Atlantic favored its plan of legislative campaigning. On the principle that the Irish question is,

primarily, one for the Irish themselves rather than for their well-wishers in other countries, they consistently supported the party representing the overwhelming majority of Irish electors. On this same principle, now that Ireland has declared for the Sinn Fein policy, they will support that policy with their good wishes, and, it may be, with help more substantial. If, as has been stated, one point in that policy is to be passive resistance rather than such uprisings as the Easter Rebellion of 1916, the support will be all the more hearty and unequivocal.

Something which all of us know perfectly well, but of which we need to be frequently reminded, is that a far greater obstacle to the conversion of unbelievers than any number of anti-Catholic lectures and any amount of anti-Catholic literature is the bad example of members of the Church. A Catholic whose “daily walk and conversation” is at variance with the religion he professes is in reality an enemy of the Cross of Christ, as St. Paul calls all reprobates. Every intelligent Catholic must be aware that faith is a gift of God, not an acquisition; and therefore should be thoroughly persuaded that prayer, coupled with good example, is the most powerful means we possess for the conversion of non-Catholics,—a means that we should never lack, and never fail to employ. There are innumerable books for the enlightenment and instruction of Protestants, but how few of them are ever read by those for whom they were chiefly intended! How seldom non-Catholics ever enter one of our churches or hear a Catholic sermon! They must be reached, if at all, through Catholic friends and associates.

In spite of all the unbelief and irreligion and immorality that exist in the world, it is questionable if there was ever a time when a greater number of souls were hungering for religious truth, without a suspicion of where it is to be found. Prayer and good example would point the

way, and win the grace to follow it. A recent convert to the Church, a modern type of woman, circumstanced like thousands of others, declares that in all probability she would never have become a Catholic, and never felt the inclination or the obligation to do so, had she not come under the influence of a practical Catholic girl, whom she observed without becoming acquainted with. Illustration is often as good as proof. Could anything more strikingly illustrate the very grave responsibility of giving good example or the effectiveness thereof?

The assassination of the President of Portugal, Senhor Paes, is all the more deplorable because the conditions of the country had just become normal again, with prospects of an era of peace and prosperity after a decade of disorder and general demoralization. Now it is feared the Freemasons may again come into power and undo all that the late President had accomplished. Besides organizing good government and removing many social abuses of long standing, he had greatly improved the religious situation, even re-establishing relations with the Holy See, when the exiled bishops had been recalled. President Paes is said to have been a sincere Catholic. His assassin is thought to belong to La Société des Nations, an organization whose aim is to abolish national frontiers and to destroy national patriotism.

Numerous friends all over the United States and in foreign countries will learn with genuine regret of the death (on the 12th inst.) of Mr. William J. Onahan, of Chicago. After his retirement from public life and relinquishment of travel, he devoted much of his time to correspondence, thus keeping in touch with old friends and making many new ones, by all of whom he was held in highest regard. It is no exaggeration to say that few laymen of our time have rendered greater services to the cause of religion than

Mr. Onahan. Adequately to recount them would require many pages of *THE AVE MARIA*. Let it suffice to state that every good cause won his cordial sympathy and generous support. His self-sacrifice was commensurate with his zeal: he never thought he had done enough to show his interest or to prove his devotion. It seemed incredible that any one could do so much for so long a time. Though holding various important offices of trust and honor, he nevertheless found time to lecture and write, and to produce numerous historical and biographical papers of genuine value and interest. He was a frequent contributor to the secular and religious press. The great success of the first American Catholic Congress (Baltimore, 1889) and of the Columbian Catholic Congress (Chicago, 1893) was largely due to his efforts. In recognition of his personal worth and distinguished service, Mr. Onahan was appointed Private Chamberlain by Leo XIII., and presented with the Lætare Medal by the University of Notre Dame. A man of unusual ability and noble character, a model citizen, a Catholic of strong faith, lively zeal, and tender piety—one who loved and lived his religion,—Mr. Onahan was all these. Peace to his soul!

It is pleasant to know that, in contradistinction to the narrow-minded bigots who are found, occasionally in some portions of this country, and habitually in others, there are not wanting clear-visioned and fair-minded Protestants who not only approve of good work done by Catholic fellow-citizens, but go out of their way to give public expression to such approval. A case in point is that of a Mr. Farnsworth, of Binghamton, N. Y., who writes to *America* about the admirable efficiency of the Catholic orphan asylum in his city. It appears that this institution, and a non-sectarian asylum in the same city, are entitled to appropriations from the county funds, and in consequence are open to public inspection; and Mr.

Farnsworth has sent to our New York contemporary clippings from local papers relative to one such inspection. Specific declarations of individual speakers, non-Catholic clergymen and others, are quoted as justifying one journal's general statement: "Mother Pauline and her assistants were the subjects of the highest praise. Protestant, Catholic, Methodist, Presbyterian and non-church-going guests united in paying tribute to the perfection of the institution's workings, and to the service which is being given the orphans."

We venture the assertion that the foregoing statement, *mutatis mutandis*, could truthfully be made concerning the comments of *any* body of non-Catholics visiting *any* of our Catholic institutions of charity scattered throughout our country. None the less, the non-Catholic gentleman who calls attention to the matter manifests an admirable spirit of fair play and generous consideration.

In case the average American, naturally proud of the war work of our soldiers and the war activities of our civilians during the past two years, should be tempted to indulge in megalomania or an overweening sense of self-conceit, a salutary corrective is administered by Mr. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, who puts this embarrassing question: "What should be said of a democracy which sends, to preach democracy, an army wherein there was drafted out of the first 2,000,000 men a total of 200,000 who could not read their orders or understand them when delivered, or read the letters sent them from home?"

Other questions of similar import are contained in the Secretary's report on our adult illiteracy, and it must be confessed that the disclosures he makes should stimulate Americans generally to thoughts of humility rather than arrogance. And it will not do to salve our conscience with the consideration that this illiteracy is confined to the foreign-born among our population: it is not so confined.

In 1900 only one other State in the Union had a smaller foreign-born population than South Carolina; yet the Greenville (S. C.) *News* asks, "What is South Carolina going to do when one person in four in the State can neither read nor write, and when South Carolina is next to the most illiterate State in the Union?" Apparently, "reconstruction" is needed in many more matters than those immediately affected by the war.

In the course of an entirely practical and valuably suggestive paper on educating the child at home, Mr. John Stevenson says, in *America*:

Here is a test of the mother's ability to conduct her own kindergarten and primary school: Can you teach your children the "Lord's Prayer"? Can you teach them to sew on buttons? To tie a knot? To set the table? To use a broom? To draw a straight line? Can you teach them the names of the birds that visit your yard? The trees and flowers growing near your home? The common garden vegetables? The six primary colors? Can you teach them Mother Goose rhymes? The printed capital letters? Can you teach them to answer the question you ask, and not a question that you did not ask? Can you make them think before answering? Can you—and this is not so easy,—can you make them see things as they are and describe exactly what they see?

Ability to do, or to acquire the faculty of doing, the foregoing, the quoted writer considers presumptive evidence that a mother can also learn to do whatever else pertains to the home education of her child. It is a truism that the average American mother occupies herself less in personally attending to her younger children's education than is at all desirable. School is good, but it should not be required to replace the home.

The best editorial traditions of the New York *Sun* were revived by its giving conspicuous place on the day of Col. Roosevelt's obsequies to an extract from his book "Through the Brazilian Wilderness" (published in 1914), in which these words occur: "A very short experience of com-

munities where there is no church ought to convince the most heterodox of the absolute need of a church." No democracy, the distinguished writer went on to say, could afford to overlook the vital importance of the ethical and spiritual—the truly religious—element in life; and he expressed the need concretely, in conclusion, by saying that "no community can make much headway if it does not contain both a church and a school."

On the principle that a fragment of Christianity, or even the shadow of it, is better than nothing, one might coincide with other convictions entertained by Col. Roosevelt in regard to the essential need of the presence and influence of churches in every community. Concluding its comments on the extract, the *Sun* observes: "We do not know whether he had in mind the truth expounded by Herbert Spencer to the effect that intellectual education does not suffice to make men moral; but, in any event, the passage which we have quoted shows how clearly Theodore Roosevelt realized that the influence of religion, which is kept alive through the agency of the churches, is essential to the progress and prosperity of mankind."

Such of our readers as have relatives and friends among the American forces still overseas need to be reminded that one of their duties towards those far-away soldiers is even more urgent at present than it was before the signing of the armistice,—the duty of writing letters to them. The reminder is needed, because in all probability the chance that one's soldier friends are actually on their way back to their homes is very generally regarded as a valid excuse for not writing; and the duty is more pressing, because, obviously, the American soldiers who are still in Europe are more exposed to loneliness and homesickness, now that the excitement of actual warfare has subsided, than they were a few months ago when each day held the chance, even if it

did not witness the experience, of their "going over the top." Tens of thousands of our soldiers are either home again or well on their way hither; but other tens of thousands are yet in Europe, many of them to remain there for months to come. Unless, then, one has received authoritative information that one's relatives or friends among them are under orders to sail for home at a date that precludes their getting letters before leaving, the letters should be written and sent.

As we have frequently remarked, the reception of cheerful, newsy letters from home has had much to do with sustaining the morale of our American forces beyond the ocean; and the experience of the past few weeks would seem to indicate that their morale has more need than ever of uplifting influences.

The genial philosopher and essayist who, over the pseudonym "A Looker-On," contributes a weekly column to the *Boston Pilot*, has this to say of a class of persons more commonly heard of than accurately defined—to wit, "the better element":

"Society" has somewhere been defined as the privilege of excluding from public prestige the people we do not like. The individuals constituting what they consider "the better element" in the community appear to proceed on some similar theory. They start out with the idea that they are better than other folks, and then strain every nerve to persuade the public generally that the idea is well founded.

As a matter of fact, of course, the claims of such persons to exceptional merit, dignity, or importance, are as utterly shallow as the pretentious erudition of some of our modern agnostics and self-styled scientists who magisterially declare: "No man of thought nowadays gives any credence to the divinity of Christ, the personality of God, the inspiration of the Bible"—or any other religious dogma. Such pretence is, in the ultimate analysis, fully as ridiculous as the self-sufficiency of the rural debater who asserts: "What I believe and what every sensible man must believe, etc."

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

A-skating.

"THE lake is frozen over,—
 Jack told me so last night;
 The track is like a mirror—
 Firm, even, sparkling, bright.
 See how the sun is shining!
 No grander day could be.
 I long to go a-skating:
 Oh, who will come with me?"

A dozen voices answer,
 Quick feet are on the run;
 Now skates are quickly fastened,—
 "Come, hurry, every one!
 Who cares for wind? Not I, sure!
 The crackle of the snow
 Beneath our feet is music;
 Quick—ready? Now we go!

"We fly, we dance, we circle
 Across the frozen plain.
 Three cheers for Father Winter!
 Long may his Highness reign!
 Who cares for Spring or Summer,
 Sweet though its flowers be,
 When one can go a-skating
 Upon a broad, white sea!"

Buddy.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

IV.—A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

AT the startling announcement of the tall figure in khaki, Buddy fairly lost speech and breath.

"Shoot!" he echoed as soon as he could gasp the word. "Shoot! What for?"

"Pushing in!" replied the sentry, who had the slow drawl of the Southern mountaineer. "Mebbe you think I'm new to this soldier business and you can get by. But you can't, not if you *are* a boy. So skip off, sonny, or this here shooting iron of mine will have to talk."

"But—but this is my uncle's place!" said Buddy, hotly.

"Can't help, if it was your grandmother's," was the answer. "Jest now it's headquarters for the commanding officer of Camp Columbia, and, you bet, nobody gets by here without a reg'lar pass,—which you haven't got, or you'd shove it out right off."

"No, I haven't," said Buddy, realizing he was "up against" powers hitherto unknown on the Shore Road.

"But my brother," he continued confidently,—*"my brother is Captain Richard Reeves—"*

"Then he orter known better than to let you come a-butting into shotguns like this," interrupted the other. "Are you looking for him now?"

"No," said Buddy. "I'm trying to get home quick as I can. I live at Maplewood, across St. Ronald's River."

"Then I rather reckon you'll have to take a long turn around. Don't know much about these parts myself; but, ez far ez I kin see, you're blocked off for about a mile back from the shore."

"Golly!" exclaimed Buddy, "do you mean I can't get through unless I walk a mile out of my way?"

"Look's sort of like it; for that's where the camp reaches, sonny. And you best keep clear of it, unless you kin show a pass. Thar's a lot of our chaps on guard to-night that are mouty quick with their shotguns, and wouldn't stop to talk to you like me."

"It was kind of you," said Buddy, feeling the rough friendliness of the warning. "And if you can get away sometimes, come over to Maplewood. My name is Roger Reeves. And mother will be glad to see you, I know."

"Thank you, sonny dear,—thank you! 'Mother' sounds mighty good to hear when you're so far away from home. And mebbe I'll come."

And, with this pleasant conclusion to what had at first seemed a most unpromising meeting, Buddy took his new friend's advice, and cut back from the old Shore Road, giving the camp and its armed guards a wide berth, and keeping to the lane bounding Uncle Kent's domain, which for years before the "Star-Spangled Banner" began to wave had stretched in wide acres of field and forest back to the mill that in the old days had ground his wheat and corn.

But the corn and wheat were sent elsewhere now; and the old mill had never been used, in Buddy's remembrance, except as a play place by his boy cousins and their friends, who had made forts and pirate strongholds and other exciting affairs of its crumbling walls. Only last spring, before the camp came to spoil all such fun, he and Bob Lawton, who were the "kids" of the Easter gathering, had spent a whole morning in the old mill, fishing with bent pins in the stream, that had grown dull and sluggish in these latter days, and ransacking holes and corners, until Uncle Kent, hearing of it, told them the walls were likely to tumble in at any time, and ordered them to keep away for the future.

Buddy had learned all about the coming camp that morning; for there were men then drawing its lines and boundaries. It would be quite safe to turn at the old mill, he knew. So he hurried on through the gathering shadows, at breathless speed now; for it was growing late, and this long turn around added at least two miles to his way. What would mother think of his long absence? Never in all his dozen years of life had Buddy met such misadventure as had been his bad luck to-day.

And the worst had not come yet; for the old mill, though a pleasant enough place on a springtime day, when the sunbeams were trembling through its shading trees and flickering on the sleepy waters of the little stream, looked black and gloomy indeed as Buddy neared its crumbling walls to-night.

He recalled a story told him by Ted in his early youth,—a story of such gruesome detail that, for six successive nights, it had sent him flying from his little crib to the loving shelter of mamma's arms, and had stopped his elder brother's exciting narrations forever. The story was that of the "Headless Horseman," freely adapted from Irving; but located by Ted, to increase its impression on his small hearer, in the deepest shadows of the old mill.

Master Roger Reeves was a plucky little chap, as his brother Rick had said; but the day's adventure—the stirring scenes of the "battle-cry of Freedom," the sentry's "hold up," and the protracted journey home had made him a trifle nervous. He had a vague sense of strange, new, formidable powers being around him in the darkness,—powers that were filling earth and air and sea with ever-growing force.

And now the old mill rose gaunt and windowless to his right; the grass-grown lane sank between thickets of scrub pine; it was just the spot where the "headless horseman" of Ted's story had galloped into view. And Buddy was bolting forward breathlessly from the unforgotten scene when there came a sound as of muffled hoof beats along the road. It was too much for Master Roger Reeves' name or nerve: he made a reckless plunge into the shelter of the pine thicket, and went down, down, on his bare knees, with an awful wrench of pain that for a moment made all things blank.

But it was only for a moment. Buddy was too hardy a youngster to let a sprained ankle "do him up," and his wits were soon in working order again. He found he had tumbled into some sort of ditch or hole, from which he could not scramble out. Every effort to move made him sick with pain. All thought of the legendary "headless horseman" vanished from his mind at this real terror, and he made the darkness ring with his cries for help.

The boyish voice was answered by a

guttural mutter near him. It was well for Buddy that mamma, walking the vine-wreathed porch in a fever of anxiety, was saying her Rosary; for never had her boy been in such need of prayers as he was just now.

A rough hand suddenly grasped him; the red light of a dark lantern flashed upon his face.

"*Mein Gott!*" murmured a familiar voice.

"Hans!" cried Buddy, recognizing his pony's old friend, the blacksmith. "Good old Hans! Why, how did you ever find me, Hans?"

The butt of a revolver that had been in dangerous proximity to the speaker's head was dropped unseen into Hans' pocket.

"*Mein Gott!*" he gasped again. "Why—when—where—what are you doing here, little boy?"

"I just tumbled into this terrible old hole," said Buddy.

"Why—where—when—what—who?"—the questions came in a wild stammer of excitement from Hans' trembling lips. "Who sent you here?"

"Nobody," answered Buddy. "Tobe and I went down the Bay, and some one took our boat. I was hurrying home along the Shore Road and hit the camp. They wouldn't let me through, and I had to come around here."

"And—and you are all—all alone?" asked Hans, his voice still shaking. "The black boy is not with you? Your—your brother is not near,—eh, little boy? You never tell lies, I know. You are all alone? Who was it you called for just now, hey?"

"You," said Buddy,—“anybody that could hear me. For my leg is broken or sprained,—I don't know which. It hurts just awfully when I try to stand. You'll have to lift me up, Hans. Gee, it's lucky you were around!"

Lucky! Buddy little guessed all that Hans' being "around" had so nearly meant to his mother's boy to-night.

The sturdy blacksmith himself was still trembling in every limb. For Buddy and his pony Dandy had been steady visitors at the little roadside forge ever since Master Roger Kent Reeves of Maplewood could be trusted to ride alone.

All the allurements of the new shop that had been opened at Denhams' cross-road, as an adjunct to Donovan's Garage and Automobile Repairs, could not lure Buddy from his allegiance to grim, grimy Hans and his smoky forge. Many a lonely hour had been brightened by Buddy's visits, which were often prolonged far beyond Dandy's needs, while the young master of Maplewood, perched on a three-legged stool, drew valuable information from his host about horses and dogs. And last winter, when Hans had been "down and out" with malarial fever, it would have gone hard with him but for Buddy's daily visits with broth and jelly and soothing draughts from mamma.

It was no wonder that Hans trembled as he thought of the pistol that had been so near Buddy's temple when his "little boy" had broken in with loud cries upon the work he was doing in that dark trench to-night,—the work that neither Buddy nor any one else that was true to Flag and country would suspect.

For Hans, dull and heavy and sullen at the brighter American wits that left him plodding behind, had, as he had been told, his chance at last if he would only join the unseen forces that were now plotting on these quiet shores, preparing to strike a deadly blow in the dark. He had been offered pay, of which he had never dreamed before, for digging the narrow trench that was to wind unseen through thickets and tangles of underbrush to the new camp.

But all this our Buddy could not know: he only thought his good friend Hans, luckily, had been somewhere near, and had hurried to help him at his call.

"Gee, my leg hurts!" he moaned as Hans tried to lift him to his feet. "I

guess you'll have to leave me here, Hans, and go somewhere and get a wagon or cart to take me down to Dunkers' wharf; for I, can't walk."

Leave him here,—here to betray this evil work! Leave him here, when at any moment those who were planning the job might steal down in the darkness to see that Hans was obeying orders, and earning his promised pay! Leave Buddy here, in his unconscious innocence, to face these remorseless plotters, who spared neither young nor old! Drops of cold sweat started out on Hans' grimy brow at the thought.

"No, no!" he said roughly. "I can get no wagon or horse near. Don't mind the hurt. Be a man, little boy, and try,—try to walk. I will hold you up. So there now, try!"

But it was useless. The little man, bravely as he tried, sank to the ground with a piteous cry:

"I—I can't, Hans! You'll have to leave me. Dunkers will send me up a wagon if you go tell them where I am,—just down the turn by Uncle Kent's mill. And I'll holler when I hear them coming, so they can find me in the dark."

"*Nein,—nein!*" said Hans, with fierce decision. "I will not leave you. I'll take you home now—quick. I have business that will not wait. You must climb like you did long ago when the creek was big with the melting snow and you could not cross. I carry you on my back."

"O Hans" (Buddy's laugh was half a cry), "you can't! I'm too big now."

"Big, bah! I have carried two or three times as big. Come, I tell you; I can not wait." And he caught Buddy with a mighty grip and swung him on his broad shoulders. "Hold now,—hold tight to my neck and we go,—we go."

And they went, plunging into wild, untrodden ways that Buddy had never ventured; for Hans dared not keep to the beaten road.

"It is the shortest cut," he said briefly. "Everywhere else the camp bars the way,—that is why." Hans felt it wise to make fictitious explanation. "That is what took me down the mill road to-night."

"I know," said Buddy, trustfully. "That is what took me there, too. Am I very heavy, Hans?"

"Bah, no! I have carried a calf twice your weight."

"Ah, you are so strong,—so strong and so good, Hans! I will never forget that you brought me home like this; for I am heavy, I know. I was only seven when you carried me across the creek.

"Keep your foot away from my pocket," growled Hans. "There is a loaded pistol in it."

"A pistol?" Buddy drew his foot back hastily. "Do you carry a pistol, Hans?"

"Sometimes," answered Hans, evasively. "There are many strange people at St. Ronald's now. Little boys should not be out so far after dark. The mother will be frightened."

"Oh, she will,—she will indeed!" said Buddy, remorsefully. "I bet she is saying prayers for me now! Oh, I am sure it was my good angel that sent you, Hans, to find me and bring me home."

And Buddy tightened his hold of his bearer's neck, and laid his soft cheek caressingly against Hans' stubbly beard. His good angel was surely caring for him in strange and wondrous ways to-night.

(To be continued.)

As He was Saying.

The Maréchal de Faber, a distinguished French officer, was pointing out during a battle a place that was being fiercely attacked by the enemy; and just as he was speaking, a bullet carried off the end of the finger with which he was indicating the spot. He instantly stretched out another finger, and continued the conversation: "Gentlemen, as I was saying a moment ago..."

The Painter of Chelsea.

BY L. M. D.

WHEN we speak of Chelsea there comes to mind a little village which was once some six miles away from London Bridge; and we think of Sir Thomas More and his daughter Margaret, and his learned friend Erasmus; of their excursions upon the River Thames before the sad days came; of hayfields and gentle content, and sweet converse between friends. We see "bluff King Henry," of unsavory memory, visiting the scholar whom he afterward sent to the block; we see the greatest men of the age doing homage to the modest gentleman who proved his faith by dying for it.

Chelsea is now a little piece of London, but is still frequented by lovers of all that is sweet and great and good in this world. Travellers visit it, hunting for the footprints not only of the martyred Lord Chancellor, but of others who, like him, have loved and lived within its pleasant environs.

It is of one of these—a man in whose life there was little that was bright—that I would tell you. All of us have vague ideas of Turner's famous landscapes; some of us have seen them, a few have studied them; but of the man whose genius created them we know only that he was a strange old fellow, who painted pictures and lived in a garret and shunned all who came near him. But this miser, as he was called, did very much for struggling artists and for God's poor. He had faults and weaknesses, but let us refrain from judging him.

His father was a barber,—not a very successful one, I suppose; for the little boy is described as both ragged and barefooted. But even when a lad the invisible garment of genius was thrown over him as he walked along the bank of the Thames River, seeing visions to which others were blind, and tracing the creations of his fancy upon the sand with a pointed stick.

His mother did not believe in visions: she thought little boys had no right to have imaginations. She called her child a vagabond and a good-for-nothing, and beat him soundly and regularly. The father agreed with her; and when Joseph wished to borrow a brush wherewith to fix on canvas one of his dear visions, the elder Turner said that brushes were only for lathering chins. Thereupon the boy one day used the brush without paternal leave. The paint with which he pictured his dream-palace was red; and when the worthy barber lathered a customer's cheeks the following morning they were colored a bright scarlet, and Joseph was severely punished.

Did you ever notice how much easier it is for a boy to help other people than it is to split wood or run errands for his parents? Joseph was fond of helping an engraver who lived near by, and then he invariably forgot to wash the windows in the barber-shop.

One day he was sent with a message to an art gallery, and did not come back. Another boy was sent to look for him, and found him dreaming before a picture of Claude Lorraine. He never awoke from that dream. From that day he was possessed with the desire to paint as Lorraine had painted. He helped the engraver, he kept silence, he bore abuse and cuffs and neglect; but through it all he said over and over to himself: "I will paint like that, perhaps better!"

On one occasion he was putting the background into an engraving when a customer came in and peeped over his shoulder. "That boy has skill," the visitor told the master. "He may come and look at my pictures as often as he pleases." So Joseph had a new source of delight; and in a short time made a sketch in water-colors, for which the kind owner of the collection gave him ten shillings.

Finally the poor young fellow was admitted to the Royal Academy as a student, but no one bought his paintings. "Mediocrity," as some one has said,

"always fears when the ghost of genius will not down at its bidding." His very talents made him feared and persecuted. We can hardly wonder at this. He was not familiar with the usages of society; he was unsociable and far from tidy. If he had not had Claude Lorraine before him he would perhaps have given up. His clothes grew ragged; he was often hungry, always in doubt as to the future.

But he worked on; travelling when he could, and always having a picture upon his easel which no one cared to buy. He was utterly original in his ideas, and unconventional in their treatment; and by and by people said: "There must be something to this fellow's pictures, or he would not be abused so soundly." Then they began to question him as to his prices, and found that he was not anxious to dispose of his wares. One of his biographers says: "First the public scorned Turner; next Turner scorned the public. In the beginning it would not buy his pictures, and later it could not."

The person who taught Englishmen that Turner was the greatest living landscape painter was John Ruskin, who, although very young at the time, had acquired the habit of telling the truth to would-be critics. Collectors listened and were convinced; then they went to Turner with their money, and found that he was much obliged for their interest, but did not care to sell the paintings in which the genius of Claude Lorraine seemed to breathe again.

Sir Walter Scott was one of Turner's faithful friends, although neither could appreciate the gifts of the other. "I don't see," said Sir Walter, as they were once taking a tramp together, "why people want to buy your pictures."—"Nor I," replied Turner, "why they want to buy your books—unless for the covers, some of which are very pretty."

Turner saw things with the inward eye, and painted accordingly. He was never a realist; he imagined: he did not copy. Personally, he stood almost alone,

scorning the world and its ways. He knew his own abilities, but was silent when he might have demanded their recognition. He would never ask for anything, not even love. It was in spite of himself that he finally became prosperous.

Yet there was much that was beautiful about this stern man. He smirched one of his own pictures with lampblack because it spoiled the effect of one that hung next to it at an academy exhibition. He was a devoted son to the father who in past days had been so cruel to him. "Let me be your servant, Joseph," said the aged barber, tremblingly.—"You shall be my father!" returned Joseph, giving him the warmest place by his fireside.

Turner permitted himself one luxury—that of doing good by stealth. "Thy greatest happiness," remarked Charles Lamb, "is to do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame." Turner omitted the latter clause, and covered up his tracks when he sent a ten-pound note to some fellow-worker in distress. He was never known to tell any one of his benefactions.

None of his Chelsea neighbors suspected that his humble home harbored a genius. Possibly they would not have cared if they had known. They knew him as Mr. Booth, an old man who liked to play with their children; who was silent and forgetful, and who wished to be let alone.

Ah, poor Turner! He lived in an humble abode, but his country interred him in a crypt of St. Paul's,—a tardy tribute. You can find a list of his pictures in any catalogue. The canvases themselves are in the National Gallery in London. They and nineteen thousand sketches were his gift to the nation that misunderstood him.

It is consoling to hope that the lonely old painter reached out his empty hands to the All-merciful Father when death drew near,—when the shadows, darker than those in his immortal masterpieces, settled down upon his poor cottage in Chelsea.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"The Communion of Saints," a little book by Alice Lady Lovat, with a preface by Fr. H. S. Bowden, just published in London, is based largely on Scripture and the writings of saints. It is dedicated to mothers who have lost sons in the war.

—Mr. Arthur J. Penty, who published last year a book on the Guild Socialist movement ("Old Worlds for New"), is preparing a new volume on "Guilds and the Social Crisis." The author again looks back to the Middle Ages for light and leading.

—The Shakespeare Head Press, Stratford-upon-Avon, has issued a modern English version of "Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight," a beautiful fourteenth-century poem, which was probably written by the author of "Pearl," a production far better known to students of Middle English.

—From the office of the London *Universe* come two pamphlets of timely interest: "The Physician," by Cardinal Bourne; and "Deeds, Not Words," a compilation from articles published in the *Civiltà Cattolica*. The former is the reprint of a sermon preached to a congregation of medical practitioners, on the occasion of the International Medical Congress in London, 1913; the latter, a plain statement of the actions of the Holy Father for the benefit of humanity during the war.

—Students and teachers of shorthand will find "Pitman's Progressive French Grammar, Part I," by Frank A. Hedgcock, an excellent text-book. The author is right, we feel sure, in his contention that any knowledge the pupil has acquired of a foreign language should at once be employed in speech and writing, as well as in reading. His book is prepared from this point of view. It has a good vocabulary (French-English, English-French), and a useful reference index. Price, \$1.45.

—While there is, of course, nothing distinctively national or racial about spirituality or growth in holiness, there is, equally of course, a difference in cast of thought and style of expression to be found in the devotional works of French, German, English, and American writers. Of late years translations of books for spiritual reading have become less popular, because less necessary, than they were in the early or the middle nineteenth century; but, as variety still continues to be attractive, our publishers have not given over bringing out vernacular renderings of foreign books of devotion. One

of the latest to reach our desk is "Spiritual Exercises for Monthly and Annual Retreats," translated by Edith Staniforth, from the French of the Rev. P. Dunoyer (P. J. Kenedy & Sons). A twelvemo of well-nigh 500 pages, especially designed for souls consecrated to God in the religious life, the volume will prove stimulating to all who peruse its chapters.

—"The Parables of Jesus," by the Rev. P. Coghlan, C. P. (Kenedy & Sons), is a sixteenmo of 218 pages, neatly printed and bound. Father Coghlan does not treat the Parables in logical order, nor does he discuss the full number of those to be found in the Gospels. He deals first with seven Parables recorded in three Gospels; then with four recorded in two Gospels; and, finally, with twenty-two recorded in one Gospel only. His exposition is lucid and popular, and the work deserves wide reading.

—From the Torch Press (New York and Cedar Rapids, Iowa) comes "Octavia and New Poems," by Charles V. H. Roberts. The author, who is not to be confounded with Charles G. D. Roberts, the Canadian poet and litterateur, has published within the past few years several metrical dramas, which, like "Octavia" and "Kamerad" in the present book, are to be admired more for their dignified tone than for their poetic excellence. While admitting the serious purpose and the elevation of thought evidenced in much of Mr. Roberts' work, one can not refrain from expressing the wish that he would pay more attention to revision than to fresh production. His technique is too faulty to go unrebuked. Poetic license is well enough in moderation, but what is one to say of such rhymes as: "streams-scenes," "throne-Rome," "displayed-staged," "clamour-allure," "gladness-ageless," etc.? It is well to be prolific, but better to be precise. Incidentally, the price of the book—a twelvemo of only seventy-seven pages, bound in boards—is exorbitant.

—In concluding an interesting and informing article on Sir Thomas More and Netherhall, contributed to the London *Times Supplement* (Dec. 26), Mr. P. S. Allen remarks:

England owes much to Sir Thomas More. Of all the characters in our history there is none that is so intelligible and that makes appeal to so wide a circle. With the high devotion of an enthusiast he combined the serene common-sense of a man of action; loving his life with cheerful humor, but ready without complaint to lay it down for the cause his conscience bade him choose, upon the cruel demand of his own familiar friend whom he had trusted. And, besides this great part, he is one of the founders of our modern literature. Yet how little has England done to cherish his memory! The house that he made at Chelsea is clean gone

out of sight; even his tomb in the old church there, with its long, plain inscription, is hidden in darkness, almost as though he had died a death of shame. Heroic efforts could not save Crosby Hall from transplantation; and the great Holbein portrait of the Chancellor, immeasurably more beautiful than any reproduction of it, was allowed to go out of the country without a single word of protest. No one has collected More's letters, and there is no critical edition of his English works. It is time that reparation should be made.

High time indeed. Mr. Allen is mistaken, we think, in saying that there were no protests against the removal of the Chancellor's portrait, the value of which is thoroughly appreciated by all intelligent Englishmen.

—Col. Roosevelt's extraordinary industry is shown by the number of books he wrote,—an average of not far from one a year. The list includes as many as thirty-five titles. The subjects include politics, history, travel, science, belles-lettres, biography, and autobiography. At least ten Lives of the doughty Colonel, or books about him, were published during his lifetime; and yet another, intended for young readers, was in active preparation at the time of his death. The most readable of these biographies are Riis' "Theodore Roosevelt the Citizen," and Morgan's "Theodore Roosevelt the Boy and the Man."

Some Recent Books.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Spiritual Exercises for Monthly and Annual Retreats." Rev. P. Dunoyer. \$2.35.
- "The Parables of Jesus." Rev. P. Coghlan, C. P. \$1.10.
- "A Handbook of Moral Theology." Rev. A. Koch, D. D.—Mr. Arthur Preuss. \$1.50.
- "The Bedrock of Belief." Rev. William Robison, S. J. \$1.25.
- "The Sad Years." Dora Sigerson. \$1.25.
- "Ireland: Its Saints and Scholars." J. M. Flood. 75 cts.
- "The Hand of God." Rev. Martin Scott, S. J. \$1, postage extra.
- "Pastor Halloft." \$1.50.
- "In the Soldier's Service." Mary Dexter. \$1.50.
- "The World Problem." Rev. Joseph Husslein, S. J. \$1.35.
- "Foch the Man." Clara E. Laughlin. \$1.

- "War Mothers." Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S. J. 65 cts.
- "Outline Meditations." Madame Cecilia. \$1.50.
- "Armenia and the War." A. P. Hacobian. 50 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. John Greene, of the archdiocese of Chicago; Rt. Rev. Monsignor S. W. Fay, archdiocese of Baltimore; Rt. Rev. J. H. O'Grady, diocese of Trenton; and Rev. David O'Leary, C. S. C.

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Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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Entered as second-class matter at Notre Dame, Indiana. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on June 25, 1918.
American News Co.; Gill & Son; Burns and Oates; Catholic Book Depot, Fort, Bombay;
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii. 34.

February.

SATURDAY, 1.—St. Ignatius, B. M. St. Brigid, V.
SUNDAY, 2.—Fourth after Epiphany. Purification of the B. V. M. St. Lawrence, B. C.
MONDAY, 3.—St. Blase, B. M. St. Werburgh, V. St. Anschar.

TUESDAY, 4.—St. Andrew Corsini, B. C.
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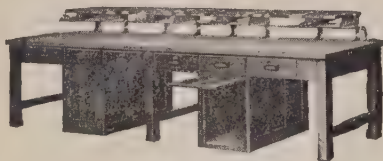
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VOL. IX. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME INDIANA, FEBRUARY 1, 1919.

NO. 5

[Published every Saturday. Copyright, 1919: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

The Rock in a Storm.

BY ELEANOR MARY BAILLON.

Far out at sea where wild the sea-birds flew,
Lay waves in trembling heap, like fleecy flock,
Then broke with pent-up rage upon a rock
That rose in shade 'gainst distant line of blue,
With head upturned as if for help to sue

From Heaven, but yet withstood each cruel
shock

Unmoved, and by her calmness seemed to mock
The surging waves that hid her oft from view.

From parted clouds there stole a sudden light

That lit with flame the rock amid the deep;
And storm-spent waves, like weary babes at night,

Upon their mother's breast were hushed to
sleep.

See in the rock thy type, soul tempest-tossed!
Be brave: God's light will shine when all seems
lost.

"The Mary of Erin."

BY JOSEPH MAY.

THE devotion of the Irish people to St. Brigid bears so many of the characteristics that mark their reverence and filial love for the Mother of Our Lord, that it has earned her the titles of "the Mary of Erin" and "the Mary of the Gael." Even a foreigner, a French writer, did not think it too much to say, when speaking of St. Patrick and his disciples, that St. Brigid came first on the list, because in Ireland she ranked next in honor after the Blessed Virgin herself. Moreover, her popularity in

other lands is largely due to the influence of the early Irish missionaries, who made a point of carrying a "Life" of their favorite saint with them in all their wanderings, and seizing every opportunity that presented itself for planting the seed of their own ardent devotion to her.

Another reason given for the extraordinary honor shown by the Irish to this great saint is that there had been a pre-Christian cult of Brigid in Ireland; just as there had been a pagan veneration of the trefoil, wafted to its emerald shores by Oriental breezes long ages before St. Patrick immortalized the shamrock.¹ In order, therefore, to enter fully into this national predilection for St. Brigid it is necessary to consider her in this dual character. "It is difficult to speak of the goddess without giving her the attributes of the saint, or of the saint without giving her the attributes of the goddess; because both one and the other are so beautiful; and beauty, though infinite in variety, is one," said Madame Gonne MacBride when lecturing on this subject several years ago. It must also be borne in mind that, unlike the Semitic race, the Celts revered the feminine equally with the masculine principle; and for this reason alone, to say nothing of the more important, devotion to the Blessed Virgin was as a second nature to the Irish from the first moment of its acceptance.

Brigid, Goddess of Wisdom, was one of the children of Dana, the *Mor Riga*, or "mother of gods"; and of Dagda,

¹ "The Emblem of Ireland," *AVE MARIA*, March, 1908.

the giver of judgments and rewards. With her two brothers, Aongus Og, and Aed (fire), she forms the first of the Three Trinities of ancient Celtic philosophy. She is crowned with seven stars and carries a dazzling sword, or wand of wisdom. She is the Goddess of the Spring, of the Apple Blossoms, of Flocks and Herds, of Fruitfulness, and is also the inspiration of poets.

An old saying has it that "the venom of the cold trembles on Bride's Day" (the 1st of February), "and flees for its life on St. Patrick's Day" (the 17th of March). It was Bride's (or Brigid's) Day that marked the beginning of the Spring of the ancients; or, as an old Celtic verse has it: "Bride put her finger in the river on the feast-day of Bride, and away went the hatching mother of the cold. On the feast-day of beautiful Bride the flocks are counted on the moor, and the raven goes to prepare his nest."

It is Bride, as Dr. Alexander Carmichael tells us, who, her white wand in hand, is said to breathe life into the mouth of the dead Winter, "and bring him to open his eyes to the tears and the smiles, the sighs and the laughter of Spring." In Scotland, and especially in the Highlands, where many relics of the rule of its Irish conquerors still exist, Bride's Day is celebrated with various quaint and curious customs; some similar to, and some different from, those common in parts of Ireland. Indeed, not a few of the antique customs once general in Ireland still survive in her former colony, although fallen into comparative disuse in the mother country; as, for instance, the wearing of the kilt. In fact, so well has this old Celtic fashion been kept up in Scotland that, notwithstanding that it is but an adaption of the national costume of ancient Ireland, it has come to be called the "Highland" dress.

The serpent, as the symbol of wisdom, is often associated with Brigid, whether as saint or goddess; and, according to an old Scotch saying, it is on the 1st of February (Bride's Day) that the reptile comes

out of its hole. Both in Scotland and in Ireland the vigil of the saint's feast is kept with much ceremony. A rude effigy of Bride is fashioned from a sheaf of corn in Scotland, and from a churn-staff in Ireland, and decked out with flowers and shells, and whatever bits of greenery can be conveniently obtained at the season. The Scotch place a bit of crystal on the heart of the figure; and the Irish, a Maltese cross, made of straw, and called "the Star of Bride." Thus adorned, the effigy is carried from house to house, everyone being expected to "give a gift to Bride."

Another ancient custom is for the old women of the neighborhood, wishing to honor Brigid, to construct a cradle which they call "the Bed of Bride," who is usually represented by a sheaf of oats or corn, gay with shells and flowers. When the cradle is finished, an old woman goes to the door and calls into the darkness beyond: "Bride's bed is ready!" Then another old woman answers from the background: "Let Bride come in! Bride is welcome." Whereupon the first speaker says: "Bride, Bride, come in! Thy bed is made. Preserve the house for the Trinity."

These formalities over, the effigy of Bride is placed in the cradle, with a peeled wand beside it. This is the white Wand of Wisdom, sacred to Brigid, and is always made from one of the "sacred" woods of Ireland; such as the birch broom or white willow. It was a wand of this description that used to be presented to the kings of ancient Ireland at their coronation, and to the lords of the Isles at their installation,—the wand being perfectly straight to typify justice, and spotlessly white to symbolize peace and purity.

With this wand, which they also call "the Club of Bride," the old women in charge of her cradle smooth out the ashes on the hearth upon her festival eve; and next morning the people of the house examine the ashes before they do anything else. If marks are found,

it is considered very lucky,—especially if they are such as might have been made by a wand, or, better still, by a foot; for this last in particular is taken as a sure sign that Brigid visited the house that night.

It was D'Arbois de Jubainville who held that the old Celtic legends were quite as beautiful as those of ancient Greece,—an opinion shared by Windisch, Kuno Meyer, and other high authorities. According to one of these legends, as Brigid stood upon the sea-washed shore of Erin long ago, Elatham (Knowledge), the great and handsome King of Fomore, came to her on the crest of the waves and made her his wife, giving her a ring for the son that should be born of their union; and then disappeared over the water as swiftly and as mysteriously as he had come. From this marriage of Brig (or Brigid), the inspirer of poets, the emblem of Spring, and source of energy and emotion, with the mighty Elatha (or Elatham), symbol of the North, of the forces of cold, and the "umanafest," Bress (Beauty) was born; which is why the Goddess Brigid is sometimes represented with a child in her arms,—as, for that matter, St. Brigid also is. The legend that associates the saint with a baby, and that baby none other than the Infant Jesus Himself, is only one more instance of the curious blending of truth and falsehood, of Christian and pagan teachings, that caused Boyle O'Reilly to write:

Erin still keeps Betaine Eve,
But lights her fires at Slane.

According to this venerable tradition, St. Brigid lived in the East before she was born in Ireland, and was a servant at the very inn where Mary and Joseph came to ask a lodging on Christmas Eve. Brigid's master had gone on a journey, and left her strict instructions to give neither rest nor drink to any one during his absence; for it was a period of great drought, and he probably feared overcrowding. Presently an old man and a

very beautiful young girl came to the door, and asked for a lodging. Brigid was obliged to refuse the request, but she gave them her own bannock to eat and a stoup of water to drink; and, in reward for this act of charity, she was guided by a brilliant light to the stable where the weary travellers found a refuge at last, and arrived just in time to receive the Child Jesus in her arms. Brigid remained with the Holy Family, assisting our Blessed Lady in the care of the Divine Infant, and for this reason is often called *Ban a ghoistidh Mhic De* ("godmother of the Son of God") in Ireland, and *Mama Chriosta* ("foster mother of Christ") in the Hebrides, which are consecrated to St. Brigid. The legend adds that when the Blessed Virgin presented her offerings in the Temple, St. Brigid walked before her, carrying lighted candles. The origin of this quaint old legend is supposed to have been some metaphorical poem composed by the Irish bards in honor of the popular saint,—to which poem an imaginative people gave a too literal interpretation.

In olden times the Irish illuminated their homes with lights made from rushes gathered and prepared on St. Brigid's Day; for lights so obtained were said to be "honored by St. Patrick, blessed by St. Columba, and lit by St. Brigid." And it is because of the proximity of her feast to that of the Purification that, in Ireland, it is commonly said that St. Brigid "lights the candles for the Blessed Virgin." A translation of an old Irish verse runs:

They enrich the calends of February,
A shower of martyrs great, resplendent,—
Brigid, the illustrious woman,
The chaste head of the nuns of Ereann.

This great saint and patroness of Ireland is supposed to have been born between 451 and 458, at Faughart, near Dundalk, where to this day her memory is associated with the Well of St. Brigid, to which healing powers are attributed. She was of royal lineage on both her father's and mother's side, and came of the race from which sprang St. Gall,

the Irish apostle of Switzerland; and various miraculous signs attended her birth. The watchers round her cradle heard the angelic hosts singing for joy. She was christened Brigid, or Brighe, otherwise Bride,—said by some to mean “a virtue”; and by others, “the arrow of light.” A remarkably beautiful child, she had also great mental gifts, and by the time she had reached maturity was regarded as one of the most intellectual women of her day.

St. Patrick was among the first to discern her wonderful powers of mind and soul, and early recognized that she had the gift of prophecy. Indeed, he said that in this respect she was his equal. It is no small tribute to the prophetic power of St. Brigid that it is even now a common saying in Ireland that a child born upon her feast will also have that gift, provided it gets its first drink from the milk of a cow that calved on the 1st of February, even as Brigid herself is said to have been reared on the milk of a snow-white cow that calved on the day she was born. The white cow is often associated with St. Brigid in art, as is also a churning staff; for she is presumed to have churned its milk as she grew older.

Her mother, Brotseach, had such confidence in her that, while she was still a child, she entrusted her with the entire charge of the dairy. But, in her boundless charity, the little girl gave so much of its products to the poor that she found one day that there was not enough left for the needs of the family. Fearing her mother's displeasure, she had recourse to prayer—her unfailing refuge in every difficulty,—with the result that when Brotseach presently visited the dairy she found so plentiful a supply of milk and butter that she was lost in amazement. The very prayer said to have been recited by St. Brigid on this memorable occasion was found in an ancient manuscript, and, translated, runs as follows: “O my Sovereign Lord, Thou who dost give in-

crease in all things, bless, O God of unbounded greatness, this storehouse with Thy right hand. My storehouse shall be a storehouse of bright testimony; the storehouse which my King shall bless; a storehouse in which plenty shall abound. The Son of Mary, my beloved One, will bless my storehouse. His is the glory of the whole universe. May that glory be ever multiplied, and be given unto Him!”

The charity of St. Brigid, however, was not only extended to the poor, but embraced all creatures, and many and charming are the stories told of her kindness to dumb animals. Her first meeting with St. Patrick took place in her childhood, when she was taken by her elders to hear him preach. While he was still speaking Brigid fell into an ecstasy; whereupon St. Patrick, knowing that she saw a vision, commanded her to describe it to him. “I saw a herd of white oxen among white crops,” said Brigid; “then I beheld spotted animals of different colors; and after these appeared black and darkly colored cattle. Afterwards I saw sheep and swine, and lastly dogs and wolves worrying each other.”

When Brigid had finished speaking, Patrick turned to the assembled multitude and thus interpreted the vision: “The Church in Ireland will enjoy peace for a time; her brow will be adorned with snow-white flowers, typical of the purity of her children, and her peaceful progress through the first three centuries of her existence. The flowers will then be changed to a crown of thorns, which she will have to wear for many long and weary centuries to come.”

Later on, St. Mel, nephew of St. Patrick, took Brigid to the famous fair of Tailtlean to see his holy uncle and receive his blessing. St. Patrick was then holding a synod at Teltown, and, true to his custom of giving a Christian signification to pagan practices when it was possible, he had purposely selected the season when the fair was in full swing. It partook somewhat of the nature of the Olympian

games, and had been established by King Lugh Lamh Fada; being named, it is supposed, in honor of his foster mother and teacher, Taillte. St. Patrick received Brigid with the greatest kindness and gave her his blessing.

It is well known that one of the first results of St. Patrick's preaching was to inspire young girls with the desire of leaving the world and consecrating themselves to God; and in this work he was greatly aided by St. Brigid. She, with seven young companions, received the veil from St. Maccaille; and it was in this good Bishop's diocese, and close to the church of Croghan Hill, County Westmeath, that she founded the first convent in Ireland. The second is said to have been founded at Ardagh, the ground for the purpose being given by Bishop Mel, St. Patrick's nephew, who received St. Brigid's final vows, and gave to her Order the white veil and habit that remained its dress for centuries.

The Eaglias Brighde, the site of which is now occupied by a Protestant church, was founded in Armagh by St. Patrick. While preaching there a cloud of great brightness, somewhat resembling an immense meteor, after resting above him for a little time, moved slowly away in the direction of Dun Leathglass, near Downpatrick. The people asked for an explanation; and St. Patrick, addressing himself to St. Brigid, who was present, said: "You and I are equals: therefore explain this mystery to the people." Brigid then told the people that the cloud represented the spirit of Patrick, which had gone to visit the place where he was destined one day to be buried. "Where this meteor first rested near us," said Brigid, "there shall the body of our holy patron be unburied for some days; and thence it shall be brought and interred in Dun Leathglass, where it shall remain to the Day of Judgment." It was St. Patrick's wish that St. Brigid should be with him in his dying hours, and that she should make his shroud with her own virgin hands; and he is said to

have extracted a promise from her to that effect.

Although St. Brigid was born in Louth, her family came from Leinster; and the Lagenians, or natives of Leinster, always claimed her as a daughter of that province, and she at last yielded to their prayers that she would take up her abode among them. She selected the tract of land known as Drum Criadh ("the Ridge of Clay") as the grounds of her future monastery; and eventually built it beneath an enormous oak, which remained sacred to her memory for centuries. So many cells were constructed in connection with this famous foundation, all centering round the parent cell erected beneath the oak, that the name Kill Dara, or Cill Dara ("Cell of the Oak"), was afterwards given to the entire district. In our own time it is called Kildare; and there are few indeed who have not heard of the Curragh of Kildare, known for ages as "the pasture of St. Brigid"; for it was there that the convent herds and flocks grazed in her day.

St. Brigid is always regarded as the patron of vocations to the priesthood; one of the reasons given being that as she was crossing the Curragh on a certain occasion she was surprised to see a youth rushing hither and thither like a madman. After he had several times crossed her path, St. Brigid called out to him to stop, and asked what he was doing. The youth answered, jestingly: "I am hurrying on towards the kingdom of heaven." Ignoring the levity of his tone, Brigid answered: "The Son of the Virgin knows that he who makes that journey is happy. Pray to God for me, that I, too, may run along the road that leads to that blissful land." Then Nennidh, as the youth was called, grew serious. "My dread," said he, "is lest the gates of heaven be closed against me; but, O veiled nun, do thou pray for me, that heaven may be mine." To which the saint made answer: "Thou shalt be a priest, and it is from your hands that I shall receive the Holy

Viaticum of the body and blood of my Lord Jesus Christ when I am dying." And so it turned out; for the giddy youth grew up a serious man and became a priest. He was so renowned for sanctity that he went by the name of "Nennidh of the Clean Hand"; and, as St. Brigid had foretold, administered the last Sacraments to her when she was dying.

As Kill Dara grew in importance, St. Brigid applied to St. Patrick to appoint a bishop, suggesting that St. Conlaeth, a holy hermit, should fill the post. St. Patrick was well pleased with Brigid's choice, and, about the year 490, Conlaeth was consecrated first Abbot and Bishop of Kildare. He was a master in the art of working gold and silver, and a crosier made by him is among the treasures preserved in the Royal Irish Academy. It was under his direction that Brigid founded a school where the youth of the neighborhood were taught the art in which he so excelled. He died in the year 519, having been for twenty years Bishop of Kildare.

Among the famous people who sought guidance from St. Brigid was St. Kevin, founder of the monastery of Glendalough; and it was her advice that led him to embrace a life of prayer and mortification. But, indeed, all who were in any trouble, whether of mind or body, seemed to have found their way to Kill Dara; every road that led to it being thronged with the poor, the sick, the blind and the lame; nor was any one ever turned away unconsolated or unaided.

St. Brigid told the time of her death four years before it took place, but there is no certainty now as to the exact date. Most authorities are agreed that the end came in her beloved monastery of Kill Dara, where, surrounded by her white-robed nuns, she passed peacefully away, to join the white-robed ranks above. She was buried first at Kill Dara; but, to preserve her remains from possible desecration by the Danes, they were removed to Down about the year 835; and, for the

same reason, later on they were hidden away; so that, with the lapse of time, and because of the secrecy with which they had been concealed, all knowledge of the spot where they lay was lost. In 1185, however, when St. Malachy, Bishop of Down, was praying in the cathedral that the remains of Ireland's three greatest saints, who tradition said had been buried in the same grave, might be rescued from oblivion, he saw a ray of light piercing the gloom, and he implored Our Lord that it might direct him to the place where the saints lay. His prayer was heard; and, digging beneath the spot indicated by the mysterious light, he came upon the three bodies. That of St. Patrick was fixed in a central cave, or compartment; with those of St. Brigid and St. Columba on either side. In the reign of King Henry VIII. the venerable shrines were despoiled and most of the precious relics scattered to the winds. Some were happily saved, however; and among them the head of St. Brigid, now in the church of St. John the Baptist at Lumiar, near Lisbon.¹

The long celebrated Fire of St. Brigid (or Bridget) that burned for centuries in her monastery at Kildare, is said to have been first lit in honor of St. Patrick's Paschal Fire enkindled at Slane, and kept up partly to commemorate it, and partly to guide belated travellers after dusk. Another reason given for the existence of the "perpetual fire" is that it served to light the numerous lamps that burned before the shrine of St. Brigid. It was finally extinguished in the reign of the infamous Queen Elizabeth.

The Order of St. Brigid was revived in the eighteenth century by Bishop Delaney, of Kildare and Leighlin; and at the present moment has, in Ireland, several convents, whose nuns follow the rule of the sainted "Mary of the Gael."

¹ A more detailed account of the fate of the relics of Ireland's three greatest saints ("French Relics of St. Patrick") may be found in *THE AVE MARIA* for March, 1916.

Search-Lights.

BY VALENTINE PARAISO.

IX.

NOT only Furzley but all England waited to hear what had become of the men. They had sped away from many centres to embark at unnamed ports. All day and all night the trains were going. Somebody in Furzley knew some one in London, who looked out from an upper window in the twilight of dawn, and heard the sound of marching with no music and no pipes, and saw the whole broad street full of ranks of kilted Highlanders—passing—passing,—most of them never to come back again.

No one asked to have the secret broken: the safety of the transfer of the men possibly depended upon the silence and self-control of the nation. They had all to get across the Channel; and it was afterwards known that, with the gates of the North Sea kept by the Fleet, the expeditionary force went over in every sort of steamboat claimed from the old holiday traffic,—the Holyhead boats that had plied to Ireland, and the Isle-of-Man boats that had carried Liverpool excursion crowds, as well as Continental traffic steamers, and swarms of coasting "tramps" of the sea. Three thousand, one moonlight night, crowded the decks of a "liner." Somehow, they all arrived—all the hundred and sixty thousand, and their vast shiploads of stores,—as quietly and noiselessly as if one man with a bag in his hand had slipped across to the Continent. Only then it was announced that the first force was across, in a period of about ten days. The feat had to be repeated, day and night, in silence, for months. And all the time in the opposite direction, across the Channel drifted the ships with the red cross blazoned large on the side,—the ships that went lighted up at night to show that they were laden with wounded, while the fighting material had

to be transferred with no lamps showing.

The first "expeditionary force" arrived in France amid wild enthusiasm. Somehow, poor France had never quite believed in their coming till she saw them. The detachments landed with a roaring shout ending in "No!" like a warcry. The translation of it must have sounded strange to French ears; for it was only the phrase that happened to be the catchword in the streets at the time, "Are we down-hearted?—No!" They were welcomed with flowers. The brass buttons from their coats were taken for souvenirs. They saw their first sight of the Continent; these untravelled lads, in the blaze of glorious weather. They marched along the French roads, chorusing "Tipperary."

They found out what war is, and gaily made the best of it, doggedly meeting the strong tide of invasion. Nobody in England knew that they were hustled back at Mons. They were supposed to be making a strategic retreat by a series of victories. At last they turned the luck, and held fast on the Marne, and began to push the other way. They never knew what great things they did; but they saved Paris, and they obeyed blindly, and gave their lives willingly; hardly knowing whether they were backing as a living barrier towards the capital, or pushing forward towards the frontier. Most of them—poor boys!—lie buried on French soil. May they rest in peace, and live in the true *patria*, where the name of enemy shall never be given to any human brother, and where earth's discords, like its pain, are among the "former things" that have "passed away"!

One morning, as early as ten o'clock, Colonel Spaggot was told that Mr. Verreker wished to see him. The breakfast cloth had only just been cleared away. It was a rainy day, when no one would come out without set purpose. The Colonel found his neighbor of Morton Court, Sydney Verreker, waiting for him in that simple, low-ceiled dining-room that

had been Uncle Jeremiah's long ago. It is hard to believe rooms are the same places under changed circumstances. It was here, and among the same mahogany furniture, that he—Jack Spaggot—used to come with shy dread to be entertained by Uncle Jeremiah, once in each vacation. On the sideboard among the silver was the trefoil dish that the uncle had given rather pointedly as a wedding present, after he had told Jack Spaggot that he was marrying on bread and cheese and kisses. The Colonel was only a captain then; the bride and bridegroom had no expectations from Uncle Jeremiah, but they refused to be depressed when his wedding present came round with their biscuits and cheese. Jack was marrying late, and was far on in life for his rank; but if his regiment went to India he would surely rise.

Once each year they lunched with Uncle Jeremiah in that old dining-room, and went with him to the Morton Court flower show. But each time the uncle took care to mention a business appointment; and the sense of "cold shoulder" increased so rapidly that they did not dream of staying long, but after a short time at the show took the tram-car back to their lodging in town. Years after, when the Colonel came home from India a widower, and claimed Daisy from the friends who were going out to Burmah, he took his daughter to Furzley, when he called dutifully upon Uncle Jeremiah. The old man returned the visit, patted Pepper, and made much of Daisy. It was the greatest surprise of Colonel Spaggot's life when Uncle Jeremiah died and left him the house and all his income. The Colonel had his own pension as well. His first thought was that Daisy was to have a "rattling good time." So where he interviewed Sydney Verreker, the room had a past in which it was hardly to be recognized.

Sydney explained that he had come early so as to be sure to find him. He wanted to talk about personal matters.

"Sit down, my boy! It is quite a convenient time. I have only too much leisure,—I wish I had not."

Sydney sat down—quiet, entirely undisturbed. He gripped the arms of his chair nervously, when he had laid his hat and stick aside. There was some anxiety as well as an extraordinary earnestness in his pale grey eyes. He seemed to have a great deal to talk of, and hardly to know how to begin.

First, he was thinking of joining up. No, there was no question of his going in again as a Territorial officer. He had only played at that, and they would not want him. But he was thinking of offering himself—"just going into the ranks."

The Colonel was amazed. He had heard of barristers and other professional men enlisting with the stream of recruits at the offices. Here was a young man of wealth, with all the world before him.

"Well done!" said the Colonel, crossing the hearth-rug to clap a hand on his shoulder. "Grand! But why not get a commission?"

"No, no!" said the lad. "I'd rather go and rough it with the rest. Everyone is just one more."

"My boy," said the old soldier, "my heart goes out to you."

"So you approve, Colonel? I wanted to know. I—I—value your judgment."

The Colonel began to talk in glowing words about the future of the country that had such men.

"You are giving up everything, taking your place with the least of our brave boys, if only you can serve. Splendid!"

"Oh, please don't! I don't see it like that a bit. I want them to have better officers than I."

Then he turned abruptly to another subject. He had made "a rotten mistake." He wondered if Daisy had mentioned it. He found it impossible to explain more; his eyes frankly questioned the Colonel.

"What mistake? When?"

"It was the day of the flower show," Sydney stammered on. "I hardly know

what I said to your daughter. I know what I meant, but I'm awfully bad at saying anything."

"My dear boy, I don't know what you said or what Daisy said—"

"But my position is entirely altered now, and I want her to know—in case—that is—it's not fair to her not to let her know."

The Colonel began to walk about excitedly.

"Nonsense, Verreker! Your position is not altered because you are going into the ranks. You were a gentleman before, and you are ten thousand times as fine a gentleman now."

There was a little silence. Sydney Verreker, intensely sensitive, was deeply touched. He would have liked to tell the Colonel how generous his words were; but he could not think what to say, beyond a murmur—something about "too good."

Sydney also was standing now. He took up a position near the window, facing the room; but there was no slant sunlight on the floor this morning, and the rain was pouring heavily outside. The Colonel had always wanted Sydney for his son-in-law. He had wanted Morton Court and the Verreker fortune for his "little girl." He believed the great moment had come; and if Daisy was hesitating, it was only her winsome, wilful way to make a show of independence and to need a good deal of asking.

"My dear boy," said the Colonel, "if you have come to ask my consent, you have it with a heart and a half; and I am proud of you."

This was awkward for Sydney Verreker. "It's not that," he began. "No—really no. I was not a success the other day. As I told you, it was a rotten mistake."

"But you don't know what a girl is like, my lad. She is probably desperately in love with you, and she does not know it herself. I'm pretty sure that's the way. She says she wants to stay with her old 'daddy.' Very likely she told you that.

Fudge! She wants the man that wins her to go after her on his knees all round the park."

Sydney Verreker burst out laughing.

"O my dear sir,—my dear sir—"

"Yes, that's it. All women are alike. Wait till she hears that you are 'joining up' in the ranks for your country's sake: she will know her own heart. She will be head and ears in love with you to-morrow."

There was a sudden smiling light on Verreker's face, like a gleam of sunshine in hard weather. Then it faded. He was a shade paler. He seemed to suffer. His lips were resolute.

"You are awfully good, Colonel. But I have not told you yet."

It had been a horrible moment of trial. If Verreker had put away his great resolve and gone straight on, the full cup of human love and happiness might have been his at once. He had no idea, when he was coming to the Colonel, that he was going to be offered the easy winning of Daisy. It was so terrible a crisis that he had to speak out at once. He could not trust himself; he would not risk delay.

"Things are not as you think with me, Colonel, or perhaps you would not say all you have said. Don't say any more till you know. I am not going to inherit the Verreker money at all. I did not mean to talk about Daisy, except to make sure she would know I have no position—nothing! It's not fair to a girl not to know that, in case she ever—ever remembers me."

The two men faced each other. The eyes of the Colonel had grown large with wonder, starting in their sockets under the black brows.

"This question of enlisting set me thinking," Sydney Verreker explained, amid silence that made them hear in every pause the dropping of the rain, and the slow heavy ticking of a clock somewhere out of sight. "I am going now certainly; but even if I did not go, I could not inherit anything. And perhaps you know that, by Sir George's will, I have only a small income—very few shares—apart from what

will come from Lady Verreker. My connection with the work in Wales gave me a good deal; but that can't go on now. And, thinking I was to inherit, I have incurred some expense. When things are paid I shall have practically nothing."

"But you are the heir?"

"Not now: Ralph is the heir."

There was a silence. The rain fell pattering against the window. The old clock outside the room door ticked in the hall—Uncle Jeremiah's clock—"Forever!—Never! Never!—Forever!"

"I did not know this," Sydney began, "until I had made up my mind. But had I known it from the first, I would have made up my mind all the same. My grandfather left it in his will that no Catholic is to inherit, or even to be a director in the company."

The elder man drew back.

"Good Lord, you are not a Papist?"

"I am,—in heart and will, Colonel, I am a Catholic. As soon as I can I shall be received. I am going to 'cut the loss,' and be nobody."

He stopped, having always but few words; and the clock in the hall went on throbbing the seconds away: "Forever!—Never! Never!—Forever!"

The Colonel had gasped some word of disappointment. He was chilled, stiffened. It seemed to him most regrettable that this fine young man should show himself such a "crank," after all. He wondered how far he had committed himself about his daughter's future. He hardly knew. He hoped he had not said much. He was afraid he had.

It would never have occurred to Colonel Spaggot to inquire if an eligible suitor believed in anything at all; he would have given her cheerfully to a generous agnostic. But Rome? No; there was an accumulation of unspoken dislike somewhere at the back of his mind. One had to draw the line somewhere. It was a free country, and these people could burn their incense and all that; but what he disliked was the way they were always making

proselytes. Here was this good, honest, right-hearted fellow with his prospects ruined. Colonel Spaggot disliked "Rome" more than ever.

Sydney had no idea of what was passing in the mind of the elder man, but he perceived that there was a chill in the manner of his friend.

"It is hard for you to understand this, Colonel," he said. "But think! Is a man only to rough it for his country? Is it only for his country that he may make a sacrifice and lose rank and be nobody? No: if I am killed over there, it shall not be a coward's life that I give for my country. And I should count myself a coward, indeed, if, knowing what I know now, I did not 'cut the loss' and go straight on and let the world talk."

It was a tremendous effort to Sydney Verreker to say so much. The words came tumbling over each other with torrent-like speed. His pale cheeks burned.

"There is no credit to *me*!" he exclaimed. "If one sees things as I see them, what else can one do? You wouldn't have me sell God Almighty for money? Why, it would be better to be a dog dying in a ditch! And when I go to France, Colonel, when they carry me into the base-hospital some night, and I've got just half an hour to live—what shall I care for the Verreker money *then*? Nothing matters then to a man, but whether he is straight with God Almighty."

There was another pause. The Colonel saw that the lad was in "deadly earnest." No doubt could exist that Sydney Verreker believed what he was professing; and it was the ardor of his belief that found vent in this unwonted torrent of words, this spiritual avowal. His vehemence touched the older man.

"Poor boy!—poor boy!" the Colonel said reflectively. The lad was sincere. One need not think of him too hardly. There was even a problem dragging at the honest soldier's inner consciousness. He had praised Verreker a few minutes ago for descending from his position and

being ready to make any sacrifice for his country. Was it only for one's country that one should "do one's bit"? Where was the flaw in arguing that there might be a higher claim for which a man would give up all he possessed? It seemed perfectly logical and consistent.

The problem faced the Colonel, and made him uncomfortable. He mentally evaded it. Sydney Verreker was not giving up everything for philanthropy or scientific research or South Polar exploration, or even for the work of colonizing and the Anglican missions to the heathen. This was merely the working of "Rome"; and here all the prejudice of a lifetime surged up again, and left the problem not worth an answer.

"I really don't know what to say to you, Sydney," the Colonel answered at last. "I am sorry—very sorry—if this is irrevocable."

"Quite irrevocable."

"I hope you have thought it over sufficiently. I hope you have taken wise counsel. . . . Yes! Well, I can only say I am sorry, lad." The Colonel's manner suddenly warmed. "If you were my own boy, I'd say the same. Your heart is better than your head. I wish you well, and I wish you luck."

"Luck has not come my way yet, sir,—except in this one thing."

"And what do you wish me to say to Daisy? She is visiting at a country house, and staying a couple of days—down in Surrey. What shall we say?"

Sydney thought a moment.

"Oh, say nothing, Colonel,—nothing indeed." He paused, and made a move to take his hat and stick. "I shall be soon away for my training, and they won't leave me any time to worry. But I never cared for any one till she came on the scene. And I loved your daughter, Colonel Spaggot, from the first day I saw her. She was a bright little thing, with her hair flying in the wind; and she leaned out of the summer-house over there on the wall,

and she talked to you and me below on the road. I think I'd rather not see her to say good-bye, if she does not want me; and I reckon she does not, Colonel,—and why should she? I wish now I hadn't said a word to her; but you'll know what to say if she ever talks of me. Don't worry Daisy about me, sir; many a better man than I am makes the same mistake, and has to bear his ill luck all his life."

Sydney had reached the hall, and was pulling on his rain-coat, close to the clock that was throbbing "Never!—Forever!"

"No umbrella?"

Sydney forced a laugh.

"I am getting ready for the trenches."

Then the Colonel looked at that resolute face. If it was quiet, it was strong,—stronger than he had ever imagined. The friendlessness of the lad, the completeness of his sacrifice, his poverty, and the thought of his risks and chances as a soldier,—all appealed to Colonel Spaggot. The words about Daisy had gone straight to her father's heart. He caught Sydney's hand in both his own.

"You are a brave boy! Meet me in town at my club—'Army and Navy.' Write to me there. Good luck!"

"Luck has not come my way yet, except in one thing," said Sydney, with a smile. "Don't stand out in the rain, Colonel. Good-bye!"

Sydney Verreker went down the gravel path—a solitary figure.

The door in the outer wall closed, and the downpour swept the grass, and danced on the pools of the path with rings of rain.

Colonel Spaggot looked into the dining-room again. The trefoil silver dish on the sideboard caught his eye and reproached him. Ah, but in this case, poverty was not the barrier! There was something else that prevented this from being a parallel case with Jack Spaggot's long ago. With all the sympathy and admiration in the world, one must draw the line somewhere.

The Opticians.

BY H. G. TAKKENBERG.

HE menders of the turning doors
 Where fever-footed Light comes in,
 Repairers of the gates where pass
 Lone Virtue and the thronging Sin;
 Who bring to old men's eyes again
 The colors which their childhood knew;
 Who build the sailor's vision tall
 To scan the rolling prairies blue;
 Who spy on romping stars that hide
 In hedges 'long the Milky Way,
 And gossip of our neighbor worlds
 What company they keep each day,—
 Oh, can you, with a master key,
 Unlock the soul's twice-barrèd doors,
 To smuggle in Faith's candlelight
 That richly falls from Heaven's floors?
 Can wonders of your wond'rous craft
 Advise the prisoned Mind within,
 That at two windows of its cell
 The face of God is smiling in?

A Candidate for Canonization.

V.

IN 1649 and 1651, during the war, generally known as that of the Fronde, Louise and her Sisters became the ministering angels of the Capital. Paris was besieged; its inhabitants were a prey to sickness and to famine; terror and death reigned everywhere. St. Vincent of Paul was absent, and the whole responsibility of the works they had founded together rested on our heroine, who showed herself equal to the task. "There are so many sick persons in Paris," she writes, "that it seems as if we must all die now." Her courage rose with the perils and difficulties that surrounded her. In the one parish of St. Paul, the Sisters of Charity assisted five thousand poor people, without counting the sick; every day they distributed soup to thirteen thousand persons; and St. Vincent, the most exact and

humble of men, estimated that in 1652, during the space of six months, at least fourteen thousand people owed their lives to the Sisters.

The ladies nobly helped them in their charitable mission. "You can hardly imagine," writes Louise in 1649, "the alms that are given away in Paris. . . . It seems as if these ladies were far more anxious to collect corn for their poor people than for themselves." One of these generous women, of whom we have already spoken, Madame de Lamoignon, in one day distributed to the poor a large quantity of corn, sent to her from one of her estates, for the use of her family.

But though the misery was great in Paris, it was greater still in the provinces of the east of France, where the war had spread ruin and desolation. "Nothing was spoken of but murders, robberies, and sacrileges. Churches were robbed, . . . the harvest was destroyed, the priests had to fly, and the peasants had taken refuge in the woods." This state of things moved St. Vincent to compassion, and he sent a little band of missionaries and several Sisters of Charity to the provinces where the distress was greatest. One of our heroine's earliest historians tells us that the Sisters generously rendered the most painful and difficult services. "They saved the lives of an immense number of poor, whose hearts they won by their charitable deeds." Several of the Sisters died in the exercise of this mission of charity. One, after having served the poor during two years in Champagne and Picardy, fell from sheer exhaustion near Etampes, and died alone and abandoned. Another, Sister Marie Joseph, too weak to leave her room and yet unwilling to relinquish her duties, used to have the sick brought to her in order that she might still dress their wounds. She continued to do so till a few minutes before her death, and fell, as St. Vincent said, "on the field of battle."

Towards 1652 peace came at last. The civil war was at an end; and the reign

that had begun amidst tempests, both without and within, pursued its course in comparative tranquillity. The Sisters of Charity had proved their worth in times of danger, and now they were called upon to take care of the wounded on the battlefields of the far North.

Among the noble ladies who, some years previously, had been in the habit of visiting the Hôtel Dieu in Paris was Louise de Gonzague, daughter of the Duke de Nevers. She had since then become Queen of Poland; and, seeing her kingdom ravaged by a terrible pestilence, she remembered the Sisters of Charity whom she had met in the days of her youth in the hospitals of Paris. She immediately wrote to St. Vincent and asked him to send some of his missionaries and some of his Sisters to Poland. He complied, and in the autumn of 1652 the little band of travellers arrived at Warsaw. That same year the plague had carried off four hundred thousand persons; and the first care of the Sisters was to establish hospital wards where the sick could be properly cared for, instead of being left to die in the streets. The Queen gave them a portion of her palace for the purpose; and she often spent whole days in their society, helping them to nurse the sick or to work for the poor.

The following year war broke out between Russia and Sweden, and Poland became a battlefield where the rival armies fought out their quarrel. The Queen sent the Sisters to the front, with the mission to help and assist the wounded; and St. Vincent, overjoyed at the reports sent to him of his children's heroism, gives way to an outburst very rare in one so guarded. "I do not think," he writes, "that any Company has accomplished the works that God has accomplished by means of yours."

The "Little Company" had, in truth, proved its worth; and both its founders felt that the time had come when they might humbly solicit for their joint foundation the approbation of the Church. With

this object in view, St. Vincent had already drawn up a clear and explicit statement, in which he described the origin of the Congregation and its subsequent development. We learn from this document that as early as 1646 the Sisters of Charity were employed in Paris in various hospitals, and also in the service of the galley slaves. In many towns of the provinces they were occupied in similar works of charity. Their chief means of support were the annual sums settled upon them by the king and the queen-mother, the Duchess d'Aiguillon, and other charitable persons. At this period there were about thirty novices, whom Louise trained to religious life, and whom she accustomed to nurse the poor and the sick.

St. Vincent submitted his statement to the Archbishop of Paris, and at the same time begged him to give a formal approbation to the "Company of the Servants of the Poor." After some delay the approbation was granted by Mgr. de Gondi, Archbishop of Paris; and it was confirmed in 1655 by his successor, Cardinal de Retz, who placed the Sisters under the direction of the Congregation of Missionaries founded by St. Vincent.

In a touching conference, the saint informed his daughters that their Company, its rules and spirit, had been formally approved by the Archbishop of Paris. "You will bear the name of 'Sisters of Charity, Servants of the Sick Poor.' What a beautiful title! It is as if we said, 'Servants of Jesus Christ'; for all that we do for His children He considers as done for Himself." He then went on: "I beg your pardon, my daughters! How many faults have I not committed in all that concerns your work! I beg you to pray God to forgive me, and I will beg Our Lord to give you His blessing." Two years later, in 1657, the king in his turn, by letters patent, gave the new Congregation full permission to establish itself in his kingdom; and, in recognition of its services, he bestowed on it several important privileges.

The "Little Company" had now a recognized place among the religious Congregations of God's Church. Its future existence seemed secure, and its founders could sing their *Nunc Dimittis*. For both—for the aged missionary, whose life had been spent in the service of the poor and little ones of this world, and for the valiant woman who had been his faithful helper—the day of reward was drawing near.

At the same time as He set her mind at rest on the subject of the future existence of her spiritual daughters and their work, God satisfied our heroine's anxious heart as to the career of her son. Although we have not mentioned him since the days of his boyhood, Michel Legras had continued to occupy his mother's thoughts. He seems to have been of an uncertain and vacillating character, and to have had some difficulty in settling down to a fixed occupation. At one time, to his mother's great joy, he seemed inclined to become a priest; but the desire passed away; and, owing perhaps to his weak health, he remained for several years unwilling or unable to pursue any career. "You are the tenderest mother that I know," writes St. Vincent, while half chiding Louise for the excessive anxiety that sprang from her deep love.

At last, in 1650, her prayers were heard: Michel Legras made a happy marriage, and settled down to an honorable employment. Louise writes of Gabrielle le Clerc, her daughter-in-law, that "she is a very virtuous girl, whom God seems to have chosen on purpose for him." Their only child was a daughter, surnamed the "little Sister" by the Sisters of Charity, who, says her grandmother, "used to send her cakes before she had teeth to eat them with." Michel Legras survived his holy mother; and her last will proves the place that, to the end, he continued to occupy in her loving heart.

Our heroine's affection for her spiritual daughters was scarcely less than her tenderness for her only son. She treated them with boundless kindness,

indulgence, and patience. "She often sent for me on purpose to beg my pardon," said one, "if she thought that in any way she had given me pain; although very often it was I who was in fault." Her influence greatly contributed to impress on her Congregation what she calls "our dear virtue, cordiality"; and in her familiar instructions to the Sisters she insists over and over again upon this point: "If humility, simplicity, and charity are firmly established among you, there will be as many saints as there are persons in your little Company."

Louise's love for the poor, whom she so tenderly calls "our dear lords and masters," seemed to increase as time went on. Her greatest happiness in this world was to serve them; and she did so with deep respect, recognizing in them the representatives of the Master to whom she had devoted her life.

Towards July, 1659, the health of Louise, which had always been delicate, began to fail rapidly. She continued, nevertheless, to attend to her usual duties. Now and then her extreme weakness obliged her to take to her bed; but at the slightest improvement she resumed her occupations with unflagging energy.

About the same time St. Vincent of Paul, who was then in the eighty-fifth year of his age, became completely confined to his room; and Louise could correspond only by letter with the guide and father of her soul. This separation from one to whom she looked for advice on all matters, great and small, was at first a bitter trial to her. She had always desired above all things that St. Vincent should assist her at the hour of death: he alone had enough authority to calm, by one word, the terrors of her naturally anxious soul. She made the sacrifice generously, as was her wont; bravely accepting the acts of detachment by which God was preparing her for the end.

In February, 1660, her strength failed completely and a violent fever came on,

Her son and his wife came to see her, and were present when she received the last Sacraments. "My dear children," she said, "I beg God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, by the power He has given to fathers and mothers to bless their children, to give you Himself His blessing, to detach you from the things of this world, attach you to Himself, and make you live as good Christians should."

After this a slight improvement, that lasted about three weeks, gave some hope to the anxious watchers around the sick bed. But on the 9th of March grave symptoms showed themselves; and on the 13th Louise received Holy Communion with deep joy and thankfulness. She was able afterwards to address a few parting words to her Sisters, and in this touching farewell the affections that had filled her heart in life expressed themselves for the last time. "'Take a tender care of the poor," she said; "and always live together in great union and cordiality; loving one another in order to imitate Our Lord." Then, gently reminding them that she was about to leave them, she added: "Pray to Our Lady that she may be your only Mother."

She sent her adieus to St. Vincent, and begged him to give her a few written lines to comfort and strengthen her. He declined to do so, wishing probably to teach her a last lesson of detachment. But he bade one of his priests tell her that if she went first, he hoped to join her in heaven ere long. His hope was realized: six months later—in September, 1660—St. Vincent de Paul passed to his reward.

The Ladies of Charity, the Duchess of Ventadour, the Sisters employed in the different hospitals of Paris, came in turns to take leave of the beloved foundress. She could hardly speak; but, gasping for breath, she still found strength to murmur her usual exhortation: "Take great care of the service of the poor." The hours passed by in suffering and in prayer. At last, on Passion Monday, March 15, 1660, Louise peacefully breathed

her last, in presence of her weeping Sisters and of the Curé of St. Laurent, who exclaimed in his enthusiasm: "Oh, the beautiful soul! She has still the grace of her baptism!"

According to her express wish, this servant of the poor was buried without pomp or display. At the request of the parish priest, St. Vincent allowed her remains to be laid in one of the chapels of the church of St. Laurent, where they remained until 1755, when the Sisters obtained leave to translate them to the chapel of their Mother-House, in the Faubourg St. Denis. At the Revolution of 1793, the house was confiscated and the Sisters dispersed; but the precious remains were saved from profanation, and carefully concealed until more peaceful times. They now rest in the chapel of the Mother-House of the Rue du Bac, in Paris; only a few steps away from the house of the Lazarist missionaries, where the relics of St. Vincent of Paul receive the reverent homage of thousands.

If the prayers of the twenty thousand Sisters of Charity scattered over the world are heard, the "cause" now pending before the tribunals of the Church will have a favorable issue; and ere long the honors paid to St. Vincent of Paul will be paid in the same degree to the valiant woman who so bravely, yet so modestly, shared his great work. She still lives amidst us in her children, whose undaunted courage and sweet humility recall her own virtues; and who in both hemispheres, faithfully carry out the last bequest of the dying servant of God: "Take great care of the service of the poor."

(The End.)

IMAGINE a man who would abstract himself from the world and immerse himself for fifteen minutes every day in "The Imitation of Christ." He might not attain to much of the detachment and mystic joy of the religious, but vulgarity would be washed from him. He would indeed be "liberally educated."—*Anon.*

The Second Month.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

February fill the dyke
Either with the black or white

is an old rhyme which sometimes has the following additional lines:

If it be white,
It's the better to like.

The Norman equivalent runs thus:

Fevrier qui donne neige,
Bel été nous pleige,—

meaning that if this month retains its more wintry character, the weather during the ensuing months will probably be better than if rain fell instead of snow. We notice much the same idea in the old Candlemas verses, such as:

If Candlemas Day be fair and bright,
Winter will have another flight.

Or:

If Candlemas Day be dry and fair,
The half o' winter's to come and mair.

In Scotland there is a proverb which tells us that—

A' the months o' the year
Curse a fair Februeer.

Again, in Germany, according to two popular sayings, the shepherd would rather see a wolf enter his stable on Candlemas Day than the sun. The badger looks out of his hole on Candlemas Day, and if he finds snow upon the ground walks abroad, but if the sun is shining he creeps back into his hole.

Of the Feast of the Purification of Our Lady, February 2, in respect of its religious ceremonial, it is not our purpose to speak here; but of the quaint folklore concerning it. We know that long after the so-called Reformation—in fact even till about the close of the eighteenth century—there still lingered traces of the ancient faith and practice, such as the "lighting up churches with candles on Candlemas Day." And down to the time of Charles II., it was a custom, when lights were brought in at nightfall, to say: "God send us the light of heaven!"

It is evident, from old documents and the literature of the period, that in England, during the Middle Ages, a meaning was attached not only to the size of the candles, but also to the way in which they burned during the Candlemas procession. He was deemed specially fortunate whose candle "burneth clear and bright"; moreover, if the candles were taken home and lighted during a storm, "no tempest could abide; nor thunder in the skies be heard, nor any devil's spide." Also "fearful sprites that walk by night" were driven away, and "hurts of frost or hail" prevented.

On Candlemas Eve it was customary to remove the Christmas decorations, which, in those days, were left from the Feast of Our Lord's Nativity, in houses as well as churches; and great care was taken that no stray leaf or branch should be left behind. This was done because, according to an old superstition, for all leaves not removed "so many goblins shall you see." The same poet, whom we have quoted above, also mentions the Christmas "brand," or candle, part of which, he says,

Must be kept wherewith to tend
The Christmas Log next year;
And where 'tis safely kept, the fiend
Can do no mischief there.

This Christmas candle must evidently have been blessed, or it would not have been regarded as efficacious in driving away evil spirits.

The snowdrop, or "Purification Bell," is always associated with Candlemas; and is, in truth, like the white Christmas Rose, a suitable emblem for her whom we so often invoke as the stainless Mother of Christ our Lord.

On February 3, the Feast of St. Blaize, it was customary, in England, to light fires on hilltops and other elevated places. This saint, moreover, was held to be specially powerful in removing thorns from the flesh or a bone from the throat. Holding the patient, the following words were said: "Blaize, the martyr

and servant of Jesus Christ, commands thee [if a bone in the throat] to pass up or down; [if a thorn] to come forth." Exactly how this belief arose it is impossible now to ascertain.

As Shrovetide frequently falls during the month of February, it may be noted here that, in Scotland, it was called "Fasten's E'en"; whilst the Monday before Shrove Tuesday was called, in England, "Collop Monday," "from the practice," we are told, "of eating salted meat and eggs on that day." Boys, at one time, used to go round in small parties, singing:

Shrovetide is at hand,
And I be come a-shroving;
Pray, dame, something—
An apple or a dumpling.

But during the Ages of Faith, when Shrove Tuesday dawned, the church bells were set ringing; and the faithful, having been shriven, gave themselves up to merry-making. Pancakes were cooked, tossed, and eaten; and we all remember the words of the clown in "All's Well that Ends Well": "As fit as a pancake for Shrove Tuesday."

It is scarcely necessary to state that, in Catholic England, there were no popular observances on Ash Wednesday; but the first day of Lent naturally reminds us of Lenten fare, and the exceeding strictness with which our forefathers were wont to observe this solemn fast. The cooks of the Middle Ages had numerous ways of preparing fish, which was then consumed in large quantities by all classes. "Herring pies," we learn, "were considered as delicacies even by royalty"; and it is interesting to note that the town of Yarmouth, by ancient charter, "was bound to send a hundred herrings, baked in twenty-four pies or pasties, annually to the King." And Eustace de Corson, Thomas de Berkedich, and Robert de Within, in the reign of Edward I., held thirty acres by tenure of supplying twenty-four pasties of fresh herrings, for the King's use, on their first coming into season.

The Corporation of Gloucester presented to the sovereign every Christmas, as a token of their loyalty, a lamprey pie,—not by any means an insignificant offering, seeing that lampreys at that season could hardly be bought for a guinea each; though they varied in price, as we find from the fact that, in the reign of Edward III., they were sometimes sold for eight pence or ten pence a piece; whilst in 1341, we are told, "Walter Dastyn, sheriff of Gloucester, received the sum of twelve pounds, five shillings, and eight pence, for forty-four lampreys supplied for the King's use." And so great was the demand for this fish in the reign of King John, that he issued a mandate to the sheriffs of the above-mentioned city, forbidding them to allow lampreys, on first coming into season, to be sold for more than two shillings each.

In respect of St. Valentine, February 14, we gather from old records that the beautiful little flower of very early spring, the crocus, was dedicated to him; whilst on the eve of this saint it was usual, till quite recent years, in Norwich, to give and receive anonymous presents. Upon each package would be written in a disguised hand, "Good-morrow, Valentine"; though why the name of the holy priest, martyred in Rome in the third century, should have become associated with such a custom it would be hard to say. For the rest there is nothing of special interest concerning the remaining days of the month.

WHEN your spirit within you is excited or relaxed or depressed, when it loses its balance, when it is restless or wayward, when it is sick of what it has and hankers after what it has not, when your eye is solicited with evil and your mortal frame trembles under the shadow of the tempter,—what will bring you to yourselves, to peace and to health, but the cool breath of the Immaculate and the fragrance of the Rose of Sharon?

—Newman,

A Madonna among the Clouds.

MANY things render Mount Roccia Melone, 11,139 feet above the sea level, one of the most characteristic points of the Alps. Its pyramidal configuration, for one thing, causes it to stand forth on the horizon so as to be easily recognizable amid the other points of demarkation; seeming, as it were, a sentinel set to guard the mountain passes leading into Savoy.

The Mount remained involved in pagan legend until the middle of the fourteenth century, when the crusader, Marquis Boniface Rothario d'Asti, who, having been taken prisoner by the Saracens, had made a vow to erect, if restored to freedom, on the summit of Mount Roccia Melone an oratory in honor of the Blessed Virgin. He returned in safety from the Holy Land, and ascended the Mount in pious pilgrimage, bearing with him a triptych of the Madonna, and constructed a chapel on the apex of the Mount for its reception; together with another chapel, attached whereto was a small hospice, Casa d'Asti.

In the chapel on the summit of Mount Roccia Melone, Boniface deposited, as a votive offering, the fetters with which he had been bound during his term of slavery among the Saracens. The triptych—or, as it is generally described, the "curious Medieval group, in bronze, of Our Lady of Roccia Melone, with St. George and Boniface the crusader,"—is still carefully preserved in the cathedral of Susa.

Consecrated thus to the Christian faith, the summit of Mount Roccia Melone became the object of an annual feast, unique in the world, in which participated thousands of mountaineers and Alpinists from the valleys of Piedmont and of Savoy. When, on August 28, 1895, Professor Ghirardi conceived the idea of crowning the apex of the Mount with a grand statue in bronze of the Madonna, thereby setting up the highest monument in

Christendom; and when, still further to clothe the conception with sentiment, he proposed to erect the monument by means of penny subscriptions from all the children of Italy, his idea was welcomed enthusiastically. Queen Margaret of Savoy took the work under her special patronage; the princesses of the dynasty of Piedmont willed the list to be inaugurated by the names of the little princes of Savoy-Aosta and Savoy-Genoa; and his Holiness Leo XIII. deigned to compose the epigraph for a monument inspired by such noble religious and patriotic sentiments. It was modelled by the celebrated sculptor, G. A. Stuardi, of Turin, and is in eight pieces.

Sunday, August 27, 1899, at daybreak, the monument was duly unveiled on the apex of Mount Roccia Melone; thousands of people crowding the mountain slopes to witness the ceremony. After the Mass, Professor Ghirardi, in a brief discourse, set forth the religious significance of the monument. Speeches were also made by the representatives of the Vice-Prefect of Susa and of the Alpine Club, and by Canon Pescarmona in the name of the Bishop of Asti.

The various medals to be placed in the corner-stone of the monument were then blessed; amongst them being a magnificent one bearing the effigies in relief of their Majesties of Savoy, struck by sovereign command expressly for the purpose. The *procès-verbal*, signed and sealed by the authorities present, was deposited, together with the medals and the list of names of the 130,000 children, in an iron box, which was walled into the base of the monument, to the outside whereof was affixed the bronze plate bearing engraven thereon the epigraph composed by Pope Leo XIII., saluting 'Mary, far whiter than snow, protectress and guardian of the confines of the land of Italy.' Luigina Ghirardi, the young daughter of the president, recited some stanzas written for the occasion by the poet Fogazzaro; and the function closed with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament,

imparted to the multitude from the very apex of Mount Roccia Melone.

From early dawn to the beginning of the ceremony all the bells throughout the valley rang a continuous and merry peal; and during the evening bonfires on all the neighboring mountain peaks presented a most picturesque and never-to-be-forgotten spectacle.

Concerning English Rhyme.

FULLY three-fourths of the verses submitted to editors for publication and forthwith rejected by the editors' readers or critics, and quite as large a proportion of the published volumes of verse that incur the dispraise of the reviewers, are condemned, and rightly so, because of defective rhymes. Whoever casts his thoughts in a literary form different from plain, straightforward prose—whether he be a great poet, a minor one, a mere versifier, or a sheer doggerel-monger—needs to know and observe the rules of rhyme; and the weaker his claim to the title of genuine poet, the more urgent the need of his mastering this important item in the mechanism of verse. As Tom Hood declared long ago, the genuine poet "gives to the world his sublime thoughts, diamonds of the purest water"; and it would be petty "to quibble about minor points of the polishing and setting of such gems"; but the writer of mere verse does not pretend to give us diamonds,—“he offers paste brilliants, and therefore it the more behooves him to see to the perfection of the cutting, on which their beauty depends.”

Poetic license, as regards either rhyme or metre, is a privilege accorded to *poets* only, and is rather sparingly used by the greatest among them; violations of metrical rules by writers of mere verse are not justified or condoned by an appeal to instances of similar violations in the works of the masters. All poetry is verse, but all verse is not poetry; and there is

really no such recognized privilege as “versifying license.”

As laid down in works on English prosody, and exemplified in the concrete creations of English poets, rhymes are of three kinds: single, double, and triple,—for example, sing-ring, going-flowing, charity-rarity. The most common of the three is the single, or, as it is often called, masculine, rhyme; and it behooves whoever cherishes an ambition to see his verse in print to study its conditions. Two syllables are said to rhyme, or to be perfect rhymes, when they have the same vowel sound, followed by the same consonant sound, and preceded by a different consonant sound. It will be noticed that there is question, not of identity of vowels and consonants, but of the *sounds* of vowels and consonants; rhyme depends entirely on sound, and not at all on spelling. “Feign” and “pane” are perfect rhymes, although neither their vowels nor the consonants after their vowels are identical; whereas “clown” and “sown” do not rhyme, although both the vowels and the following consonants are the same.

A whole army of would-be poets violate the first of the three conditions for perfect single rhymes: they write as if the rule were that the rhyming syllables should have, not “the same” vowel sound, but “a somewhat similar” or “an almost the same” vowel sound. Thus, we have “star” forced into a cacophonous union with “war,” “fair,” “gore,” and “whir,” instead of being coupled with such legitimate rhymes as “far,” “mar,” or “jar.” A worth-while bit of advice to the writer of verse, as regards this point, is that he (or, more frequently, she) should have at hand a good pronouncing dictionary.

Common as are rhymes defective because of lack of identity in the vowel sounds, still more numerous, perhaps, are those that err because identical vowel sounds are not followed by the same consonant sounds. Not merely the columns of newspapers and magazines, but the pages of books, furnish superabundant ex-

amples of this rhythmical fault. "Scenes," and "dreams," "grain" and "frame," "stone" and "moans," "kiss" and "his," "pine" and "signs," etc., occur with exasperating frequency. A cognate error is the rhyming of a monosyllable with a dissyllable. "Rule" and "cruel," "rise" and "pious," "Bryan" and "sign," are instances recently noticed.

What is known as the "rich rhyme"—that in which the syllables have not only identical vowel sounds and the same consonant sounds following, but also the same consonant sounds preceding the vowel sounds—is less common in English poetry, or even verse, than are the errors mentioned above; although it, too, may be found in the columns of papers and magazines, as in the pages of pretentious volumes of "poetry." "Scent" and "sent," "thyme" and "time," "meant" and la-"ment," illustrate this defect.

As regards double (or feminine) rhymes and triple rhymes, the accented syllables of the rhyming words must conform to the rules governing single rhymes, while the unaccented syllables must be identical in sound. "Charming" and "harming" are good double rhymes; "gleaming" and "seemeth" are not. "Healthily" and "stealthily" are good, and "cheerfulness" and "tearfully" are defective, triple rhymes.

The versifier who talks about the paucity of genuinely rhyming words in English, and urges the difficulty of finding perfect rhymes as an excuse for using imperfect ones, has no case in the court of competent critics. If he purposes to cast his thoughts or his fancies in the form of verse, then it is his business to think and search and delve until he discovers the pairing words which the technique of verse demands. Should he, in the last resort, plead that, "after all, a man must write," he may conceivably receive the same reply as was given to the sneak thief who told the magistrate that "after all, a man must live." "I don't," said the magistrate, "see the necessity."

Notes and Remarks.

"Do you think there is any newspaper in the United States that would unhesitatingly publish them, just as they stand?" asks an esteemed correspondent, who presents the following facts. Not knowing of such a newspaper anywhere, we very willingly publish them ourselves:

The Peace Conference has opened with the "most imposing ceremony," attended by a body of men representing many nations, great and small. Our President said, "There is a sense in which this is the supreme conference of the history of mankind." The object desired is universal peace. The means to attain it must be to teach mankind the need of "good will," and of "the brotherhood of man." Strong men, brainy men, skilled diplomatists, will put their heads together, and then—what?

It is to be noted as a very remarkable fact that this "supreme conference of the history of mankind" is a Godless conference, because not one man of all the nations represented has had the courage even to suggest that divine guidance be asked in its deliberations. In the "most imposing ceremony" of its opening, the name of God was not mentioned.

The Pope, Christ's Vicar, could hardly expect a seat at "this supreme conference," from which his Master, the Prince of Peace, is excluded.

At the Nativity angels sang, "Peace on earth to men of good will." Did that include men of bad will?

Seriously, can we look for *enduring* results from this conference? God grant it, though the excluded Pope alone asks the world to seek divine guidance.

For reasons that require no explanation, Judge Charles E. Hughes has had little to say for publication since the election of Mayor Hylan, of New York. That event seems to have imposed silence on a number of prominent politicians, or at least to have restrained their indulgence in prophecy. And no wonder, considering how differently things turned out from what was so confidently predicted. Judge Hughes was welcomed to the platform again last week, in an address to the members of the New York State Bar Association, of which he is president. He confined himself to facts, tendencies, and

actualities more or less plain to everyone, but which most persons prefer to ignore. With other noted publicists at home and abroad, Judge Hughes holds that there has never been a time so pregnant with opportunities for discord as the present. His thoughtful reference to Bolshevism demands quotation in full:

If our bar association could create a sentiment which would demand that in all our cities the police courts and minor civil courts should fairly represent the Republic as the embodiment of the spirit of justice, our problem of Americanization would be more than half solved. A petty tyrant in a police court, refusals of a fair hearing in minor civil courts, the impatient disregard of an immigrant's ignorance of our ways and language, will daily breed Bolsheviks who are beyond the reach of your appeals. Here is work for lawyers. Look after the courts of the poor, who stand most in need of justice. The security of the Republic will be found in the treatment of the poor and the ignorant; in indifference to their misery and helplessness lies disaster.

We shall make no progress unless we have law and order and respect for the methods of reason. With this in mind, we should make swift work in repressing all incitement to anarchy. But we should discriminate clearly between those whose aim is disorder and the overthrow of government, and those who seek in an orderly way or by appeals to reason to spread economic views with which we may disagree. Democracy can not last without freedom of discussion, and there is safety as well as privilege in the open forum.

A very significant and uncompromising declaration, which recalls another more recent one by Senator Harding, of Ohio: "If you do not have a fairer division of profits of business here, you will have more Bolshevism in the United States than they have in Russia."

A man whom neither wealth nor worldly success could spoil; who was public-spirited without being ambitious; nobly benevolent, yet wholly unostentatious; intensely patriotic, though far more so in action than in profession; a citizen whose uprightness was admired by all classes; an employer who was never less generous than just; and, best of all, a Catholic

whose life was an example or a reproach to his fellows,—such was the late Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, of Boston, Mass. His death, on the 15th ult., is sincerely mourned by all who knew him or knew of him: They declare that he seemed to value money and influence only as means of rendering service to others. His public benefactions, though magnificent, were probably small in comparison with his private charities. He preferred to be associated with others in aiding works that were of public utility and beneficence, and to contribute to the support of private ones by stealth. This he did constantly and whole-heartedly. The affection of his family, the regard of friends, the esteem of fellow-citizens, and the gratitude of beneficiaries were the only recompense that Mr. Fitzpatrick ever thought to receive on earth; but, through the Cardinal Archbishop of Boston, he was made a Knight of St. Gregory the Great; and, in recognition of his distinguished services to religion and humanity, the University of Notre Dame bestowed upon him its Lætare Medal.

Now that thirty-six, and more, of our State Legislatures have declared their preference for Prohibition, the time for argument for or against the suppression of the liquor traffic would seem to have gone by. That policy has been ratified by a large majority of the people of the country, and opposition thereto is, for the time being at least, clearly futile. It is permissible to suggest that the enforcement of the law will prove a more difficult, more expensive, and less beneficent proceeding than its friends anticipate; and that the hardships which such enforcement will entail will be less intolerable than its enemies profess to believe. In the meanwhile, since no good cause is in the long run benefited by arguments drawn from wrong premises, it may be worth while to quote here two principles laid down by the Rev. Dr. Coffey, of Maynooth, as to this very question of Total Prohibition.

Writing in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, he says (the italics being his own):

It is the function of the State to promote the common good,—the economic and social well-being of the community. *If, in order to accomplish this, the State finds it necessary to deprive the individual citizens of all access to the enjoyment of certain temporal or material goods or conveniences which are in themselves lawful but not indispensable, the State has the moral power to do so.* That is an ethical principle or thesis which will scarcely be disputed; and it underlies the Total Prohibition policy. . . .

But perhaps it will be said that Total Prohibition is not a necessary means of promoting the social welfare of any community. Here, then, is another principle which I would venture to formulate: *Even if such a measure be not the only possible means of promoting the common good—of remedying grave and widespread economic evils and social miseries,—nevertheless, if it is believed by the majority of the community to be the most effective means, and as such is demanded by them, then, too, the State has the moral right to enforce the measure, and to impose on the individual citizens the resulting inconvenience of so far restricting personal liberty.*

The admission of both these principles does not, of course, imply or concede that our Prohibition law is either prudent or expedient or workable; but it does do away with several arguments that are rather heated than solid.

Judging from the frequency with which we are asked for the authorship of the Protestant tribute, "It is the Mass that matters," and from the fact that we have seen it attributed to Carlyle, it is perhaps worth while to reproduce once more the paragraph, from Augustine Birrell's "Essays," in which the familiar tribute appears:

Nobody nowadays, save a handful of vulgar fanatics, speaks irreverently of the Mass. If the Incarnation be indeed the one divine event to which the whole creation moves, the miracle of the altar may well seem to cast its restful shadow over a dry and thirsty land for the help of man, who is apt to be discouraged if perpetually told that everything really important and interesting happened once for all long ago, in a chill, historic past. However much there may be that is repulsive to many minds in ecclesiastical millinery and matters—and it is

not only the merriment of parsons that is often found mighty offensive,—it is doubtful whether any poor sinful child of Adam (not being a paid agent of the Protestant Alliance) ever witnessed, however ignorantly, and it may be with only the languid curiosity of a traveller, the Communion Service according to the Roman Catholic ritual without emotion. It is the Mass that matters; it is the Mass that makes the difference—so hard to define, so subtle is it, yet so perceptible—between a Catholic country and a Protestant one: between Dublin and Edinburgh, between Havre and Cromer. Here, I believe, is one of the battlefields of the future.

Mr. Birrell is a non-Catholic whose prestige can not be gainsaid by the most bitter anti-Catholic; and his characterization of the revilers of the Mass as "a handful of vulgar fanatics" accordingly stings more than a little.

Red-tapeism, the system of vexatious and tedious routine that characterizes most public offices, civil and military, was never more effectively satirized than in Dickens' "Little Dorrit," where the Circumlocution Office, with its "How not to do it" principle, is mercilessly held up to ridicule and contempt. Things have changed, however, in England since the middle nineteenth century when Dickens wrote; and red-tape, although still in evidence no doubt in civil life, was conspicuously absent in British war activities. We are accustomed in this country to boast not a little of American efficiency, but a writer in the *Modern Hospital* tells of a procedure far and away more effective than any to which we can lay claim. The scene is a hospital in Flanders,—a hospital in which an English soldier, too severely wounded to be sent home, is lying between life and death. After the doctor has made his rounds, he sends a telegram to the soldier's home, asking wife or mother or sister to come to such-and-such a hospital to see Prvt. —.

"That very evening," continues the writer, "perhaps in Devon, where the sun sinks low, a small boy comes running and puffing up the lane, waving the precious paper. The door under the thatch stands

open. She is there, waiting, and the message says simply 'Come!' That is all she needs. That telegram is passport, railroad ticket, bus fare, Channel crossing, entrance to the war zone, space on troop-train, pass into that long, low building where her 'love lies bleeding.' Yes, it's a wonderful highway the British build from the aching ward in Flanders to the cottage in Devonshire. Just a telegram—no bewildering officials, no hours of waiting outside important doors,—just a telegram; and the next evening, at sunset, she is sitting by her man as he sleeps for the first time, because the tide has turned. Just a thin bit of blue paper,—just a telegram."

As an effective contrast, we find in the *New York Sun* (Jan. 22) a letter from an American soldier in Europe who tells his wife that he has not heard from her since September; although, says the wife, "I write to him daily." There is still too much red-tape in our system.

The Police Inspector of New York, Mr. Thomas J. Tunney, ought to be a reliable authority on the status of anarchy in the United States. He is in a position to secure information not imparted to the general public, and there is no reason that we know of for considering him either a pessimist or an alarmist. When warnings come from such a source it is well to heed them. At a meeting of the Senate propaganda investigating committee in Washington last week, Mr. Tunney testified that there was evidence of renewed activity of anarchists throughout the country. Replying to questions from the committee, he said there were from 12,000 to 15,000 persons in New York who were classed as radical, and a great many others who sympathize with radical ideas. This number includes Russians, Spaniards, Italians, and some Germans, with a few Americans. Unless employment at a living wage is found for the thousands of returning soldiers, the American sympathizers with radical views are likely to increase.

It is significant that among I. W. W's dispersed after a recent lawless demonstration in Seattle, quite a number of soldiers and sailors of the United States were found. They were without resources or food or money, and were being assisted by the I. W. W's.

"It may come as a shock to some to know that there are more Protestant than Catholic Italian church buildings in America," says Mr. Shane Leslie in an article contributed to the current number of the *Dublin Review* ("German and Irish Element in the American Melting Pot"). Another shock—not administered by the same hand, however,—is caused by the statement that not a few of the worthies presiding over these Protestant Italian church buildings are renegade priests from Italy, who, no matter what their antecedents may be, are gladly welcomed as coadjutors by sectarian ministers. It is doubtless true that Italian adults seldom remain attached to any Protestant denomination which for social or economic reasons they may join; but what of their thousands of children, to whom the Catechism has never been taught, and who are as far removed from the influence of the Church as if they were in the interior of Africa? The question is easy to ask but exceedingly hard to answer,—all the more so, perhaps, because it is too seldom discussed.

We are gratified to notice that censure of the conduct of the Y. M. C. A. abroad, and comment on the scornful attitude towards it of soldiers returning home, have been left to the secular press. The Catholic papers, with very few exceptions, have had nothing to say about the matter. We are hoping that Dr. John R. Mott, head of the International Y. M. C. A., will appreciate this reticence. In view of all that has been said and of all that might be added in criticism of the Association, it is a noteworthy exemplification of the silence that is golden.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

Dulcie-Grace.

(A Dream in the Trenches.)

BY N. R.

HE was sleeping in the trenches
(With a smile upon his face),—
Private Tracey, of the Warwicks,
Dreaming of his Dulcie-Grace,
Who had said, "Ta-ta!" one morning,
Then had empty left her chair,
For the Shepherd kind had taken
One more lambkin to His care.

And her father, in the trenches,
Saw her on that starless night,
Wee hands full of snow-white roses,
Blue eyes full of pure delight;
Heard her whisper: "In God's garden
There's a green and lovely place,
Waiting for you, mine own daddy,
Next to me—your Dulcie-Grace."

Past that dream within the trenches
Sharp the foe's surprise attack;
Tracey pulled himself together,
Strove to drive the foemen back.
Then, in death, he saw beside him,
With that smile upon her face
And her small hands full of roses,
His one ewe-lamb, Dulcie-Grace.

Buddy.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

V.—MAPLEWOOD.

THE twilight was deepening around Buddy's home,—the beautiful old home that, reared on this fair shore by God-fearing ancestors, had been blessed with peace, plenty, and prosperity for more than a hundred years. The wide old house, hooded and cloaked in ivy; the broad, rose-wreathed porch; the sheltering trees, the soft green stretch of lawn and bright garden beds,—all made a picture that many an artist had

paused to catch on camera or canvas as an ideal of "Home, Sweet Home!"

Lights were beginning to gleam in the wide halls and spacious rooms,—the soft shaded glow of lamps and candles; for gas and electricity were modern innovations unknown in Maplewood: its mistress held to the gentler radiance of the past, that seemed fitting to this old-time home. The dainty tea table, with its glitter of cut glass and silver, could be seen through the open window; from the kitchen below came delightful odors of fresh-baked bread crusted with sugar and spice.

Buddy's mother, a slender little white-robed figure, was pacing the rose-wreathed porch, wondering anxiously at her boy's absence, when there came a sudden rush and clatter around the corner of the house; and up the steps dashed a girl of fourteen, followed by three big dogs.

"Back, back Don, Buck, Ming!" cried the newcomer. "Back, I say!—Such a race as I've had from Judge Jameson's, mother! Those dogs *would* come with me. They think I'm going to give them a swim from our wharf.—Back, I say, good doggies! Go back home!"

And Miss Elizabeth Reeves, better known as "Bess," stamped a little foot commandingly. Her late followers started off obediently to the word, while the little lady herself dropped on the upper step of the porch.

"Cinnamon bread!" she said, drawing a long, delighted breath of the spicy odor floating up from the basement. "I felt it in my bones. The Judge said they were going to have waffles and new honey, and wanted me to stay; but I told him I looked too dreadful." The speaker cast a glance at a khaki skirt and white "middy" blouse, rather the worse for the day's wear. "Not that I would have minded the Judge," continued Bess,

as she proceeded to braid up a wreath of loosened hair; "but there was company,—three strange officers. And, O mother darling, that reminds me! I met Father Bennett to-day, and he is going to have breakfast for the soldiers who come to early Mass on Sunday."

"Yes, I know, dear! Rick told me about it. It is a very kind thought," was the soft reply. "Mrs. Ryan and Miss Meredith are going to help me Sunday morning. There are quite a number of Catholics at the camp, and Rick is trying to get them all to Mass and to the Sacraments before they leave for France. And if they come to church fasting, we must take care of them. Poor boys! When we think of what they are facing, Bess—" The sweet voice broke as the gentle speaker thought of her own boys that would soon be facing death with the rest.

"Oh, they don't mind!" said Bess, cheerily. "I wouldn't mind either if I were a boy, and not a 'measly,' long-haired girl." And Bess emphasized the last adjective by giving a final tug to her heavy braid, and adjusting its blue ribbon. "Why I wasn't a boy like the others, I'm sure I don't know. It's awfully trying to be the only Gill in the crowd. I'm not girlie-girlie at all; I don't care for fluffs and frills a bit; and if I had to mince around in high French heels like Helen Jameson, I would go mad."

"Ah, you are only my little schoolgirl yet!" said her mother, tenderly. "The time for fluffs and frills hasn't come. What would I do these sad days without my brave, bright little daughter? But I'm beginning to worry about Buddy. I can't think what is keeping him out so late."

"Oh, he is around somewhere—down at the stables or the barn!" was the light answer. "Just wait till the supper bell rings, and he'll come running fast enough—there it is now!" added Bess, as the welcome summons sounded from the dining-room. "And I'm hungry as the three bears."

"All three!" laughed her mother, as

Bess started up gleefully and flung her arm about her to lead her into the house. Though scarcely fourteen, Bess was already several inches taller than this dainty little mamma.

"All three," repeated Bess, decidedly,— "especially since I smelled the cinnamon buns. The knitting class met at Judge Jameson's this evening, and I had to push Miss Patty's rolling-chair back home. She is having the time of her life."

"Miss Patty!" exclaimed her mother in some wonder,—taking her seat at the silver urn and preparing to make the tea. "Why, what is the poor soul doing, dear?"

"Teaching everybody to knit socks," replied Bess, as she proceeded to do full justice to the cold chicken and cinnamon buns. "Awful-looking, coarse, grey woolly socks. But the soldiers must have them, and they like them better handmade; so, as Mrs. Jameson says, it's every patriotic woman's duty to knit. And Miss Patty is the only living creature in St. Ronald's who understands how to turn a heel. So that is what she was teaching us to-day; and it made her feel like 'It,' with a big I, sure enough. Did you ever turn a heel, mother?"

"No," smiled Mrs. Reeves, a little absently; for her mind was on the missing Buddy. "I don't think I ever tried, Bess."

"Then don't begin," counselled her daughter. "It's worse than algebra. I gave up the second row and took to a mud-colored muffler,—which is slow enough, goodness knows, but straight. It doesn't addle your brain like turning heels."

"Well, we must all do what we can, dear, even if it is only knitting," was the answer.

The gentle speaker was striving to control the nervousness that had come upon her of late. She must be a fitting mother, as Rick had said, to soldier sons. But Buddy, her little Buddy, was no soldier; and it was of him she was now thinking, as, supper over, she rose from the table and slipped out again in the rose-wreathed porch.

"I can't imagine where Buddy can be," said Bess, beginning to share her anxiety. "It is a shame for him to stay out like this, and worry you, mother. But boys haven't got a bit of sense. Was he with Tobe?"

"Yes, in that leaky old boat." Mrs. Reeves' voice trembled. "I ought not to have allowed it; but the river is so safe! He has been paddling around it all his life."

"Of course," said Bess, cheerily. "And he can swim like a duck, mother. He has stopped somewhere,—maybe at the camp to meet Rick."

"Oh, no, dear,—no! Rick is in Annapolis, as Buddy knew. And he couldn't get in the camp without a pass. They are very strict now. They have to be. A large camp like this is beset with all sorts of dangers from spies and evil-doers of every kind. Oh, these are dreadful times altogether! If it were not for you and Buddy, I would be glad to go to your father, Bess, to escape from a world that is all awry."

"O mother darling, don't—don't talk like that!" Bess put her arms about the trembling little figure that stood gazing out in the deepening darkness. "Maybe I won't give Mr. Buddy a plain talk when he gets home! He and Tobe are fooling down at the oyster wharf, or Denhams' store. Let me send Ben and Sam out to look for them; and I'll run across to the Stapletons' and see if he is there."

"If you will, Bess dear! I suppose I am foolish, Buddy is such a big, sturdy boy now; but—" The speaker stopped. She could not explain to Bess the strange, chilly fear that had come upon her. It was like the flutter of the mother bird when the unseen hawk hovers over her nest. "Yes, go, dear,—send the men out. I will walk up and down here and say my Rosary until you come back."

And as Bess hurried off on her mission, Mrs. Reeves slipped off the pearl Rosary she wore twined about her arm, and,

pacing the rose-wreathed porch that had been her happy shelter for so many years, prayed to her who is the tender Mother of all mothers for her boy. Hitherto, motherhood had been all pride, joy, blessedness to her. Only in these last four months had she known the anguish of sacrifice. Ted had gone, Rick was going, and to-night she was trembling with fear for her last-born, her "Benjamin," who had seemed safe from all peril in her tender care. Even around Buddy the shadows were gathering. She felt a strange intuition that danger was threatening her little boy to-night.

Meantime Bess had dashed out to barn and stable, sent the men off to wharf and store; and then, with her own small maid, Letty, proceeded to scour the neighborhood in search of her missing brother. The Stapletons', the Merediths', the Jamesons' were visited in vain. Bess was conscious of a chill fear in her own breast, to which she would not give voice. Buddy had never done anything just like this before.

"It's a shame for him to frighten mother!" she declared hotly. "Buddy ought to know better. Oh, I'd fix him for it, if I had my way! I wouldn't let him go out of the house for a week."

"Don't, Miss Bess,—don't talk dat ar way now!" said Letty, tremulously. "For de land's sake, don't say no mean things about Marse Buddy to-night. You don't know what's happened to him,—'deed you don't, Miss Bess!"

"Nonsense!" was the sharp reply. "Don't you be a croaking crow, Letty. He and Tobe are down at the oyster wharf this minute, listening to the men talking war."

"Mebbe so,—mebbe dey is, Miss Bess. But Aunt Milly's been seeing bad luck signs dese tree days. Dar was a hoot owl in de big maple last night. Aunt Milly says she ain't heard a hoot owl since the master died seven years ago. And dat black cat ob Granny Jackson came and sat on de kitchen window and washed its

face. When a black cat washes its face, Miss Bess—"

"Hush!" interrupted Bess, catching her breath. "I won't listen to any such fool talk. It's a sin to believe in signs; and if you were a Catholic, Letty, you'd know it. Here we are at the church!" The speaker paused, struck by a sudden hopeful thought. "Maybe Buddy stopped in to see Father Bennett. I'll run in there, and you go on to the wharf, Letty. Tell Ben and Sam to keep searching all along the shore until they get track of Buddy."

"I don't like to leave you 'lone in dis dark, Miss Bess," hesitated her handmaiden.

"Pooh!" said the young lady, impatiently. "Who is afraid of the dark! Run off down to the wharf, and don't—don't set me crazy with your foolishness, Letty!"

And in her little lady's voice there was a sharp note that Letty understood, and she started down the road obediently; while Bess hurried on to the old church that had stood for more than a century back in the shadow of its grand elms. There was a glimmer of light through the ivy-veiled windows to-night. Figures were passing in and out of the open doors. Bess began to recall her calendar, and wonder what feast Father Bennett would celebrate to-morrow. Perhaps this was what was keeping Buddy, she thought, with a glad leap in her heart, as she lifted the old knocker at the door of the little rectory.

Father Bennett himself appeared,—a tall, grave, kindly man of middle age.

"My dear child," he said, a little startled by this late visit, "there is nothing wrong at home I hope?"

"Buddy! Has he been here, Father?" she asked breathlessly. "He has not come home, and—and mother is worried about him. He went out fishing this morning with Tobe, and—and—" The young voice broke.

Father Bennett's face, that had clouded for a moment at her words, showed that he could tell her nothing.

"I haven't seen him," he answered;

"but he is all right, I am sure. Probably he stopped somewhere along the shore to watch the doings at the camp. Or he may be with his brother."

"No, no, he couldn't be! Rick is at Annapolis. O Father, he never did this before! I am—frightened—" faltered Bess.

"About a sturdy youngster like Buddy! Tut, tut, tut!" said Father Bennett, cheerily. "I'd trust him to take care of himself anywhere, beyond the range of the Kaiser's guns. And that reminds me I am due in the church for confessions."

"Why, what will to-morrow be?" asked Bess, wondering.

"Nothing very special," was the smiling answer. "But that fine brother of yours has been doing missionary work in the camp. A lot of the men are to be sent off to-morrow, and he has persuaded them to square up their accounts before they go. There are some fifty of them waiting in the church for me now. There is good in all things, little girl, even in the horror of war when it wakes men's souls like this. So I must go to them; otherwise I would join in the hunt for Buddy. I am sorry your good mother is troubled about him, but I really do not think there is any cause for alarm. There is so much to distract a lively youngster about St. Ronald's now. He will turn up all right, I am sure. The good angels will take care of that. So good-night, my child, and God bless you all!"

He moved away to the church as he spoke. Bess would have followed him, to whisper a little prayer before the altar; for the chilling fear was growing upon her every moment. But a sound of wild sobbing made her hurry breathlessly to the turn of the road. Through the darkness a shadowy little figure was speeding homeward desperately.

"Letty," called Bess, sharply. "Letty! Stop—stop—stop this minute! What is the matter?"

"O Lordy, Lordy!" wailed Letty, waving her arms up and down in hysteric despair. "Didn't I tell you, Miss Bess—

didn't I tell you not to say nuffin mean about Marse Buddy? Didn't I tell you about de hoot owl and de black cat a-washing its face in de kitchen window?"

"Talk sense!" gasped Bess, catching the waving arms in a fierce hold. "Talk sense, or I'll shake the life out of you, Letty! Buddy—where is he?"

"Drowndead," cried Letty hopelessly,—"drowndead, Miss Bess! Jim Watson found 'Tobe's boat bottom-upward down at de lighthouse point. Dem two boys is both drowndead!"

(To be continued.)

The Saint of the White Robe.

BY ELLA NOYES.



ON a certain summer morning long ago a youth named Romualdo, of a noble family of Ravenna, rose early to follow the chase. He rode forth on his favorite steed, followed by his faithful hounds; and when he breathed the fresh air, and heard the song of the birds, he, too, began to sing for the joy of his heart.

Soon the hounds roused a stag, and Romualdo went merrily in pursuit. The flying beast disappeared into a great forest of pine trees. Romualdo followed after; but as soon as he had entered the forest, a spell laid hold upon him; he forgot the stag, and, slackening his bridle, fell into deep thought. For here, in the dim light and the solemn silence, all the noise and confusion of the gay city died away in his ears, and it seemed to the awe-struck youth that God Himself was walking amidst the trees. His heart swelled with love and adoration, and there came upon him a great longing for the joys which are not of this world, and the peace which passeth all understanding. He wandered on in this manner for hours, till the sunbeams, slanting betwixt the stems of the trees, smote his eyes, and announced to him the lateness of the

hour; whereupon, with a deep sigh, he turned his horse's head towards home.

As he paced slowly and pensively on his way, Romualdo perceived in an open green space, at a little distance, two knights in converse together. Suddenly one of them secretly drew his sword, and lifting his arm, smote the head of the other with a mighty blow, so that he fell violently from his horse to the ground. Then, leaping down, the assailant bestrode his victim, and was about to smite him a second time, when Romualdo flung himself from his horse, hastened to the spot, and, dashing aside the weapon, knelt down to succor the wounded man. But immediately, with one strange, dreadful stare at the compassionate youth, the knight gave a great gasp and died. Then a rough blow from the hilt of a sword fell upon Romualdo's shoulder, and an angry voice cried: "This is no matter for thy meddling, boy! Let that carrion be, and follow me."

And the youth was filled with grief and horror; for now he perceived the murderer to be none other than the Count, his own father, to whom long ago the dead man had done some injury. Weeping bitterly, he smoothed out the stiffened limbs tenderly upon the sward, and rose to follow his father, who rode off with a laugh of scorn. For this Count was a proud and wicked man, swift to anger, and very pitiless. Many a time the gentle youth, who loved all creatures great and small, and hated cruelty, had bewailed in secret the evil deeds of his father, and now was he more grievously afflicted than ever before by the treacherous deed which he had witnessed.

As he pondered sorrowfully on this thing, he let the reins fall loose on his horse's neck, and the creature began to loiter and to pluck the grass by the wayside. The Count, galloping furiously ahead, was quickly lost to sight; and presently Romualdo found himself quite alone, with his dogs, in a little valley through which ran a stream. Weary and thirsty,

he dismounted and drank; and, the day being now well-nigh spent, and his heart very heavy, he lay down upon the ground and fell fast asleep, with his horse standing beside him and the dogs couched at his feet.

He was awakened very early by the sound of a sweet, quavering song; and, looking up, he beheld a little way off an old hermit, who was singing a psalm as he picked herbs upon the hillside. The youth turned away his eyes; and, remembering all his sorrow, he began to weep. Presently the old man approached and asked him: "My son, wherefore art thou sorrowful? What evil hast thou done?" Romualdo answered: "I grieve not because of my own transgressions, for which I may repent; but I know not how to atone for the sins of another." Then the hermit said, as if to himself, "The Son of God died for the sins of all," and went on his way. Immediately a sweet consolation and hope came to the youth, and he remembered him of the mercy of the Lord. He resolved to put his trust therein, and to pray night and day that his father might be brought to acknowledge his sins.

Much comforted, he rose up and rode home. He delayed not to seek the Count, and declared to him that he desired to enter a monastery, and there succor the poor and sorrowful, and pray for sinners. Now, the old warrior hated monks, and was resolved that his son should follow in his own footsteps; and, hearing him speak thus, he fell into a great rage. And when Romualdo would not renounce his purpose he called his servants and bade them throw the youth into the deepest dungeon of the castle, and bind his hands and feet with heavy chains. Romualdo submitted cheerfully; and when night came, he slept peacefully in his horrid cell, with a smile upon his face. And about midnight the fast-barred door flew open, and an angel stood beside the prisoner and touched him on the shoulder. He sprang up, amazed, and the fetters fell

from his hands and feet. At the angel's bidding, he followed him out of the dungeon, and by a secret passage and stairway to a gate in the castle wall, which opened to them without touch of mortal hand. Then the angel left him, and Romualdo stood looking about him, wondering and joyful, scarce able to believe that this which had come to pass was true.

After he had given thanks for his deliverance, he perceived, a little way below him, a horse, held by a servant; and, descending, found it was his own dear steed and Pietro, his faithful servant. He uttered a cry of gladness, and inquired of Pietro how he had come there. Pietro related that a venerable man, whom he had never seen before, had met him that afternoon, and bade him most solemnly to be without the castle at midnight with a very swift horse. Then Romualdo embraced Pietro and bade him farewell; and, springing upon his horse, he set off and rode all night long, and till noon the next day, when he came to a secluded monastery. The abbot and monks issued forth to meet him; and when Romualdo made known to them that he was come to dwell among them, they gladly received him.

Romualdo abode here a long time, ministering to the sick and needy, and teaching the ignorant in the country round about. But though he fasted, and prayed continually to God to soften his father's heart, he could not forget that bloody deed, and longed in vain for the peace and joy which had been revealed to him in the forest. So he assembled together a few of the monks, who were of like mind with himself, and one morning, very early, the little company, went forth to seek another dwelling-place. They wandered for many days, and one evening they reached a solitary glen among the wild and barren mountains, where, having satisfied their hunger with the scanty herbs which grew around, they lay down to rest beside a rushing stream. And there Romualdo was visited by a wondrous dream.

As he reposed on the hard ground not knowing that he was asleep, he beheld a high ladder, set up between earth and heaven, such as that whereon the patriarch Jacob saw in his vision the angels ascending and descending. And up the ladder figures, clothed in white, were mounting by twos and threes; and they shone with a dazzling radiance, so that he looked upon them with great awe, supposing that they were angels. But all at once he perceived that their faces were the faces of his own dear brethren, who had followed him.

When he awoke he pondered long on the vision; and in the morning he related it to the monks, and declared that this and none other should be the place of their future habitation. And with one accord they joyfully agreed; and, gathering together wood and stones, they set to work and built a number of little separate cells, one for him who was to be their head in the midst and one for each of themselves. Moreover, Romualdo caused garments to be made of spotless white woollen stuff; and he and his disciples put off the black habits which they had worn in the monastery, and went from that time forth clad in pure white robes, like unto the monks whom he had seen in his dream.

And now Romualdo dwelt peacefully in this new abode, and continued to do good to all. And he ceased not to pray for his father, but many a time he watched till dawn upon the mountain-side in fervent supplication. One night, as he knelt in the starry darkness, a great joy came into his soul, and he heard a voice which whispered in his ear that his prayer was heard at last.

The next day, at sundown, he was sitting at the threshold of his little dwelling, when he spied far off a poor old man who was toiling up the mountain, stumbling and falling often on the sharp rocks. Moved with compassion, he went forward to meet the pilgrim, who sank to the ground when he saw the saint, and would not suffer himself to be lifted up, but kept his face hidden, as if ashamed. At length

he said, in a trembling voice: "Thou holy man, dost thou not know who it is that humbleth himself before thee?" Then Romualdo saw that this poor weary pilgrim was his own father, the once haughty Count. He bent down, and, taking him in his arms, embraced him very tenderly, rejoicing over him with an exceeding great gladness.

After they had wept on each other's necks for a little space, Romualdo led the old man to his hut and gave him to eat and drink. And the Count related how the brothers and sons of the man he had slain in the forest had surprised him and his household in their sleep one night, and burned down the castle; and how he himself, with a few others, had fought their way through the foe and escaped. And one by one his followers had abandoned him; and he had wandered, destitute and hungry, till at length he found shelter in the hut of a poor shepherd in the mountains. There in his poverty and despair he perceived that the vengeance of God was come upon him for all his evil deeds. He resolved to do penance for the remainder of his days, and set out to seek his son, desiring that his tottering steps might be guided and supported in their new path of righteousness. And here, after many long, weary days and much bitter suffering, he had found him whom he sought.

Romualdo listened most earnestly,—now weeping for his father's pain, now laughing for very joy. And in due time he received him into the fellowship of monks, and clothed him in a white robe, like unto his own,—a symbol of purity and innocence. Then father and son knelt down before the altar, and joined together with heart and soul in a hymn of praise and thanks.

THESE lines are from the Arabian:

On parent's knees, a naked newborn child,
Weeping thou wert, while all around thee smiled:
So live that, sinking to thy life's last sleep,
Calm may thou smile, while all around thee weep.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A copy of the beautiful Malermi Bible (Venice, 1494), described as "one of the finest illustrated books in the world," brought \$6000 at a recent sale in New York.

—A collection of studies of Benedictine life and rule ("Benedictine Monachism"), by Dr. E. Cuthbert Butler, Abbot of Downside, and a volume entitled "Mater Christi," by Mother St. Paul, of the House of Retreats, Birmingham, will soon be published.

—Not the least interesting among the war brochures issued by Bloud & Gay, Paris, is "Ceux Qui Saignent," by Adolphe Retté. The author writes of his experience as attendant in hospitals and ambulance-aid at the Front; and his descriptive sketches, character portraits, and piquant dialogues are safe to hold the charmed attention of the reader.

—"Sous la Rafale," by Andre Schmitz (same publishers), a 12mo brochure of 286 pages, is the story of the war experiences of a French cavalry lieutenant during the first two years of the great conflict. A faithful record of his activities from day to day, it possesses the interest of the actual as differentiated from the fictitious; and is, moreover, animated by a genuinely Catholic spirit.

—It is a little disconcerting at this late date to be asked if there is an edition in cloth binding of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Open Letter to the Rev. Dr. Hyde." There are many such. Perhaps the most desirable is the one published several years ago by THE AVE MARIA. It is an exact reprint of the original issue, which has a few corrections in the writer's own hand; and it has an important statement by Mrs. Stevenson,—an indignantly emphatic denial of the assertion, still repeated, that her husband regretted the letter, and that before his death his opinion of Father Damien had undergone a change. The edition of the famous letter to which we refer is bound in law buckram and is sold for 50 cents.

—It has long been the subject of complaint among teachers and lecturers on Spanish literature that there was such a dearth of translated texts with which to illustrate the Spanish authors, particularly the lyrical poets. The Hispanic Society of America is about to remedy this condition by publishing a collection of old and new Spanish poetry translated into English by our older and newer English and American poets. Mr. Thomas Walsh, the collector and editor of this "Hispanic Anthol-

ogy," has been assisted by some forty translators, many of whose versions are said to reach the highest point of art. The *Modernista* poets of South America are to be shown in all their brilliant achievement.

—"Letter to Catholic Priests," by his Holiness Pope Pius X. (P. J. Kenedy & Sons), is a booklet which every ecclesiastic should have at hand for frequent perusal, and which will be found of special opportuneness on the occasion of a monthly retreat. The Letter, written on the fiftieth anniversary of the late Pontiff's own ordination, is not a lengthy document—the booklet is a 24mo of only thirty-one pages,—but it is a comprehensive and a stirring one.

—Quite by accident we are able to comply with a request for reference to "some book with poems in honor of Lincoln that could be used for a school celebration of his birthday." (It is impossible to attend to such requests "by return mail.") "The Praise of Lincoln, An Anthology," collected and arranged by A. Dallas Williams (Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis), is what our correspondent is in search of. This volume contains all the more notable poetical tributes to Lincoln, including Bryant's fine lines, the first four of which so admirably describe the greatest of Americans:

Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle and merciful and just!
Who in the fear of God didst bear
The sword of power, a nation's trust;

and Tom Taylor's splendid reparation for senseless sneers and cruel gibes:

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose,
How his quaint wit made home truth seem more true
How iron-like, his temper grew by blows.
How humble, yet how hopeful he could be;
How in good fortune and in ill the same;
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold nor feverish for fame.

A note in reference to one of the poems is worth quoting: "It is said that Mr. Lincoln had an earnest desire to visit the Holy Land, and that just before he was shot he had discussed the matter with Mrs. Lincoln. He told her that when the cares of State were happily over they would go to Jerusalem together, adding: 'There is no city I desire so much to see as Jerusalem.'"

—The Sacrament of Matrimony, and the contract of marriage have always given rise to puzzling cases of conscience in the experience of the ordinary pastor of souls; and the decrees

of recent years have not, save in the case of professed canonists, materially simplified his course of action. For this reason among others, we think that a warm welcome will be extended to "Marriage Legislation in the New Code of Canon Law," by the Very Rev. H. A. Ayrrinhac, S. S., D. D., D. C. L. (Benziger Bros.) A twelvemo of 335 pages, it contains a plain, lucid, straightforward exposition of the different canons that have to do with Matrimony, explaining the more intricate questions with a definiteness that can not be too highly commended. While the author modestly states that some of his interpretations and conclusions may have to be modified by future decisions of Roman Congregations in answer to questions proposed or difficulties submitted to them, the reader will lay more stress on the declaration of Archbishop Hanna, who says, in his Introduction to the work, that it comes "from the pen of one whose equipment combines a technical training in Rome with the growth of twenty-five years of experience in class-work and with the opportunities incident to the function of *Vindex Vinculi* in our Metropolitan Court"; and that "it bears the mark of an authority that professors in the seminary and officials of the chancery will readily recognize and appreciate."

Some Recent Books.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Marriage Legislation in the New Code of Canon Law." Very Rev. H. A. Ayrrinhac, S.S., D.D. \$2.

"Letter to Catholic Priests." Pope Pius X. 50 cts.

"Spiritual Exercises for Monthly and Annual Retreats." Rev. P. Dunoyer. \$2.35.

"The Parables of Jesus." Rev. P. Coghlan, C. P. \$1.10.

"A Handbook of Moral Theology." Rev. A. Koch, D. D.—Mr. Arthur Preüss. \$1.50.

"The Bedrock of Belief." Rev. William Robison, S. J. \$1.25.

"The Sad Years." Dora Sigerson. \$1.25.

"Ireland: Its Saints and Scholars." J. M. Flood. 75 cts.

"The Hand of God." Rev. Martin Scott, S. J. \$1, postage extra.

"Pastor Halloft." \$1.50.

"In the Soldier's Service." Mary Dexter. \$1.50.

"Foch the Man." Clara E. Laughlin. \$1.

"The World Problem." Rev. Joseph Husslein, S. J. \$1.35.

"War Mothers." Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S. J. 65 cts.

"Outline Meditations." Madame Cecilia. \$1.50.

"A Manual of the History of Dogmas." Rev. Bernard J. Otten, S. J. Vol. II. \$2.50.

"To the Heart of the Child." Josephine Van Dyke Brownson. \$1.

"Your Better Self." Humphrey J. Desmond. 50 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Thomas Deere, of the diocese of Seattle; Rev. John Carr, archdiocese of New York; and Rev. George Franz, archdiocese of Cincinnati.

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Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii. 34.

SATURDAY, 15.—SS. Faustinus and Jovita MM.
SUNDAY, 16.—~~Septuagesima Sunday~~. St. Onesimus,
M.
MONDAY, 17.—The Flight into Egypt. St. Fintan,
C.
TUESDAY, 18.—St. Simeon, B. M. St. Colman,
B. C.

WEDNESDAY, 19.—St. Barbatus, B. C. St. Man-
suetus, B. C.
THURSDAY, 20.—St. Mildred, V. St. Eucharius,
B. C.
FRIDAY, 21.—St. Severianus, B. M. St. Maxim-
ian, B. C.
SATURDAY, 22.—St. Peter's Chair at Antioch.
St. Margaret of Cortona.

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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. IX. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 15, 1919.

NO. 7

[Published every Saturday. Copyright, 1919: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

Mater Christi.

DOWN the link'd years there sweetly rang
Thy praises, as inspired prophecy
In chorus grand thy matchless beauty sang:
Unspotted Mirror of God's majesty,
In type and figure beautiful foretold,
The City of our God, the Ivory Tower;
The Lily pure whose blooming should unfold
A chalice whiter than earth's whitest flower;
The Star before the Dawn whose rising bright
Should promise Him, the World's unfading Light.

Fair names, O Mary! Yet there still was one
More than all these thy stainless Heart should
thrill;

No prophet sang it, for thy Blessed Son
Himself would speak it; and, by speaking, fill
His soul and thine with rapture heavenly.

Long seemed thy waiting, while the holy fire
Of yearning glowed more radiantly that He
Might say that word. His, too, was thy desire:
Both Hearts are ever one. And came a day,
Smile meeting smile, when Christ did "Mother"
say.

"Mother" He called thee first in Egypt's night,
And "Mother" lingered like a sweet refrain
Through Nazareth's years. In Resurrection light
Of Easter morn, oh, hear again the strain!
The Risen Lord sought for no dearer name,
But "Mother" said. We fancy that was all.
Mother of Christ, it is our joy to claim
Thee Mother of Christ's Body Mystical;
Mother of Christ, and still our very own:
Speak thou good things for us before His throne.

A DAY without any suffering at all is
not found in Christ's calendar.

—Very Rev. Walter Elliott, C. S. P.

A Great and Valuable Lesson Taught.

BY J. GODFREY RAUPERT, K. S. G.

IT has been justly said that if
the Protestant religion is a good
and comfortable one to live in,
it is a very bad, and indeed a
worthless, one to die in. It is evident from
what is being reported that the war has
brought this home to a great many
thoughtful minds.

A reflecting mind will admit that if
there is a time in human life when the
heart craves for definite and authoritative
assurances, and when it realizes the need
of a very direct and personal relationship
with God, it is when the shadows of life
are falling and the awful realities of the
world unseen are dawning upon the soul.
It is then that mere conventional phrases
and religious shibboleths are felt to be
worthless, and that the soul stretches forth
its hands for something upon which it
can rest securely, and upon which it can
base its confidence and hope. Now,
Protestantism, being a purely subjective
religion, and as such subject to an infinite
variety of delusions and of ill-grounded
assumptions, is wholly incapable of furnish-
ing any such secure hope and confidence.

I well remember how frequently and
strikingly this defect came home to me
in the course of my life and ministrations
as an Anglican clergyman. My first
appointment upon my ordination was to
a large and busy parish in an Eastern
suburb of London, where I had oppor-

tunities of studying the practical working of the Protestant system of thought under what I still regard as exceptionally favorable conditions. Our staff consisted of the rector and three curates; and I think I may say that we were all men of sincere faith and desperately in earnest,—ready, night and day, to minister to our people, and to bring them all that the Gospel of Jesus Christ, as we understood it, has to offer to shipwrecked humanity.

I had a large and thickly populated district assigned to me, and I did all I could to aid, to the best of my ability, those who desired my aid. I relieved their material and temporal needs according to the means at my disposal, and I endeavored to assist them in the time of sickness and of death. It was at such times, however, when they were smitten by disease and nearing death, that I most frequently became conscious of my utter helplessness and of the inadequacy of the means of spiritual aid provided by the Protestant system. Again and again did I stand by the bed of the sick and dying, or come away from a death-bed, with a painful sense of complete and utter failure,—with a consciousness that something was radically wrong somewhere, if I could but lay my hands upon it and call it by its proper name. I never failed to realize that the soul to which I strove so earnestly to minister was really a sealed book to me; and that I could never, under any circumstances, be sure whether I had, in my ministrations, said and done the right thing.

It is manifestly impossible for a physician to attempt the cure of his patient unless the patient is willing to give such information respecting his pain and affliction as will enable the physician to make a correct diagnosis and to prescribe the right kind of remedy. If the patient shrinks from such a disclosure, refuses to submit to careful examination, or hesitates to tell the whole truth about his condition, the best qualified physician is helpless, and may, if he attempts to work in the

dark, do more harm than good. The same applies to the troubles and sicknesses of the human soul. The most earnest and conscientious clergyman can do nothing effectually to aid a sick or dying man unless that man is prepared to make some sort of disclosure respecting his past life and the present state of his soul, and thus make it possible for the clergyman to make a correct diagnosis.

But to the Protestant minister the soul of his parishioner remains to the last, as I have said, a sealed book. He dare not ask for a manifestation of conscience which would in any sense bear the mark of a confession of sin. A sincere Protestant parishioner, moreover, would resent the very suggestion of such a thing; and no Anglican clergyman, who is honestly loyal to the principles of the Establishment, would attempt to make it. Tactlessness and inquisitiveness and "priestly pretences" would, beyond doubt, be the charge preferred against him. There is the further difficulty that a Protestant has never been taught to make such a manifestation of conscience, has never been brought to realize its necessity, and is quite unable to distinguish between temptation and mortal or venial sin. He knows nothing of, and has probably never in his life made, a definite act of contrition or sorrow for sin.

Now, what can the conscientious minister do under such conditions? He can but point to the beneficent and remedial power of suffering patiently borne; perhaps pray with the sick person, and repeat a Psalm or a few comforting verses from the New Testament. And this, indeed, is all that is ever done, or can be done. And it is here that the hopeless failure and utter inadequacy of the Protestant system of thought and teaching are to be found. It takes no account of the deepest needs of human nature in the hour of its sorest need, and it has no means of effectually meeting and providing for that need. It leaves the soul in that state of confusion and uncertainty in which paganism has

left it, and from which the Gospel of Jesus Christ came to set it free.

Many and many a time, in the days gone by, when standing by a sick or dying bed, have I asked myself the question: 'Now, what is my duty here? I know little or nothing of this person's past history, yet he has sent for me and wants me to help him. What kind of life has his been? Is the soul really awake and alive to the fact of spiritual responsibilities? Am I to speak words of exhortation, inviting to a repentant and contrite state of mind, or am I to speak words of consolation and comfort such as a truly Christian soul may consider itself entitled to?' In the case of a great sinner who is troubled by his awakened conscience, the first would be my bounden duty; but any searching question would most certainly upset and annoy him and offend his relatives. My words of consolation, moreover, would be wholly misplaced. They would but leave him under a false impression, and cause him to enter God's presence under a delusion. And when one bears in mind what human nature is at its best, and how much there is to be straightened out in the most pious soul, it is clear that consolation alone, and the repetition of comforting thoughts from the Holy Scriptures, could not in any case be a safe mode of procedure.

It is hardly necessary to consider seriously the claim made by some High Church clergymen that they are now reverting to Catholic practices, and that they are thus supplying the needs of sin-burdened souls. No accurately informed mind, acquainted with the origin and history of Protestantism, will be tempted to recognize the validity of the claim and apply for relief to a clergyman who is masquerading as a Catholic priest, but who is nevertheless a Protestant minister. By this very circumstance he has neither valid Orders nor lawful authority to administer the Catholic Sacrament of Penance; nor has he the knowledge requisite for so delicate and complex a

work. He is in the position of an amateur medical practitioner who has no qualification, and who is neither capable of rightly diagnosing the weakness of his patient, nor authorized to prescribe the remedy.

I remember being one day called to a dying publican. He was a young man of gigantic frame, who had suddenly been seized with a dangerous sickness in its most virulent form. He had manifestly never before given any serious thought to religion, and for years past had not entered a church. But he had overheard the doctor's remark to the effect that he could not possibly live; and the fear of death and his conscience were awakened. He sent for me and asked me to help him. To the end of my days I am not likely to forget the look of anguish in that man's eyes and his soul agony. Evidently there was much in his past life that required straightening out, and no doubt he longed to communicate it and to ease his conscience. But his relatives insisted upon remaining near, and they would certainly have regarded it as a presumption on my part if I had asked any searching question respecting that past life. All I could do for that poor dying sinner was to treat him to some comforting Bible texts, and to urge him to bear his sufferings manfully.

I remained with him during the whole of a hot summer's afternoon, and left him finally somewhat calmed. The doctor, whom I met on the stairs, said to me: "That man ought to have died days ago. It is his fear and his conscience that are keeping him alive." And here was I—a minister of that Christ who had authoritatively forgiven sin, and who had commissioned men, rightly ordained and instructed, and under given conditions, authoritatively to forgive sin—wholly unable, through ignorance and misconception, to bring him the consolation of forgiveness. Can a worse and more worthless system of thought and teaching possibly be conceived?

I hear from England that the war has

brought this aspect of the failure of the Protestant system home to hundreds, perhaps to thousands, of souls; numbers of those facing sudden death in the trenches or on the field of battle having instinctively turned to the Catholic religion for what their consciences have prompted them to desire. They have thus taught the world a great and valuable lesson, which may be more lasting and powerful in its effects than volumes of theological argument and controversy. One of its effects should certainly be to bring home to Catholics the inestimable privileges, but also the immense responsibilities, which are theirs as members of the household of Faith.

Search-Lights.

BY VALENTINE PARAISO.

XI.

IN theory it is beautiful to harbor the exile under one's roof, but practically it is a tough bit of hard work. And it follows that to receive fourteen exiles is about fourteen times tougher and harder. Fourteen were coming. Daisy had worked all the morning and all yesterday. She leaned out of the summer-house, and saw at last a large party descending from the car. They marched down the road—old and young, big and little,—carrying parcels; and the lady from the Aldwych committee, who was their guide, rang the bell at the door in the wall.

Daisy had already climbed down the ladder-like steps from the summer-house among the trees. She pulled open the door with those dimpled hands that for the first time in her life had done hard work. She wore white, counting it a festal occasion; and she had put on her gold bracelet, and the little thread of gold about her neck with the pendant likeness of her father. The Belgians must have been surprised at the sight of so young a hostess, with girlish face, bright hair, and sparkling eyes. And surely never did such a train

of guests enter since the old house at Furzley was built.

The little hostess had earned her pleasure. It had not been easy to sleep last night: the fatigue of the day was upon her like a dead weight. For she had been up and down thousands of stairs; had bruised her fingers helping to put up iron bedsteads; and toasted her pretty self, "airing" sheets in the Gazabo kitchen; and rushed in and out shopping in the village; and sat tired on the scullery floor amid an ocean of pots and pans and crockery ware. The review and counting and sorting of these things occupied her and the two maids for an hour. And during the pot-and-pan review she discovered that the maids were close upon mutiny; in fact, only that "Miss Daisy" had a winning way with her they would have revolted. How many families were coming? Was there such a thing ever heard of before?—"No, there never was," said Daisy. "But I am going to have Mrs. Moran." So the danger was past, and the work went on.

When the top floor was ready for two families, the drawing-room had to be prepared for "the three Belgian young ladies." The three girls were eagerly expected by the girl at the Gazabo. Daisy had never had a sister: she would try hard to be a sister now to these three fair-haired Belgians. They would have great fun; and when winter came there should be a fire every night in Uncle Jeremiah's old drawing-room, and Daisy and the other three girls would sit in their dressing-gowns and brush their hair, and talk over all their little affairs as girls talk after country-house parties.

The room was over Uncle Jeremiah's dining-room, and the white beds were at the far end. The wardrobe had been lifted in by hired men, out of her own room; and the tuner had come and tuned the old grand-piano. It was a queer medley of a room, with its white lace bedspreads in the distance, and its round mirrors, and clusters of candles against the wall, and

its abundant china collected in the grand-uncle's time. The girl surveyed it all in a green restful dusk, when the front blinds were drawn down against the sun; and she felt satisfied. There were flowers on the tables; there was a box of handkerchiefs, in case the girls had forgotten theirs; and a bottle of *eau de Cologne*, because one of them might have a headache. Yes, the place looked very pretty in the shade of the green blinds.

Perhaps they had left a beautiful chateau, and when the war was over she would go and stay with them. Perhaps their brothers were serving in the Belgian army, and one of these days they would come on leave; or at least a brother in cavalry uniform would be at the chateau by and by. Here Daisy checked her castle-building, and went to see if the little room over the hall was ready for the Chevalier. The Colonel had wanted to give up his own quarters; but Daisy would not hear of that. Whatever the nations of Europe went through, nothing was to "upset" papa. It was quite enough that the Colonel in his shirt-sleeves assisted with the iron-bedstead building, and put up a row of hooks in the little room over the hall for the wardrobe of the Chevalier. "I shouldn't think," said the Colonel, shaking his head, "that he has got anything to hang on hooks. But we must pretend we think he has."

Daisy imagined the Chevalier dark and romantic. He would be a man of letters, a member of the "Academy." Perhaps he was a poet. He would make compliments. Possibly he might marry one of the three girls; for they would meet at table and in the evenings. He might propose to her in the summer-house. Would the refugees look out of the summer-house window? What would Pepper say? Daisy's imagination was apt to run away with her.

And when the reality came, it was so different from her dreams! Here they were at last,—trooping in. First came three old ladies in black with veils down. One

stooped and leaned on a stick. Another was straight, tall and angular. The third was a queer little thing like a dwarf, high-shouldered, brisk, insisting on carrying the family luggage—a parcel nearly as big as herself. They all said, "*Merci! merci! Que vous êtes bien bonne!*" And Daisy's bit of French vanished with sheer nervousness. How she wished she had learned more from "Mademoiselle" who took her for that daily promenade long ago in the park! The Chevalier was there, bowing to her in the background, with his hat in his hand; he would not enter until everyone else had gone in.

Here were the Flemish people coming,—two mothers with four children each. Last came the gentleman with the battered hat in his hand, holding himself very elegantly. He was horribly thin and lantern-jawed. His hair was grey in tight waves, and his fingers were white and delicately shaped. He had no luggage, and his coat was buttoned up high, with a colored silk handkerchief tied jauntily about his neck.

The Flemish folks were all talking together in a language that had a great deal of "Yaw, yaw!" in it. The fair, chubby children had new frocks and English shoes. They smiled at Daisy, and she smiled at them. A smile is the universal language.

Suddenly the true spirit of charity caught hold of the girl like a flame of fire. She stooped, and spread both arms and caught and kissed the Belgian children. The whole group, old and young, were happy instantly. They were all at home.

It was at that moment that the Colonel and Pepper arrived on the scene, and everything was arranged with the help of the committee lady from Aldwych. It was quite right that the two Flemish families were to have all the top floor. They would be happiest waiting on themselves, and cooking their own meals. The three ladies were to have the drawing-room, and to share the home of the Spaggots.

All Daisy's dream of the fair Belgian girls had vanished. It was rather hard that there was no sister and no chateau and no soldier brother. Daisy only wished she could stop their tears; for they broke all the rules of good exiles by crying all the time. Ah, well, one had to take things as one found them! She had discovered that the receiving of the refugees was not a fairy tale. It was unromantic work, and it would not end to-morrow. There was a bewildered feeling that the Gazabo was so full that it could not be restful any more. So the Colonel and his daughter for the first time had plunged into the real charity that implies sacrifice. It was harder than they had reckoned, but they meant to see this thing through,—to follow the lead of the Irish policeman. The Chevalier said his room was *magnifique!* And, as he knew some Flemish, he acted as interpreter for the two families upstairs. These had settled down to inhabit their top floor, with admirable simplicity and cheerfulness. They made coffee, and began to brew soup, dragging up unheard-of supplies of vegetables from the basement. Colonel Spaggot himself volunteered to carry these loads for them, and bounded up three steps at a time, answering all their untranslatable remarks with "Yaw, yaw!"

"Sir," said the Chevalier, with a bow, "I perceive you speak the language."

Mrs. Moran arrived just in time to prevent a breakdown in the kitchen. It was appalling to hear two foreign languages at once seeming to permeate every floor of the old Gazabo. And Pepper charged up and down the stairs, making raids on the top floor, resenting the Flemish invasion. He resisted the flattery of the ladies; and when he became reconciled, he had a startling way of fraternizing by standing erect and flinging himself upon the waistcoat of the Chevalier.

When her work as hostess was ended, Daisy Spaggot took off her little gold chain and bracelet, and unpinned her

bright hair; she was tired out with the effort of speaking in a strange language, and with the amazing novelty of it all. There was emptiness and confusion in the room that used to be so perfect and so pretty. The wardrobe was gone. Her possessions were crammed into trunks and drawers. She came upon the garden-party frock that she had worn at the flower show, and laughed to think how it had been bundled away. Well, it was no matter; it should have been blue. And there would be no time now to think of frocks and fashions.

Still, the Spaggots in their adventure were upheld by a strong sense of doing the right thing. The climax was reached one wet day, when the Belgians on the top floor began to quarrel in tempests of words about a saucepan. The Chevalier had to go up to remonstrate, and came down shaking his head.

"We also are human," he said to the Colonel. "Madame with the loud voice wishes to say that there was a fishbone left in the soup-pot by Madame to whom it was lent. These good women have clung together amid the—the—the—catastrophe of their country's ruin; but—the fishbone in the soup! It is too much!" He shook his fist; his sad face quivered, and he burst into a laugh.

So did the Colonel. He went charging up the stairs.

"Halloa, at the top there! *Lah ho! Lah ho! Entente cordiale!*"

There was an explosion of laughter on the top floor, and whispers of peace.

Colonel Spaggot could stand a good deal; but he jerked the bell one Saturday evening when the Belgian children had gone to the kitchen to get coffee from Mrs. Moran, and a noise was going on as if they were teasing Pepper. The Colonel put his head out of the dining-room door, and listened. Yes,—there was continual growling and barking, mixed with a peculiar metallic sound.

So, when a maid appeared, he asked

what were those young terrors doing to the dog. They were "not doing nothing to him, sir," but Tom Moran had come, and was having a game.

"Oh, is Tom here?" Daisy was up in a moment from her work at the other end of the dining-room table. She was making cotton "overalls" for the Belgian children. Daisy had become one of the happy people who do something, instead of being "always busy doing nothing." There was no drawing-room for the evenings now; and the children took possession of the garden in the daylight hours, and filled the summer-house with their toys.

"You should see them, Miss Daisy!" the maid said from the door. "The dog is playing soldiers."

"Come along!" said the Colonel.

The Gazabo kitchen was at the other end of a passage, on the ground level. The door was half open. All the chubby children were at one side, under Mrs. Moran's charge. The faithful old servant, grey-haired and rosy-cheeked, caught sight of the Colonel; but he put his finger to his lips and signed to her not to move.

Tom Moran was eighteen, all life, with a boyish heart. He leaned over the table, with one shoulder slightly up, talking, laughing, playing the uproarious game to the great enjoyment of the children. On the deal table, red and blue soldiers were ranged opposite each other. Tom stood behind the red-coats, grinding the coffee mill, which had been laid on its side and was regarded as a machine-gun. Pepper was opposite, erect on his hind-legs, with huge paws laid on the table behind the blues. He was glaring and growling; but he knew it was only a game,—a very desperate game of course, that sometimes took one off one's hind legs and round in a storm to the other side of the table. Tom Moran would touch alternately a man of the reds and of the blues; and if Pepper barked, down went the soldier. The dog had a chronic hatred for the coffee-mill. When he charged to bite the artillery of the reds, amid the shrieking laughter

of the Belgian children, Tom had to steer back the "good dog," soothing him, and put him in position again at his own end of the table.

The Colonel and his daughter had not been long looking in, when Pepper made one of these dashes, and fairly captured the "machine-gun," flung it on the floor, and began to worry it.

"Victory for the blues!" shouted Tom.

"Hurrah!" said the Colonel; while Daisy stepped in, and went to join the group of Belgian children, picking up the little ones, who had subsided on the floor, laughing too much to stand.

"Good-evening, sir!" said Tom Moran, blushing violently. "Good-evening, Miss Daisy!"

He was a strong, freckled lad, with a peculiarly good-tempered smile. "Miss Daisy" was to his mind something like the princess in a fairy tale. He had been but a poor lad—this widow's son,—when great things had been done for him. The boy loved machinery, and the Colonel had transferred him from an errand-boy's round to the group of apprentices, with paid premiums in the ironworks of a millionaire. Tom was not fourteen then, but from the first he was a tremendous worker. He attended a technical school in the evenings, to learn mechanical drawing, and astonished everybody by being brimful of inventions and suggestions; while the rest, with clumsy hands, were still not sure of first principles. He had something more than the genius that is "an infinite capacity for taking pains." The foremen and masters were watching the boy. They said he was a born engineer. That there was a great future before Tom Moran.

There were moments when his mother looked quite young, hearing these things; for the two were everything to each other. In the old days, when Mrs. Moran worked for the Colonel at the little flat in town, the boy had leave to come in the evening from his lodging at the grocer's. It was Tom's delight to make his mother sit in

the easy-chair, and to tuck back his sleeves and "wash up" for her. Then, if it were winter, they would sit together by the fire; and sometimes, when the Colonel smoked, walking up and down the white-panelled passage, he heard the lad's voice singing softly beyond the closed door at the end. There was one song about "way down the Swanee River," in which Pepper always joined with melodious howls, when his feelings got too much for him; and then there were explosions of mirth; and the Colonel smiled, thinking they were having good fun in there.

In those days the song that exercised the Colonel's mind most was the quaint old "Jeannot and Jeannette." The Colonel held his cigarette and listened in the panelled passage, and the young voice came softly with every word clear: "I am going far away,—far away from poor Jeannette." The Colonel could not imagine where Tom had picked it up; he remembered that tune in his earliest boyhood, and it was an old one even then. Presently it went on: "Were I the King of France, . . . or were I the Pope of Rome, . . . I'd have no fighting men abroad, . . . no weeping maids at home." This belonged to remote history,—translated from a French ditty even before Napoleon's time. And there seemed to have been an idea that the Pope of Rome had something to say in the affairs of nations. It puzzled the Colonel; he did not like even a playful mention of so undesirable a person.

Another thing that grated upon him was that the mother and son carried out some sort of "Papistical incantation" together before they parted at night. It disturbed no one. It was only a soft murmuring, as if some one was answering the other; and one could not hear it at all, unless the smoking and "sentry go" took one close to the kitchen door. It was on the evening when the apprenticeship at the engineering works had been settled for Tom, and when the mother and son were happy and thankful, that Colonel Spaggot had gone sud-

denly to Mrs. Moran's kitchen for a box of matches. She stood up, with a string of brown beads dangling from her hand; and Tom, not noticing the intrusion, was still on his knees, leaning upon a chair, with his head out through the back of it, and his sleepy eyes closed.

"Mother dear," said the boy, as the Colonel looked in, "we ought to put in a 'Glory be.'"

The Colonel took the matches, and vanished, wondering what was a "Glory Bee."

All this was five years ago. And now Tom was pronounced a born engineer, and the Colonel's flat had passed into other hands. The faithful Mrs. Moran had always been coming and going between her lodging and the Gazabo.

"That's the right name for it," she said,—"a great big gazabo of a place; and I knew it the first day. Well, sure, as long as I'm there, I can always look in and do a hand's turn. And there's a deal to do, now the master has got all of them Belgiums." (It was remarkable that the usual name for the refugees was "the Belgiums" in many places besides Furzley.) "Wisha," Mrs. Moran said, with her Kerry expletive, "'tis himself has the big heart!"

(To be continued.)

It is a twice-told tale, that the world is passing away from us. God has written it upon every page of His creation that there is nothing here which lasts. Our affections change: the friendships of the man are not the friendships of the boy. The face of the visible world is altering around us: we have the gray, moldering ruins to tell of what once was. Our laborers strike their plowshares against the foundations of buildings which once echoed to human mirth, skeletons of men to whom life was once dear, urns and coins that remind the antiquarian of a magnificent empire. This is the history of the world and all that is in it. It passes while we look at it. We are such stuff as dreams are made of.—*F. W. Robertson.*

In the Shadow of the Cross.

BY GEORGE O'DAY.

I T was one of the first figures I noticed in that little church in the seaport town of France where we first landed, some two years ago. The memory of that figure was one of the most distinct in my mind when I left that country, many months after. It was that well-known representation of a maiden clad in silvery armor, holding aloft the banner of France; her eyes upcast in patient supplication, as if imploring Heaven for mercy and strength. It was heroic in size and in conception,—a masterful figure, with a charm of simplicity and sanctity, and the commanding presence and inspiring mien of a dauntless leader. It was the figure of the Blessed Joan of Arc, of late raised to the altars of the Church she loved to serve.

And the more one ponders on the condition of affairs in France, as they are at the present time, the more one is brought to the realization that it is the spirit of this peasant-saint, the Maid of Orleans, which fills the country. A mighty change has been wrought,—a change all the greater because it is a change of heart,—nay, the change of the heart of the whole nation. Where was carelessness in things of religion, has appeared a new zeal. Where rationalism and even atheism held sway before the war, has sprung up a new and vital fervor of devotion. France is almost herself again. Joan of Arc, the saint and the ardent, inspired leader, is once more—in spirit alone, to be sure—at the head of the French army and the French nation. The faith of France is coming into its own again. God is once more receiving His due.

When one first arrives in France, it is usually with somewhat of contempt or disrespect for the French religious character. The paradox which this ancient stronghold of the Church presents is well

known. This nation, with so glorious an army of sons and daughters serving God and religion in almost every land, has received at home the reputation of being a hotbed of radicalism, a bitter enemy of things Catholic, an atheistic country,—iconoclastic. It has been notorious for its free-thinking, and its government has been infamous in its treatment of the Church. One thinks of France instinctively as a rather godless country, quite devoid of faith, and without sound morality. That, at least, was something of the picture I had formed of France when I first landed “over there.”

But France to-day is not the France of such a picture. It could never have been so dark as it has been painted. True, there were many evil minds who cast aside the things of their fathers, and worshipped at the shrine of the golden calf. The spirit of the country may have been very lax. To-day, however, laxism, on the whole, has passed. One rarely meets a free-thinker. The great misfortune of the war has brought men nearer to the Cross,—nearer to suffering and sacrifice and death; nearer to God and the things of the other world. Simple faith is taking the place of that rationalistic tendency which was so apparent in the land. The hearts of all are fired with love of God and country. France is passing through a second spring.

Religion is a vital thing now. Its manifestation is everywhere. Up and down the weary length and breadth of France one goes, from the little seaport towns to the comfortable villages, thence on through the homely country, past the little homes of the peasants, past their untilled fields, through ruined and wasted hamlets,—on, on to the terrible Front; yet one never leaves religion behind. The wayside Calvaries, the many churches, the omnipresent crucifix, but above all that true simplicity and saintly resignation to the will of God in all things,—all this impresses on one what a mighty force is the faith, and what a mighty power it is in this war-ridden land.

One of the first examples of this I met in the first little town to which we were temporarily assigned. Walking about its shaded streets one day during a brief leave, I came to a small cemetery, set in a little from the road, and sheltered and screened from the world by the hovering branches of the great trees. I stopped a moment there, for it seemed so quiet and still and peaceful with the dead. And I saw, not far from where I was standing, a figure sitting near a simple cross. It was a woman, knitting by a grave upon which the grass had scarce begun to grow. And when she saw me, with the inherent courtesy of the French peasant, she looked up and almost smiled as she said:

"*Bonjou' monsieur!*"

"*Bonjour!*" I answered; and I drew near, not realizing upon how holy a scene I was intruding.

"Is it not a strange place you choose to knit, madame?" I asked her, with that lack of tact which is proverbial in the American away from home.

"But no," she replied softly, looking at the cross; "for he is here."

"Your husband, madame?"

"Ah, no! He died *là bas*. Here died our only son. Wounds, you know."

I began to apologize as best I could, but she stopped me:

"It was best so," and she resumed her knitting, quietly. "The good God knows best, and they were happy and ready to die for their country."

I left her shortly; but I can not forget that simple yet tragic picture, so eloquent in its lack of parade, so striking and so appealing. And to-day the red poppies and the white daisies blow over many such a grave, and the hovering trees shelter many such a mother; and in their hour of sorrow and privation it is religion which gives them their hope and their comfort. Resignation, fortitude, hope, and trust in the goodness of God,—these are the fruits which the war has caused to spring from the very heart of the

nation. In that mother I seemed to sense that same spirit which fired the soul of Joan of Arc,—trustful submission to the divine will. It is that spirit which flourishes in the cottage and in the mansion; behind the lines as well as at the Front. God is near those blood-stained fields and tortured souls of France. He is there, and His presence is well manifested.

And yet during those first few weeks of training, far from the roar of the guns, when one was told of the mighty change wrought in the soul of the nation, one was inclined to be somewhat sceptical. Could the France of so unsavory a reputation change its nature? I was unwise enough to voice my scepticism to the old curé of the village, whose acquaintance and friendship I had made. He it was—a venerable old man, with the silvery hair and kindly face of a patriarch—who explained the change best. He had listened to me as a father might. He smiled and said in his precise manner:

"*Ah, mon fils*, that is like you of the West! You speak of the soul—the souls of men, and the soul of the nation,—but you do not consider the Maker of the soul, His goodness and His power."

"But, Father," I said, in my uncertain French, "it seems hard to believe that men can change so. Those at the Front, now,—can the atheist and the indifferentist become, in so short a time, fervent sons of the Church? Can the leopard change his spots?"

He smiled again. "But," he said, "although the leopard himself may not be able to change his spots, there is One who can. He who is all-powerful can do all things. God, you know, can cleanse the spotted soul of France. At the Front,—ah, the grace of God is always there!" He stopped a moment. "When you get there you will find it so. I—I, too, have served at the Front. God was very near."

It was as he said. When I finally came to the real theatre of the war, I found how true his words had been. At the Front

beats the pulse of the nation. As are the soldiers, so is France. Here I found the source of the wonderful spirit of France. One is inspired with the devotion of these fighting men. Their religion is deep and living. As the good old curé said, "God was very near."

I stood at rest with our command one day, as we were on our way to the Front, and watched a French chaplain as he was taking advantage of the halt to deliver a little discourse to a company of "*poilus*." He was telling them of the great Sacrifice of Calvary. He described rapidly, vividly—as only the Latin can describe,—that holy scene where God died for man. He was filling their hearts with fervor before they were to go forward to offer their own lives.

Suddenly he stopped, paused dramatically, and then took from his pack a small bundle, which he opened. It contained about fifty little crucifixes. He distributed them to the men, and they almost fought in their eagerness to get the "little Christs."

As he was giving them out, Saunders, a Canadian (a Protestant), who stood by my side, suddenly strode across the road to the chaplain, just as he had emptied his bundle of the precious figures.

"Haven't you one for me, *mon Père*?" I was surprised to hear Saunders saying.

The priest smiled. "Oh, but certainly, *mon petit*!" From under his tunic he drew forth a little silver crucifix on a chain—his own,—and gave it to Saunders.

The spirit of those *poilus* is contagious. As for Saunders, his story is a strange one. He died on the field of battle not long after, with the same crucifix in his hand,—a baptized Catholic.

In the trenches each soldier has that deeply sincere respect for the things of religion. Above all else is the devotion at Mass, when they are privileged to have it said for them, and the true fervor with which they approach the Great Sacrament. The Mass is usually celebrated in the early dawn, if all is quiet. Most

often, of course, one would have to wait until one came to the rest camps for the Mass; but sometimes it was said very near the firing line, or even at the line itself. At other times it would be said for us as we moved ahead, in some ruined church, or perchance in a grove. Several times we assisted at Mass in our dugouts. Once it was said for us in the very trench in which we had been fighting.

The night before, there had been an attack upon our position by the Boches. Out of the darkness of the night had suddenly come upon us the fury of a well-placed barrage. Shortly after, the Germans began to pour upon us through our mangled wire. They were warmly met, however, and driven back far beyond their own firing line. The first dim light of the dawn found us victorious, and in the possession of the enemy trenches. Victory had been ours.

Back in what had been our first-line trench, after the dead and the wounded had been cared for, a tired chaplain celebrated a Mass of thanksgiving. And there in the mud of that trench, wearied and worn with the fight, those unkempt *poilus* knelt in adoration. God was there; Heaven was near.

But it was always the same. There was always that wonderful welcome given to the Lord and Master of all. One could give many more instances of it. The philosophy of the Cross has gripped the hearts of the men of France. It has inspired the finest of fighting courage the world has ever known. It has given rise to the truest patriotism,—patriotism inseparable from love of, and hope in, God. These men, these *poilus*, have never been nearer to God in their lives. And these same *poilus*, muddy and haggard, are the same men of France whom a few years ago we thoughtlessly branded laxists, indifferentists, and worse.

Now, all this is concerning the vast bulk of the people with whom one comes in contact, in the many places through which one journeys on the long road to

the Front—and back. They have learned the lesson of Calvary. They have come to the truth. So, when I returned to the little seaport town, and revisited the church where I had first noticed the heroic figure of Joan of Arc, I realized that it was she who best typified present-day France. Napoleon is not the hero now. He, with Voltaire and many others, has been cast down from his pedestal. Now patriotism is linked firmly with religion. Joan of Arc lives again to inspire her country. The war is not to be in vain.

Daisy-Field.

BY JANET MALONEY.

3 KNOW a field where comes the wandering
Wind

His cargo of sweet clover scent to find,—
A field with leafy poplars hemmed about,
As who would shut the busy world without;
A happy field which looks at the blue skies
With millions of wide-open daisy eyes;
And where the cricket minstrels pipe their gay,
Loud music all the golden length of day.

It seems to me God meant this fragrant space
To be the little children's romping-place;
For here they stay till daylight almost dies,
As blithesome as the shining butterflies;
Now weaving daisy chains or holding up
Beneath their dimpled chins the buttercup;
Now silent for a while, to hearken well
What secret thing the rustling poplars tell;
Or watching honeybees with fervid boom
Suck sweetness from the pearly clover bloom.
When shadows mark th' approaching end of
day,

By daisied paths they go their homeward way.

At length that hour, beyond all other blest—
A splendor lingers in the rose-red west;
Upon the field there fall sweet cooling dews,
And deepen mists of tender purple hues;
Birds twitter softly; in the zenith grey
A shy white beacon shows its trembling ray:
A drowsy hour to which all younglings yield—
Children in bed and daisies in the field.

At "Les Abeilles."¹

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

I.

THERE were eleven men quartered at the farm of Les Abeilles, the largest and most flourishing in the district. The soil was of the richest; its broad green acres lay between two streams, which, meeting at one boundary, almost encircled it at the other. Nowhere was the clover so abundant, large or succulent as at Les Abeilles, where the bees abounded and fed like kings, year in, year out; yielding in payment the most delicious honey for leagues around.

Père Duhem, the master of the farm, was proud of it; of his wife, who had been the daughter of a large landed proprietor of the Commune; and of his only child, Mariette, the prettiest and most accomplished girl in the neighborhood. When I say "accomplished" I do not mean in the accepted and trite sense of the word,—not at all. She could neither speak foreign languages nor play the piano; she knew nothing of drawing or painting or the intricacies of tapestry work. But she was a wonderful hand with the bees, had great skill in cooking, was an adept at the sewing machine, and had a genius for fine quilting. The Duhems, mother and daughter, were splendid housekeepers; the two servants, Adolphine and her assistant, Loulou, had been trained to an equal efficiency.

It goes without saying, therefore, that Mariette Duhem did not lack suitors; but, up to the time of the war, she had shown no preference for any of the young men who aspired to her hand. She loved her parents and her home; there was no other to which she might go that would be so pleasant or comfortable. As yet love had found no door ajar in her young heart, and her parents were content that it

¹ "The Bees."

should be so. They did not wish to part with their dearly loved child, and made no effort to have her change her condition. There was no happier home in Alsace than that which controlled and crowned the farm of Les Abeilles, when the thunders of war, bursting from a cloudless sky, involved France and Germany in its terrible embrace.

Corporal August Marmont was the name of the young officer who, after the first victorious days of the German Army, was billeted with his ten men on the family at Les Abeilles. Père Duhem accepted his unwelcome visitors with all the graciousness at his command. He knew that to do otherwise would cause him to lose not only his property but perhaps his life; and he knew also that the presence of the legitimate soldiery would be protection for himself and his family from the marauders that follow in the wake of every army.

The men were assigned to an empty barn, where they were made comfortable, preparing their own meals with the assistance of one of the hired boys of the farm. To Corporal Marmont had been given one of the attic rooms which stretched across the length of the house. It had been formerly occupied by a nephew of Duhem, now a newly ordained priest, stationed near by. It was neatly furnished, commanding a view of the surrounding country,—meadow and hillside, valley and stream. The Corporal was an early riser, and fond of walking. Thus it was that Mariette, on her way to the spring-house at dawn, became accustomed to the sight of the young officer striding quickly up and down the hill paths on his daily exercise.

One morning he paused at the open door of the dairy where, in company with Loulou, she was engaged in making the delicious butter which the Corporal evidently appreciated, judging from the quantity he consumed at meal-times.

"Good-morning, Mademoiselle!" he said, with a smile. "It is you, then, who

are the artist in butter that really melts in one's mouth. I shall enjoy it all the more now that I know that you made it."

Mariette's pure, soft cheek flushed slightly. For the first time since the Corporal had been their guest—two whole days—she suffered her glance to meet his, which, had she known it, had rested upon her admiringly from the moment of their acquaintance. He had an open, handsome face; his large bright blue eyes were clear and honest. It seemed to the young girl that she had never seen a more charming smile, nor such beautiful teeth as flashed into view beneath it.

"I love to make butter," she replied directly. "Next to the bees, I like the dairy best. I am glad, Corporal, that you are pleased with it."

For a few short moments there was silence, save for the sibilant humming of Loulou over the skimming of the cream. The Corporal, leaning against the door, gazed admiringly at the mistress of the dairy, her deft hands manipulating the creamy mass in the large wooden bowl; while she, conscious of his glance, and modestly deprecating it, grew more and more embarrassed.

Both were unaware of approaching footsteps till Père Duhem, on his morning rounds, suddenly appeared in the doorway. Glancing sharply at the young man, he remarked abruptly, and not without a touch of sarcasm:

"Ah! Learning to make butter this morning?"

"No," said the Corporal, smiling—he was not adroit,—“but watching it being made. Mademoiselle is an adept, Monsieur."

"She ought to be," was the reply: "she has been at it since she was ten. And you, Corporal,—is it the first time you have seen butter made?"

"By no means," answered Marmont. "My mother is a fine one at the business."

"Ah! You have a farm?"

"My father has,—a splendid one, too."

"You have not the appearance of a farmer."

"Nevertheless, I hope to be one—when the war is over. I was at the Agricultural School of — when we were summoned."

"It was a bad job," said M. Duhem, sadly.

The Corporal made no reply, which slightly irritated the farmer.

"Was it at your college that you learned to speak French so well,—with a German accent, of course?" he asked.

"Partly. But we have always spoken it a little at home."

"Ah! How comes it that you are called Marmont? The name is decidedly French."

"Yes; strangely enough, my ancestors were among the French who went over to Germany in the latter days of Louis XVI."

"Noble, perhaps?" queried the farmer, with a slight sneer. "There is a De Marmont family still in France."

"I have not heard of any 'De' in the family," answered the Corporal. "But this I know: in spite of the name, we are Germans of the Germans."

"Naturally; otherwise you would have returned to your own country after the danger had passed."

The Corporal opened his lips to speak—then closed them again. He had no wish to provoke the anger of his host, who until the present encounter had been most courteous and hospitable, and for whose change of manner the young man was at a loss to account.

Mariette looked up from her work in surprise, as her father's words and tone were so unlike his usual manner. But neither of them saw what the Corporal's eyes and the downcast head and flushed cheek had revealed—a mutual admiration, which alarmed and annoyed the father, and which he then and there resolved should be crushed in the awakening. But he was a just and a kind man; he would not, above all things, wish to be discourteous to a guest. After all, it was by no fault or desire of his own that the soldier had been quartered upon them; he would soon be gone; he must not be

allowed to suspect what was in the mind of his host. Such a suspicion might serve only to fan the flame if it had been already enkindled. But he would take precautions,—oh, yes, he would take precautions!

His manner suddenly changed from acerbity to friendliness.

"Come!" he said. "I will show you my bees."

And while the Corporal was admiring the apiaries, Père Duhem, excusing himself, hastened to the kitchen, where, under the supervision of her mistress, Adolphine was preparing breakfast.

"Wife," he said, standing behind her as she bent over the coffee-pot, "after this, while those fellows are here, the Corporal and I will take our breakfast alone. You and Mariette can either eat later, or in the kitchen with the women. Men often have things to talk about in which women are not interested, and, in fact, which they had better not hear. In these times we do not wish you to be frightened any more than can be helped."

Madame Duhem regarded her husband a moment without speaking. She had not lived with him twenty-five years without understanding him. Instantly she divined what was the matter.

"As you please, Guillaume," she said, quietly. "What you say is true. And we, Mariette and I, have no desire to associate with our enemies any more than is necessary. We can take our meals here in the kitchen with the women.—Breakfast is ready."

When the two men entered the little dining-room, the farmer observed in a casual tone:

"After this the women will not eat with us. They like it better so."

"Very well," replied the soldier, but his voice bore a note of disappointment.

The glance of the two men met as they seated themselves, and a flash of understanding passed between them. But the meal passed pleasantly, Père Duhem congratulating himself that he had "nipped the affair in the bud."

In the kitchen Madame Duhem said to her daughter:

"Your father wishes that he and the officer shall eat alone in future. He says that it is not for women to hear all that men have to say to each other. So you and I will take our meals at the little table there in the corner. Adolphine has put on a white cloth, and we shall be quite comfortable."

"Very well, mother," rejoined Mariette demurely, turning to the window.

When they were seated at breakfast, Madame Duhem said in an indifferent tone:

"I like that young Corporal. He is a nice fellow. Pity he should be a German!"

"Why, mamma?" asked Mariette innocently, laughing a little as she spoke.

"Oh, nothing!" replied the mother, meeting her daughter's inquiring glance with a slow, significant smile.

The girl understood, blushed and hung her head. But the incipient spark glowed and brightened in the timid and surprised young heart, where it was soon to become a flame. (Oh, unwise Père Duhem! Your conduct but precipitated the calamity you wished to avert.) The daughter ate as usual; the mother, scarcely anything. She foresaw breakers ahead, and rose from the table with a smothered sigh.

If Père Duhem had not been thrown from his cart on the afternoon of that day, things might have taken a different course. His sharp watchfulness and determined plan of campaign might indeed have nipped the incipient love affair in the bud. Fate, however, was unkind to him at this particular time. His injuries were painful but not serious; like most men in a similar case, he exaggerated his sufferings, which filled his thoughts to the exclusion of all others. His good wife, on her side, being occupied almost entirely with him, Mariette was in sole charge of the house-keeping.

The Corporal still ate alone, of course. But it had become his habit to stop at the spring-house on returning from his early

morning walk; and, though many words were not there spoken, each young heart was deeply conscious of what was happening in the other.

In the evening, after supper, while Mère Duhem was engaged in bathing her husband's injured limbs, Mariette, according to her custom, would go out to the arbor for a few moments, where the Corporal, pipe in hand, was not slow in joining her. And yet not a single word of love had been uttered. It was as though both feared to confront a future which a revelation must necessarily evoke.

At last the farmer was pronounced convalescent. A most excellent supper had been prepared in anticipation of his first meal downstairs. When he came, limping and halting a little, he was in very good spirits.

"What! Flowers?" he exclaimed. "And my favorite salad! Well, well! It is not bad to be laid up once in a while, to be treated so well when one has recovered. Come, mother; come, Mariette!" he continued. "We shall all eat together this evening. But where is the Corporal?"

The young man entered as the farmer concluded.

"I am glad to see you downstairs again," he said courteously, but his face looked grave.

"Anything wrong?" asked Père Duhem, who, with the others, at once observed it. "Sit down,—sit down!"

"We are ordered off," said the Corporal, after they were all seated. "We leave in the morning."

Involuntarily his eyes sought Mariette's. She did not look up; but, under the napkin which concealed it, her hand trembled. Both her father and mother saw that look, interpreting it rightly; and for one of them, at least, the bad news was good news. But Père Duhem recollected himself: he must not betray his satisfaction.

"You have not been a troublesome guest," he said. "We shall miss you when you have left us. I wish to God all your countrymen were like you!"

"Thank you!" rejoined the Corporal.

"Oh, this war is a dreadful thing!" added the mother. "Such horrors,—such partings!"

But Mariette said nothing. One word would have betrayed the sorrow of her heart.

It was a short and silent meal. Duhem, complaining of his aches, went upstairs, accompanied by his wife. At the first signal of rising, Mariette had left the room. The Corporal, lighting his pipe, went to the arbor. She was not there.

Above stairs the conversation was in this wise:

"Well, Mother Duhem, don't you think it's a good thing that he is going?"

"Yes, Guillaume, perhaps it is; though I can't see that he has done any harm."

"He is young, good-looking, and he certainly admires our girl," persisted the father.

"He is a German."

"What of that? What do young people care when they fall in love—or think they do?"

"Our Mariette would never so far forget herself as to marry an enemy of her country," said the mother.

"Marry? Who was talking of marriage? I should think not! But I can not bear to feel that even for a moment she should let herself wander so far as to cast a second thought on one of that *canaille*."

"Guillaume," said his wife, after a short pause, "what would you do if such a thing could happen as that our Mariette would bring herself to marry a German?"

"What nonsense—even to suppose it!"

"But tell me."

"What! Woman, do you think—do you for a moment dream that!" exclaimed Père Duhem in a loud, angry tone.

"Be quiet,—be quiet, Guillaume!"

"No, I shall not be quiet! What would I do, you ask! Well, I will tell you. I would turn her out of doors, and then I would shoot him like a dog, and then I would shoot myself. Now—do you know?"

"Hush, hush, poor man! You are going crazy!"

"It is you who are *driving* me crazy! What do you know?"

"Nothing,—nothing. Calm yourself. The whole house will hear you."

"Mariette! Mariette!" wailed the father, weakened by illness, suddenly relapsing from fury into weeping. "Ah, no,—ah, no! Our darling Mariette—it would kill me—and she would never do it."

"She has never thought of doing it," said the wife in an even tone. "She would not disgrace us,—she would not break our hearts. She is too good, and too fond of us."

The old man threw himself back on his pillow. The door was slightly ajar. It had been partly open all the time, and Mère Duhem knew it. She knew also that, at the beginning of the outbreak, Mariette had been passing on her way downstairs, and she had not heard her footsteps proceeding farther. She arose and closed the door. Her purpose had been accomplished; for no more than her husband would Mère Duhem have wished the dreaded thing to come to pass.

The Corporal smoked on. It was all very silent in the house and garden. He had several things to do that night: he must take leave of his hosts and their daughter. His mind was in a turmoil: he could not control his thoughts. But he must see her—and alone.

He strolled toward the gate. Looking up at the windows, he could see the old man in his reclining chair, wiping his face with a large red handkerchief. His wife was standing beside him. Mariette's window was closed and the blinds were down.

Turning from the gate, he glanced along the highway: he could see no one coming or going. He stood by the roadside, undecided what to do. Lifting his eyes to the poplars that made an intertwining arch in front of him on the opposite of the highway, he saw a slender figure climbing the little hill that led to the cemetery, whose white and grey stones he

could distinguish through the twilight. In the centre rose the tall crucifix that is so prominent a feature in the graveyards of Alsace. Once more he looked up at the windows: they were tenantless. Doubtless the farmer had gone to bed.

Hurriedly crossing the road, he followed the short path through the fields, to the graveyard, about half a mile distant. In a few moments he was passing between the massive pillars of the open gate. How still it was,—how solemn, how beautiful! How pleasant a place in which to lie when life should be over and done! . . . And then, straight before him, he saw the Calvary, white and mournful, the figure of the Saviour with outstretched arms inviting souls to eternal salvation and eternal rest. On her knees in front of it, her face buried in her hands, knelt Mariette weeping.

It was there, in the place of the dead, before the image of the Crucified God they both worshipped, that they pledged their fealty to each other,—those young stricken hearts. At first he wanted to see her father; but she would not permit him to do so, knowing well that it would be of no avail. And at last she made him realize it also.

"I shall always love you," she said,—
"I shall never marry another. But this must be the end. I can never break the good kind hearts of my father and mother. Nothing can alter my decision."

Still he had hope.

"Mariette," he replied, "I shall not give you up. I am going from here, perhaps forever. But, thank God, I am carrying in my heart a bright flower that was not there when I came!" And so they parted.

That was in 1870.

II.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon of the 11th of November, an unusually warm day for the time of the year. The mistress of Les Abeilles sat within the open doorway, knitting. She was a comely woman, with fresh, clear skin, abundant

white hair, and innocent blue eyes that, until four years ago, had never gazed into the soiled and distorted mirror of a maddened world. Her face in repose was quite serious; but when a smile broke over it the effect was charming, as though a flash of sunlight had suddenly illumined the calm surface of a quiet, unruffled stream. Close by, her old servant Joseph was working in the vegetable garden; while within, Loulou, his wife, went about her household tasks.

Suddenly there appeared in front of her a young man, pushing a motor cycle, while he walked beside it. He wore the uniform of a German non-commissioned officer. His face was crimson and covered with perspiration. The woman rose to her feet, and stepped out to the porch.

"How came you here? And what do you want?" she inquired with stern dignity.

"Madame, I am, with the rest of my brothers, in retreat," he answered bitterly. "I am the bearer of an important message to the headquarters at P—, and my motor cycle got out of order. I have mended it as best I can for the present, and all I ask is a drink of water."

His French was fluent, but the guttural German accent was unmistakable. To the mistress of the farm, two words in his short speech stood forth above all others.

"In retreat!" she exclaimed. "What do you mean?"

"Did you not know of it, then?" asked the other, in surprise.

"I have heard nothing. We are at some distance from the village, where I never go except to Mass on Sundays, and which my two old servants visit but seldom."

"Yes, it is true. We are retiring as fast as possible, Madame. Not a shot has been fired since eleven this morning. The war is over."

"Thank God,—thank God!" cried the old woman, raising her fine eyes to Heaven. "You asked for a drink of water," she continued, recollecting herself. "How would a drink of buttermilk do?"

"It would be like nectar," was the reply. "Is it to be had, Madame?"

"Come with me," she answered, laying down her knitting.

He followed her through the once beautiful but now overgrown garden (left for four years to the feeble ministrations of the half-blind, halting old man), down a short, sharp incline at the end, to a ravine through which gurgled a tiny stream, and into the cool spring-house built above it. There on the broad shelf lay pans of cream, ready to be churned; and in the corner, on another shelf, a large earthen crock, into which she dipped the long-handled gourd beside it. It reappeared brimming with creamy, delicious butter-milk, flecked with golden particles that melted between his parched lips.

"*Ciel!* but that is good!" he said, draining the cup.

"More?" she asked.

He nodded: she filled it again. After rinsing the cup in the flowing water beneath the shelf, she led the way to the door, while he reiterated his thanks again and again.

"If you take that path behind there, you will reach the highroad much sooner," she said. "I will show you."

He followed her through oceans of billowy, dry grass; past rows and rows of apiaries fast crumbling to decay. For a long time there had been neither bees nor honey here.

He paused a moment, looking around him.

"Pardon, Madame!" he said. "But might this, by any chance, be the farm of Les Abeilles?"

"It is the farm of Les Abeilles," she answered.

"What a coincidence!" he exclaimed. "Many years ago, during the last war, my grandfather was quartered here. He often spoke of that time. He used to tell us that at Les Abeilles he met his first love, the prettiest and sweetest girl he had ever seen. And my grandmother would always make faces at that; for she was, and is, a very good-looking woman."

"What was your grandfather's name?" asked the mistress.

"August Marmont,—the same as mine. I am named for him."

"Ah!" she replied, with a quick catching of her breath and a sharp glance at his countenance. "You do not resemble him."

"No: I am like my mother's family. Did you know him, Madame?"

"Yes," she said. "I have lived here all my life."

"Indeed! And you knew him?"

"Slightly. Is he still living?"

"No: he died the first year of the war."

"Are you a large family?" she asked.

"There were seven of us. Two of my brothers were killed at Ypres, and one that day at St. Mihiel; I am the only boy left. I have three sisters. One is married,—the youngest, Mariette,—almost a child still."

"What name did you say?"

"Mariette. My grandfather named her. She was his pet."

He looked up the road impatiently, eager to be away.

"God bless you and bring you home safe to your mother!" she said, laying her hand on his shoulder.

"Thank you, Madame, for all your kindness!" he replied, touched his cap and was gone.

"They are not all barbarians!" she murmured, looking after him until the trees hid him from sight.

She walked slowly back to the house, and sat a few moments in the brick-floored passageway, rocking back and forth in the old settee in which she had been cradled. Presently she got up, opened a door to the left, and entered a darkened room. She drew up one of the curtains, and gazed about her on objects familiar to her eyes since the day of her birth,—sacred things now, that she had so long outlived those dear souls who had loved and shared them. There was some substantial old furniture, with china ornaments on the chimney-piece, above which, in a gilt frame, hung a crayon picture of her father and mother, copied from a

photograph,—crude, out of date, but life-like withal. It was her dearest possession. Many a time she had stood before the picture telling her dear ones of her little trials and troubles,—more often than ever since the beginning of the war, wondering if they knew of its horrors, and the terrible crimes it had engendered.

For the fleeting episode of her youth she had long felt only regret and self-reproach that she could have given a portion of her heart to an alien enemy. But to-day a chance meeting, a few brief words had overturned the antagonism and repression of nearly forty years. Trembling and almost uncertain of her own identity, she hesitated upon the threshold of that sacred spot.

In an alcove at the end of the room stood a miniature altar; upon it was a statue of Our Lady of Victories. She turned toward it and sunk upon her knees. Hiding her face in her hands, she allowed the tears, now welling up from her disturbed heart, to fall unrestrainedly.

After some moments she wiped her eyes, rose to her feet and approached the picture over the chimney-piece. Claspings her hands together, she looked up at the kind faces, smiling, she had always thought, so tenderly upon her. But to-day for the first time—she was not sure. She regarded them lovingly and wistfully for a long time. Then, lifting her head with a gesture half defiant, half appealing, she murmured: "They are beaten! He is dead. And—a dead man can not be an—enemy!" Turning, she retraced her steps and went back, through the corridors, to the kitchen, to communicate to her two faithful servitors the good news that the war was over.

This was in 1918.

THERE is nothing sweeter in the world than to be forgotten, except by those who love us and whom we love. The rest bring us more trouble than joy; and when we have accomplished our task, dug our furrow, be it great or small, the happiest thing is to disappear.—*Lacordaire*.

The History of a Shrine in Jerusalem.

A QUAIN, covered archway, that has withstood the wear of more than nineteen centuries, spans the Sorrowful Way, near its entrance, in Jerusalem. One end forms a part of the wall of a Moslem temple—all that remains of the ancient Pretorium,—and from its grated windows the muezzin used to give thrice daily the Mohammedan call to prayer. Just beyond where he stood, nearly one-half the structure is lost to view behind the wall of a convent chapel; and here our Saviour stood on that first Good Friday morning when Pilate cried to the cruel and murderous multitude below, "*Ecce Homo!*"

Upon this spot has been erected a statue of Our Lord clothed in purple robe and crowned with thorns,—a statue so lifelike in its agony that none of the thronging pilgrims can look upon it without weeping. About it Christian faith has reared a beautiful chapel, where the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is daily offered; and above all a great cross crowns the edifice, it being until recently the only one exposed to public view in all Jerusalem.

When, more than half a century ago, negotiations were made, through a third person, for the purchase of this hallowed spot, the Moslem owners demanded a sum far in advance of its real value. But what of that! That it could be bought at all by Christians was almost a miracle; and a holy priest stood ready to preach a crusade throughout Europe,—not this time for the gathering of a mighty army, but for the collection of Christian gold. Perhaps no man was ever better fitted for such a task than Father Marie Alphonse Ratisbonne, himself of Jewish birth, and over whose miraculous conversion all Catholic Europe was then rejoicing.

The needed sum was collected even sooner than the most sanguine had hoped, and the joyful news sent to Jerusalem; but, alas! Moslem suspicions, and with them Moslem greed of gain, had been

aroused; and the reply came back that the coveted archway could be procured only for *double* the original sum. Useless to reason, plead or threaten.

"Then I will preach another crusade," said Father Ratisbonne.

"You will be treated as an impostor," responded the pessimists.

"People have already given what they can. It will be impossible to raise the whole sum," declared the most hopeful.

"I shall succeed, I am confident," said Father Ratisbonne. "God and His Holy Mother will not abandon their work nor permit it to fail."

And he *did* succeed. This time the Mohammedans, dazzled by the prospect of so large a sum of money for so small a piece of property, raised no further obstacle, and the work was brought to completion. The convent, where Jewish orphan girls are reared in the Christian faith was placed in the hands of zealous missionary Sisters; but one great Catholic need was still lacking. Since the fall of Jerusalem into infidel hands never had the Christian Cross been allowed to rear its form publicly in the city.

Night and day the Mother Superior pondered this question—how could a cross be placed upon the convent? Long experience with the Moslem character had taught her that while the infidel will battle fiercely to *prevent* a deed, yet, once accomplished, he will take no measures for its undoing; and upon this knowledge she based her plans.

At length arrived the eve of a great Mohammedan feast. All the day before workmen were busy upon the flat-roofed buildings, setting up frames for fireworks, arranging banners, hanging lanterns, and carefully putting in place the usual festive decorations.

"Now or never!" exclaimed the good Superior; and she sent some Christian workmen to the roof of the convent, where, among so many others, they attracted no attention.

But the next morning!—ah, that was

different! Many a devout follower of Mohammed cursed himself for having allowed the despised Christian emblem to be set up before his very eyes. Still, true to his Moslem temperament and training, each and every one said: "It is there. Let it remain." And so it does even to this distant day.

Necrology of the Foreign Missions.

IN accordance with its annual practice, *Les Missions Catholiques*, of Lyons, devotes several pages of its concluding issue for 1918 to a tabulated list of obituary notices of such bishops and priests as died on the Foreign Missionary field during 1917. The list comprises the names of nine bishops and one hundred and ninety-eight priests, the number of the latter being somewhat larger than usual, owing to the fact that a good many of the missionary priests were called to military service and not a few of them died at the Front.

Seventeen religious Orders or Congregations are represented in this necrology,—or fourteen, if we count as secular priests those of the Foreign Mission seminaries at Paris and Milan and the African Missionaries of Lyons. The Jesuits head this honor-roll of the Church's heroes, no fewer than fifty of that Society having gone to their reward during the third year of the World War. Next to them in point of numbers are the priests of the Missions Etrangères of Paris, twenty-seven of whom succumbed to the assaults of age, to climatic conditions, or to the fire of the enemy "somewhere in France." In addition to these the list mentions twenty-two Oblates of Mary Immaculate, twenty-one Fathers of the Holy Ghost, fourteen Friars Minor, ten Benedictines and an equal number of Lazarists, nine Capuchins and as many White Fathers, six Redemptorists, five each of Dominicans and Salesian Fathers, three each of Marists and priests of the African Mission of

Lyons, two Assumptionists, one priest of the Milan Foreign Missionary seminary, and one Father of the Sacred Heart.

An excellent feature of this itemized obituary table is that, with a few exceptions, it gives the birth-years of the deceased priests, thus allowing such readers as may be interested in doing so to compute the ages of the dead missionaries. We confess to not a little interest in the question of the longevity of the clergy, whether on the foreign or the home mission field; and we have accordingly compiled a few statistics from this list which we are discussing. Others than our clerical readers may possibly care to peruse them.

To begin with the prelates: of the nine deceased bishops, six had reached or passed the three-score and ten limit of Holy Scripture. Only one, Bishop Sage, could be called young—he was thirty-eight; and his comparative youth was offset by the venerable old age of the dean of the hierarchy, Bishop Hofman, who had been an octogenarian for four years prior to his death. The average age, at death, of these nine missionary bishops was sixty-eight years,—a longevity fully equal to, if not surpassing, that of the five members of the American hierarchy who passed away during the same year, 1917.

Of the hundred and seventy-eight priests whose birth-years are given, fourteen had passed what Oliver Wendell Holmes used to call the "three-score and twenty" mark, the oldest of the group being eighty-five. No fewer than thirty-one others had entered upon their eighth decade,—five of them, indeed, being within one year of the octogenarian mark. Thirty-eight others had reached or passed the three-score boundary, twenty-nine had passed the half-century mark, and only twenty-one of the whole number were under forty. The average age of these missionary priests was fifty-eight years,—a lifetime probably three or four years longer than that of the average priest in the United States.

If there is any lesson to be drawn from

these figures, it would seem to be that the simple life and hard work are by no means inimical to health; and that deprivation of the luxuries, or even the comforts, of modern civilization does not necessarily mean the truncation of one's career or the abridgment of one's days. Our missionaries in the field afar have unmistakable hardships to undergo and undeniably fatiguing labors to accomplish; but, on the other hand, they enjoy an abundance of those requisite to physical well-being and incidental longevity,—fresh air and exercise. And the more closely in this respect their example is followed by our missionaries at home, the longer-lived may these latter hope to be.

—A. B. O'N., C. S. C.

St. Valentine's Day.

ON the fourteenth day of February friends send greetings to each other—sometimes tender missives, sometimes flowers or other gifts,—all called "valentines." It is interesting to trace the connection between this widespread custom and one of the early Christian martyrs, Valentinus, from whom the name of the missives is derived.

Valentinus was an Italian bishop of the early Christian Church. In the old records he is called "a presbyter and a martyr." His zeal for the new religion was so great that he was finally brought before Emperor Claudius II. Knowing Valentinus to be a good man and an influential one as well, the Emperor tried to persuade him to return to the worship of the old gods, instead of denying them and thereby bringing destruction upon himself.

The bishop stood firm, however; and, instead of obeying, he told the story of Christ crucified with such fervor and eloquence that he was hurried out of the Emperor's presence by the high-priest Calphernius, who feared the effect of the bishop's words. The man of God was afterwards taken before Judge Alterius, where events happened that caused the

instant conversion of that stern judge.

This so alarmed the authorities that it was decided to put Valentinus to death, and in such a way as to produce the greatest effect upon the populace. To insure this, an important time and place were selected. The place was the Flaminian Way, the highway in northern Italy, connecting Rome with the sea. The time was that of the festival of the Lupericalia, the most popular of the Roman celebrations. This solemnity fell in February, the fourteenth day of the month being its climax.

On that day the crowd was the largest; hence any event that should occur would have the greatest publicity. So, on the fourteenth of February the good bishop was taken to the Flaminian Way, clubbed and beheaded. The year was A. D. 270, according to some authorities; and A. D. 306, according to others. Later Valentinus was canonized, as he was a true martyr of Christ. He was buried on the Flaminian Way. Near the saint's grave, Pope Julius I. built a beautiful church, which was called St. Valentine's Chapel. What is now known as the Porta del Popolo was once called St. Valentine's Gate.

Now, it happens that on the day the saint was martyred the Romans had the custom of giving especial expression to the more tender sentiments by a peculiar method of casting lots. Hence the association of the practice of sending love missives with the name of this saint.

The very earliest reference to the practice of sending valentines occurs in the pages of John Gower, a contemporary of Chaucer. Gower wrote love lyrics in English and in French. He seems to have appropriated St. Valentine as the genial patron of poets. In Gower's 24th and 35th "Ballades," written in French, occur several passages invoking St. Valentine, and naming his feast-day, February 14, as the "writer's holiday," and the most auspicious day on which to write fervent missives of love and send tender tokens to one's "heart-mate."

Evidence and Comment.

A CLERICAL correspondent, whose eyes are open to many things to which the eyes of most others are closed, observes a widespread effort to undermine Catholic influence, and presents some striking evidence to prove this,—the opening, by a bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of a chapel, dedicated to St. Francis of Assisi, for the use of poor Italians in one of our largest cities; a series of "talks on non-Christian lands" under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. The "non-Christian lands" include South America and the Philippines. ("Regenerating a Race with Tools and Bibles" is the title of the talk about the Islands.) There is other evidence a-plenty. For our present purpose, however, it will suffice to quote our correspondent about what is here cited:

'Think of a Protestant church dedicated to St. Francis! Anything, however, to pervert the poor Italians. South America, which is nothing if not Catholic, and where Christian universities were flourishing before the Pilgrim Fathers landed on our shores, classed as a non-Christian country! Is it ignorance or sectarian hatred? Millions of dollars are now being collected to "spread the Gospel" outside of our half-infidel country: statistics proving that fully one-half of Americans profess no religion at all,—a country where there are more divorces than in any other part of the world. Instead of trying to reform our own people, and to strengthen the foundations of the Republic, the tendency seems to consist largely in efforts to undermine the faith of emigrants who land on our shores, and to uproot it in foreign lands. Let us Catholics keep awake; let us combat ignorance and bigotry in season and out of season; and, while faithfully practising our holy religion, let us reflect seriously and prayerfully betimes on the materialistic, anti-Catholic spirit of our age, and oppose it with all our might.'

Notes and Remarks.

There is a vast deal of nonsense being uttered and printed nowadays concerning the lack of altruism on the part of consistent Christians; and some of it finds expression in the outpourings of a Baptist clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick. Writing in the *Atlantic Monthly*, he thus delivers himself:

For one thing, how intolerable to those who have caught the devotion of the Army is a certain habitual selfishness in the churches' appeal to men! If in France to-day, in speaking to the soldiers, any one suggests that perhaps they soon will die; that if they do they may go to hell, unless they are "prepared"; and that therefore they had better believe something religious, to avoid the sad contingency,—that man incontinently shuts up, or else he leaves France; or, more probably, he does both. The soldiers will not listen to him; the Army will not tolerate him.

Sheer nonsense, Dr. Fosdick! A conspicuous portion of the Army was Catholic, and it is utterly unbelievable that Catholic soldiers ever resented their chaplains' reminding them of imminent death and the necessity of being prepared therefor, not indeed by believing "something religious,"—but by confessing their sins and receiving Christ's pardon. Again, we have this series of rhetorical interrogations by Brother Fosdick:

Come to God, that you may be safe—will that do? Come to God, for there is in His hands solace for believers—will that do? "Far more important than your work in France is the preparation of your souls to meet the Lord, who speedily will return,"—words used by a preacher to troops on an American transport. Will that do? Will any mean, self-centered motive do?

Let us ask a question or two in reply. Was Our Lord advocating something "mean, self-centred," when He said, "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Is it condemnable selfishness to follow the advice, "Seek ye therefore first the kingdom of God and His justice"?

The trouble with all these eulogizers of altruistic service, these scoffers at the man who is concerned with "his own miserable soul," is that they forget that the person who, first of all, puts himself right with God, attends to the salvation of his own soul, is, for that very reason, the best citizen and the best soldier. The truly practical Christian is right with God only when he is fulfilling all his duties,—those which he owes to himself, his family, his neighbors, and his country. Personal salvation, Dr. Fosdick and his ilk to the contrary notwithstanding, is every man's primary duty; and no service incompatible with it will avail him before the judgment seat of God.

A writer in the *London Times Literary Supplement* having quoted Pope Innocent III. as saying, "the judgment of the Church may be erroneous; thus a man may be condemned by God who is held guiltless by the Church, or may be condemned by the Church but be held guiltless by God"; and the writer having characterized this as "a doctrine which in the mouth of a modern Catholic would be considered flat rebellion," a Catholic layman promptly replies: "Not a bit of it. It is a doctrine which we all hold, and always have held,—at all events, since Innocent's decision was given. . . . The decision has nothing whatever to do with 'infallibility.' Anybody with elementary knowledge of Catholic doctrine can see that at a glance. It embodies that Pope's judgment in the case of an excommunicated person who had given manifest signs of repentance, but who had died before he had been absolved from the sentence. The querist asked whether the offender was to be deemed to be absolved. Innocent answered that he was. The gist of the Pope's reply is in the following words:

That the judgment of God always rests upon the truth, which neither deceives nor is deceived; but the judgment of the Church sometimes is based upon (*prosequitur*) opinion, which often happens both to deceive and to be deceived. And, for this reason, it sometimes happens that

he who is bound before God is loosed (*absolutus*) before the Church, and he who is free before God is involved in an ecclesiastical sentence. The bond, therefore, by which the sinner is bound before God is unloosed by the remission of the guilt. But that by which he is bound before the Church is relaxed when the sentence is remitted.

"The only 'judgment of the Church' of which Innocent is speaking, and the only judgment in which he affirms that she may, and sometimes does, err, is that contained in an ecclesiastical sentence. It is juridical, and not doctrinal; whereas her claim to infallibility is doctrinal, and is limited to the domain of 'Faith and Morals.'"

This is not the first time that "a Catholic layman" has taken occasion to correct errors in the *T. L. S.*,—an eminently important service, considering how widely that very excellent and generally fair-minded journal is read. More power to such polemics, and may their kind everywhere increase!

Those simple, trustful persons who have been declaring all along that there was nothing to fear from Bolshevism in this country, that no possible reason existed for apprehending anything like a general outbreak of violence or disorder, must have been surprised to learn that—in view of two meetings held recently in the very capital of the nation by Bolsheviks and Bolshevik sympathizers, at which the Constitution of the United States and the laws of the Republic were derided and denounced—the Senate had determined upon an investigation of the activities of the American Bolsheviks, in order that proper restraint might be imposed upon them. The propagandists of anarchy in this country were said to number only "a handful of cranks, more boisterous than dangerous"; but those two meetings in Washington have dispelled that delusion. They were largely attended; and the utterances of the speakers and the applause of the listeners left no doubt in the mind of any one present that, in the words of a

Congressman from the West, "this thing ought to be stopped, and there oughtn't to be any delay about it either. Uncle Sam should get busy." The sub-committee of the Judiciary Committee delegated to this work will have the authority of the Senate, the following resolution (introduced by Senator Walsh of Montana) having been unanimously adopted:

Resolved that the authority of the Committee on Judiciary conferred by Senate resolution No. 307 be, and hereby is, extended so as to include the power and duty to inquire concerning any efforts being made to propagate in the country the principles of any party exercising, or claiming to exercise, any authority in Russia, whether such efforts originate in this country or are incited or financed from abroad; and further to inquire into any effort to incite the overthrow of the Government in this country or all government by force, or by the destruction of life or property or the general cessation of industry.

It matters little where such pernicious efforts originate, or whether they are directed at home or from abroad: the main thing is to frustrate them; and, as the gentleman from the West expressed it, "Uncle Sam should get busy." Enforcement of the Prohibition law may have to wait until violation of some other laws has ceased.

A correspondent of one of our English exchanges expresses the hope that it will become the rule in all dioceses of England that boys ten years of age, in the elementary schools, shall be taught how to serve Mass. The plan is an excellent one, and may well be adopted in such Catholic schools all over the world as have not already introduced it. It is distinctly to the discredit, be it said, of a Catholic high school, college, or university, that its students are unable to perform on occasion the functions of an altar boy. In so far as the high schools are concerned,—if the teachers are Brothers, they can easily train the boys in all that is necessary. Where the teachers are Sisters, they can at least see to it that their pupils learn the Latin responses; and the pastor or his assistant should look after the rest of the training.

In colleges and universities, either the Prefect of Religion, the Master of Ceremonies, or some such official, should make it a point to instruct all the students in the theory and practice of serving Mass. Nor should it be difficult to inspire Catholic boys or young men with an earnest desire to profit by such instruction. No other ceremony performable on earth is either so sublime in itself or so beneficent in its results as is the Holy Sacrifice; and to assist the celebrant thereof in his ministrations is not only a high honor but a notably meritorious act. The graces, satisfactions, and expiations won by each daily Mass undoubtedly benefit all the children of the Church; but they are just as undoubtedly applied most copiously and with most plenary effect to those of the faithful who are actually present while the Sacrifice is being offered, and, primarily, to the server, the altar boy who assists the priest.

Readers of our pages will recall not a few instances in which judges of the Supreme Court, admirals of the Navy, and generals of the Army, have edified their Catholic brethren by supplying the place of an absent altar boy, rightly deeming it an honor and a privilege to take an active part in the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice. Catholic boys and young men who have an opportunity to learn how to serve Mass should be encouraged to profit by it.

A very stern, though well deserved, rebuke to a prominent advocate of Prohibition who attacked Cardinal Gibbons for opposing that movement, has been administered by the *New York Times*. After referring to his Eminence as "this honored and true American, venerable not only as a great dignitary of a great Church, but for a long, blameless, fruitful life of wise counsel, noble achievement, and manifold public service," the *Times* reminds the assailant that "not only Cardinal Gibbons but the obscurest and humblest man in America has a right to express his opinion

of Prohibition; and if he is to be answered, he should be answered temperately, without aspersion of motives. The moderate drinker has always been a thorn in the side of the Prohibitionists. Is the man of moderate views or language to be a public enemy in their view?"

The average Prohibitionist belongs to that class of persons—a very large class—who allow no one to differ from them. It is for some psychologist to explain how it is that men and women to whom intemperance is the greatest of evils are apt to be the most intemperate of speech, and why moderate views are so generally held to be erroneous views by those who do not share them.

No reader of these columns needs to be told what we think of spiritism. We have repeatedly declared that, while we are quite willing to believe that many, very many, of the phenomena produced at spiritistic séances are frauds, we hold that at least some of these phenomena are realities, produced not by deceptive mediums, but by evil spirits,—not the spirits of human beings who have passed beyond life's borders (as the spiritists claim), but evil spirits in the Biblical sense of the word: fallen angels, devils. If we return to the subject from time to time, it is because we notice that there is still a tendency among some educated Catholics to pooh-pooh the whole matter as really unworthy the credence of a scholarly or scientific mind. It may be well to remind them that there are scholarly and scientific Catholics, with a prestige at least equal to their own, who very decidedly dissent from their views. Sir Bertram C. A. Windle, for instance, probably enjoys as high a place in the estimation of scholars as do any of our Catholic disbelievers in the phenomena of which we are speaking; and we find him writing (in the current issue of the *Catholic World*):

This is not the occasion nor am I the man to deal with the subject of spiritualism; but this at least may be said, that the person who

argues that it is all fraud and deception does not know what he is talking about. Look at the history of the world—*quod semper, quod ubique*, if not absolutely *quod ab omnibus*! The records of the early missionaries, especially of the Jesuits, teem with accounts of the same kind of phenomena as we read of in connection with séances of to-day, occurring in all sorts of places and amongst widely separated races of mankind. We have it in the "Odyssey"; we have it in Cicero and in Pliny; we have it in the Bible. It is everywhere. All this is not mere imposition.

No; and the wiseacres who regard with an air of pitying condescension those who agree with Sir Bertram need to revise their theories as to this false cult. A further extract from that English publicist is worth bearing in mind: "As far as my knowledge goes, no spirit has ever had anything good to say about the Church; and what the Church thinks about spiritualism has recently—though not for the first time—been made clear. That is enough for all Catholic readers; but let me repeat, the man—and there are such—who brushes the whole thing aside as imposture, does not know what he is talking about."

"I could never bring myself to use any other prayer-book—except when preparing for confession—after I had got accustomed to the Roman Missal." As the pious lay person who said this doubtless goes to confession frequently and regularly, there need have been no exception. It is far better to search one's heart than to look into one's prayer-book when the Sacrament of Penance is to be received. The prayers of the Church are the best of all prayers, of course, and ought to be the most familiar to her children. We venture to assert, however, that not one in a thousand of them has ever recited, or would recognize, the following beautiful prayer, although it is repeated in every Mass that is offered:

Lord Jesus Christ, Son of the living God, who, according to the will of the Father, through the co-operation of the Holy Ghost, hast by Thy death given life to the world, deliver me, by this Thy most sacred Body and Blood, from

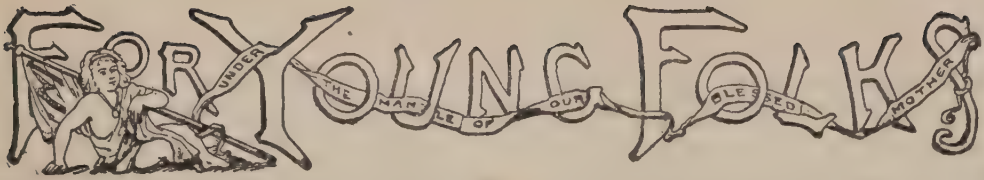
all my iniquities and from all evils; and make me always adhere to Thy commandments, and never permit me to be separated from Thee; who, with the same God the Father and Holy Ghost; livest and reignest God world without end. Amen.

And what beautiful prayers are to be found among the "Orationes Diversæ" of the Missal,—prayers that make most others seem like a stringing together of words or exclamations! For instance:

O God, our refuge and our strength, the source of all piety, give ear to the pious prayers of Thy Church, and grant that what we trustfully ask we may effectually obtain.

O almighty and most merciful God, who didst draw from a rock a fountain of living water for a thirsting people, draw from the hardness of our hearts tears of contrition, that we may be able to bewail our sins, and deserve through Thy mercy to obtain their remission

The practice of generalizing from an altogether insufficient number of particulars not infrequently leads to the making of statements that are loose rather than accurate. A case in point is the remark made by a correspondent of one of our leading Catholic exchanges, to the effect that "it is strange that even our Catholic journals should not have noticed" the death of Cecil Chesterton. As a matter of fact, observable by any of our exchange editors, Mr. Chesterton's death had been very generally commented on by the Catholic weeklies of the country some time prior to the publication of the correspondent's letter. One of our most experienced editors, indeed, several weeks ago called attention to the fact that both Cecil Chesterton and Joyce Kilmer, as comparatively recent converts to the Church, have been since their death "excessively exploited" by our Catholic press,—have been made altogether too much of. We do not think his point at all well taken; but the editor referred to was obviously much nearer the truth than the less well-informed gentleman who finds it "strange that our Catholic journals should not have noticed" the passing of the English editor and soldier.



A Valentine.

"With much love to Our Lady from Annie May."

BY MARY H. KENNEDY.

ELIZABETH buys roses;
Teresa, candles two,—
Offerings on St. Valentine's,
Dear Lady Love, for you!

Oh, candles are so beautiful,
And roses are so sweet!
I wish that I had gifts like these
To lay before your feet.

But all that I can offer,
Dear Lady Love, to-day,
Is—please don't tell the others!—
This heart "from Annie May."

It isn't made of candy,
Of ribbons or of lace;
I've tried to make it clean, though,
Dear Lady full of grace!

I've filled it with my love, too,
And asked Our Lord the while
To bless it, and upon it
To cast a lasting smile.

Perhaps you will accept it,
This little gift of mine?
It's all that I can offer
To you for valentine.

I wish I could buy roses,
Or waxen candles two;
But all that I can give to-day
Is just my heart to you.

Buddy.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

VII.—HANS.

"OH, he is hurt,—he is hurt indeed, my poor darling boy!" exclaimed mamma, as Buddy limped on one leg into her arms.

"Hurt!" echoed Bess, in a wild reaction of relief. "Who cares for that, mamma, when he is alive?—O Buddy, Buddy!" and Bess dropped down on the steps of the porch and burst into hysteric tears. "You've given me the scare of my life. I was just going to kill mother, telling her that Hans was bringing you home dead!"

"*Nein, nein*, I could neffer haf done that!" blurted out Hans, to whom the word brought chilling memories. "It would hurt too much my heart. But I bring him safe well, all right. It is only his leg,—vat you call twist-sprain. He fell into the swamp-hole by the road," explained Hans, hurriedly. "I hear him cry as I pass."

"My good, kind Hans!" said Mrs. Reeves. "How can we thank you!"

"*Nein, nein*, no thanks,—no!" disclaimed Hans, almost roughly. "It was nothing, nothing!"

"Oh, it was, mother,—it was! I've nearly broken his back, I know. He brought me all the way from the old mill."

"The old mill!" exclaimed his mother.

"I just knew he was somewhere he ought not to be," said Bess, with quick revulsion of feeling, now that her mourned brother was safe.

"Oh, but I couldn't help it,—I couldn't, Bess! They wouldn't let me through the camp, and—"

Then Buddy proceeded to make eager explanation of his absence. Before he had concluded, Rick, a tall soldierly figure

AN Englishman and a Scotch Highlander disputing which came from the larger country, the Scotchman exclaimed: "Ours is a mountainous, yours a flat country. Now, if all our hills were rolled out flat, we should beat you by many square miles."

in his captain's khaki, came whistling in the pillared gate; and Buddy had to tell his adventures over again, while his brother examined the injured ankle with a trained touch.

"No damage done, kid. You'll be at the front again in a couple of days. But, George! you must have been a heavy pack for poor Hans' shoulders,—a five-dollar pack, to say the least. Here, Hans old man!" And Rick drew a crisp bill from his pocket.

But there was no one to claim the reward: Hans had vanished in the darkness while the young officer was speaking.

"He is a queer cuss!" said Rick, thoughtfully. "After his heavy pull to-night, I ought not to say anything; but, somehow, Buddy, I don't altogether take to your friend Hans."

O Rick dear, don't say anything like that!" pleaded his mother. "It might get him into trouble,—poor, dull, heavy, hard-working Hans!"

"It's the dull, heavy, hard-working kind that make good tools, mother," was the answer. "Still I have no reason to suspect Hans, especially when he has done such loyal service to a patriotic little mother to-night. Buddy should give him something for his trouble."

"I don't think he would like it," said the little lady, softly. "He wouldn't like to feel he was being paid, Rick."

"No, he wouldn't," declared Buddy, who, the surgical investigation over, was, in default of his usual sturdy supports, astride his brother's knee. "I believe he'd get real down mad if I gave him money for bringing me home; because we are friends, you see, Rick; and friends don't ever pay each other for anything."

And Rick laughed, and said he had frequently found that to be the case. And then they all went into the dining-room (Buddy supported by his soldier brother), where both of mother's boys proceeded to do justice to the supper which she had served for them; and, under their combined attack, cinnamon

buns, cold chicken, peaches, and cream disappeared rapidly. Soon afterwards the wounded hero of the evening was borne off to bed, where Mammy Lindy, who had nursed all the young Reeves from Rick down, was ready with "iles" and lotions and bandages, that no white-capped "diplomad" lady could match, for her youngest darling.

"Dis boy don't want no doctor, Miss May," she assured the anxious mother, as, with strong, soft, practised hand she rubbed the injured leg. "Dis Injun ile what de squaw woman showed my ole mammy how to make is wuth all de doctor stuff dat your money could buy.—Stop dat ar wriggling!" commanded Mammy Lindy, whose faithful heart had been torn for the last two hours with anxiety for her nursling. "I ain't a-hurting you,—you knows I ain't, you scanderlus boy, nebba heern ob such doings,—running off and tumbling into swamp-holes in de black ob de night, and skeering ebbery-one most to deaf! A-twisting your laig like dis, after all de trouble I dun took to make em strong and straight! Oh, I'd fix you if I was your ma! Dar would be no more of dis trapesing around wif dar ar fool nigger Tobe, dat orter git a roast switch for dis hyah business!"

"O Mammy Lindy, no, no, it wasn't poor Tobe's fault at all!" Buddy tried to explain.

"Why wasn't it?" asked Mammy Lindy, still sore from her hours of pain. "What was dat ar little black debbil doing dat he couldn't take keer ob you right, and not nearly kill your ma, skeering her about you like dis? De Lawd knows she has trouble 'nough already, wif Marse Rick a-gwine off to sojer cross de ocean, and Marse Ted a-flying de sky, wifout making her heart stand still, thinking you're drowned out in de dark. Hold still now till I git dis hyah bandage on you right. Dar now!" The old hands bound the limb skilfully, the old voice sank into a low tender tone. "Does dat hurt you, honey chile?"

"No," answered Buddy, cheerily. "It's all right, Mammy! It feels fine."

"Dat's my little man!" crooned the old woman, smoothing the curly head with loving touch. "Dat's my own little boy, dat allus was de manniest ob dem all. He gib his ole mammy de skeer ob her life dis ebening. But it's all right, now he's back safe whar she can take keer ob him, her own little man. Now she is gwine to gib him some nice hot sweet stuff like he uster cry for when he was a little baby, and shake up dese pillows and let him go to sleep."

And, the rubbing and bandaging done, Mammy Lindy dosed her patient with a cup of "yarb" tea of her own brewing, that soon sent Buddy off into a land of pleasant dreams, where no shadows from his late adventures had place. And when mamma stole in a little later to press a good-night kiss upon his brow, he was smiling, like the baby boy of long ago, in his sleep. And she knelt beside his bed and thanked God that he at least would be safe for years in her loving care, all unconscious that the foeman's deadly touch had grazed that boyish brow to-night.

Only big Hans knew,—big Hans, who had vanished hurriedly at Rick's approach, feeling that he dared not meet the young soldier's keen eye or questioning voice; big Hans, who, seated before the dull gleam of his forge fire, was brooding gloomily over the events of the evening, while a visitor who had come to him in the darkness poured persuasive language in his ear, using the guttural accents of his native land.

"I have done," Hans told him grimly. "I do the work no more."

"And why not? We will pay you well. You will not be like the dull slave you are now, hammering horses' feet for these Americans, who laugh at you for a stupid fool who knows not to make his way."

"That is true," agreed Hans, thinking of the new garage and livery establishment, that was drawing all the custom on the shore.

"But we know better," continued the speaker, who was rather short and round, and wore spectacles that glimmered in the darkness. "We know that men like you—slow and wise and strong and brave—are those who do great things in times like these. They work with sure, steady hands. They see their chance; and, while these Americans chatter and laugh like monkeys, they—they take it."

"It is a work for devils," muttered Hans between his set teeth.

"But, then, why not? All the world is at devil's work now," was the reply. "And these Americans with the rest,—these Americans who are going over the sea to fight, to ruin, to crush us without cause. Only to-day they were showing pictures of the boats carrying them across the sea by the thousands, by the millions. It is that we must stop, my friend,—it is that cursed work we must stop, or we are lost,—we are lost! So the word has gone out, under the sea, in the air,—the word we must obey. So you will dig,—dig in the silence, in the darkness,—dig slow but sure,—dig for weeks, for months perhaps, like the mole; then no one can see until the camp is ringed, mined with death; and then a spark, a flash will end all."

"It is a work for devils," repeated Hans again.

"What do you care? What do these dogs of Americans care for you or me? They are going to burn, to poison, to kill. They are devils, too."

"That is true," said Hans; "and we must stop them, as you say. Talk business. If I keep on with the work which I stopped to-night, what will this big job of digging pay?"

"A thousand dollars," offered the tempter at his side.

Hans took out the pipe from his pocket and began to fill it deliberately.

"Not enough," he said.

"Two thousand, then."

The heavy head only shook in a slow negative.

"Three, four."

Hans lit his pipe and began to smoke without making reply.

"In the devil's name," burst out his questioner fiercely, "what is your price?"

"Five thousand dollars!" exclaimed Hans,—*"five thousand; no more or less."*

"Five thousand!" echoed his visitor. "You are mad, Schwartz!"

"It is my life I risk," was the answer. "If I were found at the work, I'd be killed like a dog."

"Bah! But they will never find,—they will never guess. If you were a stranger, perhaps yes; but Hans the blacksmith, who has shod the horses here all his life,—Hans who is what they call naturalized,—Hans who is American—"

"For that it will be worse," interrupted Hans. "If I turn traitor, devil, as you ask, it must be for five thousand dollars. Then I go away far from all I know here. I buy house, land, among other peoples. I will be Mynheer Hans, with a horse to ride, a dog to lick my hand. I marry perhaps. All this I can do with five thousand dollars. Here, I stay always dull blacksmith Hans."

And, though his visitor argued and protested, it was all in vain: Hans held stolidly to his price.

"Have your way, then," said the other, angrily. "I will pay you the five thousand dollars you ask,—five hundred each month, and the rest when the work is done. And I will be about here to see that it is being done right. But not as Herr Schreiner, my friend Hans; you need not look for him,—no, no, no! But I will be here, all the same,—watching, seeing, hearing, knowing all that you do."

And, with this mysterious warning, the speaker (no other than the stout, kindly, spectacled gentleman who had been seated close to Buddy at the movies that afternoon) took himself away, leaving Hans to fill his pipe again and indulge in golden dreams of the fortune before him. Five thousand dollars! Never had he hoped for so much money; never could he have

earned it on this old firelit forge, that all the Americans had left, to take their horses, their cars to the fine new garage up the river shore. But—but there were some who had not given up big Hans, who were friendly still. And in the dull glow of his dying fire Hans seemed to see a jaunty, boyish figure perched on his anvil, while Dandy pawed impatiently on the grassy road without; seemed to hear again the young voice, that he had so nearly silenced this evening, making cheery music in the dull silence of his lonely life.

"*Mein Gott!*" he muttered to himself, with a shudder. "And I came near killing him, my little boy,—my little boy!"

(To be continued.)

Friendly Rivals.

In the old classic days, Apelles the Grecian, and Protogenes the Roman, were friendly rivals in the noble art of painting. The Greek called one day upon the Roman; and, not finding him in, drew a thin colored line, and left it instead of a card with his name.

"No one but Apelles could have drawn so fine a line!" explained Protogenes on returning home with some friends,—*"that is, no one but myself."* And, seizing another crayon of a different color, he drew a line upon the one which Apelles had left, so attenuated that it could easily be distinguished from the other.

"Ah, he thinks he can outdo me, does he?" said Apelles, who, the next day, found his friend absent for a second time; and, so saying, he drew another line upon the line of Protogenes, so fairylike that it was hard to believe it the work of a human hand.

The two artists afterward had a good laugh over their efforts to outdo each other; and the panel upon which those marvellous lines were drawn is said to have been considered by critics of the time as one of the greatest works of art in all the world.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The index to Volume VIII. (New Series) of THE AVE MARIA (July-Dec., 1918) is now ready for those who bind their magazines. It will be supplied gratis to all who apply for it until the next index is issued.

—"Calendar Messenger—War Work Number," is the title of a large octavo illustrated brochure of 140 pages which comes to us from the Church of the Immaculate Conception, of Camden, New Jersey. It contains not a little matter of genuine historical interest, and is an exceptionally creditable example of a parish year-book.

—What we lately had occasion to say to one young writer may here be repeated for the benefit of many: 'Pope, whom you admire, always wrote his first thoughts in his first words, and afterwards gradually amplified, rectified, refined, and embellished them. Invent first, and then improve as much as possible. The first impressions and second thoughts of writers are apt to be the best.'

—"A Minister's Surrender; or, How Truth Conquered Prejudice," a pamphlet of 48 pages, by Prof. C. W. Meyers (Sunday Visitor Press), is a thoroughly worth while account of the conversion of a Methodist minister. It is full of interest for the Catholic reader; but one hopes that it may fall into the hands of more Protestants than Catholics, for its apologetic value is positive and unmistakable.

—"Essays in Occultism, Spiritism, and Demonology," by Dean W. R. Harris (B. Herder Book Co.), a 12mo of 181 pages, is a work that will interest a class of readers who in our day are growing more and more numerous. In view of its subject-matter, it is not a superfluous detail to mention that it bears the *imprimatur* of Archbishop Glennon. The book has the note of timeliness, inasmuch as it takes account of the increased vogue given to spiritism by the war and the publications of Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Dr. W. J. Crawford, and M. Emile Boirac. Needless to say, the author does not accept the conclusions of these writers: his is the Catholic position. He concedes the reality of some (not all) spiritistic phenomena, but holds that the phenomena are produced and controlled by fallen angels, spirits of evil; and that, far from being communications from the dead, they are actually malign manifestations of diabolic force. Apart from spiritism, there is much interesting and curious matter in the volume, as may be judged

from such chapter headings as: The Sixth Sense, The Sense of Orientation, Wonders of Bilocation, Biorporiety, and Dual Personality. One fact that the author fully demonstrates is that, in the matter of the occult, "nothing under the sun is new." And one defect of the book is its lack of an index.

—Frederick Pustet Co. publish a supplement to Noldin's Moral Theology. It is a brochure of eighty-one pages, containing the changes and explanations necessitated by the New Code of Canon Law. The pages are printed on one side only, so that they may be cut and inserted, facing the text, in their proper places in the regular text-book. This brings Noldin's Moral Theology up to date. The work is well done by the Rev. Albert Schmitt, S. J. The price of this useful brochure is 75 cents.

—Very many readers who fail to derive pleasure or profit from the literary output of the "advanced" poets, the writers of "free verse," and similar forms of eccentric self-expression, will be sure to enjoy the following extract from a criticism in a recent issue of the Chicago *Examiner*:

Just what may be objected to in these self-centered, pompous, priggish, "modern" poets is that they care nothing about life. What is going on in the world, what people are thinking of, what we are all wondering, they despise. They not only get their inspiration from the petty and the obscure—Browning did that,—but they fail entirely to show what the little and the obscure mean in the scheme of things. Straws show how the wind is blowing; but the "modern" poets are interested not in the wind, but in the color of the straw. They will write you a poem on that—

The yellow straw—

My heavens, I have made a wonderful discovery.

This straw, it is like—

It is like—

It is like other straws.

There is here a thought.

But what the wind means, or where or why it is blowing, they don't care in the least; and they don't care for anybody who does care.

The writer of the foregoing has deftly put into words what a considerable number of persons have been thinking for the past few years; and the humor of his treatment in no way damages its strict truthfulness.

—Although Christ lived and died for the average man, the average man is comparatively unfamiliar with the means by which Christ continues that life and death for him. Neither his Little Catechism instructions nor his experimental knowledge of the sacraments has included all the rites of their administration. "The Layfolk's Ritual" furnishes the complete

text in Latin and English of those rites of the *Ordo Administrandi Sacramenta* at which laymen have common occasion to assist,—including the Rite of Confirmation from the Pontifical, the Order of the Mass, the Nuptial Mass, and the Masses for the Dead from the Missal. The book is edited by the monks of Farnborough Abbey, Hampshire, England, and supplies a need that will be realized best by its use.

From the same monastery comes a booklet of like practical value, "The Order and Canon of the Mass" (Burns & Oates), with the Preparation for Mass or Holy Communion and the Thanksgiving for the same from the Roman Missal. The Right Rev. Lord Abbot supplies a good historical Introduction. This little book makes it possible for the laity to follow the Ordinary of the Mass every day without the necessity of carrying a large, bulky Missal,—a very real inconvenience to the working man and woman. By an oversight, reference is made on page 23 to the *Benedicite*, which is not included in the book. In form and contents, these booklets are admirably suited to the fundamental religious needs of the Catholic laity. But both are too high priced.

Some Recent Books.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Essays in Occultism, Spiritism, and Demonology." Dean W. R. Harris. \$1.
- "Patriotism in Washington's Time." P. J. Byrne, M. D. \$1.50.
- "Life of Pius X." F. A. Forbes. \$1.35.
- "Marriage Legislation in the New Code of Canon Law." Very Rev. H. A. Ayrinhac, S.S., D.D. \$2.
- "Letter to Catholic Priests." Pope Pius X. 50 cts.
- "Spiritual Exercises for Monthly and Annual Retreats." Rev. P. Dunoyer. \$2.35.
- "The Parables of Jesus." Rev. P. Coghlan, C. P. \$1.10.
- "A Handbook of Moral Theology." Rev. A. Koch, D. D.—Mr. Arthur Preuss. \$1.50.
- "The Bedrock of Belief." Rev. William Robison, S. J. \$1.25.
- "The Sad Years." Dora Sigerson. \$1.25.

- "Ireland: Its Saints and Scholars." J. M. Flood. 75 cts.
- "The Hand of God." Rev. Martin Scott, S. J. \$1, postage extra. *
- "Pastor Halloft." \$1.50.
- "In the Soldier's Service." Mary Dexter. \$1.50.
- "Foch the Man." Clara E. Laughlin. \$1.
- "The World Problem." Rev. Joseph Husslein, S. J. \$1.35.
- "War Mothers." Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S. J. 65 cts.
- "Outline Meditations." Madame Cecilia. \$1.50.
- "A Manual of the History of Dogmas." Rev. Bernard J. Otten, S. J. Vol. II. \$2.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Regis Maniouleaux, of the diocese of Seattle; Rt. Rev. Mgr. John Brady, diocese of Trenton; Rev. Andrew Dooling, diocese of Detroit; Rev. Joseph Kennedy, diocese of London; and Rev. Andrew Roche, archdiocese of New York.

Sister M. Venantia and Sister M. Pius, of the Sisters of St. Dominic; Sister M. Lucy, Sisters I. H. M.; Sister M. Agnella (O'Sullivan), Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Sister M. Celestine, Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. John Henry, Mr. Frank Hunter, Mrs. Bridget Haggerty, Miss S. L. Bateman, Mr. Edward Mullen, Mr. William Nihill, Mr. Edmund Nihill, Miss Mabel Palmer, Mr. Edward Lanagan, Mr. Michael Birmingham, Mrs. Catherine Ward, Mr. R. Aspinwall, Miss Josephine Gorman, Mrs. Elizabeth Langenbacher, Mr. John C. Larkin, Mrs. William Smith, Mr. George Stafford, Mr. William Hammond, Mr. Owen McDonnell, Mrs. M. C. Hill, Mr. F. X. Fennessy, Mr. F. J. Arendes, Mr. John Bohn, Mrs. Sarah Keenan, Mr. Bernard Keenan, Miss M. L. Burton, Miss Elizabeth Bailey, Mr. C. E. Madden, Mrs. Tennie Madden, Mr. Anton Schmitt, Miss M. Stauder, Mr. Francis Beirne, Mr. Richard Waldbart, Mrs. John McDermott, Mr. Henry Koop, Mr. John Rooney, Mr. Arthur Lampe, Mr. Peter Furlong, Mr. S. V. Martin, Miss Margaret Maloney, Miss Florence Maloney, Mrs. Catherine Hanna, Mrs. J. J. Kane, Mr. Frank Kraus, Mr. John Knese, Mr. James Shay, Miss Rose Korte, Mr. Joseph Kloppner, Misses Mary, Anna, Alice and Helen McGilley; Mr. Joseph Hoffmann, Mr. George Brent, Miss Catherine Lee, Mrs. N. Morrison, Mr. Thomas O'Brien, Lieut. Matthew Harkins, and Mr. Frank Peters.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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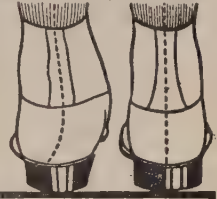
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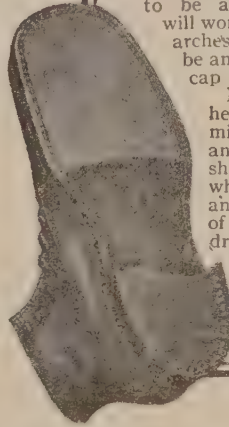


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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 22, 1919.

NO. 8

[Published every Saturday. Copyright, 1919: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

The Flight.

BY HENRY C. McLEAN.

BY trees and rocks once passed the Three in flight—

The Son of God and Mary without stain,—
And watchful in the night

The guiding foster-father held the rein;
And while They journeyed she
Was thinking of a late-told prophecy.

Apart from all the ancient brotherhood
Of bending trees that sheltered Jesus' way,
A sturdy sapling stood
And dreamed the coming of a fearful day
When all the world grew dim,
And stark and lone it bore the weight of Him.

And dreamed the silent rocks beyond the road,
In future days they were His couch of stone
Until a third dawn glowed.

And in the wondrous Easter light that shone
They felt His Body stir,
And clad in white He left the Sepulchre.

The Passing of the English Village.¹

BY J. F. SCHOLFIELD.

FOR many centuries the most essential and most characteristic factor in English life was the English village. The industrial revolution of the eighteenth century, with its complex problems and heritage of suffering which it bequeathed to succeeding generations, was in great measure the indirect result of the destruction of the old social life of the agricultural com-

munity. It was almost a religious belief—among the aristocratic and plutocratic section of society and the "upper middle" class—in the Victorian era that Liberty had been steadily establishing her sway and widening her borders in England ever since the break-up of English religion in the sixteenth century, and more especially since the expulsion of the last native British king in the seventeenth. Nothing could, of course, be much further from the fact. The more one studies the social history of the country, the more evident becomes the truth that in many ways the older England was democratic to a degree which is seldom realized, and which we are still, even in this progressive age, far from attaining. Only it was a democracy under recognized safeguards and sanctions, and not a go-as-you-please assertion of individual or class claims at other people's expense.²

We are accustomed to think of the state of the French peasantry in the century before the Revolution as the lowest depth of wretchedness. And it is not easy to exaggerate the tyranny of the (usually non-resident) noble or his agent, and the consequent suffering of the tenant and laboring population. But there is another side to the picture, which shows the French villager to have occupied a position of dignity and even freedom

¹ "The Village Labourer, 1760-1832." A Study in the Government of England before the Reform Bill. By J. L. Hammond and Barbara Hammond. Longmans, Green & Co.

² The story of how the "Village Labourer" lost his independence and his very means of livelihood is told by Mr. and Mrs. Hammond in a volume that is worthy to rank with their account of the exploitation of the "Town Labourer," with which an article in *THE AVE MARIA* dealt some months ago.

which was utterly denied to his fellow-villager in England. In France, owing chiefly to the policy initiated by Cardinal Richelieu, the great landowners had been stripped of all real power, and turned into hangers-on of the Court of Versailles. They were compensated for this loss of their former authority and position in the country by countless privileges and honors, chief among them being freedom from all taxation, which became consequently a crushing burden on the other classes of the community. In England, on the contrary, the nobility and other great landlords steadily grew in power from the time of the Stuart downfall; and while they consistently worked for the weakening of the Crown, with equal consistency they did their best to make the people their mere dependents and slaves.

In France Louis XIV., in the earlier and far nobler part of his reign, by an act of royal justice restored to the village assemblies the public lands which had been alienated within a certain period. With all the abuse of personal government, the French village maintained its solidarity and its social life. In the records of the Provincial Courts all through the eighteenth century nothing is more common than the mention of suits against the landowner on the part of his tenants for alleged (and probably unquestionable) injustice or spoliation. The *avocat des pauvres* was an important member of the community, who thoroughly understood his clients and represented their interests, not infrequently with success, before the Courts. In England the alienation of the Common lands was the set policy of the ruling class; while a suit preferred by a villager against his squire was unthinkable.

The "glorious Revolution" of 1688 had brought no charter of liberty for the people. It was the great families that reaped whatever advantage the coming of the foreigner might bring to their country. For the Commons of England, the landing of Dutch William at Torbay

was (little as they realized it) the death-knell of their liberties. The Stuart kings, notwithstanding their hopeless theory of "right divine to govern wrong," and their endless mistakes in governing, were no tyrants, and were often ready to defend the small man against the great. Even Tudor Cæsarism at times stood for the people's right when the lord of the manor was out for his own gain at their expense. From 1490 to 1661 there were various Acts and Proclamations against the enclosure of common lands. Charles I. annulled the enclosures made during two years in some English counties; various Commissions had been issued; and the Star Chamber (which ignorance of English history often represents as merely a hateful engine of oppression) had instituted proceedings against enclosures on the ground that the consequent depopulation was an offence against the Common Law of the realm.

With the advent of foreign kingship there settled down on England that crushing sovereignty of the great Houses, which grew ever greater to the end of the eighteenth, and suffered little diminution far into the nineteenth century. "England was, in fact, less like a democracy, and more remote from the promise of democracy, when the French Revolution broke out than it had been . . . in the Revolution of 1688."¹ In nothing was this seen more clearly than in the destruction of the representative character of Parliament. The old English franchise was grandly democratic: every householder who did "watch and ward" possessed it. The corruptions began, as we should naturally expect, early in the sixteenth century, and had reached a considerable height by the eighteenth. Then the Whig Government set itself to the congenial task of consolidating and perpetuating the evil; and the Reform Act of 1832 dealt with a House of Commons, the representative character of which was the merest farce.

It is marvellous that such a creation of avarice, ambition, and venality as the un-

¹ "The Village Labourer," p. 7.

reformed Parliament should have excited the admiration of so brilliant an intellect as Edmund Burke, and won the support of a practical soldier like the Duke of Wellington. Even an outline of its extraordinary constitution would be out of place here; but it may be mentioned in passing that a petition to the House of Commons in 1793 stated that "157 members were sent to Parliament by 84 individuals, and 150 other members were returned by the recommendation of 70 powerful individuals"; 90 members were returned by 46 constituencies, in none of which the number of voters exceeded 50; and 75 by 35 places in which there was not even the pretence of a genuine election, the member being simply nominated by the patron. The village had, therefore, no hope of defence of right or redress of wrong from such an assembly.

It is instructive to take a brief survey of the English village, a probably free and communal organization in its origin, subsequently feudalized, yet without losing its democratic character, as it existed at the time of its destruction by the great landholders. For centuries each such unit of the population enjoyed an administrative jurisdiction of its own in the shape of the "Manorial Court," on which the small man served as well as the great. By degrees the whole power of these Courts passed into the hands of the justices of the peace, and local self-government was extinguished. But as late as the beginning of the century before last a number of them still exercised control over the economic and agricultural affairs of the parish, until the enclosure of the common lands brought their functions to an end.

Each village community—which might, of course, include in its jurisdiction a considerable extent of land—consisted normally of (1) the lord of the manor; (2) freeholders, known as yeomanry; (3) copyholders; (4) tenant farmers; (5) cottagers, who were frequently small proprietors; (6) squatters; and (7) farm servants, living in their employers' house-

holds. It is evident that such a society must have been, while it lasted, a distinctly democratic community. In the common arable or common meadow lands the lord of the manor might own few or many of the strips into which they were divided, or none at all; the waste grounds were regarded as his, but not without important limitations in favor of his tenants. And enclosure was forbidden except under terms which could not prejudice their rights. Not only the freeholders and tenant farmers, but the cottagers and even the squatters (families who had settled on the waste land at some distance from the village and built a cottage), had rights of pasturage and cultivation,—in the case of the last class, by consent rather than legal title. The farm hands were usually children of the small farmers, who looked forward in time to buying or renting a small holding for themselves.

This system, as W. Hasbach, in his "History of the English Agricultural Labourer" has well remarked, provided a ladder in every village, and no one was doomed to stay on the lowest rung. It would be absurd to pretend that the average English village, especially from the middle of the sixteenth century, was a Utopia; but at least the villagers had a position, a dignity, and an independence of their own, which enabled the small farmer cottager, no less than the peer or the squire, to stand on his feet and face the world. On this system the ruling class came down with the Enclosure Acts—4091 of them in less than a century and a half,—and thereby turned the free villagers into a nation of serfs, millions of whom, in the great drift to the towns for work and wages, were doomed to become the slaves of the impending industrial revolution. The magnitude of the change may be inferred from the fact that there were hitherto in the average English village very few men who worked for others who did not also work on their own account as well.

And the men who effected this transformation of their country—are we to regard them as simply actuated by unhallowed greed and insatiable ambition? Certainly not altogether, though there was plenty of both; and the plausible attempts to represent the destruction as altogether for the good of the destroyed are sufficiently sickening. There was—and still is, to a modified degree—a serious conviction in the minds of the less enlightened of great English (and no doubt other) landlords that on them and their prosperity and maintenance of power depends the welfare of their country.

Besides this there was the commercial argument. It is said that the country is twenty times as productive as when the Enclosure tyranny began; and no doubt the landowners get bigger rents from a few large farmers than from a much greater number of small men. Also no doubt the swallowing up of the latter tends to the amenity of the peer's estate and the dignified isolation of the wealthy squire. Whatever agricultural advantage may have been gained might in a great degree have been attained by different methods. What was required was to make a good farmer of the small holder as well as the large; to make every man feel that he had a personal stake in the country's welfare and advancement; that he was not the mere chattel of his employer, and destined to remain a mere chattel.

With the Enclosure Acts the "Commons of England," to use the old honorable expression for the mass of the people, became "the mob," "the masses," "the lower orders." It was henceforth assumed that England was meant for the aristocratic, wealthy, leisured circle, into which might be admitted from time to time such successful men of business as were qualified by the amount of their income to join the pursuits and pleasures, and partake of the authority, of "persons of quality." In the country as in the industrial town, the enormous majority of men and women were condemned to the servile condition,

without hope of better things. The authors of the book which forms the basis of our remarks call attention in a striking passage to the more hopeful condition, *au fond*, of the French peasant under the old régime, in spite of the seigneur's tyranny:

"The peasant may be overwhelmed by the *dîme*, the *taille*, the *corvée*, the hundred and one services that knit his tenure to the caprice of a lord; he may be wretched, brutal, ignorant, ill clothed, ill fed, and ill housed; but he has not lost his status: he is not a casual figure in a drifting proletariat: he belongs to a community that can withstand the seigneur, dispute his claims at law, resume its rights, recover its possessions, and establish one day its independence.

"In England the aristocracy destroyed the promise of such a development when it broke the back of the peasant community. The enclosures created a new organization of classes. The peasant, with rights and a status, with a share in the fortunes and government of his village, standing in rags, but standing on his feet, makes way for the laborer with no corporate rights to defend, no corporate power to invoke, no property to cherish, no ambition to pursue, bent beneath the fear of his masters, and the weight of a future without hope. No class in the world has so beaten and crouching a history."

To the villager the enclosure of the common lands meant the loss of his strip or strips of ground, of the cow he kept on the common pasture, the grain his wife and children gleaned in harvest, the sticks he collected in the woods, the turf he took from the moor. At the very time of the greatest scandals of the enclosure campaign, prices had risen, through the French wars, to an incredible figure: wages had scarcely risen at all; but the landlords and big farmers were making their millions out of the bread of the workers. The laborer's food, which even a generation before had included plentiful flesh-meat, butter, milk and cheese, had become a diet of quite insufficient bread,

washed down by the worst and weakest tea,—little wonder that the village ale-house, if there were a few coppers to spend, seemed a haven of comfort and brightness.

The old merriment of the people, which was one of the hall-marks of our Catholic forefathers, had gone down before the joint assaults of aristocratic greed and the Puritan gloom that had overspread the country like a choking miasma. The tyrannical Poor Laws, Elizabethan in their hateful origin, had grown more and more oppressive, and made it constantly harder for a laborer to leave his own parish to find work elsewhere. A hopeless struggle became his normal life; with the detested workhouse ever looming before him as its final term. And a still further degradation awaited him. By the "Speenhamland System" (so called from the Berkshire village where, at a public-house, the vile plan was hatched by the county magistrates and "some discreet persons" in May, 1795) the wretched wages of the laborers, men, women, and children, were supplemented by parish relief.

It can easily be seen what endless openings were thus made for official rapacity, cruelty, and injustice; and how perfectly such a system was fitted to destroy the self-respect and independence of character that might still be left to the villager. There were not wanting some noble voices, raised in defence of those who could not defend themselves, most eminent of them being that of William Cobbett, friend of the poor, and ruthless denouncer of injustice and corruption in high places. Yet when Cobbett proposed to the vestry of Bishop Waltham that the landowner, the Bishop of Winchester, should be requested to grant an acre of waste land to every married laborer, only one member—the village schoolmaster—supported him. The rest were unanimous against the motion, on the ground that such a grant would make the men "too saucy," that families would increase, and higher wages be demanded!

Statesmen, lawyers, parsons, and professed philanthropists took the same side.

"The inevitable Wilberforce," as the authors of this book call him, may be regarded as the classic example of the wealthy philanthropic Tory who lost no opportunity of opposing the people's deliverance from servitude. It is a strange paradox that an undoubtedly conscientious man could thus consistently and uncompromisingly place himself in line with the people who made and enforced the barbarous Game Laws, whose favorite expedient for meeting the misery and discontent of the workingman was further to increase the list, already terrible in its length, of capital crimes, and who were content that the villager should sink into a serf so long as the "upper classes" maintained their power and were stinted of no luxury.

Well-meaning men were honestly convinced (as some are even yet) that a very small minority are by birth entitled to the prizes of the world's great "draw"; and the rest by the same accident bound to accept the blanks with submission to the favored few, and gratitude for any stray crumbs that may fall from the aristocratic and capitalist table. The sense of respect for a man because he is a man, made to the image of God, however blurred that image has become, and the consequent sense of the essential (though not accidental) equality of all men, had gone the way of the rest of the old Catholic teaching.

It might have been expected that the laborer would at least have found sympathy and a measure of support in his just claims from his ecclesiastical superiors. But, with some noble exceptions, the State Church clergy were men who gave their whole adherence, even when they were not members of it, to the property and title class. Anglican bishops were Lords of Parliament, living in the same cultured luxury as other grand seigneurs. Another contrast is to be noticed here between English and French con-

ditions. The Protestant bishops, indeed, were of the same type as the French hierarchy at the time, whom Mr. Hilaire Belloc¹ brands as "place-hunters full of evil living." But the parish clergy of France were, as a rule, men of the people, whose sympathies, and often whose vigorous action, were on the side of the workers. The English parochial clergy were the imitators, when their means would allow, of their noble patrons; and if this was not possible, their hangers-on.

There was little enough pretence of either dogmatic, or practical Christianity among the French bishops of the last days of the Monarchy, and not much more among the Anglican bishops of that date; but the lower ranks of the French clergy were filled, on the whole, by men of firm faith and devoted lives. The English parsons, as a class, had no sense of possessing a sacred character, nor of any obligation to preserve even a moderate standard of conduct. Non-residence on the part of both bishops and clergy was, of course, the commonest of abuses.

The relations between these ecclesiastics and the working people were not likely to be cordial. During the latter part of the period in question, the so-called Evangelical Party rose into power and political influence. Whatever may be said (and most rightly) in recognition of the personal piety of many of its adherents, its effect on the social life of the English villager was calamitous. "In one respect, the Church took an active part in oppressing the village poor; for Wilberforce and his friends started, just before the French Revolution, a Society for the Reformation of Manners, which aimed at enforcing the observance of Sunday, forbidding any kind of social dissipation, and repressing freedom of speech and thought whenever they refused to conform to the superstitions of the morose religion that was then in fashion." (p. 222.) There was no attempt made to control the vices of the Court, of the

aristocracy, and the moneyed people; but the villager was harried out of his life with a view to his moral improvement.

Of course Puritanism, as always, became the parent of all manner of vice, and succeeded in completing the evil work that the Enclosure of the Commons, the Game Laws, and the general policy of Government and the ruling class had so vigorously inaugurated and developed. A Parliamentary Committee reported in 1843 that one of the chief causes of crime in the villages of England was the lack of recreation. And when the villager was driven reluctantly to church, what did he find there? A service recited that he could not understand, a sermon that was either a display of learning or a denunciation of his (real or supposed) vicious life, and nothing for his eyes to rest on that spoke of Christian faith or hope. His forefathers had found in their parish church a worship that secured both their reverence and their love,—a Divine Act of Sacrifice, in the offering of which all joined, and to which all could unite their prayers. The image of Christ spoke to them from His Cross; the hanging pyx before the high altar (according to English custom) held Christ's very Presence. The story of His life, the images of His Mother and His saints, appealed with silent eloquence from glowing wall and window and sculptured niche. Their own boys served the Holy Mass, and swung the incense and bore the torches before the Most Holy. The poorest villager had as much right and privilege in his Father's House as the lord of the manor or the King himself. Now, after a week of grey and thankless and ill-paid toil, there followed a Sunday of dreariness unutterable, relieved only by a visit to the alehouse. Parliament, the magistrates, and the clergy—the aristocrats and the philanthropists—the dominant caste and the dominant religion, had joined in the unhallowed work of the destruction of the English village, and its ruins lay at the mercy of the destroyers.

The villagers' last protest came in the

¹ "Marie Antoinette," p. 257.

risings of 1830, as a rule so orderly in their procedure, yet crushed with a brutality that was as stupid as it was inhuman. The Reform Act of 1832 brought the most prominent Parliamentary abuses to an end and secured at least fairly equitable representation for a large number of the English people. But the villagers had to wait more than a generation before another Reform Act equalized the County and the Borough Franchise, and so gave them a voice in the political life of the country. The old English village, however, with its social freedom, its rights and responsibilities, and its independence, was gone beyond recall,—unless, indeed, the future, as seems not unlikely, brings back the day of the small proprietor and the cottager's fixity of tenure.

But legislation, however well-intentioned, can not cure our social evils or bring us essential liberty. With countless defects and inconsistencies, the Christian Europe of the Middle Ages succeeded in realizing to a large degree the dignity of social relationships and the need of social unity. Labor was given the respect that is its due; there was no contempt for the poor man because he was poor; there was plenty of class distinction, but each class had its own acknowledged rights and its own corporate existence. In the eighteenth century (and the spirit is far from dead even to-day) the individualism and materialism that were the basis and the fruit of the change of religion had grown to their logical outcome, with what result to English country life we have seen.

What was the fundamental difference between the two conceptions of human society? Simply this: the recognition or the non-recognition of the sacredness of personality. Let this once be grasped as the great fact that must underlie all our social dealings and our social legislation, and true "Reconstruction," of which we hear so much, must follow. But only the Gospel of Christ and the living voice of His Church can make men understand each other's value.

Search-Lights.

BY VALENTINE PARAISO.

XII.



OM MORAN, aged nineteen, was by many years the last of a large family now scattered and dead,—the last, the best, the brightest.

His mother had brought him in her arms to London as a little child, and had worked in small houses by the day,—filling up the gap where household help was wanted and the conventional "maid" could not be found. Working-women in London have their own quaint name for this occupation: it is called "obliging a lady." The poor little widow kept her child alive for twelve years by this process; and then Colonel Spaggot came home from India and found a treasure of a housekeeper to look after his flat.

There was something of the cheerfulness of a robin about Bessie Moran. She put on her little old-fashioned bonnet and shawl, to go out with Tom for a walk that Saturday evening, in Furzley. Her silver hair had a wave in it at each side of her forehead. Her cheeks still kept a tinge of summer roses, and the old blue eyes were the sweeter for a past experience of sorrow. As they went out from the Gazabo, she locked her clever, hard-working little hands round her son's arm. She was very proud of Tom.

They went past the Salutation Inn, and the group of trees at the parting of the roads. Bessie Moran was talking of the Spaggots.

"I wish they weren't in the dark,—the poor things!" she said. "But they are living up to their light."

It was rather complicated and contradictory, but Tom understood.

The moon shone upon West Street, whitening the road. The trees and roofs rose dark against a background of clear opal, like an Italian sky.

The boy gently clasped the two little

hands that were folded about his arm.

"I've got to tell you something, mother."

The hand-clasp or the tone suggested bad news.

"What's happened?"

"Nothing, mother" (reassuringly). They walked on again. "I hope you won't fret. I wouldn't mind nothing, if you weren't worrying. I've thought it over and over, and—I've got to go."

She stopped again.

"To go, Tom? Where?"

"I'll tell you how it is, mother. O'Brien is gone from our 'show,' and Selkirk and Brown. I can't get it out of my head that I ought to go, too."

"Is it to be a soldier, Tom?" Her hands were trembling under his, and they were very cold.

"I'll be back again, mother; and I'll knock at the window."

Tom had always given three taps at the window when he came. The Colonel's little flat in town was on the level of the street; and her boy had come every evening by the courtyard. How well she remembered those three light taps at the glass! Her lodging now was beside a shop in a small London street; and at the end of every day there was the playful knock at the window, and then he was in the narrow hall-passage, and he came in with a light step and a gay voice.

"I can't speak a moment, child," she said, as they walked on together. "I can't take it in at all." It seemed to Bessie Moran that this must be a dream. It could not be real.

But here was the village street; the crowd about the flaring fronts of the Saturday-night shops; the lads and girls coming noisily out of the shabby "picture-palace," where a row of electric lights and an outburst of vulgar posters spoiled the tranquil aspect of the Furzley street.

These two were so happy a minute ago, and now poor Bessie Moran wished she could wake out of this nightmare. It had never occurred to her that the war had anything to do with ordinary people

who were not soldiers. Those terrible newspaper placards, and the khaki in town, and the call for "More men!" on all the hoardings,—these things had belonged to a world quite apart from her and her boy.

"I never stood in your way, child," she said; "and 'tish't I that would do it now."

It was strange that she called him "child" again, as if time was so short, looking back. They were down near the Square now, at the corner of Blackberry Lane.

"Whatever is God's will," she reverently added.

They stood at the quiet corner near the hedge and the little iron church. Her hands were covering her face.

"You are a jewel, mother!" He gently drew the hands away, and stooped to kiss her wet cheek. "Don't make me feel a brute, mother! I simply can't help going. I'll be six months training, but, I'd better join up at once." That was a long respite.

"I won't cry,—indeed, then, I won't, Tom; for it would take the heart out of you. But it was so sudden, you could have knocked me down with a feather!" She rolled the handkerchief into a damp, miserable ball, and forced a sprightly tone. "And is it khaki you'll wear, Tom?"

"It is, mother." He began to shuffle his feet about, singing softly, "When I first put this uniform on."

She laughed. "You had always a light heart, Tom."

"Why, of course! If you'll promise me you won't fret, mother, I'll go off as jolly as a sand-boy; and I'll see if I can bring you home a medal. It will be a holiday going over there."

Then they went into the little iron building, where many people knelt, and the red lamp burned, and clusters of candles showed a clear light before altar shrines. They had stepped into another world for a little while.

Afterwards Mrs. Moran told the Colonel. He congratulated her.

"It is just what I should have expected. Tom has done his best all along."

"He did, indeed, sir, always,—the best he could. 'Twas the same at school, sir. My Tom got all the prizes, except grammar. He never could bear grammar." Mrs. Moran had picked up at least one London idiom like a burr.

"Oh, that's no matter!" said the Colonel, with a twinkle in his eye. "Such very nice people get on without grammar."

Winter came, and the strain of time had weighed upon the charity of the Spaggot household; and it was still standing the test nobly. One day, to the Colonel's surprise, an unwelcome visitor was announced. The priest from "the tin church" was waiting to see him. Heaven knows from what stale depth of national antipathy the Colonel had drawn his prejudice, but he shrank from acquaintance with "Mr. Corkwood."

The "clergyman from the tin church" took no notice of frigidity. He was certainly a gentleman; Colonel Spaggot found it impossible to be cold to so courteous a visitor. Mr. Corkwood was probably a university man, he reflected,—one of the stream of "perverts" which had never ceased since Newman's most unfortunate secession. The visitor was gentle and considerate in manner; but there was something of a dominating personality about him,—an acute earnestness, a latent energy. He might have rowed once in a university eight; he was tall and of athletic build, turning from fairness to grey. But what impressed the Colonel most was his almost boyish cheerfulness, and the persistent way in which he left himself out of account. The Colonel began to think that even if any one was "cad" enough to treat this man discourteously, he was so concentrated on the interests of other people that he would not be conscious of the cruelty at all. He was a strange mixture of refinement and care-

lessness; his strong hands were exquisitely kept, but his old coat was frayed at the cuffs.

These two—who were so utterly different—talked of the one point where they worked as comrades. The selfless man with the frayed coat was bent upon giving a party. "You wouldn't have expected it?" he said. The Colonel smiled, and so did he.

He told, with the glee of a boy, that the parishes round had clubbed, and the money was in hand,—not another farthing wanting. And the Belgian refugees of all this neighborhood were to have one happy evening, with first-class catering and presents for everybody, and a Christmas tree for the children. He had taken the big hall under the "picture palace." He gave the date. It was the one evening when there would be no rowdy stamping and music upstairs. There were to be a hundred and eighty guests; yes, those the Colonel had been so immensely good to, and everybody else,—a hundred and eighty! And he had no idea how to amuse them. They had not a word of English. He thought of "musical chairs," but they could play that only for a few minutes.

"Besides," said the Colonel, "half of them are grown up."

"Oh, that's no matter!" replied the priest, easily. He had come to the Colonel for suggestions. "Do you think Miss Spaggot would sing?"

The Colonel had altogether thawed now.

"Daisy would be delighted," he said; "but she doesn't sing or play. She is a lazy little puss. What would you think of hiring a conjurer?"

Father Corkwood thought it a good idea. Or, the Colonel suggested, they might like to see tumblers—clowns? No foreign language about that. Or what would he think of a troupe of performing dogs—"all done by kindness"?

"We could afford just one of those delightful things, if you know where to get them."

"I could easily get something at the

entertainment department of the 'stores.' Let me inquire."

"That is very kind of you, Colonel. It is not too much trouble, is it? I know how immensely good you have been to our people."

"Oh, no trouble at all! I will inquire to-morrow."

Colonel Spaggot heard the last word of gratitude, and himself saw his visitor out at the door in the garden wall. After all, that man who was gone had no leisure and no luxuries, no homelife, no family ties. He certainly did not live for himself. The active dislike was gone. There was even an attraction about his visitor.

He wrote to "the Rev. Father Corkwood, Furzley," next day from his Club:

"I have booked the whole bag of tricks for the date you mentioned. We had better have all we can. There will be a conjurer dressed like a mandarin, two clowns, and a troupe of eight performing dogs. They will all come in a van together, and I must be let pay the expenses. My daughter gives me no peace, asking me to get her invited. She will wait on the guests; and I fancy she is bringing some cakes, if only you will let her see the fun—the clowns and the dogs, etc. She is a frivolous young lady."

The world is a mixture of comedy and tragedy. It was on his way through the town, after booking the mandarin, the clowns, and the performing dogs, that Colonel Spaggot first saw the search-light bridging the night with white fire, and stood in the London street, with a hundred more spectators—thinking what war meant, and looking upward.

XIII.

London had begun to darken in the autumn. The street lamps were low. The order had not yet been given to put the street lamps out. Search-lights were talked of. One was lucky to see them; for as yet they showed only fitfully at intervals of days, and from only two or three points, such as the roof of Charing Cross. A

broad white band of electric light darted upward, and stretched across the blackness of the sky. Slowly it swept the heavens, moving to one side and the other, searching the depths of darkness. All at once, as suddenly as it had come, it was gone.

They talked of these things even at Furzley.

"Have you seen the search-light?" The girl who asked the question was cutting bread and butter for the Belgian party.

"No. Have you? Papa says there will be a zeppelin coming."

"A zeppelin! They say there will be half a dozen of them," remarked the first girl,—and went on cutting bread and butter.

The hall was decorated with festoons of a gorgeous red, golden-yellow, and black,—the Belgian colors. The motto of *la petite patrie* was posted up in Flemish and in French,—*"Union is Strength."* There were countless small tables laden with flowers and gilt bonbon-crackers, cakes and creams, as well as solid dainties disguised, to be at once a pretty show and food for the hungry. There was a platform at one end, with a piano, stage scenery, and curtains to draw; and at the other end was a huge Christmas tree, glittering with trinkets and toys, and banked round below with giant bonbons tied with bands of silver gauze. In these parcels, disguised in Japanese paper, pink and green and crimson, were the gifts for the grown-up guests, carefully tied with sparkling swathes, so that no one could guess what was in them. Warm garments were there, rolled into small space with incredible tightness. Everyone was to have some trifle from the branches, and a surprise parcel to be opened at leisure,—something chosen for each, to keep out the winter's cold.

The hundred and eighty refugees from all the places round Furzley were invited; and they were all coming—every one,—the peasants who had fled from the fields on foot, the Burgomaster with the beard, the convalescent soldiers wearing blue and

red uniform, who had actually been in the fighting; and the pretty lady—name unknown—whom people called “Madame la Baronne”; she had a young face like china, and high-piled hair as white as if it was powdered, and her children had big ribbon bows on their blonde heads. All these people were destitute, or nearly so. All had a dreadful past fresh in their memories, and a blank future. But they all came, cheerful and patient, dressed with the proverbial neatness of their nation. Their fortitude was a marvel; they were simple, bright, adaptable, wearing their poverty so willingly that it became like a royal robe.

“We have had a lesson,” said Madame la Baronne in her pretty French. “When we go back to our own country, we shall have learned how we are to treat others!”

Colonel Spaggot had arrived with the contingent from the Gazabo, and joined the band of helpers. There was no sight yet of the originator of the feast. Somebody said he was gone to “Old Hickory,” which changed into “Old Hickfield” before the news reached Daisy. She naturally thought it was the name of some village in the neighborhood; for there were many little places farther into the country, off the track of train and “tram.”

Her French was invaluable. The ladies who had provided the banquet had hardly a word among them; nor had those girls in white who had come to Furzley for the occasion and wore blue ribbons and silver badges.

“Go on, my dear! Make yourself useful,” said the Colonel. “I am told the families like to keep together. We must not bundle off the urchins to tables by themselves. You might introduce the Burgomaster and our Chevalier to the Baronne, and put them at one table,—and the two kids with the topknots, of course.”

Daisy, with her easy ways and her French, had almost to play the part of hostess. But half the people spoke

only Flemish. What was to be done?

“Leave that to me,” said the valiant Colonel. He had plunged into the revel, and he meant to see it through. “When they talk, you have just to keep on saying, ‘Yaw,—yaw!’”

“Oh, but—the poor things—somebody must talk to them!”

“And somebody shall talk to them. My dear girl, you go on as you are going, and ‘parly Frongsy’; and I can take the Flemish ‘Jab-jabs’ up to each other by the elbow, and they will talk—be sure of it.”

When the last of the coffee was carried round, and the rattle of the children’s crackers had eased, two lines of chairs were set along the whole length of the room, with seats and backs turned alternately. One of the girls in white began to “strum” vigorously at the old piano on the platform.

“What on earth are they going to do?” said the Colonel.

“The answer was that Father Corkwood had said they were to have “musical chairs.” No doubt the Belgian refugee regarded it at first as a ‘game he did not understand.’ But no interpreter was required: it was learned directly. The processions started in single file; and every time the piano stopped, the rafters rang with merriment.

Colonel Spaggot was struck dumb. It was astounding. The priest, who thought of this, seemed to know “a thing or two.” What a splendid idea the whole party was!

These people had escaped from a ‘reign of terror.’ Some of them had got out of Namur when the great guns were pulverizing its forts. Others had tramped the country in the night and rain, carrying the children, dragging the old people and the sick on trucks, with the sky red with fire behind them. One or two, like the Burgomaster, were hostages who had slipped with their life through the invader’s fingers. Many had fled from Antwerp in boats loaded down to the water. And

here they were, coaxed into a frolic of children, and forgetting it all.

A Belgian soldier was now thumping out the helter-skelter tune. His comrade from the army was carrying his own chair round with him as the excitement increased; he wanted to have, in Parliamentary language, "a safe seat." The old people enjoyed the play from benches by the wall. The stooped lady from the Gazabo sat there, not crying now, but laughing, and the two others were going gaily round, and subsiding at each stoppage of the music. It was the Colonel who was umpire and removed the chairs one by one. Daisy was a favorite. The wounded soldier pleaded, "*Oh, s'il vous plait, Mademoiselle,—s'il vous plait!*" And the Belgian children dragged her along. The Colonel saw her in the midst of the game.

And there was the Burgomaster saying, "*Vite! — vite!*" as he rounded the dangerous end of the barrier of chairs, where there would be no refuge if the piano stopped!

"Oh, but I must go with my children!" said Madame la Baronne, and away she stepped lightly, with her pretty head up, as if she were an eighteenth-century lady dancing a pavane. The blonde heads and big white ribbon-bows of the children went bobbing along in front of her.

When the last round of the new English "sport" came, the Chevalier, all smiles, was twisting with a Flemish boy round the last chair; and there was a shout of applause; and the Chevalier sat triumphant, with the Belgian boy on top of him.

(To be continued.)

Compensation.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

CONDEMN not years for bitter gifts they bring,
But think of griefs they take fore'er away;
Remember that each winter has its spring,
And every night fulfilment in the day.

The Madonna's Gift.

A STORY OF VENICE.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

IT was in an old Venetian palace that we met Peppita. Turning from the Grand Canal, our gondola had glided into a shadowed water-way, narrow and stagnant; and floated on between marble walls, once matchlessly fair in the splendor of their sculptured cornices and painted façades, but now overwrought with green mould and falling into decay.

At last Beppo, the swarthy gondolier (as blithe a fellow as ever wore silken sash, or crimson kerchief bound about his handsome brow),—Beppo, with a turn of his oar, came to a stop before a flight of crumbling steps. Here we alighted. A sunbeam shining through a sombre arch led the way to an inner court, whence we were admitted into a dim interior; and, mounting a stair bordered by a rich balustrade, entered a room which would have been unspeakably dreary in its shabby decadence were it not that there in a corner nearest the light, upon a low cushion, sat a young girl, whose dark eyes shot at us a smiling welcome, and then as swiftly dropped again to the parchment pattern of the lace over which she bent. For this was a famous lace factory of Venice, where, thread by thread, with exquisite delicacy, yet by wearisome toil, and too often at the cost of the sight of the worker, was woven the filmy gossamer known as "Venetian point."

Seated upon the floor in a semicircle were other lacemakers, some mere children; but our attention wandered back to the little brown maid, Peppita. Unlike her companions, she wrought not with bobbins upon a pillow, but solely with her needle; and the pattern of her lace was no simple scroll or flower, but a diaphanous tracery, illusive as a shadow, yet the loveliest design of all.

Peppita was to marry Beppo, the handsome boatman; and, after this day of our first meeting, we often caught a glimpse of her waving a greeting to him as our gondola floated upon the murky canals, like a palm leaf on the tide. Sometimes we saw her at Mass in the quaint old S. Moïse, the only church in the world, 'tis said, dedicated to Moses, the Jewish lawgiver; and later we frequently encountered her as she came for water, with her brace of copper buckets, to the fountain in the square.

It was while we loitered here one morning of a *festa* that she told us the romance of her handiwork. "Not every lacemaker of skill can make the *punta de Venise* such as this," said Peppita, and her musical Italian was as pleasant to hear as the splash of the falling spray. "The pattern belongs to our family, and has been handed down from mother to daughter for generations. Thus runs the tradition."

* * *

Long ago, when Venice was still "the swinging door of the Orient," when her merchant galleys brought home the wealth and rich stuffs of the East, her palaces were the scenes of gorgeous entertainment and her nobles chose the costliest raiment,—ah! then indeed the lacemakers found a ready market for their work. True, they were too often paid but a pittance and miserably housed; but then, by day, the pageants on the lagoons, the life of the Rialto—all the pomp of the Bride of the Adriatic was their own.

In those times lived, perhaps not a stone's-throw from where we stand, a maid named Benita. With ever a courteous greeting for every friend, Benita yet never lingered to chat with the gondoliers at the landing of the Piazzetta; nor dallied by the fountain, bandying merry words with the artists sketching there. She was as modest as beautiful; and, moreover, was betrothed to Carlo, as brave and adventurous a Venetian sailor as ever sailed the seas.

Now, Carlo had made many cruises in the Mediterranean—to Cyprus and even beyond, as far as the Bosphorus. Staid and careful, he was steadily laying up a share of his earnings as a provision for the future when he and Benita should be espoused. His people, too, were thrifty; but in their thrift lay sorrow for Benita. They looked with scorn upon Carlo's betrothed because she could bring him no dowry. Her parents, while worthy and virtuous, were poor, and the girl earned her bread by lacemaking.

Oh! ola! The good folk of Carlo lamented so much as to the pity of his having chosen a dowerless maiden to be his bride that the gossips soon came to the pretty ears of Benita, who had a spirit of her own, albeit she was so gentle.

Therefore, one evening when the moonlight shone as fair as day upon the lagoon, and with Carlo she floated upon the silvery tide (her old father napping in a corner of the gondola), the girl whispered, sighing:

"*Carlo mio*, we must part."

"Part, Benita!" he echoed vehemently, in painful consternation. "*Anima mia*, what folly is this?"

"I have said it," the girl continued, with mournful decision. "Your people would have no welcome for your portionless wife."

"My people will not marry my wife," broke out the young man, passionately. "Who has hurt you, *carissima*? If 'tis a man who by so much as the drooping of an eyelid has been wanting in the regard due to my betrothed, I will run him through." And the rash fellow's hand sought the stiletto which every Venetian then carried. "If, cruel as a Turkish javelin, a woman's tongue has wounded you to the heart, I will—"

"Oh, hush!" cried the girl, alarmed at the storm she had unwittingly aroused; and fearing lest old Giuseppi, her father, would awake and thus put an end to their colloquy. "It was only a word in the air—the air itself,—a shadow in the

sunlight when I passed. *Carlo mio*, I was willing to give you, before God's altar, my love, the toil of my hands, my life—but gold I have not,—therefore we must part."

Her voice died away in a sob of sorrow, yet Carlo had recognized in her words a determination that filled him with dismay.

"*Carissima mia*, what is all the gold of the Indies to me compared with one glance of affection from your sweet eyes!" he protested, with a lover's fervor.

"No," she repeated, "I will never bring disrespect upon my parents by letting it be slightly harped upon that they gave me no dowry. I have resolved to remain unwed."

In vain did Carlo plead: Benita turned a deaf ear to his reasoning. At length he said:

"*Alla buon' ora Benita*, I will ship for another cruise; but you are still my betrothed, and when I come back you shall marry me."

After he was gone, there seemed no longer any sun in the skies, but all days were grey and dark. Yet the poor have no leisure for repining; Benita came and went as usual, and had a smile for her old father and a helpful hand for her mother, while daily she wrought at her lacemaking. But often her pretty eyes were dim with weeping. And if she had thought to silence cavilling tongues by sending Carlo away, she soon discovered how vain was the hope; for now many blamed her as a maid who would break her troth, and must therefore be light-minded,—which goes to show the folly of trying to please everyone.

Weeks and months rolled away. At last came a break in the dreariness of the days. A wave of excitement, like the life-quickenings tide of the sea, swept through the quarter where the lace-makers dwelt. A herald cried through the narrow street the promise of a prize of two hundred sequins from the Doge to the worker, girl or woman, who should offer in the competition the most beautiful specimen of lace wrought from a new

and unique pattern of her own design.

Two hundred sequins! The great news was babbled at the fountains, discussed in earnest whispers beneath the mosaic-studded arches of the porch of old San Marco, noised abroad through all the islands of the lagoon.

"Two hundred sequins!" poor Benita repeated to herself as she heard the proclamation. How much would the possession of such a sum of money mean to her! Peace and plenty for her parents in the evening of their life; happiness for herself and Carlo; for would not the half of two hundred sequins be a dowry larger than that of any maid in the quarter?—Ah, if she could but win the prize! Yet how dared she hope to excel the skill of Elena, Lucia and Donna Magdalena, for instance? And the design! Where could she get the design? Alas for a young maid's dream of joy!

It chanced one morning that Benita set out to deliver a piece of her handiwork which had been ordered for the holiday doublet of one of the most illustrious magnificos of the city. This was, in fact, no less a personage than the great Titian, whose masterpieces of art are still the glory of Venice. Being admitted to the palace of this king among painters, she was left waiting in an anteroom so long that she feared the attendant had forgotten her errand. A door at the end of the room led, she knew, into the world-famed studio. What would she not give for a glance beyond that impenetrable barrier!

Presently, as though her wish had been uttered aloud, a model, passing out, carelessly left the door ajar. As in a dream, she beheld the master, and before him a canvas of marvellous beauty.

Forgetful of all else, Benita gazed upon the noble revelation of color. Alack! too soon was she recalled to her surroundings. The old serving-man, to whom she had given her lace, returning, closed the door with haste, shutting in the glorious vision, and leaving only the grey blank-

ness of the outer room. She shuddered as though touched by a chill wind, and came to herself with a start.

"Ha-ha, my good maid! Doubtless you think you have beheld an apparition," laughed the old man, not unkindly. "By the relics of Il Santo, at least you have been favored beyond many in obtaining a glimpse of the master's last great picture, still fresh from the final touches of his brush. 'Tis the scene of the Virgin's Presentation, girl. Did you not note the little Virgin hastening to offer herself for the service of the Temple, swiftly and joyously as the dove flies homeward? But enough,—you have seen! Here is the coin for your lace. The master bade me pay you for it twice over. A prince of generosity, too, is he, as those who serve him know best."

The next moment Benita was hurrying homeward with the reward of her toil. But for many days following, in her mind, like the shadowy reflection in a fountain, remained the remembrance of that wonderful vision of light and color. Ever she saw the little Immaculate Maid tripping up the marble steps of the sacred fane in a halo of radiance.

And what may have been her life thereafter beyond those shining walls? Verily, like all maidens, was she not taught to spin and weave,—was she not wont to adorn the vestures of ceremonial with the skill of her needle? San Marco! if that were so, then would not this lovely young Virgin look down in pity upon a poor maid hard pressed by the difficulty in which Benita found herself?

And thus, in faith and patience, the youthful lacemaker prayed and hoped, and essayed now one experiment, now another, striving to weave into a visible web the delicate threads of her fancy. Again and again, however, did she cast aside her work in disappointment: the pattern she sought seemed ever to elude her. "Alas!" the *folletto* (hobgoblin) of despondency whispered. "Why continue to seek? Success is not for you."

In the course of time, to cheer her weariness, came news of Carlo. It was not a letter indeed, for her sailor lover could not write; but, chancing at an Oriental port to fall in with a seaman of a Venetian ship bound for home, the brave fellow had sent by this neighbor a love-token to his sweetheart,—a love-token, albeit only a bit of coralline from that Eastern strand.

To Benita its value was beyond rubies. Carlo had not forgotten. He was true to her! In grateful happiness, she stole away to the corner of the family living-room where she used to sit at work.

"How beautiful it is!" she soliloquized, turning the pretty trifle about in girlish delight and admiration. "So exquisitely delicate and graceful in texture and form. And to think this flower-gem grew beneath the waves of the sea! What is that our neighbor said *Carlo mio* called it—mermaid's lace? Truly, it is well named."

Forthwith her practised eye began to trace in the dainty ocean flower a similarity to the work in "points" by which she earned her bread. Yes, here, too, were the small white knots united by a "bride," or fleecy filament.

All at once she started, aroused by a sudden thought. Kissing the little keepsake, she laid it down; and, catching up a scrap of parchment paper, began to prick a pattern upon it, following the graceful lines of the coralline.

"It is the Madonna's answer to my prayer!" she exclaimed, with enthusiasm. "What design could be more beautiful than that of this heaven-wrought lace from God's unprofaned garden within the blue depths of the sea! After this pattern will I make my lace for the Doge. Ah, *Carlo mio!* who knows?—haply your love-token may prove the foundation of our fortunes. Holy Virgin, guide thou my needle! And, as a thank-offering, I vow a length of my finest handiwork for thy shrine."

Thus the young lacemaker chose her pattern; thus, day after day, slowly

but steadily, beneath her needle grew a web so surpassingly fair that when the finished lace was offered in the competition decreed by the Doge, the judges accorded to it the prize, and no one could gainsay their judgment.

When Carlo returned soon after, he and Benita were married. Their lives passed in peace and contentment; and Benita taught her daughters the art of making the lace known as the rarest *punta de Venise*,—a lace so beautiful that even unto to-day she to whom this art has descended as an heirloom is not accounted a portionless maiden; for say her neighbors and acquaintance sagely: "Hath she not the dowry sent by the Madonna?"

* * *

"And therefore it is, signoritas, that, although I am but a poor maid, Beppo is proud to be my betrothed," concluded Peppita, smiling her brightest; "for, as you may suppose, the Virgin's gift has ever brought good fortune. *A rivederla, signoritas!*" (Good-bye for to-day!)

And forthwith the dark-eyed girl sped away in the track of the sunshine; but while we still lingered by the fountain, its sweet music seemed to link together as in a chain of melody the loving romance of our little friend with the story she had told us of the old Venetian days.

And thereafter, in the wonderful gallery of the Academy of Venice, where every canvas is a masterpiece, whenever we paused before Titian's superb portrayal of the Presentation of the Virgin—that majestic picture so noble in line, and luminous in color as when the master laid aside his palette,—we thought of Benita and her matchless dower.

Armenian Proverbs.

A guest comes from God.

Speak little and you will learn much.

If you lose half, think of what you have left.

With the Good Mother.¹

IT would be odd to sojourn at Marseilles without climbing, at least once, the hill of Our Lady of the Guard. The Marseillais honor the Blessed Virgin as the protectress of their city. Most of them, and even some who style themselves unbelievers, speak of her only as "the Good Mother"; and it is with confiding respect that from every crossway they raise their eyes to the cupola where her golden statue glistens in the sunshiny azure. She is, moreover, the star of good fortune for those who go down to the sea in ships and for the soldiers who are starting for the Front.

I was, accordingly, meditating a visit to the Good Mother when, one evening, Father Martin, who was contemplating the same trip, suggested that I should go up to the sanctuary with him, and so time our trip that we should be there at daybreak. Father Pons, a Minnesota priest who had answered the call of his country, and with whom I had become intimate, offered to accompany us. It will be understood that the offer was quickly accepted.

At four o'clock in the morning we leave our lodging, the temperature being of a lukewarmness altogether Southern. It is still night-time, but the full moon is reigning in the zenith of a sky without clouds; she is scattering powdered silver over the sleeping roof-tops and throwing clear-cut shadows over streets and squares.

We pass through the Prado, absolutely deserted at this hour; and, by short-cuts well known to the priest-sergeant, we reach the northern slope of the sacred hill. A narrow path, filled with pebbles, and more tortuous than the folds in the monster of Theramenes, leads us to the summit. We make our way to the main portal of the church. Here, however, we meet with a check. Everything is closed,

¹ From *Ceux Qui Saignent*, by Adolphe Retté.

and nobody is astir in the little lodging-place of the sacristan.

"Let us wait a while," said Father Martin. "It is scarcely five o'clock. The janitor will soon be here to ring the Angelus, and he'll let us in."

We sit down on the steps of the peri-style. While regaining our breath after our arduous ascent, we drink in with delight the great silence and the radiant night. What an infinite calm! Marseilles sleeps at our feet. The moon spreads her immaculate napery over the tranquil sea, from which there scarcely reaches us the murmur of indolent wavelets. The atmosphere is at once all blue and all white,—the colors of the Blessed Virgin. Light breezes rise and fall: it is as if the Good Mother touched us slightly with the diaphanous folds of her veil.

This splendor, this solitude, this divine peace, this caressing of our brow, so moves me that I intone the *Ave Maris Stella*. My companions join me, and we sing in a subdued tone to the accompaniment of the distant waves and the dreamy breeze. It seems to us that all nature takes part in our prayer.

As we intone the verse *Monstra te esse matrem*, the air above our heads suddenly vibrates. Like great sonorous birds, the first notes of the Angelus fly from the belfry and scatter to the four quarters of the heavens, to recall to men of good will that 'the Word is made flesh and dwells among us.' Whereupon we say: "Holy Virgin intercede for us with thy Son, that He may grant us His grace, and that through the merits of His Incarnation, we may attain to life eternal."

Having enjoyed this marvellous preparation for the Holy Sacrifice, we make our way to the sacristy, where its guardian, only half awake, is lost in wonder at so early a pilgrimage on the part of three soldiers. My friends show him their *celebrets*; and, reassured, he brings the vestments for Mass. As I am to act as altar boy for Father Martin, I proceed, while they are vesting, to the sanctuary.

They speedily arrive and Mass begins.

The sanctuary is impregnated with a recollected serenity. These vaults beneath which flow out, in daily prayers, so many petitions and so many thanksgivings, cover us with a mysterious shadow. We are absolutely alone. The murmur of the liturgical words scarcely breaks the solemn silence that envelops us. My soul feels entirely happy and at the same time entirely contrite. The penitential suavity of this sanctuary, wherein the Blessed Virgin dwells with predilection, reawakens my fervor, which too often grows drowsy. My innermost being throws off without effort its armor of vain cares and of pride. The foolish appearances with which the material world besieged it become evanescent and then vanish. Immediately the realities of faith illumine my heart.

Little lamp whose flame quivers before the Eucharistic presence, I burn with thee. Pavement, worn by the knees of innumerable groups of the faithful, and reminding me of so many Masses heard with distraction. I should like to become a portion of thy dust. Holy Virgin, I dare hope in thee only, and my unworthiness can have recourse to naught save thy maternal tenderness.

Then the Comforter of the Afflicted encourages and reassures me. My soul expands, and takes its flight, far from the monotonous ugliness of terrestrial existence. I seem to be inhaling the perfume of springtime roses at the portals of Paradise. I seem to be transported into an orchard where the Maytime apple-trees, all in bloom, let their delicate petals drop upon the greensward, starred with violets and daisies. Sweet carillons blend their crystalline notes and their happiness with the joyous buzzing of the bees. The Good Mother walks ahead of me. At times she looks around to smile at me, and she says: "Such is the sinless soul that I love to lead to the feet of my Son."

Then the scene changes. Clouds gather over a sterile district, bristling with rocks surrounded with thorns and nettles.

Livid cloud-banks charged with lightning growl on the horizon. Toads drag themselves through the mire; vipers glide with a hissing noise among the rusty herbs that border a marsh of unsightly slime and stagnant water. A dirty fog, with the smell of a tomb and the color of lead, weighs upon the earth. And Our Lady says to me: "Such is the soul from which my Son turns away."

We go on farther. Here is a hill where Our Lord bleeds on the Cross, under a crown where red roses, whose perfume comes to me, are interlaced with thorns. The blood trickles in vermilion rills down the divine body, and falls drop by drop on soldiers who lie, dead, at the foot of the hill. Their eyes are closed, but their colorless faces are turned towards the crucifix. And the Virgin, surrounded by an aureole of white radiance, stretches forth her hand to bless them, as she says to me: "My Son bleeds with humanity. These will be saved, because they hoped in Him at the moment when death struck them down."

Then everything disappeared as when one awakes from a dream. The Mass is about to finish, for the celebrant is striking his breast and saying: "*Domine, non sum dignus.*" The scenes that I have been describing absorbed my attention to such a degree that my serving as altar boy was purely mechanical. I regain full consciousness of my acts only when I receive Communion.

Mass over, I leave the church, and rest my elbows on the little wall that dominates the esplanade overlooking the sea. There, without taking thought of it, under the influence of the Sacrament, my thanksgiving becomes transformed into a contemplative prayer, centering on an intense memory of one of Catherine Emmerich's visions.

The desert—night. A sharp wind whistles in sinister fashion, and raises thick clouds of sand. Through the turmoil, an old man guides with difficulty an ass carrying a young woman, poorly clad, and

holding in her arms a sleeping infant. Every trace of the road has disappeared; it is cold; the shadows around them are full of menace; the wind pierces and the sand scourges them. Pale and shivering under her thin dress, the woman murmurs a continuous prayer. But the child sleeps as peacefully as if he reposed in his cradle, far away from the tempest.

Groping along, they finally reach the foot of a hill, and see the opening of a grotto. There is a man on guard there,—a footpad. His suspicious glances scrutinize the shadows and the desert. On perceiving the travellers, he draws himself up and surlily demands what they want.

"A refuge, for the love of God!" said the old man. "We have lost our road, and we suffer from the cold."

The footpad hesitated and grumbled. Then he noticed the destitution of the couple, the innocence of the child. Something resembling pity softened his obdurate heart. He raised a bit of canvas which hid the depths of the cavern, and pointed to a little fire, around which were grouped several other men with features as forbidding as his own.

"Warm yourselves," he said.

And when the others turned upon him questioning glances, he explained:

"These are poor vagabonds who have lost themselves in the desert. I think we can give them hospitality. By the look of them, one knows that they possess nothing."

His mates acquiesced with a nod, saying nothing whatever. They were professional bandits, whose business was to despoil the rich caravans that traversed the desert. As the travelling family appeared, however, to be quite miserable, they did not begrudge them a seat at the fire.

There was also present in the cavern the wife of the bandit who had been on guard. And, like the female traveller, she, too, held under her cloak a child that was sleeping. Soon, however, her baby awoke and began to cry and moan. The mother, uneasy, uncovered its face, and

one saw that the poor little visage was disfigured by leprosy, its hideous black scabs giving forth an ill-smelling humor. Then, quivering with pity, the other mother signed to the bandit's wife to give her the sick child. Astounded, but confident—she did not know why,—the wife obeyed. Then the youthful traveller confided to her in exchange her own baby, which appeared all at once to be surrounded with an extraordinary radiance.

Once in the arms of the traveller, the leprous child grew quiet. She rocked it to and fro and pressed it to her heart. Then, raising to Heaven her deep blue eyes, purer than a fine summer's night, she pronounced, so low as scarcely to be heard, a fervent prayer. Immediately the scabs fell off, and the child's face became as white and rosy as if it had never been ill. The bandits were astounded and prostrated themselves. The mother, delirious with joy, stammered her gratitude.

"Thank God, the All-Powerful! He alone has done this," said the youthful traveller.

Now, her name was Mary, and she was the Blessed Virgin. And the old man, her protector, was St. Joseph. And the Infant with the radiant swaddling clothes was Jesus, our Saviour. They were fleeing into Egypt from the persecution of Herod. As for the cured leprous child, he was, later on, the Good Thief whom the Jews crucified at the right-hand of Our Lord. When this vision was completed within me, I understood why it had been sent. And I set myself to pray.

Blessed Virgin, adopted Mother of France, thy children, on entering this war, were eaten with the leprosy of sin. We ourselves, who pretended to be thy faithful clients, indifferent to the sufferings of thy Son, ungrateful to thee, without mutual charity for one another,—we are almost as repugnant as those blind ones full of ulcers who either outrage or deny thee. All of us have drawn upon ourselves the evil which disfigures the soul of our race. Cure us, Good Mother; obtain for us

the grace of purifying ourselves by penance; make us understand how thoroughly we have deserved the chastisement which has stricken us. Stretch forth thy protecting hand also over the battalions who march against the enemy, so that they may learn to invoke thee in their peril.

And Thou, Lord Jesus Christ, hearken to Thy Mother and ours. Thou hast confided her to us as to the Apostle John, to be venerated and cherished. But we have only stabbed her again with the swords of the Seven Dolors. The love she bears us is so great that she pardons her children, overcome with remorse; and now she craves for us Thy pardon also, praying to Thee for our salvation. Through her, dear Lord, receive our repentance. Distribute among us the blood that trickles from Thy wounds, that it may impregnate with its virtues the blood which flows from the wounds of our country. Even as the Good Thief, we beseech Thee to remember us in Thy kingdom. Deign to assure those who, with Thy name on their lips, fall on the field of battle, that this very day they will be with Thee in Paradise. Make us chaste, humble, and resigned in tribulation, as Thy law requires. When we shall have become worthy of Thy promises, permit that, as in the olden time, we combat in Thy name, and then—let victory be ours!

The dawn mounts above the hilltops. The first fires of morning, purple and gold, sparkle on Our Lady's statue and caress the waters of the gently heaving sea. With a last invocation to our Good Mother, we descend to the barracks, consoled and fortified against the bloody to-morrows that await us. . . .

It is well to remember and resolve that, in matters of justice and right and virtue,—

What I can do, I ought to do;
 What I ought to do, I can do;
 What I can and ought to do,
 By the grace of God I will do.

Washington and Masonry.

BY WILLIAM F. CARNE.

GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON, the Father of his Country, is sometimes, by those ignorant of the facts, put forward in Europe and America as a patron of world-wide Masonry. He never affiliated at all with the Continental Masons, and in a letter which will be quoted before the conclusion of this article, declared their tenets "diabolical." The Continental Masonry which he discountenances is a horrible thing, and against it especially have been levelled the anathemas of the Holy See as the protector of Christian civilization.

As to the extent of Washington's active work in connection with the Lodge, he takes especial pains to declare in a letter to a Lutheran clergyman of Frederick, Md., that he 'does not preside over English lodges in this country.' He never was active master of any lodge, never grand master anywhere; and—save that he accepted the title of master of the Alexandria lodge, dined at intervals with the lodge members, and on a most important occasion laid, in company with Masons, the corner-stone of the United States Capitol in Washington,—he never officiated or acted as a Masonic official.

General Washington became a Mason in Fredericksburg lodge before he was twenty-one years old. He lived many miles distant from Fredericksburg, and there seems to be no evidence that he ever attended a lodge meeting from 1753 until after 1783.

In 1783, while Washington was at Newburg, the Alexandria lodge was formed; and on the 21st of December, two days before he resigned his commission at Annapolis, and three days before he arrived to take up his residence at Mount Vernon, the new lodge at Alexandria elected officers. Washington had nothing to do with it. One Robert Adam

was chosen master, and he and three others became the charter members.

Four years later, in 1788, a new charter was obtained in order to remove the lodge from the jurisdiction of Pennsylvania to that of Virginia; and a committee waited upon General Washington, at Mount Vernon, to ascertain whether it would be agreeable to him to be named in the new charter. He gave consent, and was therein named as "master of the lodge"; but his position was merely titular, and his relation to the lodge was simply that of an occasional visitor and a participant in the pleasant suppers, for which the lodge has always been famous.

When the French Revolution began, no one was more anxious than Washington that our ally against George III. should enjoy the blessings of liberty which we were then experiencing; but when "France got drunk on blood to vomit crime," his soul revolted at the spectacle, and his letters are filled with condemnation. Just at this time Weishaupt had corrupted Continental Masonry, and made its secret doors the entrance into the Illuminati. Professor Robinson had, in a book called "Proofs of a Conspiracy," established the complicity of Continental masonry with the Illuminati, to whom the most atrocious principles were imputed. The Rev. G. W. Snyder, an Evangelical clergyman of Frederick, Md., sent "Proofs of a Conspiracy" to Washington during the first term of his presidency, and elicited the following reply:

"I have heard much of the nefarious and dangerous plan and doctrines of the Illuminati, but never saw the book until you were pleased to send it to me. . . . A multiplicity of matters . . . allows me to add little more now than thanks for your kind wishes and favorable sentiments,—except to correct an error you have run into of my presiding over the English lodges in this country. The fact is, I preside over none; nor have I been in one more than once or twice within the last thirty years. I believe, notwith-

standing, that none of the lodges in this country are contaminated with the principles ascribed to the society of the Illuminati."

Washington was not content with this declaration; but again, on October 24, 1798, he addressed another letter to the same clergyman, in which he said:

"It was not my intention to doubt that the doctrine of the Illuminati and the principles of Jacobinism had not spread in the United States. On the contrary, no one is more fully satisfied of this fact than I am. The idea I meant to convey was that I did not believe that the lodges of Freemasons in this country had, as societies, endeavored to propagate the diabolical tenets of the former or the pernicious principles of the latter, if they are susceptible of division."

We have Washington's own testimony that he had, in 1798, not been in a Masonic lodge more than once or twice for thirty years. It may well be doubted whether in his whole life of sixty-nine years he ever attended a lodge more than ten times. But there is no doubt that Washington was a Freemason.

The chronology of Washington's Masonry is as follows: He was made Entered Apprentice November 4, 1752; made Fellow Craft March 3, 1753; and became Master Mason (all at Fredericksburg), August 4, 1753. He dined with the Alexandria lodge June 24, 1784, and was then elected an honorary member of that lodge. February 12, 1785, he walked in procession, as a mason, at the funeral of William Ramsay. He was created Worshipful Master of the Alexandria lodge by its new charter, dated April 28, 1788; and was succeeded by Dr. E. C. Dick, on December 27, 1789. He had become a Mason before he was twenty-one years of age; and, as the order was then a mere social club, he sowed some of his wild oats there. Afterward Washington's Masonic connection was only formal, but he never actually disavowed it.

The Folly of a Familiar Argument.

THE aim of Mr. W. H. Mallock's work, "Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption," would seem to be to show Protestants of to-day, bewildered by doubts and difficulties, that if the calling voice of the Roman Catholic Church be illusory, all doctrinal Christianity—the miracle of Christ's birth and death, the miracle of the Resurrection and of the Atonement, regarded as objective truths—is equally illusory also. It is a remarkable book, and nothing could be happier than the author's treatment of certain current objections to the Church. A Catholic will not, of course, fully agree with all that he says.

We are all familiar with the argument, advanced in every variety of phrase and tone, which is based on the assumption that, with respect to Christian doctrine, one test of truth is simplicity. Protestant doctrine is assumed to be simpler than Catholic doctrine; therefore Catholic doctrine is less true than Protestant. The folly of those who thus argue is illustrated in this way:

The process of eating and of walking, the practice of temperance, the going from Liverpool to New York in obedience to a call of duty, have a side which is simple in precisely the same way. But would persons in their senses, for this reason, say that medicine, anatomy, the whole physiology of the human body, are not implied in the process of eating and walking, and in the reasons which make more than a limited consumption of alcohol an immorality? Or would they say that, because the process of going from Liverpool to America is so simple, therefore none of the complexities of the elaborate science of ship-building, of engine-building, and of navigation are implied in this? Would they deny that the simplicity of one side of the process was the direct result of the extreme complexity of the other? Nobody, not a lunatic, would venture to talk such nonsense. And yet those who think that in doctrine simplicity is a test of truth, use an argument of a precisely similar character.

It may be better, as our author remarks in another place, to be a Christian with the heart rather than with the head,—that is to say, so far as the individual Christian is concerned. Nevertheless,

doctrinal Christianity with no science or intellect whatever at the back of it would very soon be a religion without existence. "That the theology of Rome, then, is more elaborate than that of Protestantism, does not prove that Roman Christianity is less pure than Protestant. It merely proves that at the back of it there is a system of more coherent and more continuous thought." To quote again:

It is not necessary that every Christian should be a profound theologian, or even know what theology means: but this does not prove that it is an idle or superfluous study. For, in the first place, men in whom the intellect is highly developed, the men who from all time have been the leaders of the human race, inevitably discern that in doctrine some science is implied, just as mathematicians discern that a science is implied in numbers. Other men also discern the same thing; they are driven inevitably to ask what the contents of the science are; and the leaders of thought, by the needs of these others, and by their own, are compelled to seek an answer by which the demands of the intellect may be satisfied.

But, in the second place, theology exists not merely to satisfy curiosity or the demand for speculative truth. It exists also, with all its many complexities, to prevent the doctrines—on one side so simple—from being disintegrated, from becoming distorted or nebulous; which, as the history of all heresy shows, they would do unless they, and all that is implied in them, were examined, discerned and analyzed, and truth after truth reduced to definite and correlated formulæ. The idea, then, that theology of an elaborate kind has nothing to do with genuine Christian doctrine, because all the doctrines essential to Christianity are simple, is—to repeat an illustration of which we have made use already—on a par with the statement that medical science has no connection with healing, because it is a simple thing to take a cough-lozenge or a pill.

The book abounds in equally striking passages. It is addressed to all who identify Christianity with doctrine; and as these constitute by far the larger number of non-Catholics, it is to be hoped that Mr. Mallock's arguments may be widely considered. If we were asked to name fifty of the most important publications of recent years, "Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption" would be one of them.

Notes and Remarks.

It is something of a shock, though one ought to be accustomed to all kinds of shocks, to find a Catholic, who is "no Liberal" and is sufficiently educated to write for the press, animadverting on the attitude of Benedict XV. during the war, indirectly blaming him for what he might have done and didn't do, and for what he actually did, seeing how differently it should have been done. Not being in a position to know of anything that the Holy Father left undone that it was in his power to do, or why he didn't follow another course in doing what was done by him, we shall act in this instance upon an excellent bit of advice given by George Eliot: "Blessed is the man who, having nothing to say, abstains from giving wordy evidence of the fact."

But there is something to be said to "no Liberal." He should realize that the position of the Pope during the war was one of extreme difficulty; he should understand what Benedict XV. is; and he should know that the Vatican is the only place in the whole world where the world is thought of as a whole.

Full of significance are the appeals of English clergymen and layfolk to the National Church 'to purify itself from ignorance and prejudice; and to the men of light and leading in its ministry, to renounce all evasion and boldly avow themselves champions of sincerity and truth.' It is a presbyter, the Rev. T. R. R. Stebbing, M. A., F. R. S., who thus frankly expresses himself. A lady, in a book entitled "Christianity in the New Age," pleads for "a renewed appreciation of New Testament theology"; and declares that Christian faith must be vividly supernatural and strong in its social claims and commands. A layman, Mr. A. Clutton-Brock, maintains that "Christ's doctrine has been neglected and almost ignored by Christendom, and that this

neglect will account for the failure of Christianity to save the world, or even to control the conduct of most professing Christians." He has written a book to prove his contention.

Another clergyman, the Rev.* W. H. T. N. Rainey, in a more noteworthy volume which he describes as "a constructive critique on the inefficiency and unpopularity of the Church," urges her to assert herself as "the divinely-commissioned world-power on the beneficent progress of humanity." If Mr. Rainey were as much of a theologian as of a rhetorician, he would realize that if the Church of England, which he calls upon to recover the power of the Holy Ghost, had ever been endowed with that power, it would still be light and guidance.

The most consoling thing about all these expositions of religious lapses and longings is that questions of the soul are of deepening interest, and that the ideals of Christianity have not perished among the Christian sects.

Under the somewhat arresting title, "The Promotion of Marriage," Father John Talbot Smith contributes a paper of exceptional interest and worth to the *Ecclesiastical Review*. As that excellent periodical is professedly a clerical organ, and is read by only a very limited portion of the laity, we deem it worth while to reproduce for our subscribers the following pregnant paragraph, in which Father Smith deals with the comparative values of different works or movements:

Thoughtful men are alarmed at the increasing percentage of divorces, of desertions, of matrimonial failures, and of erratic teachers; and they are convinced that the time has come for a direct and efficient defence of the marriage bond, the marriage state, and the family. They are also convinced that measures should be taken by all the interested parties—State, leaders, teachers, parents, relatives, and matrimonial candidates—for such a promotion of marriage as shall lessen the prevailing evils and increase the benefits of married life. As Catholics have a deeper and holier interest in what for them is the indissoluble bond, and also a Sacrament,

they should naturally be first and foremost in a movement of this kind. We have all seen the success of such societies as the Propagation of the Faith for missionary work; we have admired the methods of Church Extension in building up home missions. The League of the Sacred Heart, the Holy Name Society, the Knights of Columbus, the various aid societies, have proved the interest which the people take in their spiritual and temporal welfare. The Encyclical of Leo XIII. on Labor, and that of Pius X. on Frequent Communion, illustrate what powerful Pontiffs can achieve in social and religious matters; now here is a matter of deeper importance than all those mentioned, and why should not similar agencies be set working in its behalf? In fact, it may be asked, honestly and pointedly, so far as this country is concerned, why have they not been in action long ago? The evil conditions have been apparent for over two decades. Can any one recall a single measure employed extensively and effectively to remove or relieve them? As we live in a country and a time when organization has become a mania, chiefly because of its successes, and when the Catholic body has won some glory in that field, is it not more than curious that marriage has received no attention from the experts or the enthusiasts? It seems advisable under the circumstances that our leaders should consider the situation and make a beginning of systematic and persistent effort.

It is not perhaps too much to hope that the seed which Father Smith has sown in the minds of the readers of the *Review* may, before very long, take root and eventually bring forth a vigorous virile movement such as he so wisely and opportunely suggests.

In a very interesting communication contributed to the *Catholic Gazette* by Bishop John S. Vaughan, the statement is made that without any doubt the conversion of England was begun many years ago, and that it has been steadily continuing ever since. While the advance has not perhaps been so swift or so marked as might be wished, it has nevertheless been unmistakable. A few of the statistics quoted by the Bishop will prove of general interest. The number of priests in England was, in 1851, just 826; in 1890 they had increased to 2478; and in 1918 they numbered 3952. As regards the churches

and chapels, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, there were 156; in 1851 there were 586; in 1890 they had increased to 1335; and in 1918 the total was 1898. As for the steady increase in the number of the faithful throughout England, Wales, and Scotland: in 1803 it was estimated that there were in those countries seven hundred thousand Catholics; in 1851 the number was "certainly over one million"; and in 1918 the Catholic population is given as approximately two millions and a half.

As a patent deduction from the foregoing figures, Bishop Vaughan concludes that "the doleful and despondent view expressed by some clerical gentlemen, *les larmes aux yeux*, is quite uncalled for and beside the mark."

In the matter of loss of life, the influenza has proved a much greater evil than the war; but even the influenza has not been without its compensations. To cite just one case in point: the malady introduced the Catholic Sister to the straggling populations in the mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee, and revolutionized the notions entertained by those mountaineers concerning the nuns whom they have for years heard vilified and calumniated. Brought into personal contact with the devoted daughters of the Church, the bigots (through ignorance) at once revised their opinions; and now they speak of the Sisters in much the same laudatory strain as did our soldiers at the conclusion of the Civil War. Once more concrete Catholicism has met and disarmed the abstract caricature of Catholicism drawn for the ignorant by dishonest fanatics.

It would be of interest to know just how President Wilson felt and what he thought when he received that message, cabled from Ripon, Wis., protesting against his appointment of Prof. George Herron (formerly of that place) as peace envoy to Princes Islands. The protest was a concerted one, in which the mayor

of Ripon, the city attorney, the city judge, the dean of Ripon College, and leading bankers and business men, joined. "We know him," they declared, "and believe his record proves him unfit to represent America anywhere." The professor is reputed a free-lover, and it was at Ripon, thirty years ago, that he divorced his first wife. There are some other men in public life who must now be felicitating themselves that all American citizens are not like the Riponians, gifted with long memories and intolerant of what is commonly known as free-love.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw is quoted as saying, "Official England maligned, and foully maligned, her enemy." We should think every Englishman would want to have this assertion officially refuted, or to see the asserter officially suppressed. Whatever difficulty might attend the first measure, it would be no easy matter to subdue Mr. Shaw, who is a very uncertain quantity to reckon with. He is extremely witty, somewhat cynical, and has the reputation of being able to surround himself and his sayings with mystery. There is no telling how he would explain the assertion attributed to him. The question was once put to Mr. Shaw, "What is it to be a Fabian?" and his answer was, "A Fabian is a Socialist who is not a Socialist at all."

Mr. Shaw is a dramatist, a musical and literary critic, a vegetarian, and an abstainer, beside being a Fabian and a Democrat. His being a Democrat is his explanation for being a Home-Ruler. "A Democrat is bound to admit the right of the Irish nation to be governed by the form of government it prefers. Consequently a Democrat is bound to be an enthusiastic Home-Ruler."

One hears the changes rung so incessantly on the triumphs of science during the past six or seven decades, and on the incomparable superiority of the household comforts of to-day to the inevitable

domestic hardships of the days of our grandfathers, that it is a positive relief to meet with an occasional criticism of modern appliances as compared with oldtime conveniences. Electricity is popularly supposed to be the last word in any one of a hundred odd specific uses; but Clementina Black, writing of "Domestic Idiocies," in the *Contemporary Review*, speaks thus slightly of one electric contrivance—and there will be not a few persons to agree with her:

The electric bell is one of humanity's false starts, and is altogether inferior to the bell upon a wire which it has so inexplicably superseded. Electric bells are nervous creatures, not only quite unfit for intercourse with errand boys, who, by keeping a finger on the push until the door opens, speedily render them mute, but also liable to atmospheric disturbance. I have known a front door bell, on a thunderous afternoon, ring of its own accord at intervals of a few minutes, for a couple of hours on end. A more distracting performance can not be conceived. And suppose that fit of hysterics had occurred during the night. The wire-hung bells of my childhood neither rang when nobody set them in motion nor failed to do so when somebody did. Moreover, on the comparatively rare occasions when they got out of order, they proclaimed the fact by emitting a length of wire with the bell-pull; whereas that hypocrite, the electric bell, simply holds its tongue and makes no sign. Of the further inconveniences created by the habit of putting electric batteries in the remotest and least accessible positions I do not speak, since that practice is not an instance of idiocy, but of malice aforethought, designed to secure the intervention of a man and a bill. Still, it is one that should be repressed.

That eminently sane philosopher and moralist, "A Looker-On," whose weekly column is one of the best features of the *Boston Pilot*, discourses in characteristic fashion in a recent issue on the quality—we had almost said, the virtue—of cheerfulness. Commenting in his initial paragraph on the imperturbable good humor of one-legged men, he emphasizes the fact that the most cheerful people are invariably the poor, those who have to all appearances the most valid reasons for gloom and anxiety. He concludes

with this concrete instance of the cheerfulness of no-legged men:

There is a man who sits all day long and far into the night in a little cart on Washington Street and sells papers. Both his legs are gone. Once in a while on a cold night I have stopped at his cart, bought a paper or two, and inquired how things were going with him. According to his version, things were always going well. He is always cheerful,—perhaps the cheeriest soul on that much-abused thoroughfare. It has always made me smile to look at the scowling and self-absorbed crowds hurrying on with their collars high about their discontented necks, and then to glance back at that little cripple sitting still in the cold and apparently quite contented with life.

Let it be added that, from another viewpoint, a cheerful spirit is, according to Father Faber, the spirit of true piety. "Piety," he says, "is not the sad and gloomy thing that morose fanaticism or morbid asceticism would make it." Signs on it, to use an oldtime locution, nuns and monks are proverbially the most lively and cheerful of mortals.

You have published much about the revival of faith in France; what have you to say in reply to these assertions of a Catholic chaplain who has been in the country for several months? "There is an utter religious indifference on the part of the French people, both men and women. All the priests tell the same story of the neglect of Mass and the Sacraments. The French seldom go to Mass."

The testimony of other chaplains, who have been in France much longer, and probably seen far more of the country, is quite to the contrary; and there is any amount of it. The witness of French priests is the same. They declare that the evidence of lively faith and fervent piety is overwhelming. It is plain to us that Father M—— is a very superficial observer; and his reference to Domremy, the home of Blessed Joan of Arc, as "a mudhole, like all French villages," shows that he saw only surface things. The excuse for him is that he was impelled to throw off the mud through which he had been "hiking," and that the hardships of war have impaired his digestion.



Buddy.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

VIII.—CHUMS.

THE next three days were hard on Buddy. Not even the pleasantest corner of the rose-wreathed porch, the "chaise lounge" heaped with cushions, mamma to read stories, Bess to play checkers and dominoes, could altogether reconcile him to his invalid lot. For, despite Mammy Lindy's rubbing and "iling," a twisted ankle can not be untwisted in a night.

And when on the third afternoon there was a Mothers' meeting that demanded mamma's presence, and Bess had to put on her Red Cross veil and apron and go to make bandages, Buddy found the situation very trying indeed. With the summer sunshine glimmering through the maples, the blue stretch of the river shining in the distance, Dandy whinnying in the stall for his usual scamper, it was "tough luck" to have a leg all trussed up in white wrappings, like Great-uncle Kent's when he had a fit of the gout. And when Uncle Kent had the gout, which had come down in some unpleasant way from lordly English ancestors, people had to "stand from under," sure.

Buddy himself was beginning to feel in something of a gouty mood this afternoon, as he lay back in his embroidered linen cushions, with "The Fortunes of Nigel," which he had been following with mamma, closed on his lap. Nigel, though a fine fellow in his way, had lived so very long ago that Buddy had found it difficult to take interest in times when there were neither aeroplanes nor automobiles, nor anything boys expect to find in stories nowadays. But as these solitary reflections

were deepening into gloom, a cautious whisper came through the thorny tangle of roses:

"Hi, Marse Bud! Anybody roun?"

"No," was the eager answer, as Buddy recognized the voice of his faithful follower. "I'm all by myself. Come right up, Tobe!"

"Your ma ain't thar, nor Miss Bess, nor—nor Mammy Lindy?" questioned the still unseen visitor.

"Nobody," repeated the invalid.

"Then I'll come up." There was a scramble through the roses, and Tobe emerged on the railing of the porch. "Golly, I's glad to see you agin, Marse Bud! Mammy Lindy come down to talk to Gran; and, 'twixt 'em bof—'twixt 'em bof," repeated Tobe, with a deep-drawn sigh, "I's had a tough time of it, for suah. Gran lit into me wif dat crooked stick of hern; and Mammy Lindy say if she ever caught me roun dis place a-leading you off in my debbil ways, she'd find a Nigger trader to buy me, agin all de laws dat de Abe Lincoln's folks ebber made."

"Pooh!" said Buddy. "That's all talk, Tobe. Nobody could buy or sell you now."

"Dunno," said Tobe, casting his eyes cautiously around for possible hearers. "Dese hyah is war times, Marse Bud: ebberying is upsot. Mammy Lindy say dat dey sold obstreperous boys like me in de ole war, and dey kin do it agin. So I's been skeered to come roun; though, golly! I wanted to see you, Marse Bud. Dat wus a bad-luck day we went off to de show, for suah. What wif losing de boat, and you tumbling down de swamp-hole and breaking yer laig—"

"Oh, it isn't broken,—just twisted!" interrupted Buddy.

"Must have been a mouty deep swamp to do you bad as dat," said Tobe, eying the bandaged limb.

"It was," answered Buddy,—“most up to my neck. If Hans hadn't come along I might have been there all night. But how did you get home yourself, Tobe, without the boat?”

"I waited dar in de alder bushes,—I waited and waited," said Tobe, who, with his long legs swinging over the porch, was ready for a quick jump should this lawless intrusion be discovered. "But nobody came back wif dat ar boat. And den I got so pizen mad dat I clean forgot 'bout de camp meeting, and de mourners' bench, and me being a brand snatched from de burning, and bust out wif all de bad words I ebbah knew. And ole Uncle Si, what used to be a circus-riding preacher, push his head out ob de bushes whar he was a-prodding for terrapins, and say: 'Hush dat talk! Dun ye know dem is sinful words, boy?' And I say: 'Yes, I knows; but I feels sinful.' And when he ask how come dat so, I tell him 'bout de boat dat I had tied up hyah hard and fast wif a hangman's knot, and some one come long and steal it away. 'Was 'dat your boat pushed up hyah in de bushes?' Uncle Si asked me; and he tell me how a nice, 'spectable old gentleman, dat he nebba would thought no harm, come along jest a little while 'fore I got dar, and untied that boat jest like it belonged to him, and took up the oars and rowed hisself away. 'Which way?' I asked Uncle Si, but he say he didn't know; he was too busy prodding for terrapins to see. But he 'lowed he was ready to go back hisself now; and he had a boat tied up t'other side ob de Cove, at his granddaughter's, and he'd take me long wif him. And I got Tatters from old Captain Slocum's, and come 'long home. And when I heern you was lost I was skeered to go nigh any one, and hid down in de reeds, when Letty King come 'long and took me for a hant."

"Yes, I heard about that, all right," laughed Buddy; "and how Buck Raney found your boat upside down, and thought we were both drowned. Buck hauled in

your boat, and you've got it all right again now, haven't you?"

"Yes, I's got it," answered Tobe, gloomily. "I's got de boat, Marse Bud; but de oars is gone, and de fish buckets and de lines and de crab nets and de sail-cloth, and dat ar fine lunch basket ob yourn wif de silver fork and knife and napkin—Buck drawed in de naked boat, dat was all. It struck de Whirl by de Ole Light whar nobody wif any sense goes, and turned over dar."

"And the old man that took it,—do you suppose he turned over too, and was drowned?" asked Buddy, excitedly.

"Dunno," said Tobe. "Spec he was; nobody ain't seen or heern nuffin ob him since. But he dun for dat boat of mine, sua. Whar am I gwine to get oars and lines and nets and sail-cloth and buckets and all dat agin? And how is we gwine to get fish and crabs and isters any more? Gran is so sore and pestiferous 'bout it she is scolding night and day, and won't cook nuffin for me to eat."

"O poor Tobe!" Buddy had quite forgotten all his own troubles now in lively sympathy for those of his companion. "You are having tough times, sure. Nets and lines and buckets and oars all gone! And they cost a lot, don't they?"

"Dey do, for sua," was the hopeless reply,—“more'n I kin count."

"If I had only known about this yesterday," said Buddy, in a troubled voice. "But I've broken open my bank and spent all the money I had in it,—ten whole dollars."

"Ten dollars! De Lawd, Marse Bud!" gasped Tobe. "Whar you get so much money as dat?"

"Aunt Rebecca," answered the late plutocrat, regretfully. "She always sends me five dollars on my birthday and at Christmas. And I was saving up to buy a saddle for Dandy."

"Golly, Marse Bud, what Dandy want wif a saddle? You could ride dat pony bare back, if he stood on his haid."

"I know," said Buddy. "But I'm

getting big now, and want to ride right."

"And ye spent all yer ten dollars for foolishness like dat?" mourned Tobe.

"No: I spent it on a present for Hans."

"Hans," echoed Tobe,—"dat ar black-faced white trash! Hans! De Lawd, what was you tinkin' 'bout, Marse Bud, to spend all dat money on him?"

"Oh, about everything he did for me that night I was hurt! He heard me calling, and jumped right in the swamp-hole to help me out; and wouldn't leave me, not even to get a horse and wagon or anything to bring me home, but carried me all the way himself. And I was a load, you bet, even for big Hans! And he wouldn't take thanks or money or anything when we got here, but just slipped away in the dark, like a real gentleman, as mamma said. And I thought I would like to give him something like—like a boy might give a gentleman who had been good to him; and mamma and Rick and Bess thought so, too. And they all said if I gave it all myself, with my own money, it wouldn't look like it was pay. So Bess brought out all the *Home Magazines*, and we looked over the advertisements yesterday morning; and the very best present we could find at ten dollars was a watch—the Liberty Watch. It has a silver case, and the statue of Liberty on one side, and the Flag on the other; and if you wind it right, it will keep time for three years without losing a minute, or they will give you a new one in its place. Rick said you couldn't expect more than that. So Bess wrote the letter and sent my ten dollars to the Liberty Watch Company, and it will be here in a few days. And then, as soon as I can walk or ride again, I will take it to Hans myself."

"Golly!" Tobe found it hard to express his sentiments. "Fustest white famblies like youn has quar notions, suah, Marse Bud! What dat ar sinutty-faced, tousle-headed, low-down po' white Hans a-gwine to do wif a silver watch? Why, he won't know how to make it go."

"Oh, I'll show him!" said Buddy, cheerfully. "I'll tell him all about it, Tobe; and he'll be tickled to death, you bet,—not so much at the watch maybe, but because I didn't ask mamma and Rick, but took my own money to buy it, and gave it to him all by myself,—just like I would have given you the oars and nets and buckets and everything, if I had any money left. But I will tell mamma that you have lost everything, and ask her—"

"No, don't," interrupted Tobe, hastily,—"don't ask yer ma or Marse Rick or nobody nuffin, 'bout me, Marse Bud! I's in too bad fix roun heah. I's skeered of Mammy Lindy and de Nigger traders she talks bout."

"Pooh! that's all foolishness, Tobe. There haven't been any Nigger traders for fifty years, and there will never be any more,—never again!" declared Buddy, reassuringly.

But Tobe shook his head.

"Dunno, Marse Bud. Dat's what fust-class famblies like youn all say. But dis hyah is war time, and de folks down to de ister wharf talk 'bout tings being wust in dis war time dan dey ever was befoah. No, Marse Bud, I dussent face Mammy Lindy. I's gwine to ax nuffin of nobody, but hire out to Buck Raney for fifty cents a day, till I can get money nuff to buy dem oars and buckets and all what I lost—'cept your lunch-basket and de silver forks and napkins; nebba could make nuff for dem."

"Oh, don't mind them!" said Buddy. "It wasn't your fault, Tobe. But if you have to work all day for Buck Raney, it means we'll have no more chance for any fun together."

"It means dat, suah," answered Tobe, dolefully; "and jest in dese good times, Marse Bud, with de fish a-biting, and de clams at high water, and de melons red ripe, and dat show a-going for ten cents a haid, across Falcon Cove. It's tough for you and me to be broke up like dis, for dat ole man in spectacles dat was fool

nuff to take my boat and drown hisself in de Whirl."

"It might have been worse," said Buddy thoughtfully, as he recalled his experience at the old mill. "I might have stuck in that swamp-hole all night, Tobe, if Hans had not come along and pulled me out. Gee! I felt queer when I went down,—sort of cold and scared and sick, like I was going to die. But good old Hans was there before I could holler twice. He was a 'Johnny on the spot' sure. He was there in a minute, to pull me out and help me home."

"What he poking roun de ole mill for at night-time?" asked Tobe, still jealous of this "po' white's" rival claim.

"Picking up the old iron," explained Buddy. "He says it costs so much now he can't afford to buy new, and there are lots of bolts and hinges and bars scattered down there. Poor old Hans! he has to work very hard, and the new place at Denhams' is getting lots of his customers away from him. Even Judge Jameson sends his horses there to be shod now. He says Hans lamed his roan mare with a rusty nail. But I'm sticking to Hans," declared Buddy, his boyish lips setting into the firm, square lines that made him look like the great-great-grandfather over the hall fireplace. "It'll take more than a rusty nail to scare me and Dandy from good old Hans—"

"Honey chile!" called an old cracked voice from an upper window. "I's coming down to rub dat ar laig ob yourn now, my Buddy boy!"

Mammy Lindy,—Mammy Lindy, armed with all the terrors of her love and care for Buddy's visitor! Without waiting the coming, Tobe made a wild jump over the porch rail and disappeared.

(To be continued.)

AN old man, who had been a printer in his young days, used to say that youth might be compared to a *comma*, manhood to a *semicolon*, old age to a *colon*, to which Death put a *period*.

Washington's Pocketknife.

A POCKETKNIFE is a common enough object nowadays, and is little prized by its owner. If it were to be lost or broken, another could be procured with little trouble. It was not so in the time of George Washington: such a thing was then an article of luxury, not to be had in the Colonies.

In the Masonic lodge-rooms at Alexandria, Va., there are collected many Washington relics, among them a pocket-knife—a simple, one-bladed affair,—which it is said the great man carried all his life, from early manhood until his death. The story of the knife runs as follows:

When George was in his early teens, his older brother Lawrence, who had some influence in naval circles, secured for him an appointment as midshipman on board a British man-of-war. As the boy was of an adventurous turn of mind, the idea of going to sea delighted him, and he hastened to make preparations to embark. His ambition was to become a great admiral.

He dearly loved his mother, who was a woman of great strength of character, accustomed to being obeyed. She had given a partial consent to the project, it seems, when a letter from a brother in England, warning her against letting George go to sea, decided her. The boy was insistent at first; but when he saw that his mother's heart was set against his going, he gave up his cherished plan, even while a ship was waiting for him at the mouth of the river.

It was the custom in those days for the well-to-do colonists to send annually to England for various articles of luxury. Mrs. Washington took the occasion to include in her order a pocketknife, the best that could be procured in London. When this came, she presented it to her son George as a reward for his giving up his great ambition out of consideration for her feelings.

Few boys at that time could boast of so rare a possession; and so highly did

the youthful George prize the knife that he put it away until he was older, fearing lest something might happen to it. When he thought he was old enough, he began to carry it, and it was with him ever afterwards. Tradition has it that the knife once played an important part in the early history of our country, turning the fortunes of our struggling Colonies.

During the dark days of Valley Forge, when Washington was using every energy to keep his little army from starving and freezing, his enemies were equally busy trying to discredit him with the Continental Congress. Harassed by the cares of the camp within and the attacks of his political enemies without, and with a greater British army lying in wait to destroy his forces with the coming of spring, he at length grew discouraged. Summoning his generals, he laid before them the trials that beset him, and read to them his resignation as commander-in-chief, which he announced he intended to dispatch at once to the Continental Congress.

The entreaties of his subordinate generals were in vain: he informed them that he had taken the step only after careful deliberation, and that nothing could change his decision. With sorrowful hearts, they withdrew, leaving only General Knox, Washington's most intimate friend among his officers.

As they sat there in silence, General Knox on some pretext borrowed Washington's pocketknife. Holding it before the much-tried commander, Knox recalled the story Washington had often told him of his mother's gift, and beseeched him in memory of that incident to sacrifice his personal inclination, and, despite the slanders of his enemies, continue to serve his country in her desperate needs.

As Knox recalled this to his mind, Washington arose and strode to and fro across the room for a time. Then, picking up his resignation, he tore it into fragments. "Summon them to another council," was all he said.

How to Learn Spelling.

A GOOD way of learning to spell is to write any word of which you are in doubt, on a piece of waste paper, in two or three different ways. Nine times in ten, the mode which looks right *is* right. Spelling, particularly English spelling, is more assisted by the eye than by the memory. There is no reason why "receive" and "believe" should be spelled differently, yet sounded alike in their second syllables. But write them "recieve" and "beleive," and the eye shows you the mistake at once. Such writing will frequently render unnecessary any recourse to the dictionary.

Another good way to spell common but difficult words—difficult for the above reason—is to associate them in the mind with appropriate objects. For example, one may teach oneself to spell "piece," and to remember orthography by associating it with "pie"; thus: *pie*-ce of *pie*. An ingenious mind can devise a great many such illustrations.

A True Love-Knot.

THIS lovely lyric in honor of the Blessed Virgin was written by Henry Vaughan (1621-1665); he was not a Catholic poet either. He is called the Silurist, because he was a native of Siluria, or South Wales:

Bright Queen of Heaven, God's Virgin Spouse,
The glad world's blessèd Maid,
Whose beauty tied Life to thy house,
And brought us saving aid!
Thou art the true Love's knot: by thee
God is made our ally,
And man's inferior essence He
With His did dignify.
For coalescent by that band
We are His body grown,
Nourished with favors from His hand
Whom for our Head we own.
And such a knot what arm dares loose,
What life, what death can sever,—
Which us in Him and Him in us
United keeps forever?

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—New novels published by Messrs. Hutchinson & Co., London, include "The Elstones," by Isabel C. Clarke, the favorite author of "Children of Eve," "By the Blue River," "The Secret Citadel," etc.

—From R. & T. Washbourne, London, comes a sixpenny pamphlet, of sixteen pages,—*"The Fountain of Matarieh: A Miracle Play,"* by F. A. Forbes. It is a charming little drama in rhyming verse, the metre being, as a rule, iambic pentameter, with an occasional lyric in trochaic trimeter. The technique of the lines is as good as the story they tell is interesting and inspiring.

—The sixth volume of "Meditations for the Use of Seminarians and Priests," by the Very Rev. L. Branchereau, S. S. (translated and adapted), is on the Blessed Virgin and Saints. We have already expressed commendation of this series, of which the present volume would seem to be the concluding one, as it has an index to all that have appeared. They are well printed and neatly bound books, of the most convenient size. Price, \$1. Benzigers.

—The supplementary volume of the Catholic Encyclopedia, containing revisions of articles on Canon Law according to the New Code, by Andrew A. Macerlean, member of the New York Bar, is characterized by painstaking accuracy, which is the first essential quality in a work of this kind, and at the same time its best recommendation. All users of the Encyclopedia will find this supplement a most convenient adjunct, the articles being arranged in alphabetical order. At the beginning of each one directions are given to the volume and page of the Encyclopedia, thus rendering supplementary reading less irksome. The general make-up of the book is the same as that of the Encyclopedia. A good index completes the volume, which is one of eighty-two pages. Price (in cloth), \$1.50.

—"For the Faith," adapted from the French of C. Appert, by Florence Gilmore (Ossining: Catholic Foreign Missionary Society), is a new Life of Just de Bretenières, who was martyred in Korea in March, 1866. Some years ago a biography of this heroic servant of God was published under the title "A Martyr of Our Own Day," by Monsignor Dunn, director of the New York branch of the Propagation of the Faith; but that volume is now out of print. The present Life is a much fuller and better documented account of the youthful martyr's career than was the earlier work, and is safe to

prove popular with all who are interested—as what Catholic is not?—in stories of life on the foreign mission field. Miss Gilmore's adaptation is an excellent one, and the worth of the book is enhanced by sixteen good pictures. Like so many other Catholic books, this one lacks, what every work of its kind should have, an adequate index. Price, \$1.

—An illustrated booklet that, if advertised, would be sure of a welcome from a great many persons is "The Passion of Our Lord in the Words of the Gospel," edited by Fr. Herbert McDevitt, C. P., and published by the C. Wildermann Co., New York. The appendix of "Passion Prayers" is a good feature; but we think the Stations of the Cross should be according to some familiar form, like that of St. Alphonsus, for instance. The illustrations are by Mastrienni. The presswork of this booklet—at least that of the copy before us—is not first class. White paper and black ink would have given a better result; and, as we have often remarked, all such publications should be stitched with thread instead of wire. No price is stated.

—The episodes of the flying career of Major J. T. B. McCudden, V. C., D. S. O., M. C., M. M., who, after surviving a hundred air-fights, was killed by a trivial accident in a British aerodrome, are recounted, in "Five Years in the Royal Flying Corps," a book which he had completed a day or two before his death. He tells of once finding his machine on fire at 5000 feet, and of seeing big shells pass him in the air. He does not belittle the airmen against whom he fought. Of one of them he writes: "As long as I live I shall never forget my admiration for that German pilot who, single-handed, fought seven of us for ten minutes, and also put some bullets through all our machines. His flying was wonderful, his courage magnificent." The book is published by the Aeroplane Co., London.

—According to Max Nordau, almost all the great imaginative writers of his time, including Ruskin, had in some way or degree lost complete equipoise of mind,—in other words, were insane. The great Englishman certainly was lacking in perfect poise, and there were sad periods in his life when he was "not all there," as the saying is. Ordinarily, however, he was far more gifted with the quality called common-sense—perhaps because it is so uncommon—than his detractors. Could anything be more sane than the following letter which Ruskin addressed to his friend,

Mr. Egbert Rydings? It is not included in any published collection of Ruskin's letters, much as it deserves to be:

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD,

June 18, 1875.

DEAR SIR:—I am much interested in your letter. In the strongest conviction, I would assert that the father should never provide for the children. He is to educate them, and maintain them to the very best of his power, till they are of mature age—never live upon them in their youth. (Damned modernism eats its own children young, and excuses its own avarice by them when they are old!) When they are strong, throw them out of the nest as the bird does. But let the nest be always open to them. No guilt should ever stand between child and parent. Doors always open to daughter harlot, and son thief, if they come! But no fortune left them. Father's house open,—nothing more. Honorable children will have their own houses, and, if need be, *provide for their parents*,—not the parents for them. Ever truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Some of the same views are expressed in an article by Fr. John Talbot Smith, noticed in another page. Like Ruskin, he always sets his readers thinking, caring little whether they agree with him or not; and, like Ruskin again, sometimes saying more than he would on certain subjects, because others say too little or nothing at all. Fr. Smith has what has been called "the Celtic attraction for bricks"; but, somehow, they never seem to reach him.

Some Recent Books.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Essays in Occultism, Spiritism, and Demonology." Dean W. R. Harris. \$1.

"Patriotism in Washington's Time." P. J. Byrne, M. D. \$1.50.

"Life of Pius X." F. A. Forbes. \$1.35.

"Marriage Legislation in the New Code of Canon Law." Very Rev. H. A. Ayrinhac, S.S., D.D. \$2.

"Letter to Catholic Priests." Pope Pius X. 50 cts.

"Spiritual Exercises for Monthly and Annual Retreats." Rev. P. Dunoyer. \$2.35.

"The Parables of Jesus." Rev. P. Coghlan, C. P. \$1.10.

"A Handbook of Moral Theology." Rev. A. Koch, D. D.—Mr. Arthur Preuss. \$1.50.

"The Sad Years." Dora Sigerson. \$1.25.

"The Bedrock of Belief." Rev. William Robison, S. J. \$1.25.

"Ireland: Its Saints and Scholars." J. M. Flood. 75 cts.

"The Hand of God." Rev. Martin Scott, S. J. \$1, postage extra.

"Pastor Halloft." \$1.50.

"In the Soldier's Service." Mary Dexter. \$1.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii. 3.

Rev. Paul Griffith, of the archdiocese of Baltimore; Rev. Francis Lederle, diocese of El Paso; and Rev. A. Prochaska, diocese of Green Bay.

Sister M. Joachim and Sister M. Teresa, of the Sisters of Charity; Sister M. Loyola, Order of St. Ursula; Sister M. Elvira, Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister M. Cecilia, Sisters of the Good Shepherd; Sister M. Madeleine, Sister M. Sader, and Sister M. Raymond, Sisters of St. Dominic.

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Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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For the Foreign Missions: E. T. Berscheid, \$5; friend, \$5. To help the Sisters of Charity in China: a priest, \$25; J. P. S., \$1; "in honor of the Sacred Heart," 50 cts.; friend (Newfoundland), \$4.25; "in honor of the Blessed Virgin," \$5.

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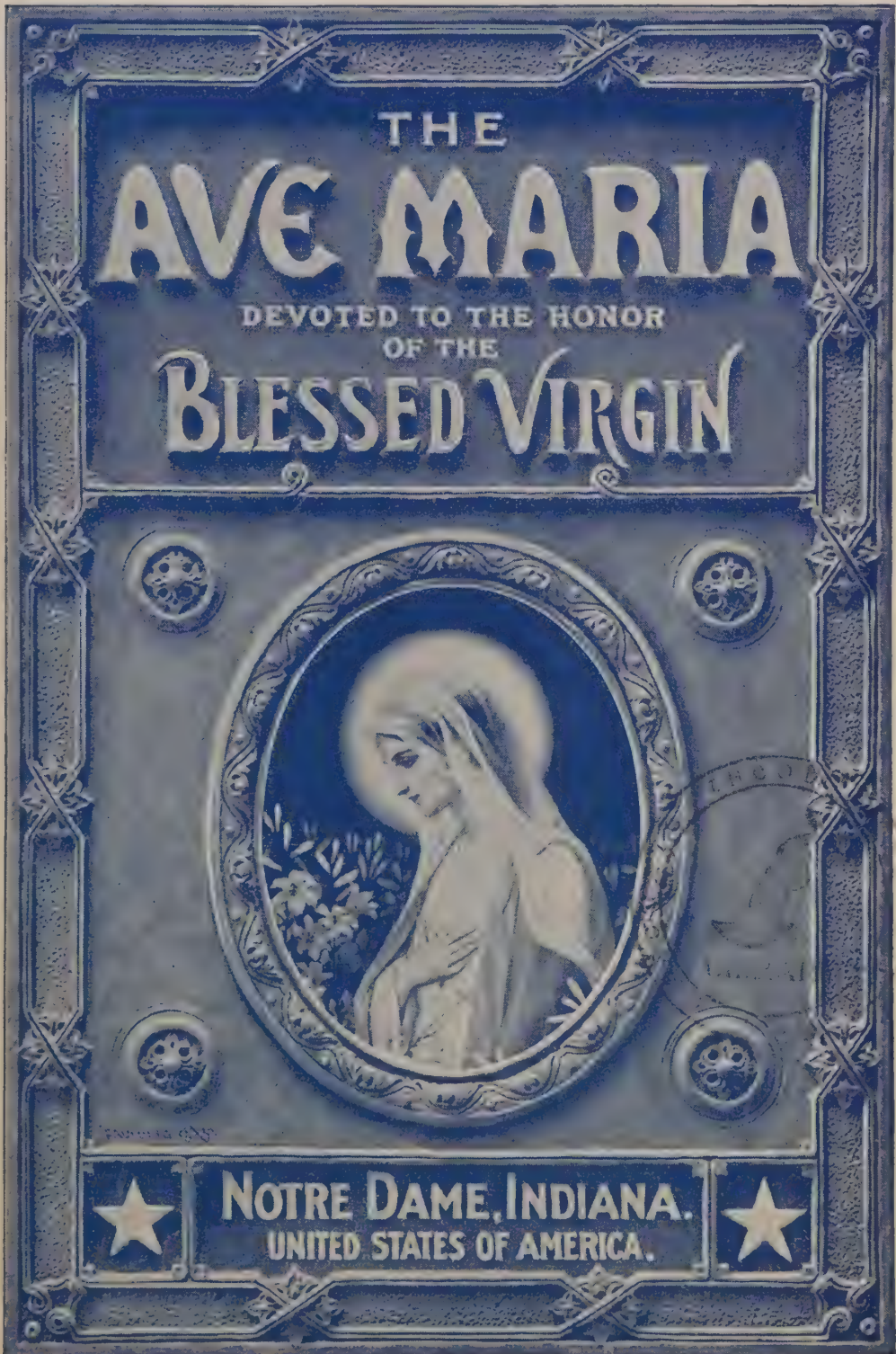
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Entered as second-class matter at Notre Dame, Indiana. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on June 25, 1918.
American News Co.; Gill & Son; Burns and Oates; Catholic Book Depot, Fort, Bombay;
Sydney, N. S. W., Louis Gille & Co.; Melbourne, Australia, William P. Linehan,

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii. 34.

March.
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VOL. IX. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 1, 1919.

NO. 9

[Published every Saturday. Copyright, 1919: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

Illumed.

BY N. N.

AS when the traveller in the distance sees
The luring haven of cool forest-trees,
He hastens on with strength and courage new,
His weariness forgot in Hope's fair view;
So doth my soul, half fainting by the way,
Find in her name its comfort and its stay;
And, heart-refreshed with dew of Love's sweet
grace,
Life's path is all illumed by Mary's face.

China Wants No Spurious Christianity.

BY MICHAEL DE SANCTIS, M. AP.

What weight of ancient witness can prevail,
If private reason hold the public scale?
But, gracious God, how well dost Thou provide
For erring judgments an unerring guide!

—DRYDEN.

THE process of weaning the human mind from the truths of divine revelation, set on foot by the Protestant Reformation, has in our times arrived pretty close to its logical goal. The heresies of the sixteenth century were destructive, and bore evidence of this in all their characteristic features. They denied many things but asserted nothing; and their very foundation planks—the denial of all fealty to established authority within the Church, and the consequent declaration of the right and infallibility of private judgment—laid the way open for inroads of corroding influences and the early advent of further division of the then newly-fledged sects. Peace,

however, must follow after war,—at least some kind of peace; for only bad angels and lost souls could persevere in unending warfare or everlasting hatred and wrangling. Peace, then, had to follow among the wrangling sects that were born of the so-called Reformation; and, though only a patched-up peace, as our daily press of the present would style it, nevertheless a peace of some kind. The Old Church, by the understandings at that time entered into, was also permitted to continue with a more or less hampered existence. But the Old Church had the Spirit of God to guide her and bring her through the storms of those riotous times, and hence was likely to profit, rather than to suffer diminishment of her vigor and splendor, through the persecution to which she and her children were to be so long subjected. On the other hand, the newly man-made religions had nothing stronger than the reed of human strength to depend upon; and human institutions are all destined to undergo changes, and to feel the influences to which unaided human nature is prone to yield.

The efforts for peace then, and the process of time, have done their work with these human religions of the sixteenth century. Private judgment went on with its work of tearing down; and every new peace effort following patched up friendly relations again. Thus after each new struggle, creeds suffered diminishment in their positive tenets, till in the end the only article left was the negative one,—that no creed was necessary. This outcome is what we call indifferentism.

This abject state of soul is only one remove from atheism, and looks with kindly toleration even upon idolatry itself. It is preached and practised far and wide to-day, and has, as a matter of fact, become the State religion of all the modern nations where the reformed teaching of the sixteenth century took root and flourished.

Strange as it may seem, the preachers of this creedless kind of religion have not yet become altogether indifferent about the spread of their ideas: they still continue to imitate the apostolic spirit of missionaries of the True Faith, but do so after a manner of their own. They come with their golden stores, their assurances of education and advancement and every other sort of good that the world can give, and cry out, 'All these will I give you, if kneeling down you will adore the idol of indifference.' This is in reality the sort of religion that the missionaries of the Protestant sects would have the poor people of pagan lands accept instead of their existing practices, which, though gross and revolting to the cultured mind, at least have more of the tenets of positive religion, and foster in their hearts a greater reverence for some sort of deity. The poor pagan can hardly realize that his more civilized brother can reach such barren unbelief; and, when once persuaded of the absurdity of his idols, is prone to idolize the fads and fetich phantoms of his superior master. Loyalty to the government or king becomes a religion, and even the sovereign's statue or picture becomes a new sort of idol.

This was well exemplified in an incident that occurred at Hong Kong shortly after the occupation of that territory by England, which took place February 1, 1840. Like a cloud of locusts came the missionaries of the innumerable sects. They explained to the natives the utter folly of idolatry, hitherto practised there; preached to them all manner of negation against one another, and particularly against the Church, and emphasized the

duty of loyalty to the newly extended sovereignty of England. When, a little later on, a statue of the late Queen Victoria was erected there, the poor natives took it for a new idol of the new cult; and came, in obedience to the instructions received, as they understood them, to offer incense. After all, the simple Chinese showed only the more logical turn of their minds by what they had done; for to them, and rightly so, the greatest of all reverence is due to the deity, and afterwards comes the State and others in due order. So, then, when they perceived the greatest of all respect and reverence given to representations of civil authority, they deemed these must be the deity of these newcomers and highly civilized people.

These would-be apostles of a new religion preach not religion at all; for their habitual practice of denial has become a chief canon of their cult, and an intended barrier against all inclination towards Catholicism. Hence the supernatural is safely guarded against and carefully excluded; and their worldly wisdom given out might be termed, at most, a system of rationalistic philosophy, more or less plausible, but at all times carefully excluding all religious authority and advocating all kinds of flattering sophistry. It is thought well also by these prophets of the "kultur" of negation to belittle and misrepresent as far as possible, not only the creed of the one true Church of Christ, but also the peoples or nations that are generally known to have remained faithful to Catholic ideals. For instance, the writer of this article has found scattered far and wide, in Hong Kong and other places where English influence extends, innumerable pamphlets, papers, and books, teeming with hideous misrepresentation of the Church. What is still more serious and more unjustifiable is the fact that even some of the text-books used in the schools are made to serve this same sinister purpose. In one of these, Spain, Italy, and Poland are spoken of as countries not yet civilized; while England, Germany, and

France are mentioned as leaders in civilization; and Japan, as fast approaching a like pre-eminence.

The native Chinese, however, are not so easily deluded as these sectarian preachers and teachers imagine, and their natural primitive simplicity, and consequent insight into duplicity, and their misgivings on account of the absence of the supernatural among these sectarians, have far more effect than these unscrupulous sectarians reckon on. The Chinaman may be somewhat deceived in the beginning, but later he feels pity for these pseudo-prophets, and finally abhors them as downright atheists. Mistrust and hatred of the foreigner and of all his pretended sources of enlightenment become a real danger, as a consequence of the teaching of these falsifiers of truth, founders of fanaticism, and blasphemers of the revealed truth.

Now, bad as is fanaticism, exhibited in anti-Catholic teaching and literature, and though a greater evil than paganism itself, on account of its more persistent vitality and more flattering sophistry, yet it is not half so dangerous as is its monstrous offspring, indifferentism. This horrible reincarnation of all the conflicting and negative tenets of the sects, nurtured by the methods of Statecraft there introduced by unbelieving Europeans, strives to ingratiate itself into the national life of the Chinese Republic, and rear for itself an altar and a throne on the ruins of this poor people's innate and very natural belief in the supernatural. It is the new idolatry which, while either ignoring or scoffing at the world of spirit beyond and the things of spirit here, as mere superstition, makes ease, comfort and respectability in this life the only desirable heaven to seek for, extols the duties to State as most sacred, and the State itself as the great god worthy of all honor and devotion. This, of course, is both flattering and bewildering to the poor Chinese; but in the end is usually reckoned at its real value, and is regarded as a hateful and execrable sort of atheism.

How could it seem otherwise to reasonable and unprejudiced minds, when its whole entity consists in denial of everything and belief in nothing?

These sectarian propagators of indifferentism are now in China pursuing the same characteristic methods as they have followed in all manner of questions connected with religion and man's duties in this regard, and never settling any. As a consequence, the supposed converts to Protestantism there, having been persuaded of the folly of paganism, find themselves landed into indifferentism or atheism, as their only other alternative. The wisdom of man when counterpoised against that of God Himself is thus exemplified in the man-made efforts at founding and propagating religion, by those who hold up to scorn the sublime truths of the only Church of the God-Man. As a striking instance of this, I may mention a decision given, by an Anglican bishop in China, on the question of sacramental wines. There, as is well known, tea is a most common beverage, and rice the staple food. From this circumstance our worthy Anglican decided that tea might be substituted for wine, and cooked rice for wheaten bread, in the Anglican Communion service! What a blasphemous mockery such a performance would be needs no comment of mine. Such utter chaos in matters of religious belief, for minds not schooled in the illogical methods of heresy, has ultimately the unhappy tendency of bringing Christianity into ridicule, and laying fast and firm the foundations of unbelief.

Thus the gangrene of atheism or indifferentism, as you may choose to style it, makes great progress among the supposed converts to Christianity in China. This evil, assuming as it does so alarming an aspect, propagated by the daily press, pamphlets, and contemporary periodicals, must be regarded by every thoughtful Christian with sincere and heartfelt dismay. The writer of this article can assure the reader that such has been his own

experience when he found himself confronted with these dreadful evils. Things have come to such a pass, in those parts now occupied by European Powers, that not only are the State schools made a vehicle of this deadly, soul-destroying contagion, but even the highest chairs of the University—the chairs for science, philosophy, and even religion—are competed for by the most notorious, scoffing unbelievers. These learned atheists, for such they really are, come forth under the guise of Christian Scientists, of High Church Anglicans, or of any of the other innumerable forms that the heresy of modern Protestantism assumes, but do effectively only the work of the denial of all true belief.

The poor natives, hearing all this babel of appeal and hotchpotch of doctrinal inconsistencies, under the chameleon forms of latter-day heresy, draw their own conclusion; and, where the preachers are effective, their success blossoms out into atheism and contempt for all religion. The preachers, however, do not always succeed; for the people of China are essentially a religious people, and in them the fundamental principles of belief in God and the supernatural are not so easily destroyed. Hence an opposite effect or tendency toward the Church is frequently found. This result is as remarkable as it is unintended by these sectarian preachers.

Noteworthy as is this movement toward the Church, yet still more striking is the fact that this great Oriental people have forwarded a request to Rome to have the Vatican permanently represented by a delegate at the capital city of their lately inaugurated republic. Just when the prophets of the new paganism believed they had this people well prepared for their new cult, they were shocked to hear of this unexpected message and, to them, very strange news. Now, just why this ancient and far-Eastern nation was deprived of what was by them requested, is indeed an interesting and deplorable

page in the history of the diplomacy of the great Powers. China's project was frustrated, under the pretext that the Powers, then at war with Germany, had not been consulted; though it has never been explained why China, a free nation and sovereign State, should consult any other nation in the exercise of an inalienable right. Another and a false and groundless excuse, put forth at the time, was that the delegate nominated was pro-German.

Now, notwithstanding the failure of this effort on the part of China to bring herself into closer intimacy with the head of Christ's Church on earth, notwithstanding the deplorable effectiveness and mischievous influence of the present-day diplomacy of powerful nations, a great step has been taken. Its onward trend may indeed be delayed, but can not be ultimately arrested. This move speaks volumes, on this topic, for the Chinese people of all classes. It demonstrates pretty well how futile is the ravenous work of sectarians, and how strongly inclined this great nation is to embrace the salutary truths of genuine Christianity. The lilliputian diplomats have succeeded in holding the giant under for the moment; but, like Swift's Gulliver, he will shortly rise again to his feet and their cords like thread will fly asunder. The giant is hungry for the Bread of Life, that he can find only in the House of the Living God; and the Dead-Sea fruits of unbelief and indifferentism will not deceive him, but will only rouse his mistrust of gifts proffered, so utterly noxious, and devoid of all possibility of spiritual nourishment.

What a pity that this forward move was thwarted! What great results might we not have looked for in this land, now ripe with golden fields for the spiritual reaper's sickle! But the Providence of God has permitted, for the time, the chicanery of secular diplomacy to hold back the reaper of Christ, and has permitted the enemy to continue for the moment to scatter cockle.

So far as the present writer knows, this is the second time that this great

people has undertaken to open up official relations with the Vatican. Away back in the seventeenth century the first efforts of this kind were made. The walls and the monuments of the city of Santo Nome, now called Macau, bear testimony to this singular fact. The incident itself and its circumstances remind us vividly of the city of Rheims in France; of its early Frankish King, Clovis; of his Christian wife, Clotilda; and of the apostle of that city, St. Remigius. The reader will recall that romantic incident through which Clovis was converted, and his child was, by the prayers of St. Remigius, miraculously brought back from impending death, and the arms of the Franks were blessed with victory.

The Chinese Empire on the occasion here alluded to also bade fair to become a Christian nation. Its emperor at the time, Min, the last of the true Chinese sovereigns, was being hard pressed by the Tartars; and his son and heir, Constantine, was on the point of death, when his pious wife, the Empress Helen, sought, through the prayers of those apostolic Jesuits, Fathers Koffler and Boym, for the success of their armies and the life of their child. The prayers of the good Fathers were rewarded with the miraculous recovery of the young prince, but the armies unfortunately met with defeat. Then with the Tartar dynasty came an end to the projected inauguration of diplomatic relations between the Vatican and the Chinese nation. The Tartar dynasty itself, however, has come to an end. Pan, the great chancellor of that last Christian emperor, was sent, apparently in vain, with this project in view, to Pope Innocent X.; but his name will live in history, and especially in the annals of the Christianity of this great Asiatic people.

What the Tartars so successfully accomplished in the seventeenth century, the diplomats of great European nations immortalized themselves by before an unbelieving world in the twentieth. But it may be too much to say that they immor-

talized themselves or that they found glory, even before the world, in the evil they unfortunately were too successful in; for no sooner had their fell purpose been achieved than they sought to disown any responsibility for it. Possibly, then, this will be an opportune time to revive interest in the matter, while the Peace Congress is in session, since it is one of supreme importance to the whole Christian world. Whatever may be thought of this suggestion pro or con, one thing is certain: it would be a monstrous wrong to turn a deaf ear to the demand of the teeming millions of China for a share in the Bread of Life, the gifts of our holy Faith. What a terrible truth it is for us to contemplate, that the harvest there is so very great and the laborers are so very few!

Search-Lights.

BY VALENTINE PARAISO.

XIII.

DAISY went out into the stone-paved passage, to see if there was any sign of the expected convoy of enter-tainers. She asked if "Mr. Corkwood" had very far to come from Hickfield? Or was the place called Old Hickfield? Her question was put to a lady in silk, with jewels on her hands, and with an apron on,—one of the helpers who had been working invisibly, brewing coffee and cooking, somewhere in kitchen regions.

Then it was explained to Daisy that Old Hickory was the name of the chimney-sweep, and that Father Corkwood was at a sick call. What did a "sick call" mean? It meant that somebody was dying. Daisy shuddered: she could not bear to think of death.

She remembered the sweep's cottage beyond an archway, off West Street. There were nasturtiums trailing everywhere, and little blinking windows in the white wall; she had once peeped anxiously at the cottage with the black brush over the

door, thinking it must be all soot inside. No, that was not the place, she was told. That was quite a grand sweep compared to Old Hickory. Lately he had a rag-barrow. He lived in a place people called Rat Alley; it was Ratcliffe Alley really—a slum of wooden tenements that ought to have been demolished long ago—out in the brick-fields beyond the far end of Blackberry Lane.

No words could describe the dismal picture that arose in Daisy's mind. She shuddered again. A priest's life seemed to lead him into strange company. Another of the helpers said the man was taken suddenly ill,—unconscious; Father Corkwood was certain to wait, if it was half the night. It was all very mysterious. Somebody said they were afraid to move the poor man to the infirmary. Daisy listened, and shivered. It was remarked that people in Furzley knew Old Hickory was a Catholic, but he had never practised. This was more mysterious still. The poor man! Daisy thought—how could they expect him to "practise"? What did it mean? There seemed to be a lot of things she did not know.

Daisy was not alone hearing the news: her father was close behind her, on the lookout for the coming of the clowns and the dogs.

"Yes," he said, "I have always heard your Church is democratic, I suppose the sweep has equal rights with my friend the Chevalier and myself, when one comes to think of it."

"Oh, he comes before our sort!" said the lady with the apron and the jewelled fingers. "Father Corkwood says the poor come first. And one can never get him to dine: he is always out after some black sheep. Will those entertainment people want something when they come, Colonel? It is a cold night. I'll go and make some fresh coffee. I don't know how to cater for the dogs, but we shall try!"

Daisy followed her along the stone passage to the kitchen.

"Can't I help?"

A sudden sense of admiration swept over her. This was all part of that sacred thing—unselfishness, self-sacrifice. She wanted to do some work in the background,—something hard and low down and unthanked. "Can't I help you?" she said, where plates and cups were piled, and girls with white dresses tucked back were working with clatter of ware and clouds of steam,—"washing up." There had been to Daisy's mind a horrible moment, when the priest's vigil, the rag-picker, the hideous tenement, had seemed to be altogether repulsive. Was not this "a low-class religion"? She thought of the Furzley fashions—the Sunday clothes of the few that attended parish church,—the solemn, orderly service. But her father had taken quite a different view. He spoke of the Church where all were equal. He had a lurking enthusiasm in his tone. And when he heard the occupation of the absent host, he had slowly nodded with wonder and respect.

So Daisy went off with her new friend; and, having found a novel point of view, began to think the kitchen work was gilded also with a little of the beauty of sacrifice. If one wanted to "do things," the things lowest down seemed for one clear moment best worth doing. She began to take off her gold bracelet. But the girls protested that the large room was her place.

"Your French is such a help. Never mind us. We have only these plates to get ready for the sandwiches. Do go in and talk to the people. When are the bowwows coming?"

Daisy admitted her "papa" was getting anxious. Everyone had heard how good her father was. Her cheeks glowed with pleasure.

"Why do you wear that silver badge?" she asked. "I ought to have had one."

"That is not a badge: that is the medal of Our Lady."

Daisy had taken hold of the medal admiringly. She promptly let it go. She had always been taught that proper

religion put "the Virgin" aside, and it was the great sin of the Romanists that they made a fuss about her. Poor Daisy! It was not her fault. The Spaggots had not been a religious family, but they had drawn back in dread from Popery, since first a Worcestershire Spaggot "conformed" to save his property. Not one of the stock had ever a settled doctrine except that the Papists were idolaters. Mademoiselle who taught Daisy French was a Huguenot.

So Daisy let go the medal, as if it was hot. Then, thinking it rude to make no answer, she said:

"Our Belgians have all sorts of things, but not as pretty as that. Of course *we* don't have them." Fearing to be unkind, she remarked that the ribbon was a lovely blue.

"It is my Child of Mary medal," said the other, with a downward glance of love that did not escape Daisy. "It is to remind us of the Mother of Christ." The girl had begun again drying the cups with a cloth.

"Do you wear it on Sundays?"

"I wear it always—night and day."

Daisy gazed, and wondered. She ventured to take hold of the medal again, and turn it over.

"That is a monogram, isn't it? Why are there stars all round?"

The owner of the medal said something about St. John seeing her crowned with twelve stars,—it was in the Apocalypse. Daisy did not connect that new word with "Revelations." She listened in polite silence, completely bewildered.

"And why is there a cross stuck in the M?"

The other stopped a little while, with a sense of unworthiness, afraid of doing injustice to things so high and holy. Then she made a dash, feeling bitterly how poor an attempt she was making. Some attempt had to be made—for love.

"The cross is in everything with us," she said,—*"in everything, everywhere."* And His Mother had a lot to do with it;

so the cross is on the M." The girl stopped working, and held the medal tenderly. No one else could hear them, in the general clatter and noise. "His Mother stood by the cross—she stood near Him while He was dying."

"Is that in the Bible?"

"Of course it is."

"Really? You are sure?"

"Yes: 'And there stood by the cross His Mother...'"

Tears sprang into Daisy's beautiful eyes.

"Poor thing!" she murmured. "It must have been dreadful." It was a spontaneous little outburst of human sympathy. "But," she added with relief, "it was a long, long time ago."

"It was real, all the same," said the other, gently; "and we never, never forget it."

Then Daisy said a strange thing. She said slowly:

"I understand."

"Would you like to have one? I could get you one," observed the other girl, eagerly.

"Oh, no, thank you!" It was said sweetly, with a pleading smile, that meant, 'Don't ask me: I am from very far-off and a stranger.'

The girl with the teacups was disappointed. She was too young to know that apparent failure was success. "I understand" meant something.

The van finally arrived in West Street. The crowd cheered, waiting about the door of the hall under the "picture palace." The red faces of the clowns could be seen between their high overcoat collars and their hats; and they looked ghastly and chalky. The Chinaman had a trunk carried in after him. The dogs trooped down the passage, with a few unprofessional barks.

There was never such a conjurer as that yellow-silk mandarin with the oblique eyes and the pigtail. He made a pack of cards dwindle in his hand till it vanished. He borrowed the little blue satchel of

the Baronne (which, poor lady! had very little in it), and he drew out of it real sugar-plums and distributed them to the children. He lost a lady's ring, and found it in the Chevalier's pocket, to that honest man's great confusion. And he took two live ducks out of the burgo-master's hat, which everyone knew had nothing in it the moment before. The ducks went waddling and quacking about the platform; and the Flemish folks whispered and shook their heads, and said those unholy birds could not have been there if the curé was in the room.

When the clowns and the dogs had done their parts separately, the two shows got mixed up; and the mixing up was the best thing in the program. The dogs had played "Home, Sweet Home," each presiding over one note, secreted in a flat gong like a round footstool; and next time the clowns interfered with the tune by running away with important notes, from under the musicians' paws. When the two clowns came out to sing, the professional dogs had their revenge, and sneaked in at the back, and sat up and howled a chorus. "Just like my Pepper!" thought Daisy, while the whole room was in an uproar of laughter.

"How has it all gone?" asked a quiet voice near her; and there was the priest, standing by the wall inside the door.

Daisy sprang up from her seat at the corner of a bench, and joined him.

"Oh, it has all been splendid! I am so glad you are come. And how is your poor man?"

"How did you know about my poor man?" he asked with a faint smile. "It was very well I waited."

The clowns and the dogs were keeping the room in an uproar of merriment, while these two talked of life and death.

"He is better, then?" the girl asked.

"He is all right."

"Is he gone to the infirmary?"

"No, no: he is dead. But he was quite conscious for a while,—quite. He was ready—poor fellow!—and content

to go. Everything was done; he even had Viaticum."

"What does that mean?"

The priest looked at the eager, expectant face in the half-light. She so wanted to know! Why should he not tell her? The two had become isolated, with sacred thoughts and hushed words. The glare of the little variety stage and the tumult of laughter was far away.

"I was speaking of the Communion of the dying," he said in an undertone. "It is the Food for the last journey. It is Christ Himself who comes to be with them on the way."

There was a tremble in the lowered voice, as if he could not name his Master without a worship that stirred heart-depths beyond the reach of words.

The girl listened in wonder. The suggestion of personal intercourse with Christ was like an electric touch. For a moment her soul awoke. What was all this? Where did these mysteries begin and end? How little she knew! And how much more intimate with the thought of Christ these people of the despised Church seemed to be! She had heard the Master's name, and it had awakened the infinite longing.

She was still wondering over those mysterious words when the stage curtains rose, and the light in the hall brightened. The voice beside her spoke aloud in excellent French. The Belgians were asked to sing their national song, the "Brabançonne." They all stood up, and the swinging melody went gaily. The verses seemed interminable. There was time now for the giver of the party to find Colonel Spaggot, and to say something about being "infinitely indebted" to him, and to ask his help with the Christmas Tree presents. Something was said about going away from Furzley for a time, and the Colonel's regret was hushed up.

Daisy Spaggot noticed that the priest said a strange good-night to her and her father, when all was over. He shook hands, saying, "God bless you! I shall

never forget you both,—never!" It was the most unconventional good-night she had ever heard.

West Street was full of crowds, talking French and Flemish. It was like a street in Belgium, as the guests trooped away.

"I like Father Corkwood, don't you?" said Daisy, frankly.

"He is a grand man. He is off to the Front to-morrow; he did not want any one to know. Army chaplain."

"Oh, I wish I had known that when I said good-night to him!" replied the girl.

Chaplains would be only in the base-hospitals, he told her. So he thought; it was one of his mistakes. Daisy felt a sense of relief.

When she was out shopping very early next morning, with Pepper, her friend of last night came along the opposite side of West Street. Here was a chance to give him a kind farewell wish, and she began eagerly crossing the road. It was very disconcerting that he did not seem to see her. He walked with a hand inside the breast of his coat, and his head slightly bowed. He turned in at the gate of a cottage, where the upper windows were wide open. When he was at the gate, some one was already at the door, holding a lighted candle, though it was bright day. Daisy and the dog stood near the footway. How could he have been so absorbed in thought? How could he have missed seeing them?

Instead of puzzling over the incident, the Colonel thought they might call together at the house next the 'tin church,' to say "*Au revoir*," with their good wishes. They were late: his successor had arrived. One more army chaplain was gone—anywhere willingly—destination unknown.

(To be continued.)

ONE of our illusions is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is doomsday.—*Emerson*.

Daily Friends.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ANTON ULRICH.

PATIENCE and Humility!

Where these two companions be,
On their lover they bestow
Quiet calm through weal and woe.

He unmoved meets Fortune's frown,
Sees her wheel go up and down,
Ready stands to face alike
Or her smiles or her dislike.

If she frown like blackest night,
Threatening to o'erwhelm him quite,
Patience still will stand his friend,
Bidding him await the end.

If she smile and all restore,
And he grow elate once more,
Safe through snares of wealth and pride
Soft Humility can glide.

If his plans and wishes fail,
Nor his best-laid schemes avail,
Patience helps him still to hope,
And with disappointment cope.

If his efforts all succeed,
And he earn the victor's meed,
Still Humility will say:
"This shall also pass away."

If unkind the world shall prove,
And no heart give love for love,
Patience comforts: "Sad thy lot,
But thou hast deserved it not."

If he sit in highest state,
Friends around him rich and great,
From all cares and burdens free,
Safe is still Humility.

Patience is for days of gloom,
Pining grief to overcome;
But Humility for joy,
Lest it cheat us and destroy.

So until my journey ends
These I choose for daily friends;
For Humility is blest,
And sweet Patience giveth rest.

The Journey Home.

BY THE REV. RAYMOND LAWRENCE.

... He went out, not knowing whither he went. ... For he looked for a city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.—*Heb., xi, 8-11.*

THE Church has often been called the home, the *patria*, of the human race. The truths which she teaches find a response in the hearts of men of every race and station in life,—which at least suggests a common origin both of those sublime doctrines and of the hearts that find such peace and satisfaction in believing them. Among her own children, men of the most varied types of mind and culture feel this satisfaction. The great crowds of the uneducated, and side by side with them the men of profoundest learning, find their spiritual and intellectual needs fully satisfied in what the Church holds out to them. Of those who come from the outside to make their submission to her authority, it can not be truthfully said that they are men of one type or of one cast of mind or of one temperament. Those who give allegiance to the Church are as various as the sons of Adam. And yet to all who come with humility and the spirit of submission, she affords a peace of mind, a nourishing and vitalizing power for the development of all that is good in the individual, an atmosphere of strength, of security—what shall we call it?—in fact, all those inexpressible things which the word “home” suggests to the human heart.

It is, therefore, a home in the sense that it is not only a place to retire to after the storm and struggle of life, but also the fountain and source of that strength and that enlightenment which are life's great necessities. All that men's souls need, all that individuals or that nations need, all that society itself needs that it may be saved from ruin and may come to that good end to attain which the struggle of life goes on,—all is to be found in that true home.

The language of that hearthstone is understood by all who will listen: It is foreign to none. Like the motley crowd upon Pentecost, we hear related “*in our own tongues* the wonderful works of God.” It is because it is the language of home that all men understand it. To none does its sound have greater sweetness than to the weary traveller,—to one who has known something of the disease called homesickness. To have been a wanderer in other lands and then to have come sailing home, safe at last in the harbor after a stormy voyage, is a very wonderful experience. We have read of warriors, stern men of iron, who after years of separation from the home-land have wept like weaklings at the first glimpse of a gray line upon the horizon that meant home. But to have found the *patria* of all human hearts, the hearthstone and resting-place of every human desire and longing, the source of renewed energy for every worthy human endeavor, that is a thing which, for the traveller at least, neither smiles nor tears can ever adequately express.

A convert is such a traveller. He is one who has awakened to find himself, quite apart from any volition of his own, a wanderer in a far country. Possibly there have been at times vague whisperings which could scarcely be called memories that awakened in him a sort of longing for what was his true home; but if so, he was not able to catch their meaning. What he sought was not to be found except by a long and wearisome journeying. But he was not without a guide; and, however circuitous the route, it led finally to the place of peace and safety,—to *patria*. It is the journey home of such a traveller that is here related.

I.

To trace the process by which I was brought into the Church is not an easy matter. I have often been asked what event or what argument it was that induced me to become a Catholic. I have always had to reply that conversion

was a process rather than an event in most cases—certainly it was so in mine,—and that therefore it was impossible to lay one's finger upon any one definite cause and say, 'This decided me.' It must be remembered that faith is a supernatural gift; and that, though God makes use of natural means, such as arguments and events, to lead the soul on to conviction, yet faith is a much greater thing than any argument, and is ultimately a free gift of God. It is not possible, therefore, to trace clearly at every step of the way God's dealings with the soul. We ourselves do not fully know, and much less can we say at every point just where, by means of this thought and that, this chance word and that, this circumstance and that, God enticed the soul and sweetly drew it on to believe. We can look back and see the starting point and the long road over which we have travelled. We can point out certain important resting-places along the way, and show how they were steps towards the completion of the journey. But there must always be much that is incomplete in the story, and much that can not be told, for the simple reason that God's ways are mysterious, and His secret workings in the soul are altogether beyond our ken.

Until I was eighteen I can not say that religion had any real meaning for me at all. It was all a thing which I took for granted. I had been taught to pray as a child, and had been accustomed to attending the services of the Presbyterian Church, of which I had become, more or less as a matter of course, a member. In Sunday-school I learned a few facts about Our Lord's life and some Old Testament history, not much more. The story of Christ's Passion appealed to my sympathies, but I believe I had no clear conception of what was meant either by His divinity or by the Incarnation. I remember being puzzled by the expression "Son of God," and trying to understand how it was that God could have a son; but I doubt whether I grasped the fact that the divinity

of the Son was implied in that expression.

I can not say that the Presbyterian Church or its services ever made any appeal to me. I knew little or nothing of the special theological notions for which it stands, and supposed that allegiance to it was purely a matter of taste and not in any sense a question of conscience. I had only twice been inside a Catholic church,—once in an empty church, out of curiosity; and once for Vespers and Benediction, without in the least understanding what it all meant, though the picturesqueness of the vestments and the ceremonies impressed me. I had heard that Catholics worshipped the Blessed Virgin, and that they used beads in some way in praying,—a performance which I supposed was a kind of superstition. Beyond that and a general idea that Catholicism was absurd, I had no notions at all in regard to the Church.

Such were my religious assets, so to speak, when I first began to think of religion seriously. In addition to these things there were certain ideas and impressions which I had gained in reading and in such elementary studies in history as I had made at the time. These had a certain influence upon my mind, and helped to some extent to give it a trend towards, I would not say Catholicism, but towards a mode of thought more consonant with the atmosphere and spirit of Catholicism than with Protestantism. I believe that there was a feeling of sympathy with Catholic ideas and practices as I found them portrayed in stories and in the history of the Middle Ages, which I scarcely recognized then, and which marked a sort of innate longing for something more satisfying and more definite than the religious ideas which were already familiar to me. It was not, however, merely a sympathy with certain religious ideas, but perhaps rather a general feeling of sympathy with the romantic atmosphere found in books in which the history of Catholic times or stories of Catholic life were related. I did not at all connect the Church of to-day

with what I found in the books. It made no appeal whatever to me. It was simply that the life of the Middle Ages, in which the Catholic religion was as much a part as any other feature, seemed to me more beautiful and more interesting than the life of the present-day world.

It was at this time that I became attracted to the Episcopal Church. I had often attended the evening service in a nearby church, and had been impressed by the dignity and beauty of it. It seemed to me always, even then, to be inspiring and devotional; and I think I felt that there was something in it of that atmosphere of which I have just been speaking. It was worship with a touch of the romantic about it, and this was a new and a very attractive idea to me. At this time I knew nothing of Episcopalianism as a doctrinal system, and indeed had never thought of religion at all from that point of view. The Book of Common Prayer had a considerable influence upon me, I believe. I studied carefully an old copy which I had found at home, and was attracted by the quaint beauty of its language and the air of devotion which I perceived in it. Aside from the doctrines which are, or may be supposed to be, contained in it, there is no doubt that the Book of Common Prayer is one of the most beautiful and devotional works in the English language. There is about it a dignity and a simplicity, as well as a perfection of English style, that is scarcely to be found in any other work. Such parts of it as are translations of the old liturgy, particularly the collects, have a power to develop, in those who grow familiar with them, a devotional spirit and a sense of "the beauty of holiness" which is indeed remarkable.

It must also be admitted, I think, that apart from the doctrines which it contains, there is in its spirit much that is Catholic. At the time of its making, the Reformation was too new a thing for the atmosphere of ten centuries of Catholicism to be at once purged away. It lingered long after the

new heresies had become fixed in men's minds, and influenced their lives and their writings, whether they would or no. And so the Book of Common Prayer, though it came from the pens of those who abhorred both the doctrines and the spirit of the old Faith, nevertheless has a good deal of the atmosphere of that Faith breathing through it. There are also, of course, many really Catholic doctrines contained in it,—doctrines which the Reformers had no intention of denying. But it was the language and the spirit of the book which attracted me. Whether it was from this book or not I do not know, but somewhere I got a conception of worship, of its essentially mysterious character, of the sense of awe and beauty which it must inspire; and I began, however vaguely, to feel a need for something quite different from what I had known as religion to satisfy the needs which were awakening within me.

Now, it seems to me that this was a very important moment for me. So far as I can judge, it was the time when God became to me something more than a mere name. It was the first craving for something like the Mass, and the first searching for some awful Greatness, which I felt to exist somewhere,—an indescribable Beauty and a transcendent Holiness, before which I knew that one must, as it were, lie prostrate upon the earth in deepest self-abasement and adoration. This seems to me to mark a step away from the kind of Protestantism that I had known. Protestants generally seem to have lost, to an extraordinary degree, the sense of worship or the idea of what it demands. It is a strange thing that an instinct so deeply founded in human nature should make itself so little felt among them. To listen to the prayers of a man in a Prince Albert coat—prayers which to a Catholic would often seem shockingly familiar in their tone—and afterwards to be addressed at length upon a topic perhaps quite far removed from the field of religion, these do not seem

either to resemble to any great extent those pictures of worship portrayed in the Scriptures or to represent those ideas of it which the word itself suggests to most minds. And yet such is the usual Protestant service. Certainly the Anglican Church has in this respect much more in common with Catholicism than other forms of Protestantism.

At this time a young friend of mine suggested that we should attend the Sunday night services regularly for a while at the Episcopal church. We had both been attracted by these services to a certain extent, and were also interested in the short addresses which were a feature of the service. I should probably not have thought of going frequently, however, had not my friend suggested it. I certainly had no thought of becoming an Episcopalian. For several months we held to our plan, and never allowed anything to keep us away. At the end of six months we found ourselves decidedly impressed by our experience, and both of us decided to become members of the Episcopal Church. In those six months, religion had become something entirely different to me. Before, I had regarded it simply as a kind of necessary sentiment: now it had become an intense reality, and was not so much a matter of feelings and emotions as of adherence to a definite and dogmatic faith, and of belief in a visible teaching Church, and in sacraments administered by that Church for the sanctifying of men's souls.

I was moved and stirred by the power of this new idea to an extent that was well-nigh overwhelming. It was like a little Pentecost. I had begun by chance, as it were; and here I was, aroused and carried away by the force and the unsuspected power of the religion which I had discovered. But I must say something of the influences which had wrought so marked a change in me.

(To be continued.)

PRIV brings understanding.—Anon.

Their Miracle.

BY JOSEPH CAREY.

STEAMSHIP SANTIAGO,
NEW YORK HARBOR,
May 1, 1918.

MY DEAR KIT:—I am so sorry that you are not with me. I have the loveliest little cabin all to myself. How I wish you could share it! I'm just the least bit homesick at leaving New York for this long and terrible journey to the Bermudas. You know I have always been afraid of the sea. I know it is perfectly absurd to feel this way about it, but I do wish that you had not gotten ill when you did. Really, dear, it was very inconsiderate of you! But thank God that you are convalescing! I could not bear to leave if I did not feel that everything was all right with you,—almost all right! There is still one thing that you have to do to be perfect, and you know what that is.

I have only a few minutes left to seal this note and get it off to you. I do hope that you will do as you promised you would. You know how much I have prayed for, and how much I have talked to you about it—but there I am preaching again! And I can see you shaking your head at me, so I will stop.

I hope you received the flowers I sent you.

Lovingly,

BETH.

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STEAMSHIP SANTIAGO,
— AT SEA,
May 2, 1918.

KIT DEAR:—We are having perfectly wonderful weather. Of course this big boat, which I thought would be so steady, has a most uncomfortable sort of glide to it. Once, during the night, I thought I would be thrown out of the berth, but I managed to hold on. Still, it is just the roll after a storm, they tell me; and we are having perfect weather. I have not been the least bit sick, though

I had some qualms last night after dinner. There were not many down this morning for breakfast, but later the promenade on deck became quite popular.

I do not feel so lonely as I did when leaving New York. There are a number of delightful people on board. I have just met the dearest girl! Her name is Marjorie, and she comes from Albany. Marjorie is a delightful name, don't you think so? But not half so pretty as Kit. She sat next to me at breakfast this morning, and we began to chat with the informality customary on shipboard. She is "one of ours," as the Jesuit Fathers say,—a thoroughgoing Catholic, loving her religion and living it. I feel as if I had known her for ages. She is on vacation like myself, and is to stop at the same hotel at Bermuda. Now don't be jealous, Kit. She is not half so nice as you are, and I am still mourning your loss.

I hope you have done what you promised me you would "think about." You know it is the wish of my heart. It is the only thing in which I can find fault with you, and I intend to pester and nag until I bring you around,—so there! Prepare for the worst, for the worst is yet to come.

Devotedly and lovingly,

BETH.

STEAMSHIP SANTIAGO,
AT SEA,

May 3, 1918.

DEAREST KIT:—We have had the most dreadful storm. I asked the captain if there was any danger of the ship going down, but he did not seem to be in the least disturbed. He laughed heartily, and did not even deign to answer me. The boat just rocked and rolled frightfully all night. There were very few at breakfast this morning. I went in without much appetite; and when somebody at table ordered ham and eggs, I lost the little appetite I had.

Somebody told me not to say "die" when seasickness threatens, so I paced the deck until I thought I would drop.

There was a good "stiff breeze" blowing, and I found it very refreshing after the heat of the dining saloon. About ten o'clock I was able to take a cup of tea, and after that I felt better. Marjorie did not appear on deck at all, but I did not venture to go down to see her. The sight of the victims of seasickness is terrible. They have wonderful pale-green complexions, and the agony of death is in their eyes. Still I could find no one who would admit being seasick. It seems as though *mal de mer* is an evil which one must conceal. Victims complain of their health, but warmly reject any suggestion that they are not good sailors.

Have you done what I asked of you? I am sure you will feel better when you have done the deed, and you will make me the happiest girl at sea.

Ever your

BETH.

HOTEL ST. GEORGE,
THE BERMUDAS,
May 5, 1918.

MY DEAR KIT:—As you see by the heading of this letter, we have arrived safe at Bermuda; and Marjorie and I are installed in a charming little suite of our own. We have a beautiful view over the beach and the sea. It is as warm here as at home on the pleasantest day of summer; and it is all the more delightful when I think of the east winds in New York. The hotel is crowded, chiefly with Americans; though there are some English here, too, "don't you know?"

How you would enjoy the life here! Marjorie and I have located the church, which is very near the hotel, and we hope to be able to go to Mass very often. I am looking forward to the swimming. You know I can't swim a stroke; but I have always wanted to learn, and Marjorie has volunteered to teach me. She is an expert. I don't understand how it is that we who have always lived near the ocean, have never learned to swim, while a girl from away up in the country is a regular mermaid.

The beach here is beautiful, and very inviting. Many of the guests at the hotel are in for a plunge every morning before breakfast. I'm afraid I shall never have the courage to go into the water at that hour, but surely it will be splendid to go in before lunch.

The servants at the hotel are nearly all blacks. It makes me feel as though I were living on an Alabama cotton plantation, or at one of the hotels in Saratoga. The tropical foliage is wonderful. When I think of the trouble we have raising flowers in our gardens during the short summer months, I envy people here who have such wonderful gardens all the year round.

I was hoping for a letter from you, telling me that you had "done the deed," but was sadly disappointed. I have pestered the hotel clerk almost to death looking for a letter or a card from you—but nary a thing do I get. I trust that you are well.

Patiently and faithfully,

BETH.

129 WEST 16TH ST.,
NEW YORK,

May 6, 1918.

To the Apostle Beth from the Disciple Kit.

MY DEAREST BETH:—I have wonderful news for you. I have taken the step,—I have gone back to the Church. O Beth, what happiness was mine this morning! What a fool I was to stay away so long, and not to have followed your advice! *Advice* I call it,—you dear, pestiferous, persistent and importunate nagger! You have been after me for years, and, O Kit, you have conquered at last. Now rejoice and be glad—as glad as you can.

I don't know why I have been such a fool. And to-day I haven't a care in the world. I haven't been so happy in years. The only fly in the ointment is your absence. But you will soon be back, you dear wanderer! And I will always be with you hereafter,—at Holy Mass on Sundays, instead of attempting to sleep under

the fire of your indignant and obstreperous remarks.

I went to confession last night. I feared the ordeal, after being away for so long; but I found the priest as gentle and kind as the good old Abbé Constantin whom we used to read about in our schooldays; and as glad to welcome me back as the father in the Gospel, who ran to meet the prodigal son when he espied him from afar.

O Beth, it is such a relief to feel that the grace of God is surging through my soul once again after the absolution, and to go up once more to the Table of God for the Bread of Life! How I longed for your presence to share my joy! I am not strong yet after the pneumonia, but I just walked and walked till I was almost exhausted. I felt that I had to bring my joy out of doors. It was too great to be shut up in my little rooms here on Sixteenth Street.

And for whom do you suppose I offered my Holy Communion? Why, for yourself, dear Beth, to whose persistent scolding and nagging, to whose unfaltering patience and goodness I owe the grace I received this morning (always remembering God's mercy, which, I suppose, was considerate of my shortcomings).

You know, Beth, I did not receive the Catholic training you did. My mother died when I was young, and I was brought up a Catholic in such a Protestant household that I never understood the beauty and the consolation of the Faith. But now I know. Beth, I offered my Holy Communion for you, that you might come back to me in good health and safety; for I would miss you dreadfully if anything happened to you; and I have been worrying about you. Last night I dreamed that you were in some terrible danger. Of course, I don't believe in dreams, but it made me pray all the harder.

Come home soon, Beth. I miss you, you dear apostle! And I want to share my joy with you.

Your happy

Krr.

HOTEL ST. GEORGE,
THE BERMUDAS,
May 6, 1918.

DEAREST KIT:—A dreadful thing happened to-day. I am still ill from the shock of it, and am arranging to return to New York sooner than I had intended. I am too nervous now to write a full account; but I fear you will see something in the papers, and I want to give you my version of what happened.

Just before lunch, Marjorie and I went down to the beach for the swimming lesson she has been promising me. I can scarcely tell you how it happened, it was so sudden. While I was trying to float, the waves carried me beyond my depth, and when I tried to stand up I could not touch the bottom. I became panic-stricken, and went down immediately. I tried to scream, but, instead, I swallowed a lot of water. I'll never forget the choking sensation. Marjorie tried to help me, and I lost my head, and put my arms around her and dragged her down with me. Oh, those cruel depths! My eyes were wide open. Even now I can feel myself staring blankly and gasping and choking, and finally forgetting everything.

Marjorie managed to break my death-grip; and as she is an expert swimmer, she was able to keep afloat, and to hold my head above water for the few seconds necessary. Fortunately, there were people on the beach; and, as we were only a few yards out, they pulled us in with no more ado. The first thing I remember is lying on the beach, with Marjorie bending over me.

I am still suffering from the nervous shock, and Marjorie is in bed also. But I fear it will get into the New York papers; so I pen you these lines in haste, to tell you that I am all right and that I shall soon be at home.

O Kit, it is an awful thing to die a sudden and unprepared death! I shudder at the thought of it. Marjorie saved my life. God gave her the strength to do

what she did. It seems like a miracle. I long to be with you again.

Your loving, homesick BETH.

HOTEL ST. GEORGE,
THE BERMUDAS,
May 10, 1918.

DEAREST KIT:—I have just read your wonderful letter, and have been dancing around the room in sheer delight, till suddenly I remembered that there is a nervous old gentleman on the floor below, who mounted on a chair and pounded the ceiling with his cane the last time I tried to dance over his head. So I desisted, and sat down to write to you instead.

I have not yet recovered from the nervous shock, but that will pass away in time. Your letter was the greatest "cure-all" that I have tried. O Kit dear, if you only knew how happy you have made me! The one thing in which we were separated! You know I never felt right about going off to Mass on Sundays and leaving you at home. I wouldn't have minded if you had not been a real Catholic; but it seemed a terrible thing that one who had been baptized and instructed, even a little, could go on, year after year, without ever going to Mass or to the Sacraments.

I went over to Mass this morning for the first time since the accident. I had arranged a thanksgiving Mass for my escape, but to-day I asked the priest to say it in thanksgiving for your Communion instead. It is a thing nearer and dearer to me than life itself.

I said in my last letter that Marjorie had saved my life. I have changed my mind. I have talked it over with her, and she fully agrees that our escape was really miraculous. I notice in your letter that you went to Holy Communion the very morning of the accident, and that you offered this greatest Communion of your life for my safety. Do you realize what this means? Marjorie and I are convinced that our escape from death on the very morning when you had prayed

in so special a way for my deliverance was a direct answer to that prayer. I know that the world would not believe, and that at the very most it would only say, "A rather remarkable coincidence." But we children of the Faith, who believe in the loving care of Heaven,—what do we care, anyway, for what the world believes and says! Marjorie says we must all go to Holy Communion on every anniversary of "our miracle."

I am to leave on the steamer which sails the day after to-morrow. I am longing to see you, for I think that my life was saved by your prayer of faith; and if my prayers and scolding contributed anything to your return to the Church, I have been richly rewarded.

Ever your

BETH.

The Third Month.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

"A PECK of March dust is worth a king's ransom," and "A dry March never begs its bread," are both proverbs illustrating the fact that absence of damp weather is required for the sowing and planting done in this month, which, in bygone days, used to be the first of the year, and was called by the Romans *Martius*, whence its present name is derived; though it was familiar to our Anglo-Saxon forefathers under the title of *Lenet-Monat*,—a reference to the lengthening hours of daylight, and the origin also of the term "Lent."

Now the meadows and lawns begin to be "with daisies powdered over," to quote Chaucer's charming line. This lovely little silver blossom is one of the earliest known of the English flowers; indeed, as far back as we have any records of our history, it was spoken of as the "day's eye." "It is such a wanderer," remarks a quaint old writer, "that it must have been one of the first flowers that strayed and grew out of Eden."

"Daffodils, that come before the swallow dares, and take the winds of March with beauty," are now coming into bloom; as well as the exquisite tiny speedwell, blue as Our Lady's own mantle.

St. David, the titular saint of Wales (whose feast falls on the 1st of March), the son of a prince of Cardiganshire, was held in great veneration, being honored quite as highly in England as in his native country. For example, in an old Sarum Missal we find a special collect for his festival, concluding with the following words: "Grant unto us, we beseech Thee, O God, that, celebrating the memory of Thy blessed confessor St. David, we may by his intercession attain to joys everlasting."

The saint received his early education at Menevia, which in course of time became a seat of learning and the home of many holy men. Here he founded a monastic house, where the rule was kept with the most strict observance. And of David himself, we are told by Giraldus that "he was a mirror and pattern to all, instructing both by word and example; excellent in his preaching, but still more in his works. . . . A guide to the religious, a life to the poor, a support to orphans, a protection to widows, a father to the fatherless, a rule to monks, and a model to teachers,—becoming all to all, so that he might gain all to God." He died, at a very advanced age, about the year 544, and was buried in his own cathedral.

St. David's Day was long observed by our sovereigns. We read that Henry VII. gave £2 to be spent amongst Welshmen on the feast of their patron; and amongst the household expenses of the Princess Mary, for the year 1544, we find an entry of a gift of "fifteen shillings to the yeoman of the King's Guard for bringing a leek to her Grace on St. David's Day." Some authorities believe that the wearing of the leek on this day was to commemorate a great victory gained by the Welsh over the Saxons. Others again, like Shakespeare, suppose the custom to

have originated at the Battle of Crecy. But, however this may be, certain it is that the leek has ever been a particularly favorite vegetable with Welshmen. "They have gruell to potage," says Caxton, in his "Definition of Wales," "and leekes kynde to companage."

As Mid-Lent, or "Mothering Sunday," as it was sometimes called in old days, often occurs in March, a word about it may find place here. It would seem that the term "Mothering Sunday" arose from the practice, then general amongst youths and maidens, of visiting their parents and taking them some little present on this day,—such, for instance, as a cake or a trinket. In the northern parts of England and Scotland, steeped peas fried in butter, with pepper and salt, were made into a kind of pancake, called a "carling"; hence the local name of "Carling Sunday." Furmity—i. e., wheat boiled in sweet milk, sugared and spiced—was also a noticeable dish for Mid-Lent Sunday.

It may not be known to all that the initial number of the first English daily paper, entitled the *Daily Courant*, was published on March 11, 1702, by E. Mallet, "against the ditch at Fleet Bridge." But it soon afterwards passed into the hands of Samuel Buckley, "at the sign of the Dolphin, in Little Britain."

On March 12, we keep the feast of St. Gregory the Great, that holy Pope of whom it might truly have been said, "He hath a tear for pity and a hand open as day for melting charity"; for, with him, to succor the poor was the first of Christian virtues. "He relieved their necessities," we read, "with so much sweetness and affability as to spare them the confusion of receiving alms." He often entertained several at his own table; and, at the beginning of each month, distributed amongst them corn, wine, cheese, fish, meat, and oil. Authorities tell us that we owe to him that formula of the Pontiffs with which we are all so familiar in Papal Encyclicals—"Servant of the servants of God."

St. Patrick, Ireland's glorious patron, is too well known to need any description here. His name is dear to all Irish hearts, and lingers still in very many places both in England and Scotland. In the latter country we have Kilpatrick (the cell or church of Patrick); Portpatrick, and so on. In England, Patterdale (Patrick's Dale), in Westmoreland, is said to have been so called because he preached there, and founded the church of Kirkpatrick in Durham. In Wales we find *Sarn Cadrig* (Patrick's Causeway), which, covered now by the sea, forms a sand-bank in Caernarvon Bay; and *Llan-Cadrig* (Church of Patrick) in the isle of Anglesea; whilst as for the places called after him in the Erin he loved so well, they would almost fill a volume.

Maundy Thursday, or Holy Thursday, has, from the earliest ages of the Church, been marked by acts of humility and charity. Ecclesiastics of the highest dignity, from the Sovereign Pontiff downwards, as well as kings and nobles, have, in imitation of Our Lord, performed the ceremony of the washing of the feet; and in England it was customary for the king to have brought before him for this purpose the same number of poor men as the years of his own life. Having washed their feet himself, his "maunds"—consisting of meat, clothes, and money—were then distributed amongst them. We are not surprised to learn that the Protestant William of Orange "left the washing to his almoner"; in fact, James II. was the last English monarch who performed this rite with full ceremonial.

Of Cardinal Wolsey, when at Peterborough Abbey, in the year 1530, we read that "he made his maund in Our Lady's chapel, having fifty-nine poor men, whose feet he washed and kissed; and, after he had wiped them, he gave every one of the said poor men twelve pence in money, three ells of good canvas to make shirts, a pair of new shoes, a cast of red herrings, and three white herrings.

The Earl of Northumberland, about the

same period, would seem to have been exceedingly generous; for, besides a number of gifts to be distributed in the name of his wife and sons, he gave, on Maundy Thursday, "to each of as many poor men as he was years old, and one over, a gown with a hood, a linen shirt, a platter with meat, an ashen cup filled with wine, and a leathern purse containing as many pennies as he was years old, and one over."

It is curious to find, from old chronicles, that the last three days of March were called "Borrowed Days," owing to the popular notion that they were borrowed from April.

A Novelist on Devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

AN old friend, himself an author, has directed our attention to the following passages of "*Moribus Paternis*," a work of fiction published some time ago in Germany. It created a sensation among all classes of readers, and there is much speculation regarding its authorship.

* * *

"Only one who loves purity and strives after it can understand the holy emulation which springs up among the children of the Church when there is question of honoring the Blessed Virgin. Jesus, our highest good, the only hope of our souls, was presented to us by her. To redeem us, was God made man; to become man, He took Mary as His Mother. Therefore, after God, after Christ as the principal instrument of our redemption, she is the Cause of our Joy. God chose her and no one else, because in His sight she was the purest of all creatures. And Mary freely consented. 'Be it done to me according to thy word,' she replied to the heavenly messenger. Is not this choice of God a high, an unspeakable honor?

"Are we Catholics wrong in honoring Mary and doing her homage according to our powers? Are we not doing just what God Himself does? With all our efforts, can we possibly honor Mary as

the Almighty has honored her? If we took the most costly metals, the most precious jewels, to adorn the grandest temple of the world; if we celebrated the most solemn ceremonies with the music of the first masters, and invoked the aid of the best artists,—offered to Mary whatever we could produce or secure, would all this equal the honor which the Thrice-Holy has conferred on her in choosing her for His Mother? The teaching of our faith is clear: it tells the enemies of the Church that we do not adore her—that we do not offer her the supreme worship and sovereign honor which are due to God alone.

"But if the objection is made that in practice—in reality—our love of Mary oversteps all those bounds which the doctrine of the Church prescribes, let it be answered: 'You are mistaken, who display your ill-will toward so excellent, so amiable a Mother. We do not adore Mary, and yet we are incapable of offering that measure of homage which is due to so exalted a dignity as hers. We are far from reaching the bounds to which we might go. We are far from imitating God in our love and honor of Mary.'

"Can it be possible that there are some who would wish to love and serve Christ but who will not love His Mother? She is loved by Him above all creatures. To love Christ and not love what He loved! Not to honor her, the only one whom the Eternal Wisdom honored as she was honored! Not to be willing to do homage to her whom the Creator of heaven and earth obeyed with a childlike obedience! There are people who favor monuments and public honors to the heroes of unbelief and licentiousness, while they refuse every mark of external homage to the most faithful, the purest of creatures. Can such persons truly love their Saviour?

"The Blessed Virgin is honored and loved on account of her relationship to the Redeemer whom she brought into the world. Whosoever is zealous for her is zealous also for Christ."

Reputed and Real Ability.

FOR every ounce of genuine ability that is being actively exerted in the world at large or in the narrow sphere of one's individual environment, there is a pound, not to say a ton, of supposititious power, strength, or skill which is talked about but never shows itself, which is said to be merely latent but is in reality non-existent. If even a small minority of the innumerable persons who, according to their own or their friends' account, could do great things "if they only would," were actually to accomplish a few of the results supposedly within their competency, what a splendid addition would there not be to the sum of mankind's notable achievements! And if, on the other hand, men and women were credited with the ability to do merely the like of what they have already achieved, what an astonishing diminution would there not be in the bragging and boasting and vainglorious pretension now so common in the world around us!

Boasting does not, of course, always connote the absence of genuine ability in the boaster; but there is obviously a marked difference between talking about something one has really done and bragging of what one *could* do if only one wished to do it. Among men of approved ability there are, no doubt, some who are not entirely devoid of vanity; and even of these the world says, with Æschines, "Men of real merit, whose noble deeds we are ready to acknowledge, are yet not to be endured when they vaunt their own actions." As a rule, however, the greatest boasters are the smallest workers.

The most effective deceivers in this matter, however, are not the self-praisers, but the eulogizers of supposititious ability in others. We instinctively discount the pretensions of the man who "blows his own horn"; there is less reason to question the extravagant claims which our interlocutor puts forth in favor

of a third person. When A tells us that he himself could, if he wanted to do so, edit a better paper, write a better book, paint a better picture, make a better speech, or compose a better poem than B or C or D, we are apt to remember that "the empty vessel makes the greatest sound"; but when he gravely informs us that his friend E has a most "brilliant mind," is "a positive genius," possesses "talents of the highest order," could (were he only to exert himself) "achieve distinction in any field of endeavor," we can hardly deny the possibility that there may be something of truth underlying the extravagance of the assertions. It is patent folly on A's part, however, to expect either our individual self or people generally to accept his word as sufficient proof of the ability which he is praising.

The one test of genuine ability, as differentiated from the supposititious variety, is accomplishment. Proof not profession, performance not promise, is what the world demands before according its applause to those who seek it for themselves or others. In a general sense, no doubt, what men have done men may do; but, as regards any particular man, he can not truthfully claim, nor can his friends claim for him, the ability to do anything at all greater or more notable than what he has already achieved. However eloquent and insistent the protestations of one's friends as to the superiority of one's talents, an incredulous world will ask other credentials before accepting the estimate as accurate or just. "What has he done?" is the question; not "What *could* he do if he wished?"

One other remark: there is scarcely to be imagined a more puerile inanity than such an assertion as, "If Smith only had Brown's industry, he would leave Brown far behind in the race for wealth or fame"; for it is simply the statement of a self-evident truth: that, if Smith were not Smith but somebody else, he might accomplish things that are at present beyond his power of achievement.

Notes and Remarks.

The quartet of Catholic prelates—Bishops Muldoon, Schrembs, Hayes, and Russell—who constitute the administrative committee of the National Catholic War Council, evidently do not look upon the signing of the armistice as an indication that their usefulness has ceased or that their occupation is gone. In common with other judicious citizens, they are convinced that after-the-war problems are likely to prove as difficult of solution as was the eventual winning of the great world conflict. The concluding paragraph of the first of the committee's "Reconstruction Pamphlets" is a lucid exposition of the spirit in which the Council addresses itself to the solving of the various questions that are forcing themselves into practical politics, and is an earnest of the excellent work with which it is to supplement the splendid results which it has already achieved:

"Society," said Pope Leo XIII., "can be healed in no other way than by a return to Christian life and Christian institutions." The truth of these words is more widely perceived to-day than when they were written, more than twenty-seven years ago. Changes in our economic and political systems will have only partial and feeble efficiency if they be not reinforced by the Christian view of work and wealth. Neither the moderate reforms advocated in this paper nor any other program of betterment or reconstruction will prove reasonably effective without a reform in the spirit of both labor and capital. The laborer must come to realize that he owes his employer and society an honest day's work in return for a fair wage, and that conditions can not be substantially improved until he roots out the desire to get a maximum of return for a minimum of service. The capitalist must likewise get a new viewpoint. He needs to learn the long-forgotten truth that wealth is stewardship; that profit-making is not the basic justification of business enterprise; and that there are such things as fair profits, fair interest, and fair prices. Above and before all, he must cultivate and strengthen within his mind the truth which many of his class have begun to grasp for the first time during the war—namely, that the laborer is a human being, not merely an instrument of production;

and that the laborer's right to a decent livelihood is the first moral charge upon industry. The employer has a right to get a reasonable living out of his business, but he has no right to interest on his investment until his employees have obtained at least living wages.

"This," conclude the bishops, "is the human and Christian, in contrast to the commercial and pagan, ethics of industry." The latter accounts for most of our strikes, and has much to do with the spread of Bolshevism.

Any attempt to justify the moderate use of alcohol is apt to be regarded by Prohibitionists as advocacy of its use under all circumstances of life, and under every condition of existence. It is useless in most instances to assure the Prohibitionist that you reprobate as strongly as he does the drinking customs of the country; that you heartily approve of the action of those who, not needing alcohol, don't take it; that you haven't the slightest desire to see any healthy abstainer become a moderate drinker. If you venture to assert that "Use without Abuse" is the motto of all sensible people, he will quickly retort that the boundary line between moderation and abuse is thin, very thin,—which, by the way, is a matter of argument. But it is useless to argue in such circumstances: the best thing to do is to quote something *ad rem* from some acknowledged authority, like the eminent English medical scientist, Dr. Andrew Wilson, who, in answer to the question, "Should We Drink in Moderation?" thus refers to the total-abstainer: "If his contention is that we moderates form the class whence the drunkards recruit their strength, I should indignantly deny this in the first instance; and I should claim for the moderation of thousands, and for the plain, honest lives of these thousands, as high an excellence and virtue as can possibly exist in the case of abstainers. Is there not room enough, in all conscience, for both parties in the social state? No moderate man can disapprove of the life and ways of his

abstaining brother to whom alcohol is a danger or an offence. Why should not the abstainer return the compliment, and note that his non-abstaining brothers and sisters are in all likelihood as certain of the kingdom of heaven as he is?"

We had never thought of Cardinal Newman's influence being exerted in Scotland; but we find the Rev. Dr. Alexander Whyte, of Edinburgh, one of the foremost Scottish divines, quoted as saying to an interviewer: "Newman was one of the keenest thinkers and most devout men the world has had. We feel his influence in Scotland as much as they do in England. No thinker of the time has made so deep an impression. He, beyond all other men, has influenced the teachers and preachers who are moulding the thoughts of others." This from perhaps the ablest and most popular minister of Scotland, in whose library the works of Newman are conspicuous, and whose study is adorned with both a bust and a picture of the great Cardinal.

It would indeed be hard to estimate the influence that Newman has exerted on the world; but we feel confident that it has never been exaggerated, even by the most enthusiastic of his admirers. How few other contemporary writings besides his have gone on echoing in the minds of all classes of readers, and begetting from year to year new revolutions of thought and clearer and clearer visions of Christian conduct!

When one reads of such an organization as "The National League of Teacher-Mothers," one does not immediately associate it with reactionary tendencies,—with approval, for instance, of a bit of advice that has been long discredited in this progressive country of ours: to wit, Solomon's "Spare the rod and spoil the child." And yet Ella Frances Lynch, president of such a League at Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, actually harks back to the methods of an older time, and gives

this sane advice to the mother of an obstreperous child of three stormy summers: "Fits of temper can not be cured by words only. You will find that as a child grows older and stronger, an acquired bad habit strengthens. I know that many notable educationists oppose corporal inflictions. Many parents, to their lasting sorrow, have found out that this opposition is wrong. Psychologists and psychists have, within the past twenty-five years, wrought more damage to the American nation than can be mended within generations. Our statesmen and generals say that only stern military discipline, necessitated by this war, will save the nation. It is not kindness to allow children to cultivate habits that make for unhappiness. Check them at the first indication. Tell the child what to do. If he flies into a temper instead of obeying, use a little switch, or, what is most effective, a limber corset-steel. The physical sting is what the child needs as a counter-irritant."

Every practical, common-sense person who has had actual experience in managing young people will corroborate Miss Lynch's testimony. Oldtime schoolmasters no doubt often carried physical chastisement to excess, as did oldtime parents also; but absolute prohibition of corporal punishment is the adoption of a still worse extreme.

Speaking recently at a reunion of Catholics in Birmingham (England), Sir Bertram Windle laid stress on the patent duty of Catholics to acquire a working knowledge of their religion. The pertinency of his remarks transcends all geographical limits: they apply to American not less than to English members of the Church. Here, for instance, is a paragraph as timely as it is true for either side of the Atlantic:

I am here talking as a layman to laymen and laywomen; and I venture to say, from all my experience of thirty-six years, that for every one person who will ask a question with regard to our religion from a priest, a thousand will ask a layman. In my belief, you will find thousands of

soldiers coming back from the Front who have been brought into contact with Catholic realities, and they will say to their Catholic friends, "I wish you would explain to me such and such a thing I heard at the Front." If you can not do it, you are losing an opportunity. Supposing a person asks you, "Will you tell me exactly what is meant by Papal Infallibility?" Could you do it? You ought to be able to answer that question. Others will say: "What about this doctrine of the Immaculate Conception? What an astonishing thing it is that nobody heard about it till 1854!" Can you answer that conundrum? If you can not, you are losing an opportunity. Then there are other and more fundamental questions, such as: "What makes you think that your Church is the only true Church? Are not the others quite as good?" Can you answer that question? You may place yourself in the unenviable position of saying: "I do not know; that is always what I have been taught." That is not the position in which any Catholic should place himself.

Yet it is safe to be the position of a good many Catholics, and more especially of such as do not read Catholic books and do not even subscribe for Catholic papers. To be able to give a reason for the faith that is in us is an imperative duty and also a social accomplishment.

His Lordship Bishop Le Roy, of Equatorial Africa, one of the best known and most eminent of our missionary prelates, contributes to the opening number of the second half-century of the *Missions Catholiques* a very readable article—"Our Memories and Our Hopes." Characterizing our Lyons contemporary as the indispensable complement of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, he gives a summary of the paper's growth and splendid missionary work since its establishment, and declares that its golden jubilee should be marked by an effort more strenuous than ever to increase its circulation. As corroborating his own view, the Bishop quotes a far-seeing subscriber who writes to the editor of the *Missions*: "You should make an unparalleled propaganda to circulate your journal. There is no reading better calculated to fortify the Faith, while at the same time interesting, instructing, and doing good to

those who peruse it.... It is too often forgotten that works necessary for the Foreign Missions prove of marvellous efficacy in maintaining and developing the Christian life at home,—in animating the zeal and arousing the devotedness of our own flocks."

This last-mentioned point is especially well taken, and we commend serious reflection thereon to all who seek to justify their indifference to the work of the Propagation of the Faith and that of the Association of the Holy Childhood by the assertion that their own parish works engross both all their time and the sum total of their funds.

The young man about to enter college who announces his intention to "go in for athletics," had better go slowly, and "go in" for studies instead. The acquisition of knowledge should be the main purpose of a student, and the heads of educational institutions are supposed to second it by employing competent and energetic professors, providing laboratories, libraries, etc. As a rule, college presidents do not find it so necessary nowadays to encourage physical exercise as to foster the spirit of study. There is sure to be some member of the faculty, possibly more than one, to give any needed support to athleticism. But as professors thus disposed are apt to become "fans," it is well that students whose muscles are being developed at the expense of their brains should have occasional warning from outsiders of the dangers of athleticism, which lie in the trials so often made of one body testing its powers against another. Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, himself an ardent supporter of all good athletic exercises, writing in a publication for young men, thus explains the risk of athletic competition:

The organs that suffer most in athletic contests are those of the circulation, and here there are two sets to be considered: the one the heart, or central propelling and at the same time regulating organ; the other what is known as the peripheral surface, or that extreme surface into

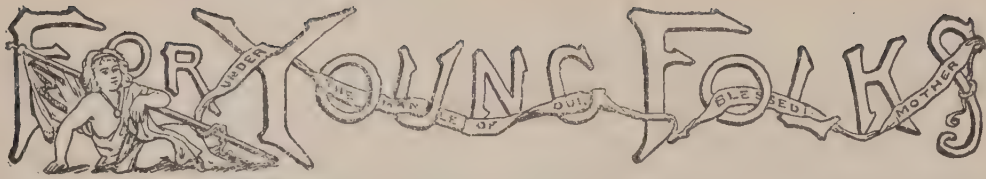
which the blood, propelled by the heart, is distributed through the final vessels of the circulation all over the extreme parts in which the nutrition of the body is carried on. To my observation, which is often taxed on these points, the heart is usually the first sufferer. Its work is great; it suffers from the direct task put upon it, and it suffers from impulses which are in their way mental in character. In all cases, the heart, which is a muscle, wants to be in accord with all the other muscles of the body that are taken into requisition, as well as with the nervous action which excites them into motion. If, in order to supply with sufficient blood the muscles that have to be competitively worked, it must itself overwork, then it becomes damaged in structure and in function. It becomes too large and powerful; it is one organ assisting many,—working for all that are demanded immediately, as well as for other organs which have to be kept regularly in play and in repair. Its openings or flood-gates become distended. Its valves go out of gear with the parts they have to defend; its muscular structure is over-developed, like the muscles of the blacksmith's arm or the dancer's leg; and, in time, it is worn out relatively, or it is too strong for its duty towards the delicate parts it supplies; or it wears out too rapidly, and becomes too weak. I have witnessed all these changes and all the damages that follow them, and I can not too earnestly call attention to them.

Concluding his warning, Sir Benjamin remarks: "If good physical exercise could be kept free of competition, it would be far better for the world at large. It is possible that it will, but we know not when the desire to excel will cease to be the one desire. It must come to an end by the very success of it in some far distant day; but meanwhile, though we cherish the desire, we ought to show some wisdom in the efforts, and apply the knowledge that we are constructed as working machines which possess but limited capacities,—capacities that will not be encroached upon by our follies."

Catholics throughout the British Empire are mourning the loss of two laymen of exceptional distinction,—Sir Mark Sykes and Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The former, still in the flower of his manhood—he had not completed his fortieth year,—had already achieved honorable fame both as a soldier

and an author. He served with distinction through the South African war, and later on rose to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. Death came to him in Paris, where he was serving as a member of the British delegation to the Peace Conference. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, as a distinguished Canadian, was better known to our readers and to the world generally. A veteran politician, and at times at least a veritable statesman, he was in the public eye for more years than were lived by Sir Mark. From 1871, when at the age of thirty he first entered politics, up to the day of his death, he was an acknowledged force in the Provincial Legislature of Quebec, and shortly afterwards in the Federal Parliament at Ottawa. When Edward Blake, in 1887, resigned the leadership of the Liberal party in Canadian politics, Sir Wilfrid was unanimously chosen as his successor, and he retained his position as leader for the remainder of his life. During the decade and a half from 1896 to 1911, he was Premier of the Dominion. It was on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee that he was made a member of the Imperial Privy Council and was knighted. Although in his seventy-eighth year, Sir Wilfrid was still, until a few weeks ago, an active worker, in the political field. The lesson of his life is, perhaps, that there is nothing incompatible in a man's being at the same time a patriotic French-Canadian and a loyal British subject. *R. I. P.*

A visitor to Constantinople before the war relates that the young Turk who showed him the Mosque of St. Sophia, formerly one of the most costly and beautiful churches in the world, declared that in the embellishments over what in the time of Constantine was the altar, there still appears the face of the Blessed Virgin; and that many other Christian figures are just whitewashed over, having been thus preserved; also that the great book carved in stone over a principal portico is the Bible.



The Poem Cynthia Made.¹

AUNTIE, my auntie, say what would you do
If a bright star fell down upon you?
You never have thought, so you really can't tell.
Well, this is what I'd do, if one on me fell:

I'd kneel down and pray to it, shining so bright;
For stars are God's lanterns He hangs out at night.
And then in a cupboard I'd put it away
And carefully keep it until the next day.

Then that star on a piece of soft satin I'd take,
Lean out of the window and shake it and shake,
And toss it away from me ever so high,
Until it was fitted back into the sky.

Buddy.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

IX.—AT THE FORGE.

THE forge rose a black shadow in the summer sunlight. It stood at the crossing of two roads, grass-grown now from disuse, that made their way, through the gloom of heavy pines, from the back country and the shore. It had been a busy place in the time of Hans' predecessor—forty or fifty years ago. The farmers came from miles around to have their horses shod, their wagon wheels tired, and their ploughshares mended; and lingered around to trade and bargain—and bet; while big Fritz, Hans' uncle, made the sparks fly from his anvil, and had a pleasant word in his broken English for all, both white and black.

But Hans, who took the place from the widow at his uncle's death a dozen years ago, never had the same "pull." He was glum and silent, and no one had liked

him very much from the first. Little by little his trade diminished, the railroad and the automobile cutting away the old-time needs, until the new garage and smithy on the river road left him with only a few faithful patrons, like the family at Maplewood. And one of these, Judge Jameson, had given him up this week; the story of the rusty nail adding the last blow to his tottering business.

But it made no difference now, he thought with fierce triumph this morning, as he blew his forge fire into a glow that seemed to match the sullen rage in his breast. These — Americans (he prefaced the name with an ugly word) could take their horses, their wagons, where they pleased: he had other work now,—work that would pay him a hundred, a thousand times more than any they could bring him,—rich and great beyond his wildest dreams.

Though the forge fire was only a faint, it must burn and glow, the anvil must ring, the sparks must fly, to hide this other work,—to let all passers-by see he was still honest Hans the blacksmith, whom no one could suspect. He must keep busy by day, even if it were only beating old bars of iron into new shape, that he might be free and safe to dig all night. So Herr Schreiner had warned him before they parted; so Hans was doing this morning, in grim ill humor at the useless toil, when there came a swift sound of horse's feet on the grassy road, and in another moment a clear young voice, that made his heart give a sudden leap, called his name:

"Hans, you'll have to come out and help me down! My leg is stiff yet."

Hans dropped his bellows and came out, blinking like an old owl, into the sunlight, where Master Roger Kent Reeves, apparently none the worse for his late

¹ Cynthia's "pome" is word for word what she said to me; it is only arranged in verse.—M. W.

mishap, was reining up the pawing Dandy.

"Just let me lean on your shoulder, and I can get down," continued the visitor, suiting the action to the word. "Mammy Lindy made a lot of fuss about it, but I coaxed mamma to let me out, though my ankle isn't quite all right yet. Gee, that was a bad tumble I had into that swamp-hole! I'll never forget it, nor how good you were to pull me out and carry me home. Now, if you'll just fling Dandy's bridle over the hitching post, I'll come in and see you, Hans."

And as the visitor limped into the forge and scrambled with some difficulty to his favorite three-legged stool, the darkness seemed to brighten, as if a sunbeam had strayed into the firelit glow. For Master Roger Kent Reeves was looking his fairest this morning. Mamma and Mammy Lindy still held him in watchful care, that rendered the patched corduroys and bare legs, of freer wanderings, impossible. He wore the soft white flannel suit that his convalescence demanded, and the white tennis shoes that his injured limb required; and the ruddy tan of his round cheek had somewhat paled, and the brown eyes were a little shadowed, for six days' retirement from active life on a "chaise lounge" will tell even on a lively boy of twelve and a half. With the golden brown locks, out of which no amount of barbering could take the curl, peeping out under his riding cap, Master Roger Kent Reeves certainly made a radiant picture against the dusky background of the forge.

"Why did you hurry away the other night before mamma and Rick could thank you for bringing me home?" he asked.

"Bah, it was nothing,—nothing!" said Hans, roughly. "We will not talk about it."

"But that's what I've come for this morning," laughed Buddy.

"Eh, why—what for?" queried Hans, nervously.

"Oh, I know you don't think you

did much!" continued the visitor. "But that is because you're my friend, Hans. Rick says I must have been a big load for you; and mamma thinks so, too; and she wants you to know how we—we—appreciate it." The speaker had paused for a moment, that he might quote mamma correctly.

"What's that?" asked Hans, still guiltily suspicious of mamma's and Rick's friendliness.

"That means," explained Buddy, "that they like you, and know what a kind thing you did, and how—how heavy I must have been for you, Hans. If it had been Buck Raney or Joe Williams, Rick would have paid them for their trouble; but you are my friend, and didn't want any pay, mamma knew."

"Nein, nein!" said Hans, dully comprehending. "I want no pay,—no pay at all. I will take no money,—none."

"That is what I said, and what mamma said, too. But a present isn't pay, Hans. Friends give each other presents—rings and scarf-pins and—and prayer-books, and all sorts of things. And so, because you are my friend, I have brought this present to you."

And Buddy pulled out a red morocco case from the pocket of his blouse and presented it to Hans, who only stared at it without touching it.

"What is it? I do not understand," asked Buddy's friend, regarding the offering as if he feared it might explode. "You mean something is in the box for—what?"

"Look and see," said Buddy gleefully, slipping it into the grimy hand. "Press this little spring now,—see?"

"Himmel!" gasped Hans. "It is—a watch!"

A watch indeed! And such a watch,—of glistening, gleaming, shining silver (or its prototype), the Goddess of Liberty holding her guiding torch on one side, the Stars and Stripes wrought in clear design upon the other, the whole cushioned gorgeously upon blood-red velvet. The Liberty Watch, created to fill a popular and

patriotic demand for a ten-dollar timepiece, was, as Rick had declared in viewing his brother's purchase, a "horological wonder."

"And it keeps fine time," said the donor. "If it doesn't, why, you send it back and get another. All you have to do, Hans, is to wind it right here at the stem once every day, and keep it going forever."

"All I have to do—all—I have to do," repeated Hans in bewilderment. Then as the astonishing truth began slowly to make its way through the rather heavy convolutions of his brain: "You mean—you mean this watch is for *me*?"

"Why, yes, *of course* it is for you," laughed Buddy, joyously. "I bought it with my own money that I had in my Christmas bank, for you, Hans."

"For *me*?" said Hans. "You bought it with your own money, out of your own bank for me,—a watch like this, for me? *Nein, nein, nein*, I can not take it, little boy! *Nein, nein!* It is too much,—too much!"

"Oh, no, it isn't,—it isn't at all!" said Buddy, as Hans tried to put the watch back in his hand. "You'll hurt my feelings if you don't take this present, Hans,—when I sent away off to New York and bought it with my own money. Don't you like to have a watch, Hans? I thought it would be so nice for you to keep in your pocket and tell you when it is time to stop work."

"When it is time to stop work," repeated Hans, startled. "It will tell me that, you say,—when it is time to stop work?"

"It is a liberty watch, you see," went on Buddy, feeling the various merits of his gift required explanation. "That's the Goddess of Liberty on this side, just as it stands in New York harbor, where the ships come in with people from all the other countries where they are not treated right, like they are here."

"Not treated right like they are here!" echoed Hans, dully.

"No; of course they wouldn't come over here if they were," said Buddy, with conclusive logic. "And Rick says

the first thing they see is Liberty holding up her light to them, like she was saying, 'Come on,—come on! There is room for all. Come into this New World and be happy and free.' And on this other side," continued Buddy, deftly turning the watch the owner held in his outstretched hand,— "you know what that is, Hans,—the Flag, your Flag, my Flag,—Old Glory,—the Stars and Stripes that makes everybody happy and free. Now, aren't those fine things to be on a watch?"

"Fine, yes," said Hans, who seemed capable only of echoes. "Now, it is all too fine, too grand for me."

"Well, maybe it is when you have your leather apron on and are at work," conceded Buddy. "But you can put it on Sundays when you dress up and go to church."

"Church!" There was a grimmer, harder note in Hans' tone. "I go to no church! Bah, no, little boy,—never."

"You *never* go to church,—not to *any* church, Hans?" asked Buddy in dismay.

"No, not now,—never," was the answer.

"O Hans! I thought maybe you were a Baptist or Methodist, or—something! Didn't you ever, *ever* go to church, Hans?"

"Yes," answered Hans, slowly; "long, long ago,—so long I forget."

"And—and don't you ever say prayers, or anything like that, Hans?"

"Prayers,—me say prayers! For what?" asked Hans, stolidly.

Here was missionary work indeed. Though new in the field, Buddy forgot the watch for a moment, in the wider interest.

"Oh, I thought everybody said prayers, even Tobe! And didn't anybody ever teach you anything about God and heaven, Hans?"

The hard, heavy, almost brutal face softened, lightened for a moment.

"My mother sometimes, yes,—my mother, who died when I was little,—a very little boy. But—but I think no more of that now. I know nothing. I had no school, no book. There was only the

red fire, the hammer, the horse's hoof, for big, dull Hans. Pouf! what matter?" A sudden gleam came into the speaker's eyes. "I will be a rich man yet, little boy."

"Oh, I don't know, Hans! I'm afraid you'll never get rich shoeing horses, unless—unless" (the speaker's face brightened) "they bring you all the horses from the camp. They have a lot of them there. And Rick says the Government is going to put up a bridge at Denhams' while the soldiers are here, so as to open this side of the river for them. I'll ask Rick if he can get you all the horses from the camp—"

"No, don't!" interrupted Hans, hastily. "I want no business with the camp, little boy,—none, none. I have enough to do,—enough, plenty."

"Oh, have you, Hans? I'm so glad!" said Buddy, happily. "I was afraid that maybe you hadn't." And Hans' visitor cast a glance around the forge, which certainly gave no sign of business activity.

"I go out," said Hans, pausing to mingle fact and fiction in his dull speech. "I mend things for the farmers who can not come."

"Wheels and wagons and ploughs?" suggested Buddy. "I guess that pays you fine, Hans."

"But—but I shoe your pony, all the same," said Hans, hurriedly. "Always in the evening I am here to shoe the horses, and I know your pony's foot. I shoe him right, little boy."

"Good, Hans! I am sure of that," said Buddy; "and I wouldn't take Dandy anywhere else, you bet! Now I must go home. I promised mamma to come right back as soon as I gave you the watch. And you'll keep it, Hans, because you are my friend and pulled me out of the swamp-hole, and carried me safe home, and were so good to me that I can never, never forget."

"Ach!" said Hans huskily, as Buddy got on his feet again with some difficulty. "Your leg, it hurts still, little boy."

"Oh, not much! It's a little bit stiff,

Hans,—that's all. But, gee, just think what might have happened! Why, I might have been left in that swamp-hole all night."

Left indeed,—and how—how? And at Buddy's words such a picture rose before Hans' dull, slow mind that the blood chilled in his sluggish veins as he helped his little visitor to mount the waiting Dandy, and ride blithely away, leaving his "friend" to stand motionless for a moment, staring at the liberty watch he held in his grimy hand.

"For me!" he muttered under his breath. "Because I was so good to him, he bought this watch for me! *Mein Gott!*"

(To be continued.)

The Ten Fairies.

BY HARRIETTE WILBUR.

THERE was once a young girl named Elsie, who was good and bright and sweet and loving, and whose pleasant, winning ways made friends for her wherever she went. But, as she was the only child of her fond parents, she had been spoiled to such an extent that she never worked with her hands at all. She had always obediently and regularly attended school, and had made good progress in her studies; but that was her only task. Whenever she was not in school, she was enjoying herself with her friends.

So, although Elsie knew much about books, and how to have a good time, she heartily disliked housework, and the many little tasks connected with keeping a home in order. In fact, she knew little about it, having had no experience whatever with broom and dust-cloth and frying-pan. Perhaps the parents themselves did not know just how helpless Elsie was about the house, until one summer Mrs. Rowe was called away suddenly to take care of a sick sister.

It was the first time Elsie had ever been left alone with the housework; and, although she knew her mother was always busy—overseeing the maid, or

darning linen and hosiery, or preparing some dainty dish,—at heart Elsie thought her mother did a lot of useless bustling about, and that a well-managed house ought to take care of itself.

The first day or two things did go pretty well, but soon Elsie found that a house will not stay in order by itself, and that it is even more powerless to put itself in order. Papers collected on tables and chairs; there was a film of dust on the piano; the kitchen floor showed tracks and grease spots; the meals became make-shifts; the table linen needed changing, and the silver needed polishing. Altogether the house suddenly took on a wofully disordered and neglected appearance; and her father more than once frowned at having to wait for his breakfast, or finding a hole in the heel of his sock, or discovering that his supply of pocket-handkerchiefs had run out and the week's ironing was not done.

One noon he came home for lunch, to find Elsie reading in the sitting-room, and the maid reading in the kitchen, and nothing ready for him.

"How is this? No lunch ready? Why, Elsie, is this the way to keep house? Everything topsy-turvy, and meals late every day!"

"O father dear!" exclaimed Elsie, closing her book and springing to her feet, but yawning drowsily behind her hand. "I forgot all about lunch. I'll go right out and see what I can find—"

"You will find the maid reading and the breakfast dishes unwashed and not a thing in the house to eat. Ah, Elsie, that is not at all as your mother manages! How long do you suppose we would have a home if I did the same way about my business?"

"I am sorry, father. But I will hurry and—"

"But I have no time to wait. I'll eat down-town this time. But I do hope that by this evening you can have a decent meal on the table, and at the proper time. And try to get some of this dust and

these papers cleared away. The house looks anything but homelike and attractive."

When her father was gone, Elsie threw herself down on the couch, feeling very depressed and sorry because he was so much disappointed in her. Soon she began to cry.

"Oh, dear, dear! What a pity I am so ignorant and useless! Oh, if I were only like mother, busy and capable! How is it that she always succeeds in having the work so well in hand? Oh, if I only had some good fairies to help me, or to show me how, perhaps—"

She stopped in surprise; for a tall man, wrapped in a great mantle, stood before her. Who he was or whence he came Elsie had not a thought, and could only stare at him in wonder.

"Now, my child, what ails you? Why do you cry?" he asked kindly.

And, "because," he seemed so wise and good, Elsie lost all fear of him, and told him her troubles.

"I am crying because my father is disappointed in me. I can not keep the housework going smoothly, and it makes him feel very bad. I know I am ignorant and incapable. The maid idles her time away instead of working; everything is disorderly, and meals are never ready. Oh, if I only had some good fairies to help me!"

"Well," answered the stranger, "since you so feel the need of them, you shall have them."

He opened his mantle, and ten little fairies sprang from it, like so many snow-flakes falling from a cloud, and stood before her in a row. They were odd little creatures, and seemed ready for work; for each one was dressed in a neat print gown, with a cap on her head and a utensil of some sort in her hand. One had a broom, another a dust-cloth, another a spoon; and all smiled upon her and waved their utensils promisingly.

"There," said the stranger,—"there are your new servants. They are faithful and industrious, and will do the house-

work for you, and lighten your labor. But, as everyone would wonder very much to see them bustling about the house, I will hide them for you, so that no one can see them, and you will do well to keep it a secret. Instead of telling about them, let them reveal themselves in their busy, helpful, useful ways. I am Industry, and have many such fairies in my service, and these ten I shall give you for your very own. Hold out your hands, my child."

Elsie stretched out her small, white, idle fingers; and the magician touched each one in turn, on both hands, saying: "Thumb, index finger, middle finger, ring finger, little finger!—Prepare to receive your guests. Fairies, take your places."

Immediately the ten little fairies sprang upon Elsie's lap; and, to her astonishment, they disappeared, one after another, in her fingers. She sat up in amazement, and looked at the stranger to thank him. But he, too, had disappeared.

Elsie rubbed her eyes and looked again. No, there was not a sign of the stranger or the ten fairies. Then she spread out her fingers before her and stared at them. Really, they looked just as before; and if the fairies were actually hidden therein, they had disappeared so completely that not even Elsie herself could see a trace of them.

But soon her fingers all began to twitch impatiently. Remembering how the ten fairies had stood there, restlessly waving their brooms and spoons and dust-cloths, as if anxious to go to work, Elsie laughed outright. They were really there, after all, and were urging her to set them to work. She no longer yawned or rubbed her eyes sleepily. She felt a real desire to get at that disorderly room.

"Mary!" she called, as she sprang to her feet. "Come, let's set things to rights at once."

For the next few hours she went flying here and there, setting things to rights, and directing the maid's work, until at last things were as neat as could be. Her hands now felt so agile, her fingers were so

deft, that the work went gaily on; and when the maid saw Elsie so busy, she was quite ashamed of the way she had idled, and went at her own tasks as willingly as though Mrs. Rowe herself were there to guide her.

From that day Elsie had no more trouble with the housework. The ten fairies were untiring, and as faithful as the stranger had said. Elsie had only to see a task that needed to be done, or even to think of one, and the fairies in her fingers would twitch and hop until she took them to the work.

Her father never failed to praise her each day he came home to the neat house and dainty meals; and when her mother returned at the end of a month's absence, he said proudly:

"Elsie can do everything so well and so quickly! She is so deft and spry about her tasks that I almost suspect her of having fairies in her fingers."

Elsie smiled to herself when she heard these words. But she could not keep the secret for long. The fairies betrayed themselves by their busy ways, as the stranger had foretold; and for the rest of her life Elsie was noted for her skill as a housekeeper, and often her neighbors said to one another:

"I really believe she has ten fairies in her fingers!"

A Wise Warning:

Whenever Benjamin Franklin saw any one receive a mortification from carrying his head too high, he used to relate this story of his young days: "When I was once leaving the library of Dr. Mather, at Boston, by a narrow passage, in which a beam projected from the roof, the Doctor suddenly called out, 'Stoop! stoop!' Before I obeyed the warning, my head struck sharply against the beam; when my old friend remarked, 'You are young, and have the world before you: stoop as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps.'"

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"High Speed in Typewriting," by A. M. Kennedy and Fred Jarrett, consists of a series of advanced lessons intended to develop expertness in the operation of the standard keyboard typewriter. Published by Isaac Pitman's Sons. Price, \$1.

—A Mass in honor of St. Elizabeth, for mixed voices, with organ accompaniment, composed by P. A. Kaufer, has the approval of the Church Music Commission of the diocese of Seattle. Its simplicity and directness are commendable features, and it will fit within the range of any choir of moderate capacity. The Kaufer Co., Seattle, Wash. Price, 80 cents.

—The "Australasian Catholic Directory for 1919," compiled and edited by the Rev. Peter J. Murphy, St. Mary's Cathedral, Sydney, is one of the best reference books of its kind that we know of. The reports which it contains having been furnished by the prelates themselves, it is thoroughly reliable; and no pains seem to have been spared to render the information about the different dioceses as correct as possible and as complete as the limits of the volume would permit. For orderly arrangement and convenience of reference, not to speak of other excellent features, this directory is a model.

—The S. P. C. K. has brought out (in its Translations of Christian Literature Series) a new English version of "The Octavius of Minucius Felix," with explanatory notes, by J. H. Freeze. The date of the work is uncertain, the possible limits being A. D. 160-250. Of the author, a Roman lawyer, there is little that can be asserted with confidence. But the "Octavius," as literature, can speak for itself; in its original it has always been admired as a piece of polished argument, cast into the form of a conversation consisting of two set speeches, delivered by friends, one a pagan and the other a Christian, in the presence of a third friend, the writer; and resulting in the conversion of the pagan to the new religion.

—A contributor to one of the New York dailies deplores the fact that we have no such thing as indelible ink,—nothing in the way of a writing fluid that will endure for even a couple of centuries. Our Constitution has faded until it is hardly decipherable. It is preserved in a sealed casket, in a darkened vault, in an effort to prevent it from becoming blank. By all means, let the very best ink obtainable, even though "made in Germany," be used upon the treaty of peace that is to be signed,—that is if

it is worth preserving. It ought to be possible to produce a writing fluid as good as the ink used by the early printers. We have in our possession an encyclopedia, printed twelve years before the discovery of America, that can still be easily read. No page is missing, and the binding is strong enough to last for as many more centuries.

—Two twelvemo brochures of exceptional importance and interest to priests and seminarians have come to us from the Librairie Victor Lecoffre, Paris,—"*Etudes de Liturgie et d'Archéologie Chrétienne*," and "*Leçons sur La Messe*," the latter being a second edition. The author of both books is Mgr. Pierre Batiffol, who is generally recognized as an authority on the subjects discussed in these volumes,—subjects which, as our Gallic friends are wont to put it, he has made his own.

—The distinction between Christ and all others who have ever spoken to the hearts and souls of men is finely put in a letter of Browning's which we came across for the first time last week, well known as it may be to some of our more bookish readers. After quoting the familiar saying of Napoleon, "I am an understander, a reader of men, and I tell you that Christ was more than a man," Browning relates that one night a group of literary men were discussing how they would feel if suddenly the great men of the past entered the room. "And if Shakespeare entered?" said some one to Charles Lamb, "what then?"—"We should all rise," said Lamb.—"And if Christ?"—"We should all kneel," he replied, reverently bowing his head as he spoke.

—The average Catholic moralist is not prone to dilate on the advantages of novel-reading, or to list it among the beneficent activities of a normal Catholic life. He is inclined, rather, to emphasize the risk of allowing a taste for novels to enervate one's intellectual life, to say nothing of its encroaching on time that could, and should, be more profitably employed. It is the old, old story of the use of a good thing and its abuse. Of one of the uses of novels, a writer in *The Month* (New Zealand) observes: "A very wise and kind Catholic nurse told me once that she sighed with relief when she came upon a woman patient who had the faculty of losing herself in a book, instead of lying fretting over petty household cares and the bigger anxieties which beset us all nowadays, and thus hindering her recovery. And at the end of the day, when the children are in bed, and the meals are over and done

with, and one is too tired, physically and mentally, for anything more strenuous, it is wonderful what half an hour with an old favorite, Dickens or Scott, will do, in smoothing out the day's worry creases. We have all heard of the dangers of novel-reading, and most of us have felt at some time or other the reality of that danger, and its insidious power, when abused, of sapping the very foundations of character. Let us not ignore the legitimate uses of a novel to a weary woman, nor its power of taking her mind off the grinding details of domestic work."

—"Doctor Danny," by Ruth Sawyer (Harper & Brothers), is a new collection of fifteen Irish stories, reprinted from American magazines. While each tale is of independent interest, the aggregate furnishes a fairly complete version of what the publishers style "Doctor Danny's own story, glimpses of which we saw in 'Herself, Himself, Myself,'" one of the author's former books. Readers familiar with Ruth Sawyer's work do not need to be reminded that her Irish stories are typically and essentially Celtic in tone, sympathy, and even in literary artistry. She has caught the very spirit of the oldtime *seannachie*; and lovers of Irish folklore, as well as admirers of Irish heroism in common life, will delight in these tales. The book is a twelvemo of 411 pages. Price, \$1.35.

Some Recent Books.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no book-seller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Essays in Occultism, Spiritism, and Demonology." Dean W. R. Harris. \$1.
- "Patriotism in Washington's Time." P. J. Byrne, M. D. \$1.50.
- "Life of Pius X." F. A. Forbes. \$1.35.
- "Marriage Legislation in the New Code of Canon Law." Very Rev. H. A. Ayrinhac, S.S., D.D. \$2.
- "Letter to Catholic Priests." Pope Pius X. 50 cts.
- "Spiritual Exercises for Monthly and Annual Retreats." Rev. P. Dunoyer. \$2.35.
- "The Parables of Jesus." Rev. P. Coghlan, C. P. \$1.10.
- "The Sad Years." Dora Sigerson. \$1.25.

- "A Handbook of Moral Theology." Rev. A. Koch, D. D.—Mr. Arthur Preuss. \$1.50.
- "The Bedrock of Belief." Rev. William Robison, S. J. \$1.25.
- "Ireland: Its Saints and Scholars." J. M. Flood. 75 cts.
- "The Hand of God." Rev. Martin Scott, S. J. \$1, postage extra.
- "Pastor Halloft." \$1.50.
- "Armenia and the War." A. P. Hacobian. 50 cts.
- "The Future Life." Rev. Joseph C. Sasia, S. J. \$2.50.
- "His Luckiest Year." Rev. Francis Finn, S. J. \$1.
- "His Only Son." Rev. William F. Robison, S. J. \$1.25.
- "The Heart of Alsace." Benjamin Vallotton. \$1.50.
- "The Mystical Life." Dom S. Louismet, O. S. B. \$1.10, postage extra.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

- Rev. Stephen Osdober, S. J.
- Brother Augustine, C. S. C.
- Sister M. Sophia, of the Sisters of Loretto;
- Sister M. Irminius, Sisters I. H. M.; Sister M. Stanislaus and Sister M. Frances, Congregation of Notre Dame.
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- Mr. Charles Miller, Mr. James Campbell, Mr. John Driscoll, Mr. Walter Phelan, Mrs. Anna Sloan, Mr. John McGrath, Mrs. Henry Smith, Mr. Albert Watson, Mr. James Ford, Dr. Henry Wall, Mrs. Mary Sartori, Mr. Edward Foley, Mr. Thomas Foley, Mr. Jacob Reisser, Mr. Patrick Whelan, Mrs. Ann Mason, Mrs. Margaret Ramon, Mr. James McCarthy, Mr. Luke Croghan, Mr. W. R. Jackson, Mr. Albert Wolfe, Mr. FitzHugh Lee, Mrs. Alice Lee, Mrs. Sarah Cromer, Mr. T. P. McGown, Mrs. B. Garahy, Mr. William Bowles, Mrs. Eva Bowles, Mr. John O'Leary, Mr. Ignatius Glorius, Mr. Charles Tomlinson, Mrs. Mary Casey, Miss Hazel Reed, Mr. Edward Coe, and Mr. William Dunlap.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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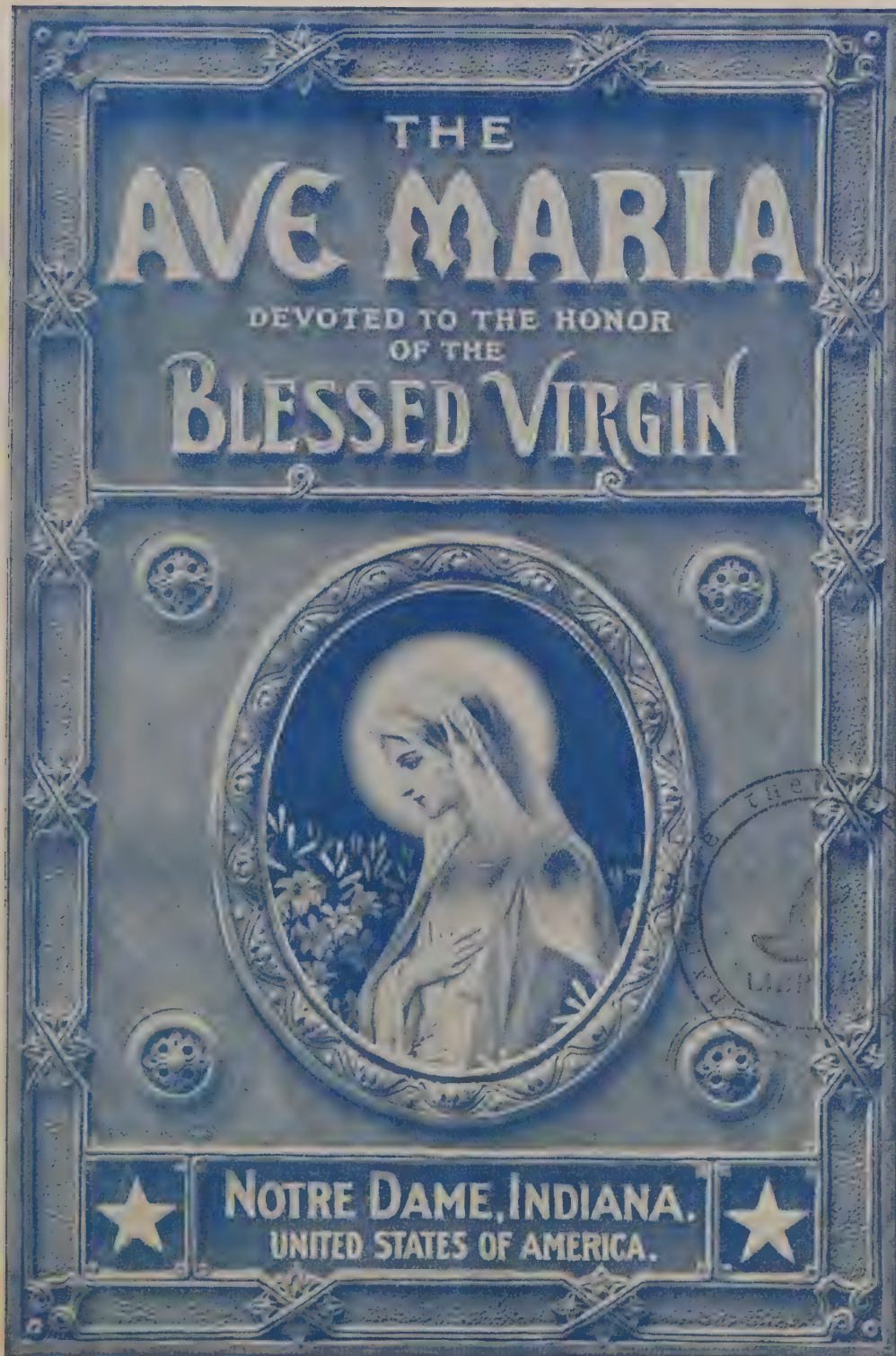
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Entered as second-class matter at Notre Dame, Indiana. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103. Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on June 25, 1918. American News Co.; Gill & Son; Burns and Oates; Catholic Book Depot, Fort, Bombay; Sydney, N. S. W., Louis Gille & Co.; Melbourne, Australia, William P. Linehan.

FOREIGN

\$3 (12s 6d)

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii 34.

SATURDAY, 22.—St. Catherine of Sweden, V. St. Catherine of Genoa, W.	WEDNESDAY, 26.—St. Ludger, B.
SUNDAY, 23.—Third of Lent. St. Victorian, M. St. Ethelwald, C.	THURSDAY, 27.—St. John Damascene, C. D. St. Nicodemus, M. St. Rupert, B. C.
MONDAY, 24.—St. Simon, M. St. Hildelid, V.	FRIDAY, 28.—St. John Capistran, C.
TUESDAY, 25.—Annunciation of the B. V. M.	SATURDAY, 29.—SS. Jonas and Comp's, MM. St. Eustasius, Ab. St. Berthold, C.

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THE ANNUNCIATION (Bouguereau).



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. IX. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 22, 1919.

NO. 12

[Published every Saturday. Copyright, 1919: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

The Annunciation.

A Hymn of the Primitive Church (Hæc illa solemnis dies).

TRANSLATED BY THE REV. J. CHANDLER.

THIS is the day, the solemn day,
Which God appointed to convey
Such news as made our sorrows cease,—
Glad news of mercy and of peace.

Our parents' guilt, our parents' fall,
To certain death consigned us all:
From certain death mankind to save,
His only Son Jehovah gave.

Yes! He who was th' Eternal's Son
Ere time had yet its course begun,
Our life of pain and weakness bore,
Nor did the Virgin's womb abhor.

He took on Him our mortal state,
That He might bear the sinner's fate:
That so His blood, in ransom given,
Might take away the wrath of Heaven.

Yes! He, the infinite great God,
In human flesh a while abode:
That we might high in glory dwell,
He came as our Immanuel.

Redeemer of the world, to Thee
All praise and glory rendered be;
And to the Father, King of Heaven,
And Holy Ghost, all praise be given.

No laborious travels are needed for the devout mind; for it carries within it Alpine heights and starlit skies, which it may reach with a moment's thought, and feel at once the loneliness of nature and the magnificence of God.

—James Martineau.

The One Way to World-Peace.

BY J. GODFREY RAUPERT, K. S. G.



I may, I presume, be asserted without exaggeration that there has never been a period in the history of the world when there existed so great and apparently hopeless a state of disorder in human life as at the present time. In whatever direction we may look and from whatever viewpoint we may regard matters, we are face to face with problems and complications, the solution of which seems almost beyond human power and ingenuity. And we realize in our inmost souls that, however earnestly we may talk of, and hope for, peace as the outcome of the recent and fierce conflict, all those elements out of which alone a solid and lasting peace, in any sphere of human activity, can be constructed, are lacking.

Everywhere the passions and ambitions and temporal interests of individuals and of nations are in operation; and few of those pondering the various passing events of the times can escape the conviction that any peace ultimately resulting from the present Conferences will in the end be based upon physical power and the force of arms. And the entire history of the world proves that such a peace has never yet been, and is therefore never likely to be, a permanent one. As a result, thoughtful minds, it seems to me, are literally driven to seek for the solution of the gigantic world-problem in an entirely

different direction, and to emphasize principles which lie at the root of all true human progress and well-being, but which the present strife of conflicting interests and the inherent blindness of the human heart are only too apt to ignore and to brush aside.

Now, if the history of mankind teaches us any truth at all, it is most certainly the fact that a true and enduring peace, both in the individual life and in the wider life of communities and of nations, must have its source in the *supernatural* and not in the natural order. It is the elementary and fundamental claim of the Christian religion, and the very first note which it sounded on its entrance into human life. Without the acceptance of, and obedience to, *divine* laws and authorities, man, however advanced and educated he may consider himself to be, remains the slave and prey to his lower and temporal desires and cravings, and is incapable of acting rightly and justly either towards himself or towards his fellowman. The experience of the past four years has surely shown how fatally the highest intellectual culture can be perverted and misused if it be not directed by higher motives and to lawful ends. "We have no evidence," wrote Herbert Spencer, "that education, as commonly understood, is a preventive of crime." It is a recognized obligation and duty to a *divine* authority, outside of and apart from himself, and carrying with it weighty and eternal responsibilities, that can alone restrain man and cause him to regulate his life and actions by true and right motives.

But if this principle be admitted to be a true one, does it not logically follow that the existing and daily increasing world-disorder is due to the circumstance that, for the vast majority of men, this constraining divine law and authority no longer exists, and that "they have become laws unto themselves"? And this again is due to the painful but obvious fact that the belief in the divinity of Christ,

and in the reality of that supernatural world-order which Christ disclosed, has lost its hold upon mankind, and that, to all intents and purposes, the world has slipped back into paganism.

It can not serve any practical purpose to deceive ourselves on this point. The various thought-movements which our age has brought into being have one striking and manifest characteristic. However much they may differ in their individual specific teachings, they are all agreed that "the Christ of love" must be substituted for the Christ of the Gospel who pronounces vengeance and judgment upon the disobedient and unrepentant sinner, and that the authority with which He speaks is a human authority rather than a divine one. All the bonds which have hitherto held society together under one all-constraining law have thus gradually become unloosed and man has drifted he himself scarcely knows whither.

The utter and hopeless confusion in Christian thought outside the Catholic Church, the methods that have to be resorted to in order to fill the churches, are surely striking evidence of this fact. The God whom Christ came to reveal has thus become a kind of complacent personage, who views the doings of men with forbearance and compassion, and obedience to whose laws is a matter of purely individual choice and inclination. And what is this but a thinly-veiled paganism, and a deliberate ignoring, not only of the numerous emphatic utterances of Christ Himself but of the manifest characteristics and tendencies of our human nature and the testimony of the normal and unperverted human conscience?

Christ came to call sinners to repentance, and to impose upon man a binding law in the spiritual order, obedience to which was not to be a matter of personal choice and inclination, but an obligation involving the gravest possible temporal and eternal responsibilities. And the authority with which He spoke was that of God and not of man. No sane man, who reads the

Gospels even superficially, can possibly deny this. Indeed, the words of Christ contain far more threatenings of the wrath of God than assurances of His compassion and love. And, however attractive to man's nature the presentation of the purely human Christ may be, such a Christ possesses no binding power or authority in the moral order, and obedience to Him and to His laws becomes a purely optional matter. By the natural and well-known processes of thought, such an authority is progressively set aside, threats of vengeance and of punishment are disbelieved or ignored, and man once more becomes free to pursue and to gratify all his unlawful desires and cravings in the temporal order.

The conditions, therefore, which we are witnessing to-day, and before which we are standing appalled, the fearful state of disorder and confusion prevailing in human life, are the necessary and inevitable outcome of this process of thought; and I, for one, am profoundly convinced that peace in any sphere of human activity is impossible and unthinkable so long as the world does not recognize this fact, and return to its allegiance to the Divine Christ. Without the clear sense of a higher responsibility and of a divine law binding the soul in the moral order, the most earnest and elaborate peace efforts will most surely prove to be mere tinkering, and they will beyond doubt again come to grief.

It must be clear, therefore, to the reflecting mind that the first truth to be restored and brought home to the human heart is *the divinity of Jesus Christ*,—the fact that He spoke and speaks with the authority of God, and that the laws which He enunciated are laws rigidly and unfailingly binding on the soul and the conscience. It must be demonstrated beyond the possibility of contradiction that without this belief, the modern man is a pagan, however successfully he may conceal this fact from himself or veil it under ingenious and high-sounding phrases.

We must, then, in the first place, not merely make the modern man intimately acquainted with the plain teachings of the New Testament, as well as the history and unvarying doctrine of the Historic Church, and the unspeakable sacrifices made by the best and most enlightened of men in all ages in the defence of this truth, but we must denounce as crimes against humanity all those attempts of the many pseudo-apostles of our day to obscure it or to reason it away by subtle sophistry. We ourselves must confess it and profess it in season and out of season, and avoid the very appearance of anything approaching compromise with modern thought.

It is surely a manifest and fundamental error to maintain that divine truth may legitimately be modified and accommodated to the passing fancies and philosophies of men, and that what is true in one age is not necessarily true in another. A more untenable and illogical mode of reasoning can not possibly be conceived. All accurate thinking must surely lead to the inference that if divine truth has been disclosed at all, it is truth for all times and for all orders of mind; and that its aim and mission are not to subject itself to the passing ideas and philosophies of particular nations, but to subject all the nations to it, and in every age and to every nation to declare unfalteringly "the whole counsel of God."

We must, secondly, and on the ground of Christ's plain statements, emphasize the law of judgment and of hell,—the unfailing and eternal punishment awaiting the man who knows but ignores and defies the spiritual law imposed upon him, whether he be king or statesman or beggar or laboring man. We must show from the state of the world to-day, and from the unspeakable miseries which have come upon mankind, that it is as a God of wrath and punishment rather than as a God of love and tenderness that God is revealing Himself in this age; and that nothing in the world can possibly explain

the existing amount of suffering and of loss except the assumption that it is inflicted in order to bring lawless man to his senses, and thus to enable him to escape a greater and eternal punishment hereafter. We must bring home to man the truth that God remains master in His own universe; and that man may not, unpunished, slight and ignore Him, or lose sight of the end for which he was created.

We must cease talking so much about the love of God, and bear in mind that man, as we know him to-day, is led to right action far more by the fear of punishment than by the law of love; and that it is by a distinctly punitive process that his training and education are ordinarily carried on in this life. We must make it quite clear that, according to all true philosophy and accurate thinking, the grave itself can not be supposed to break the inflexible sequence of cause and effect.

But if the correctness and legitimacy of this mode of reasoning be conceded, it will also have to be admitted that it is the Catholic Church alone which to-day unflinching and unhesitatingly proclaims and expounds these truths, and applies them to all mankind, irrespective of rank and station, of individual or national claims or interests. It is she alone who holds up before the human mind the true transcendental aim and end of human life, and the binding nature of the divine law promulgated for the attainment of that end.

It is, therefore, she alone who holds the true key to the solution of the peace problem, as she undoubtedly holds the key to the solution of so many others. And I am persuaded that this will be increasingly recognized before many years are past; and that, so far from excluding her from the councils of the nations for the adjustment of the world's conflicts, it will be realized that that adjustment is quite impossible without her. We know from the very admissions of some of the Protestant bodies that their system has

broken down and proved a failure. It has proved a failure because it is founded on compromise,—compromise with the world-spirit and the downward and manward tendencies of human thought. It is the unchanging truth of Christ, the Divine Son of God, that can alone make the world free and introduce order into the chaos of human life.

The future, therefore, beyond all possible doubt, is ours. Our present duty is to be utterly loyal and steadfast in the profession of our Catholic Faith, and to bear witness to the truth of that Faith by a consecrated life and a whole-hearted pursuit of its one true, transcendental aim and purpose.

Search-Lights.

BY VALENTINE PARAISO.

XVI.

AFTER the Belgians left Furzley, Mrs. Moran had insisted on going back to London, to her own room next to the grocer's store. She liked to think it was the very place where her boy had once had his lodging. There Daisy went to see her many a time. Tom had asked her very earnestly to "look in and keep mother from fretting"; and his face had flushed with joy and gratitude when his young princess promised to do so.

Mrs. Moran had arranged her room with furniture and china that had been kept through all the hard times of the past. She had her holy pictures there; her statue of the Virgin Mother on her "altar," with vases of flowers; her pictures of the elder children that were in heaven; and of Tom, who had been the sunshine of her life. He was there at all ages, from the faded likeness of the baby riding the rocking-horse to the enlarged photograph of the young soldier with a machine-gunner's badge on his collar. The room was on the level of the street. White, transparent curtains, stiff with starch,

made a screen across the window; a bed, covered with silk patchwork, was near it. The crucifix, with last year's palm branch over it, hung on the opposite wall. "For I like to see it when the dawn comes," she said; "and I couldn't see it if it was on the wall above my head."

That remark led to a talk about the crucifixes over in France. When Daisy told her father afterwards, it was surprising that he knew already. Why, it had been in the papers. Mrs. Moran said the soldiers had seen it in France. It was wonderful. The great Calvaries, in the open air by the wayside or in the churchyard, were standing when everything else was beaten down to ruin and rubbish by the shells. There were village churches burned out, and the fire never touched the picture of "Our Lord on the Cross." Everyone knew it was happening: it was there for unbelievers to see. "'Tis only the dear Lord Himself knows what it means," added Mrs. Moran. "But He and His Church won't pass away, even if all the world goes to wreck. And there must be many a poor soldier sees it, and thinks of Him with His arms stretched out in mercy."

Of course Daisy asked her father what he thought of the wonder.

"I don't know," said the Colonel, slowly. "There is no doubt about it. It's one of the things that can't be explained. Corkwood might have a theory. It belongs to the Romanists,—the figure of the Saviour and all that."

Daisy, in her simplicity, expressed herself frankly:

"It all seems to be so much more real to them; doesn't it, papa? Mrs. Moran talks about 'the dear Lord'—oh, as if she really knew Him!"

Other wonderful things were talked of in the humble home next the grocer's shop. It was there Daisy heard of the Christmas night of 1914 at the Western Front. Tom had first gone out in the month of March, at the end of his six months' training. But the men "over

there" had told him how the first Christmas of the war was kept. "Somewhere in France"—somewhere not far from Ypres (or "Wipers," as they called it)—there was a region where the lights of the German Christmas trees had shone in the trenches, twinkling across the darkness beyond No Man's Land. It was the eve of the Holy Night. And then an inspiration came to brave hearts of both sides. They would go out unarmed, and clasp hands. They called to each other and gave greeting. The space between the lines became full of men, who walked together, speaking broken words of each other's language, exchanging little presents of cigarettes and chocolate and cake. Hundreds of both armies made their own peace that night. The Christ-Child was a power stronger than force of arms. After all, the opposite line was made up of human units, who could talk of home and children, and "love one another." It was an earnest of the final peace that would yet come, however long delayed. Before parting, the soldiers in field-grey gave a pledge: "We shall fire high in the morning; you will do the same. But take care when they put another regiment on instead of us." Never afterwards did military discipline permit such a truce. It was spontaneous, and took authority by surprise,—that unexpected triumph of the Babe of Bethlehem. The memory of it remains to show that bloodshed and hatred will yet be swept away by divine charity and human brotherhood.

This was the marvellous story of the first Christmas of the war. Tom heard it from witnesses; and his mother, reading through old letters, passed it on in the simplest words to Daisy. Other strange facts came out of those letters. For instance, they told that rosary beads were in great request over there. The men crowded round the Catholic chaplains and asked for medals, rosaries, or badges of the Sacred Heart, though they hardly knew what these things meant. Daisy was to hear long afterwards how that

little red cloth oval, with the picture of "the Saviour" on it, was fastened by the soldiers on the front of their caps, on desperate days of the Dardanelles expedition.

It was plain from Tom's letters that many of the opposing side were his kinsmen in religion. "When our boys were burying the Bavarians," he wrote—"poor chaps!—they all had something that showed they were the same as us. Rosaries were round their necks, or the Immaculate Medal. So they are not what people think, that hate them like poison. And they have to fight,—all of them have in their country; just as it will be in England, if this doesn't get over." And Daisy could never forget the story that Tom had heard from Belgians that shifted into France at the beginning of the war. They described a dead Uhlan that was found in a wood. Some one, Tom thought, had prayed beside him; for there was a little lace-edged handkerchief over the face, and the dead hands that were folded on his breast held a silver crucifix. It was a story with a mystery,—a Christian picture amid the horrors of the most terrible of all wars.

"The Lord be merciful to him, whoever he was!" Mrs. Moran said, folding the letter away. "Maybe there was no one with him, but 'twas the handkerchief he had from herself; and when he felt the end coming he put it over his face, as if he was going to sleep; and the crucifix that herself gave him when he was coming away from home,—he'd have that in his hands."

The story troubled Daisy a little.

"I wish I could think some one found him."

"My dear, it wouldn't do for you to know half that happens. There is many a one they can't find, that lies out, wounded and thirsty. Poor young O'Brien that worked with Tom,—his mother tells me he lay out on the mud four-and-twenty hours; and it was well they found him at all."

Daisy sighed:

"Oh, dear, what is one to do?"

"One can pray, my darling, at night—when one wakes,—pray for them that are dying alone."

"But it all seems so far off!"

"And isn't God everywhere? Doesn't He know every one of them, as if it was the only one He has? Sure He knows every blade of grass that grows, as if there wasn't another in the wide world."

During that first year, Daisy Spaggot and her father had seen some of the making of history. One day they were in London and had just bought and pinned on flags about the size of a postage stamp; for it was one of the many "flag-days," when girls sold basketfuls of tokens, and the pence accumulated into thousands of pounds. The object of the collection varied from the Red Cross' work of different countries, and the providing of "huts," to the care of the dumb sufferers—the war-horses.

Colonel Spaggot and his daughter, then, had pinned on their flags in Holborn, when there came trooping from a side street out into the wide thoroughfare a succession of khaki ranks that seemed endless. The men wore helmets of a khaki color instead of the usual soldier's cap.

"Halloo!" said the Colonel. "What's this? Tropical helmets." Then he lowered his voice. "Those men are for the Dardanelles."

Just then a newsboy rushed by, holding out his contents bill before him, with the legend on it in big print: "Smashing through the Dardanelles! Only two more forts to be taken!"

"What madness!" muttered the Colonel. "It can't be true. 'Only two forts taken,' is more like it; and those are the two old forts at this end."

"Smashing through the Dardanelles!" shrieked the boy; and did a fine trade, parting with his papers.

It was early in the year, when warships alone were making the hopeless attempt to force the Straits without any

help from a land expedition. Colonel Spaggot, like many Englishmen, looked upon the venture as madness. He was too much of an expert to take his opinion from the newspapers.

Daisy looked up, and saw that he was standing, with head uncovered, as the men with the tropical helmets marched by. The face of the old soldier was grimly resolute. There was a moist brightness in the keen eyes among the wrinkles.

It was characteristic of all the London marches that they were done without brass or drum. There was a late period of voluntary recruiting, when small parties went round with military bands. But those who at first stood up to go needed no trumpet fanfare, no enchantment of music. Here there was not even the whistling and singing with which the early recruits lightened the route marches. These were no new soldiers, and they wheeled down Holborn in silence, with a rhythmic tramp, while the London traffic was held up for them to pass.

"Where are they going?" the girl asked.

Her father did not seem to hear.

Time went on. And in April he read aloud for her the heroic story of the landing at Gallipoli,—how the transport ships waited in the night to send out their army at dawn to an almost impregnable shore; how from the boats the men rushed, going literally through fire and water, till the remnant landed on the beach, too close under the rock fortifications to be any longer mown down. When he began to read about the Dublins and the Munsters, to the honor of the Colonel his voice broke, and for a few moments he stopped. Then he told the tale in his own words:

"Half the regiment gone—good Lord!—and yet they stuck to it, and got there! I see their chaplain was killed,—a Catholic priest, you know, like Corkwood. . . . Landed with the men through the surf; got shot, and wouldn't go down. They say he was seen keeping about among the wounded till he was riddled with wounds

himself. Bravo, Irish priest—whoever you were! I thought I'd never say such a thing; but I do."

A little later, when the papers called Sulva Bay a victory, Colonel Spaggot shook his head. The Australians had done prodigies of valor, rushing the heights while their officers could hardly hold them. But, as time went on, the entire expedition was openly voted "a mistake." Daisy would always remember those marching ranks in London, and her father standing erect with uncovered head. That was a small contingent of the vast and valiant host that was sent out to do an impossible task. It ended in a hundred thousand graves.

These events were still passing when Morton Court was organized as a hospital. The march of history was beginning to diminish the trifles of life to their true proportion. Yet on that Saturday, when Daisy Spaggot set off for the dreaded "exam." she appeared to be still a frivolous little person; and she had looked a good many times in the glass, as a preparation for being presented before an examiner. A white-embroidered frock, that had been sent home long ago by the Colonel from India; a blue-belted coat of woven silk, only the prettier for being faded; creamy gloves of the sort that Londoners had learned to wash fifty times; and the big hat of last summer, made more bewitching by being softly bent and deprived of flowers,—the effect of the whole showed that Daisy was not yet so regenerated as to put appearances in the second place. A broken heart might teach her to do it, or a parting with the adored "papa"; but not the prospect of the "stiffest" examination. Being only Daisy still, she had put the matter of the "exam." in the background; and in the foreground, the achieving of a summer costume under the trials of war economy. And she quite approved of herself when she waited for the "tram" at Chestnut Corner. The car made its long journey to town through

Brookford. At the infirmary of Brookford the ordeal was to take place.

Mrs. Beste was already there, plainly dressed, with not even a brooch, and with no jewels (nothing but her wedding-ring) on those helpful hands. They exchanged smiles, good wishes, sighs of despair at their chances.

"Kitty Bulger has been so kind!" said Daisy. "She came to me three times, and showed me heaps of things. But it is all complications. And I can't make a spica. Kitty makes spicas so that you'd almost love to have a cut thumb. And she bound up my papa's head—to show me how; but it nearly made me cry, it looked so real. Oh, dear! I wish we hadn't so many bones!"

The lady who had worked out of sight at the Belgian party seemed to have just as humble ideas of helping now.

"As for me," she said, "I want only to pass, so as to be allowed to do something at Morton Court. I don't care what they put me to. One need not be very skilled to help in the kitchen or to carry up coal."

When they were seated in the examination, where the written questions were to be answered, the very silence of expectation made the girl's heart sink. She realized that the last minutes at home would have been better spent with her books than before the looking-glass. The door was still open to the stone passage; and the grey-haired surgeon, who went by, seemed to be of ferocious aspect, and bent upon puzzling candidates to the verge of distraction and despair. He was followed by a new set of little boys, with soap gloss on their faces, and with any amount of clean collars; they went after the examiner, shrinking close together, as if they were going to have their heads cut off. When the bell rang and the papers were given out, Daisy's ideas of First Aid vanished in an abyss of nervousness. There was only one question that she could answer; and she thought it was safe to write after that: "In street accident, ask a

policeman; but don't drag him about, for fear of hurting him."

From time to time a brass-buttoned man had been putting his head into the room and calling out three names; and the owners of the names went out with a frightful resolution; while the last three victims came back flushed and in some cases looking (as Daisy thought) as if they had been mauled by the examiner.

Suddenly the voice called out: "Smith! Spaggot! Strawson!" And somebody passing by pulled Daisy's dress, saying: "Come along! They want us now."

She gave a little cry and put both hands to her face. For a moment she wished she had never heard of the "V. A. D." It was almost as terrible as the war.

In the passage they met the returning candidates, happy this time, as if all their troubles were over. Daisy took courage. Two of her friends had come back, beaming, a while ago, after that unceremonious man had shouted for "Beste, Brown, and Bulger." Daisy summoned the courage with which she had faced drawing-room audiences long ago. She had been self-possessed in the days of short frocks and hair "down"; why not now?

The great surgeon was waiting in a room at the other end of the corridor. He looked up their names in his list; and by the time he had identified her, the courage of Miss Spaggot had vanished again.

"Now—Miss Spaggot, this boy has the left clavicle broken. Take whatever you want off the table.—Next! Miss Smith, this is a street accident, and the boy (lie down, you young rascal!) can't move. His right foot turns out, like that.—Now, the third lady! Your boy has been wading in the river. (Off with your shoes this moment, boy! You can leave the stockings on.) His blood is coming in gulps from this foot here. Look sharp! He will be dead in ten minutes."

The surgeon walked away with his watch in his hand. When he paced back

that way, he found Miss Spaggot standing irresolute, with her bandage rolling far on the floor. She was poking her patient gently to awaken his intelligence.

"But where do you feel the pain, little boy?"

A smile flickered over the surgeon's face. "Don't you know what the clavicle is? (Well, tumble down, lad. No, the other way: on your hands and knees, you young villain!) Now, let us suppose he has broken the patella."

"Oh, dear," said Daisy, "he is a careless boy!" Her looks and voice had become part of the play. "He will be broken all over.—What is hurting you this time, sonny?"

The boy grinned, and somebody in the background burst out laughing. The examiner suppressed a smile.

"Young lady," he said, "you don't know the first thing about it."

"I am sure I don't," replied Daisy, with a rueful shake of the head; and she lifted towards the face of the great man so forlorn a pair of eyes that their disappointment would have gone to the heart of the crustiest examiner. Then she remembered that very humble desire her friend had expressed, and how touching she herself had thought it. "I want only to help at Morton Court," she said. "We live at Furzley. I can do lots of things. I could sew. And I could—I could carry up coal."

Miss Spaggot did not look fitted for coal-carrying. But that pair of eyes meant earnestness; the tears were in them. The surgeon rubbed his chin with a reflective hand, and calmly surveyed the pleading face and the bright hair, the little blue coat and the white embroidered dress. Then he said with professional brevity: "Good-morning, Miss Spaggot!"

Daisy went away, and struggled valiantly against tears. She had learned early as a society child that public appearances may require much self-control.

The next morning the Colonel had a letter from an address in Grosvenor

Place. He had gone there once to consult a surgeon about the effect of a slight injury received long ago in an Indian frontier skirmish. The same surgeon now suggested that if it was Colonel Spaggot's daughter who wished to help the wounded, she might like to assist in the sewing-room at Morton Court.

"Very nice of him," said the Colonel. "Perhaps he saw my name on the committee list. This arrangement is just as well, too, my little girl. There is always an off-chance of a fractured heart. A case of fractured heart is awkward."

"There was nothing about it in our book," said Daisy.

"Very likely not," said the Colonel, gravely.

When the autumn set in, the first hundred of the wounded arrived at Morton Court. Morning and afternoon the village street was filled with men in blue, wearing red silk neckties and khaki caps, and moving slowly in twos and threes. They were never braver than now. Some were left in the house, on the hospital beds; others were enjoying the garden. But there were many to whom it was a luxury to be out on the English roads again. Seats were provided at pleasant spots, and marked "For wounded soldiers,"—surely the last words that, only a little while ago, any one would have expected to see painted upon a wayside bench near London.

The characteristic of the wounded was their cheerfulness. There they were, those "broken soldiers" in blue, passing along by the cottages, the red-leaved creepers, and the sunflowers,—passing by the homes that had seen nothing but a peaceful life for countless generations. The flotsam and jetsam of the terrible European war had drifted up even into little Furzley; and much farther, too,—into the depths of the English country.

The convalescents talked, laughed, and smoked, and went in and out of the small shops like other people. But every man

and woman with a heart made courteous way for them, and yet pretended not to see their miseries as they went by. Boys of twenty, maimed for life, slipped onto the tram-car at Chestnut Corner; and, putting their crutches away at the back, nimbly hopped on one foot up the staircase to the top, to enjoy a drive and a smoke. The hero with a sleeve hanging loose had strength enough in his one arm to trundle the wicker chair on which smoked and chatted one who would never walk again. Some faces were mercifully bandaged. There were on crutches a multitude of men wanting a limb, or slightly paralyzed and crooked. Those who had no apparent hurt had, perhaps, suffered most. None of the worst cases came to such hospitals as Morton Court. There were human wrecks being treated at great centres of science,—the indescribably injured. One felt absolutely sure that these also were bearing their pain with heroic patience. It was all a wonderful object-lesson in the endurance of misfortune.

Daisy Spaggot took her place twice a week at a window of the sewing-room. It ought to have been called the mending-room, and the work required unselfish diligence as well as skill. Mrs. Beste, whom Daisy first met on the Belgian night, was there in cotton dress, white apron, and muslin cap. She had conquered in the "exam.," and had won the "Home Nursing" certificate also, and found herself an accepted "V. A. D." The candidates who failed were in reality very few.

The new friend called Daisy "my own little V. A. D." They could not all be like Kitty Bulger; she had been found to be exceptional, and was working brilliantly among the nurses.

"But you are giving voluntary aid, too," Mrs. Beste would say consolingly. "It is not pretty work, dear,—mending poor men's socks for three or four hours. And your darnings are so smooth and beautiful."

"I must do it nicely," Daisy said; "the men have had such sore feet. It has to be my very, very best."

"That's right!" She watched the girl for a while,—the careful face, the bright head held towards the light, the young fingers with pearls on them holding the big needle, the broken sock of some poor unknown man covering the left hand. "What a beautiful gift yours is, child!"

Daisy looked up with wonder.

"Yes, I am sure of it. No uniform, no success, no honor and glory. Keep on as you are going. I know Some One that counts you a 'V. A. D.'"

"Who does? You do?" Daisy paused, holding up the needle.

"Don't prick your lip with that needle. Where are my scissors gone?—No, indeed, I don't mean myself."

Daisy perceived that the new friend could be mysterious sometimes,—like the old friend, Mrs. Moran.

They talked of Morton Court in the time of the Verrekers. Mrs. Beste had heard of the heir who gave up his fortune.

"And you knew him quite well?" she said, with new interest. "It seems to me one can't help admiring a man who could do that."

"I do admire him," said Daisy, simply; and perhaps her ardor told its own tale. "But my papa says he was impractical. Of course he likes him—just awfully; but I am afraid he was sorry Sydney changed."

"He doesn't understand," her friend said indulgently.

"Some people said horrid things," Daisy confided to her. "We think Sydney so very noble; but Mr. Kells calls him eccentric, and Mrs. Kells said he must be daft. It hurts me so—because we knew him."

"There is an answer to all that sort of talk in Holy Writ," said the other, quietly,—*"something about those who were held in derision and for a parable of reproach."*

Daisy could not remember it. She had only a scanty knowledge of the Gospel

miracles and the parables, and a vague idea that the Book of Revelations was against Popery and had a "beast" in it. Her governess had introduced her to the "beast" at an age when she was terrified into sleeplessness, imagining him lumbering upstairs and sitting on the landing. She had never heard about the people whom the world derided as fools.

"Tell me," said Daisy,— "what is it?"

"The Scripture says there are those whose life was ridiculed and thought to be madness, and their end without honor. Then it goes on: 'Behold now they are numl among the children of God, and their lot is among the saints.'" "

The girl listened with a flush of joy. Tears trembled on her eyelashes; and a new desire was in her heart, like the sudden coming of a great light.

She hardly spoke again that afternoon. The other was called away, and no one noticed that Daisy Spaggot seemed to be very much absorbed in her work. Her thoughts came back again to the everyday world, when she and Mrs. Beste walked together down the lane, over fallen leaves and the muddy footpath. They parted at Chestnut Corner.

Even before the door in the wall was opened, Daisy could hear the rejoicing barks of Pepper. The dog could not attract his master's attention; for the Colonel had just come home and found a letter waiting for him, and he would not go beyond the newly lighted hall before he read it. The unstamped envelope was marked "On Active Service." The letter was in small, pencilled handwriting:

"It is from Father Corkwood," said the Colonel. "He has had a slight wound. Three weeks in hospital. Pretty bad that must have been. What's this? 'All the sacraments, . . . brought him in with gangrene coming on, . . . very generous, . . . quite a holy end.' My dear, it is Verreker! Sydney Verreker is dead!"

And then there was a cry in the hall of the old house.

"My darling!—my darling!" The Colo-

nel had put his arms round her. "I had no idea it would upset you like that. I thought you didn't care."

Daisy sank on the wooden chair beside Uncle Jeremiah's old mahogany hatstand.

"Oh, what a heartless girl I was!" she sobbed.

And the tall clock in the background went on ticking off the seconds softly and slowly:—"Forever!—Never! Never!—Forever!"

(To be continued.)

The Journey Home.

BY THE REV. RAYMOND LAWRENCE.

V.

IT was with great relief that I found an opportunity to leave the smaller college and continue my studies in Columbia University in New York. The thought that in New York I should be able to get into touch with all that represented what was strongest and best (from my point of view) in Anglicanism, aroused my spirits, and for a time settled my doubts and took away my discouragement and uneasiness. My friend, Mr. S., decided to make the same change; and we both took courage and looked forward to our life in New York with the greatest pleasure.

We arranged to make the journey to New York together; and did so, arriving there in the early morning. Before the evening of that day, we had sought out with the aid of our map, the Anglican St. Ignatius' (Antioch) Church, which I had heard described as representing the most extreme High Church views. We found it all that we had desired. The haste with which we took up our religious inquiries is a little amusing; but it shows the state of our minds at the time, owing to the experiences which we had recently shared.

I shall not forget with what delight I entered that church, with its faint odor of incense reminding me of my experience

at Holy Cross. It was all a glorious vision of beauty and holiness as I saw it,—the sunlight filtering through the rich windows and descending in long, slanting rays of purple and crimson and gold, which warmed and lighted up the grey stone and rose-colored brick of the walls; the marble altar, with its throne and crucifix and images of the Blessed Mother and St. Ignatius; the six tall candles on the gradines; the massive rood-beam high up over the marble sanctuary rail, with its immense crucifix and attendant figures; the seven lamps suspended by heavy chains from the beam, like “the seven lamps burning before the throne, which are the seven spirits of God”; and, best of all, the single light which burned before the tabernacle, where was, as I believed, the Abiding Presence in the Sacrament.

I felt as if I had got home after a rough voyage on a stormy sea. It was like coming into port,—“a haven where” I “would be.” Here was peace and strength and quietness. Here the “true religion” was taught in its fulness, and practised with no attempt at compromise. Nothing was kept in the background. The holy water at the door and the confessionals within the church pointed to that. It was all there,—the realization of what I had dreamed of and longed for during the past four years; offering an opportunity to practise the Catholic religion without any hindrances in a place where its truth was taken for granted, and where every accessory and every aid to devotion was made use of fearlessly and without restraint.

St. Ignatius' Church meant a great deal to me during the years that I spent in New York. The building itself never quite lost its charm, in spite of the familiarity with which I came to know it. It always seemed a place of peace and quietness, saturated with the atmosphere of many prayers. I came to love it exceedingly, and I still remember it as one of the most delightful places in the world.

The rector, Dr. Ritchie, I looked upon

as a sort of hero, having heard stories of how in earlier days he had suffered a certain kind of persecution for his High Church principles, and knowing that he was even now looked upon with marked disfavor and suspicion by many who were not of his extreme views. When I came to know him rather intimately, as I did in the years that followed, I had the greatest admiration and reverence for him. His absolute sincerity, his simplicity and humility, remarkable in view of his extraordinary natural personal gifts; his splendid breeding; his real holiness; his scholarship, and his strong grasp of the principles for which he stood; his gentleness; and aboye all his abundant charity, so admirable in one who had been so much despised and opposed for his views by his fellows in the ministry; his enthusiastic devotion to the cause in which he believed so sincerely, and the entire sacrifice of himself which he made for the sake of it,—all this, and much more that might be said of him, makes me remember him as one of the best and most truly admirable characters I have ever known. And when recalling those who have been of greatest inspiration in my life and of greatest power to arouse in me a desire for holiness, he is still one of those whom I think of first.

I began during those first months to enjoy in real earnest the benefits of my new surroundings. Until that time my confessions had been somewhat irregular: now I began to go more frequently, and in other ways took means to deepen and strengthen my spiritual life. It was easy in such surroundings to be very happy, and to look upon the Anglican Church as I had done before my college experiences. I began to feel that I was gaining a better sense of the true proportion of things. Surely all that I saw about me was evidence enough of her Catholicity. How could such a life have grown up in her after three hundred years, if she were only a dead branch of the tree? I had been too much disturbed by what I had seen in

college. The views of such men as I had come to know there were deplorably disloyal indeed; but, after all, had we not been a little too easily disheartened by what we had found? It was easy to feel so when surrounded by such evidences of the real strength of the opposing forces as we found in New York.

So long as I could see the Catholic Church in Anglicanism, I was happy in it and found it completely satisfying. It was not the Anglican Church, as such, that I loved. If she were not what I had been told that she was when I first came to know her, I wanted nothing of her. I had given my allegiance to her only because I believed her to be a portion of the one true Church of Christ. Here, in the midst of so many evidences that she was what I had been taught and sincerely believed, I was supremely happy, and my mind was entirely at rest.

I took the keenest delight and interest in all those devotional practices and ceremonies which are the outward expression of Catholic belief. That side of my religious life had had little chance for development before. Here there was every opportunity for it. I remember well the first time that I saw the ceremonies of "High Mass." It was at St. Ignatius' Church, and was a solemn "Mass of Requiem" for the repose of the soul of Bishop Potter. Poor Bishop Potter! I imagine that while in the flesh such a thing would have afforded him anything but rest. The ceremonies were easily adapted to the Office for Holy Communion in the Book of Common Prayer, which retains to some extent the structure of the Mass, which it succeeded historically. They were carefully and reverently carried out. There was never at any time at St. Ignatius' any of that silly fussiness about ceremonies, that inordinate relish of them for their own sake, which is so often characteristic of High Church Anglicanism. All the usual accessories—such as vestments, lights, incense, and so forth—were made use of on this occasion. The music was the ancient

Plain Chant arranged for English words, I believe.

For some months I saw little of Anglican Church life, except what went on at St. Ignatius'. This I found perfectly satisfying, and it took up all my thoughts and interests outside of what concerned my college work. Mr. S. and I used to walk daily, all that fall, a mile and a half to church in the afternoon, after our work was finished, for "Vespers," as the Prayer Book office of evening prayer was called. On Sunday afternoons there was the same service; but then it was sung solemnly, and was followed by "Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament" with all the usual ceremonies.

I wished at this time to become so saturated with this atmosphere that I might obliterate the gloomy impressions which had been made upon my mind at college, where I had found an Anglicanism of quite an opposite type. And I succeeded admirably. All thought of Rome had faded away. What had Rome to give that could not be found here? The thought that within a few blocks of St. Ignatius' there were other churches of the same denomination, and presided over by the same bishop, where quite other doctrines were taught, and where these were denounced with fierce eagerness, I put away easily enough. The old explanation served: they had not yet come under the influence of the Catholic revival, and it was only a situation which required patience. I really believed this then, and so there was nothing to mar my peace.

Later on I began to see more of the life of the other parishes; and during the years in New York I came to be familiar with the life of all the "schools of thought" in the Episcopal Church, with the methods of work and the ideals aimed at in parishes of every description; and I am convinced that I saw and understood all that Anglicanism was and is.

Of course, in spite of the great varieties of doctrine taught in the various parishes,

"we" were the *true* Anglicans. High Church Anglicanism was the real teaching of the Anglican Church. This was the background against which stood all that I saw. I kept it constantly in mind, and it was both my consolation and my trial. It was consoling in so far as it gave a support and foundation for my confidence in the Anglican Church. It was a trial in that it drew my attention to the fact that a large part of the Anglican Church was out of sympathy with her own true teaching. What a crying need, therefore, that all should be brought to accept that teaching!

There were some people who rejoiced in the "glorious comprehensiveness," as they called it, of the Anglican Church. They rejoiced that there were so many varieties of doctrine taught and held side by side in the Anglican fold. But I could not see it so. Unity must be one of the essential notes of Christianity. Those who did not accept High Church views must be brought to accept them. The situation in the Anglican Church could never be anything but a scandal until, somehow, unity was restored. I was quite as eager to convert other Episcopalians to my own views as if they were benighted heathen. I felt as uncomfortable and out of place in a church where other than the High Church form of services was found as I would have felt in a church of another denomination. And yet, although I was greatly distressed at the peculiar situation and the differences and contradictions in belief which existed everywhere, I never doubted the ultimate cure of the evil. In time that great movement which had begun at Oxford in the days of Keble and Newman would sweep all before it. Catholic doctrines would be accepted everywhere in the Anglican Church. Unity would be restored. Catholic life, in all its supernatural loveliness, would flourish everywhere; and all would be as "merry as a marriage bell." That was where my confidence lay.

(To be continued.)

To a Stricken Father and Mother.

(In Memory of Lieut. Eugene Galligan, killed in action,
September 6, 1918.)

BY GREGORY MACDONALD.

YOU mourn for one that laid his youth
On Freedom's sacred pyre.
(May Blessed Jesus show him ruth,
Who did his days inspire!)

You mourn; but, lest so high a loss
Be wronged with heart's despair,
O mother, father, bear the cross,
And kiss the cross ye bear!

He gave his life, like Christ Himself,
To ward us from our foes.
For him no thought of place or pelf,
Deaf to his fellows' woes,

But aims and dreams of chivalry,—
The dreams that fools deride:—
To win the weak their liberty,
Your strong Eugene has died.

Restore to God, restore in tears,
The godsend of a child;
You saved Eugene a score of years,
You give him undefiled.

The Lost Church.

BY EVELINE COLE.

Within the forest far, a passing sound of distant bells. . .
From the lost church, 'tis said that faint, soft ringing
cometh on the wind.

ADAPTING legend to the expression of fact, through a tragic period of three hundred years of history, those bells, since the ban on their pealing music, had been unheard by the English people; and the continued existence of their lost church, blotted out from among them, invisible and inaudible, scarcely suspected.

Yet in the year 1793, by the Abbé Baudet, refugee priest, *alias* woodman, at work in the ancient forest of Ytherne, the sweet old chimes were at times still heard; since he was gifted, to his own solace, with the hearing of many things which did not strike upon the outward ear, and was receptive of more than could be learned

through the external senses. The deep solitude wherein he worked at his new craft lent itself kindly also to the strengthening of spiritual vision and to the dreaming of faith's childlike dreams. It is possible that the Abbé, in the gladness of the spring all around him, had even prophetic glimpses of that Second Spring to dawn in England, but after long years.

Moreover, as an *émigré*, isolated and a stranger in a foreign land, he was tempted at times to seek a refuge in the stored-up memories of the past, among which the ringing of bells played no small part. For in the little French village where, before the stormcloud of the Revolution had burst, he had lived as a boy, they had heralded, sympathetically joyous, the grand procession of those Catholic festivals—La Tous-saint and the Jour des Morts in especial,—which he could celebrate now but in poor fashion.

Small wonder indeed, the Abbé thought, that in the days of persecution their appeal had been suspected as an accomplice of the Old Faith. To-day also, though the measure of toleration by which he thankfully profited had dawned, his ears would yearn in vain for Angelus or Sanctus bell, since it remained still decreed by the Georgian code that no Catholic place of worship should possess steeple or bell. It was thus only in the strange moments of revelation with which he was sometimes visited that their music, mingled with psalmody, pulsed through monastic ruin or desecrated church, for whose renewal the Abbé in his prayers would ask in faith, "How long, O Lord,—how long?"

For on most days hope companied with him in the wood, wherein since his arrival, without material possessions save Breviary and chaplet, in flight from revolutionary massacre and L'Abbaye, he had made his home. One of the thousand priests among the French exiles of 1793, a recommendation to an English Catholic in whose house he would have found shelter, had brought him into this wild tract of sparsely inhabited country. But, to the Abbé's loss, the

adherent of the old religion had lately died, and the estate had passed to a Protestant heir. Yet, discovering something in the neighborhood of the forest which attracted him, and knowing that in the towns there were already more of his exiled brethren than could find employment, he had been unwilling to fare farther.

The only other Catholic of the district he had discovered to be an aged and rheumatic woodcutter, and to him accordingly he had betaken himself. The poor man, overcome with joy at the honor of entertaining a priest, had, in spite of linguistic barriers, accorded him fervent welcome; but the Abbé, noting the years and frailty of his toilworn host, had consented to remain only on condition of a share in his labor. There was many another *émigré* priest who had not disdained manual toil; and the Abbé Baudet, in all simplicity, joined their honorable fellowship. The matter, after some resistance on the devout woodman's part, at length arranged, the two had dwelt together in the rivalry of fraternal charity till the old man's death.

During the period of their companionship, the priest, who had proved an apt apprentice in the felling of timber, had speedily appropriated the lion's share of the week's work; and on Sunday's, still garbed in his woodman's smock, he would travel in a cart to say Mass for the scattered Catholics of the countryside, in a loft offered by a farmer who had remained true to the Faith,—an "upper room" such as served so many of his brethren for chapel; for if in towns such as London and Winchester "Mass-houses" had been opened, in rural districts such buildings were unknown.

But the old woodman's death, relieved of its terror by his companion's ministrations, had left the Abbé lonely. Nevertheless, solitude possessing for him no great menace, he had accepted the bequest of the hut together with the obligation of its tenure. Thereafter, by due arrangement with the forest officials—the master-

keeper, gorgeous in green coat, gold-laced hat, white breeches, and top-boots, behind whom loomed the still greater purveyor,—he had pledged himself to aid in maintaining the supply of oaken timber for the navy of his Most Gracious Majesty King George III.

This evening he had a load of fuel to deliver to a lame woman, one of his scanty flock; and, arriving at her cottage, he knocked at the door. The cripple hobbled to open it; and, on seeing the Abbé, seized and kissed his hands. Then as, smiling, he bent to lift the bundle of twigs, she burst into passionate protest:

"That ever a priest should toil with his blessed hands thus, when it's the prayers and Sacraments and your blessing as we're needing!"

"And yet," queried the Abbé mildly, with a French gesture of the hands, "was there not a Paul, *un faiseur de tentes*? And One still greater, *un menuisier*? And why should not I share their labors?"

"It's at the holy altar an not elsewhere you would have found your work in the old days in the land," the woman lamented: "'twas a weary while we waited for Holy Communion before you came, Monsieur l'Abbé. And you'll not tell me that a priest's hands are consecrated for the felling of timber!"

"But I am quite happy in the wood, Madame," the Abbé declared. "It has not the hard words for the curé that I sometimes hear,"—and he waved his hands expressively in the direction of the village. "And wherefore should not the good God send you, by me, your fire as also your Sacraments and *ma benediction*?" And, bestowing that blessing upon his fervent penitent, he bade her adieu.

Yet when he left the cottage it was not back to the hut that he took his way, but on to the rustic village whose inhabitants, in an age when insular exclusiveness, ignorance, and prejudice reigned supreme, knew, in George Eliot's words, "as much of Catholics as of fossil mammoths." It was reserved for one of the Abbé's

brethren—the Abbé Carron—to precipitate, years later, the discovery for the English people that "some Popish priests are good men." At present, though the burden and heat of persecution had ceased, a heavy pall of narrow intolerance still overhung the land.

The Abbé, however, predisposed, in gratitude for a generous hospitality, to make the best of his Protestant neighbors, refrained carefully from giving offence, in accordance with the Rules of Conduct laid down by episcopal authority to be observed by refugee priests. But it was among the villagers only that he would be likely to glean news of his fellow-exiles, and to obtain a glimpse of the trend of English politics. Both as a measure of prudence therefore, and in deference to the timidity of local Catholics, still of the opinion that obscurity spelt security—it was but twelve years since the Gordon Riots,—his priestly character remained in abeyance, and it was as "Bowdy the wood-cutter" that he joined the village circle.

This evening, in the spacious oak-beamed house-place of the village inn, matters of only secondary importance to him were at first discussed: a daring highway robbery, the captures by the press-gang, the hanging of a man for the theft of a cow. The conversation warmed a little on the rate of wages and the price of corn, and rose to indignation anent the new Poor Law and the English "Bastille," for the terror of the workhouse was in those years at the full. It was at this point that the Abbé was tempted to remind his audience that under the sway of their lost Church the name of pauper was unknown in the land; but he did not venture the information. Silence was the wiser course.

The gossip then veered to lighter topics: the sports—quoits, skittles, and nine-pins—played on the village green; and passed thence by easy transition to a certain Mr. Wyndham's defence of bull-baiting as necessary to the preservation of the martial spirit of the nation,—

an opinion well supported among the "cronies" present. Finally, as the priest, tired of deciphering well-thumbed copies of the "Annual Register" and of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1792, rose to leave, a dictum from the parish clerk, preceded by much vigorous taking of snuff, gave him pause. It was indeed nothing less than a criticism delivered upon that worthy gentleman, King George himself, who had, it seemed, housed no fewer than a thousand *émigré* priests in his own palace at Winchester.

But at this hint of disloyalty, contrary to the sentiment of the alehouse, mine host from his elbow-chair by the ingle-side, took up the cudgels and vindicated insulted Majesty's action. If, he explained, as those who had been true to their king and suffered for their loyalty, the refugees had been assisted, yet Mr. Pitt,—God bless him!—knowing them to be of a detestable religion and slaves of the Pope, had a care to keep them at arm's-length. For if Papistry were allowed headway—which Heaven forbid!—the English Constitution would, the Abbé gathered, reel beneath the shock, and their children's children rue it with tears of blood.

The priest returned to his hut as to sanctuary; though his evening's share of a copy of the *Moniteur*, circulated among his brethren, provided matter still less consoling than the conversation in the alehouse. Reading therein of the tragedies of the Carmes, of the murder in cold blood of bishops, religious and seculars, he retired to rest, haunted in his dreams by the ferocious sound of the *ga ira* and of the brutal *carmagnole*, amid the noise of drums calling to arms patriots always prepared for murder; and before his eyes danced rows of bayonets, uplifted pikes, and drawn sabres, surrounding a red cap upon the Tree of Liberty.

Yet, freed by the dawning of day from the nightmare and the depression of the the preceding evening, he set out gladly with the rising of the sun for the freedom of the forest glades. The silence of the

solitude was healing, and the vastness and majesty of the wood was as that of the great and mighty Church for whose visible manifestation in the land, in God's good time, the Abbé yearned. The persistence of the grand old trees of hoary age spoke of duration and stability, and of the divine virtues of patience and fortitude; for here also raged storm and opposing forces, even as the power of Antichrist against the tempest-tossed but unyielding Church.

His labor of the axe fulfilled before sunset, he roamed a while, rapt blessedly in peaceful meditation upon matters beyond the troubled sphere of worldly change; penetrating to depths of green twilight, dim and religious as that of a cathedral. Separated like a consecrated building from the world around him, the silent glades possessed the same solemnity of beauty and mystery; the forest smell was as incense, and the sun's lingering rays as lights in a holy place; and if, for the superstitious, apparitions and evil spirits lurked in the woodland, for him there hovered angels. Here surely, if anywhere, would spring the chosen timber destined for church-building, growing more silently and spared in the raging of adverse elements.

There were intervals, too, in his labor which were red-letter days for the Abbé,—days upon which he paid visits to his brother *émigrés*, either at the house of their benefactress, Mrs. Dorothy Silburn, at Bloomsbury—a refuge known as "Providence,"—or at the great barn looking out onto the Cemetery of St. Pancras, where many priests subsisted on charity. Once also he had attended a retreat preached by Père Beauregard at St. George's Fields. But these were joys confined to the prosperous season of summer; and as autumn approached it became necessary to husband his scanty resources, and renounce the indulgence of stage-coach journeys. Much of the forest magic had departed, and there came a day when the chill and dreariness

without but typified the sadness in the Abbé's heart.

Now the wood held only troublous suggestions and temptations. In its depths weird faces mocked him from the knots on the boles, while uncertain shadows in the dark undergrowth hid he knew not what horror. The gnarled trees, grey-headed and bent, were no longer symbolic of the Gifts of the Holy Ghost; and the dwindling leaves which still lingered on their boughs were few as the Catholics of England, thinned by perpetual exposure to inclement and unkindly blasts. The bare arms of crooked branches menaced him; and with the sounds of the woodland, the melancholy moaning of wind and the clashing of branches, there mingled for the Abbé no bell save the memorable clang of the tocsin.

The silence was now oppressive; and the Abbé bent to his work, refusing to look upon the dull monotony of dark trunk and shrivelled foliage. Tormenting thoughts of despair attacked him. What hope for the Faith in this bigoted and Protestant England, where Catholicism was a religion without a future before it? And was it any better in his own country, with priests cast out and martyred, sacrileges innumerable, and desecration unspeakable in the holiest places? On a former occasion, when assailed by such doubts, the Abbé had fled for spiritual aid to the French Trappists at Lulworth, and had been rebuked for his little faith by discovering that Protestants and Methodists would come beneath the walls to hear the monks sing. But now the pilgrimage was impossible, and the Abbé suffered alone and unconsolated.

It was on a gloomy winter midday that the temptation reached its crisis. Worn out by turmoil of mind, he flung down his axe, and, wrapping around him for warmth his old *manteau* (a relic from the past), sat down upon a fallen trunk, his Breviary open upon his knee, to recite his Office. But the associations recalled by psalm and antiphon increased his despondency,

and, with his face buried in his hands, he fell into sad reverie.

It was then that, in the moment of his extremity, there fell upon his ear the faint, yet distinct, ringing of a bell. The Abbé lifted his head to listen, for it was on his external sense of hearing that the sound had struck. But, as he hearkened, his wonder increased tenfold. It was, beyond question, the Angelus that he heard.

No longer heeding the menace of the treacherous forest, he started to his feet, and, unknowing as Ferdinand in Prospero's isle of the whence of the hallowed music, ran in the direction from which he judged it to proceed. He was in a pathless land, the forest tracks buried beneath dead leaves; but neither chasm nor desert stretch would just then have stayed the Abbé's progress. The last note sounded on his ear as he reached an open glade; and here he but faced a further surprise,—this time for his sense of sight. For there, in the act of closing a gate giving access to the enclosure surrounding a low farmhouse, appeared a figure in the familiar garb of a French religieuse.

Sick with longing for speech with his sister *émigrées* (for such the Abbé rightly guessed them to be), he pulled the bell hanging by the side of the barrier gate. A timid face appeared at an impromptu grille; and it was the magic of their native tongue, sweet to their ears, which persuaded the fugitive nuns to the imprudence of the admission of a stranger.

Buried thus in the forest, albeit not without royal Georgian permission, far away from unfriendly human hearing, the nuns, greatly daring, had rung in muffled tones the sweet old peal; and if, according to the legal code of their land of refuge, they were guilty of a penal offence, it had brought to the Abbé no small consolation. Henceforth, welcomed by the convent *aumonier*, and granted facilities for the privilege of saying daily Mass, the Abbé was fortified in his exile to hope and pray for the rebirth of the lost Church of the land.

Heroism in Humble Life.

THE beautiful and fertile island best known as Hayti was once the abode of a large French population, who dwelt there in comfort and security: tilling the generous soil, and exercising a lordship over the Negroes and those of mixed blood. Then came the French Revolution with its levelling processes; and to the far-off West India island was sent the decree that there should be no discrimination on account of color: that white and black should in all ways be equal before the law. But this mandate the indignant Creoles refused to obey; they held indignation meetings, electing a general assembly of their own, venting their wrath in wordy and excited speeches, and trampling underfoot the tricolored cockade which was the emblem of the revolutionists. Meanwhile the Negroes also held meetings, in which they called upon one another to take active measures for armed rebellion.

Then occurred the frightful carnage known in history as the Massacre of Santo Domingo, as the island was then called. The wild crowd of frenzied Negroes swept on, burning, killing, terrifying; and recruited at every plantation by fresh accessions to its ranks. In less than two months more than two thousand white persons—men, women, and children—met death at the hands of those who had been slaves, and the amount of property destroyed was incalculable.

There were many shining exceptions to the long list of murdering marauders. The slaves of the Count de Lopinot not only helped their master to escape, but accompanied him to his chosen place of safety—the English island of Trinidad. Even after he died they dwelt upon his estate, called *La Reconnaissance*, and faithfully kept an annual holiday in his memory.

Another beautiful instance of loyalty and devotion was found in a native

African, the property of a family every member of which was murdered with the exception of two little lads. These boys were led to a place of safety by the faithful servant, who proceeded to rear them with as great kindness and as many advantages as if their parents had been spared. It was in Charleston, South Carolina, that they had taken refuge; and there the good man had them carefully taught in an excellent school, denying himself every comfort in order that they might be brought up as became the sons of gentle people. They, in turn, well repaid the kindness of their guardian; caring for him until his death, which did not take place until he had attained a very advanced age.

A Negro name Eustache was another indomitable spirit, whom no coaxing or promises could induce to become a traitor to his master's family or friends; for he is said to have saved the lives of at least four hundred unfortunate white people. At last Monsieur Belin de Ville-neuve, his master, managed to get safely on board an American vessel; and Eustache, as a matter of course, took passage with him. It never entered his head that they could be separated. They had many adventures on the voyage, but finally reached Baltimore, where the noble Eustache applied himself to the relief of the French refugees,—delicately reared people, who had never known what it was to wait upon themselves.

After a while Monsieur Belin, fancying that danger was over, returned to St. Domingo; but only to find himself in greater peril than ever. Again his life was sought by the revolutionists, and again Eustache succeeded in helping him to escape to Baltimore. Monsieur Belin afterward lived at Port au Prince in an official capacity, his loyal servant ever by his side. When his sight failed, the devoted Eustache went at four o'clock each morning to learn to read, in order that he might be of service to his friend. When the old master died it was found

that he had amply provided for Eustache by emancipating him, and at the same time leaving him a legacy. The good fellow accepted the legacy, and proceeded to use it in charity, earning his own living as a cook. In 1831 he was awarded the Monthyon Prize for virtue. In an oration made at the time, the unselfishness of his life was thus set forth:

"Hourly some new instance of his marvellous generosity comes to light. Sometimes it is poor children whom he has put out to nurse, or others whose apprentice fee he has paid. Sometimes he buys tools or agricultural implements for workmen without means. Here, relations of his master obtain from him large sums that they will never restore and that he will never demand; there, he is left unpaid by persons who have employed him, and whom he does not press because they have fallen into misfortune, and he respects distress."

When Eustache heard all this he was very much surprised: he had never thought himself more than ordinarily virtuous. "But I do it for God," he said, "not for men."

Is not the life of this self-taught slave a reproach and a lesson to all of us?

A Eucharistic Marvel.

WRITING, a few years ago, to the Rev. Canon Convert, who at the time was parish priest of Ars, the Abbé Petit told of an experience he had had thirty-six years previously. In 1875 the Abbé was a professor in the "little seminary" of St. Lucien, at Beauvais. On the occasion of a First Communion retreat given to the pupils by a Dominican Father, the Abbé heard the preacher narrate the following incident:

At Lyons two professors of the University, hearing incessant talk about the Curé of Ars, resolved to go to that town for the purpose of seeing with their own eyes and hearing with their own ears, and

so forming an opinion. They were quite incredulous, and laughed at what was related concerning the holiness of the Rev. M. Vianney. The Curé was celebrating Mass when they entered the little church, and they seated themselves in a place where they could observe his attitude and take note of his every movement. At the moment of the Elevation, one of the professors, seeing the people bowing profoundly, said to himself: "How is it possible for intelligent men and women to recognize their God in that little piece of bread?"

When the saintly Curé turned towards the congregation at Communion time, he looked fixedly at the scoffing professor, and seemed to read the incredulous thoughts of his very soul. Then, genuflecting towards the altar, and taking in his fingers one of the sacred hosts, he began the liturgical words, *Ecce Agnus Dei*. At that moment the host left the priest's fingers and went of its own accord to place itself on the tongue of the first person kneeling at the altar rail; while the eyes of the Curé sought the eyes of the unbeliever and seemed to ask: "Could a mere piece of bread go of its own power such a distance and repose on that person's tongue?"

The professor was profoundly moved. He knelt down, and shortly afterwards prostrated himself at the holy Curé's feet. Later on, he became a priest, and a Dominican. He of whom I speak, my dear friends, was myself. . . . I owe my conversion and my vocation to a Eucharistic miracle operated through the agency of the Curé of Ars.

ONE way to recollect the mind easily in the time of prayer, and preserve it more in tranquillity, is *not to let it wander too far at other times*: you should keep it strictly in the presence of God; and, being accustomed to think of Him often, you will find it easy to keep your mind calm in the time of prayer, or at least to recall it from its wanderings.—*Brother Lawrence.*

The Grace of Kind Listening.

ANY one can talk—at least after a fashion,—but it is not every one who can listen. To be a good listener a man must possess a certain amount of humility, gentleness, and patience. Some listen with an abstracted air, which shows their thoughts to be elsewhere. These forced listeners generally prove to be among the number of those to whom only their own affairs are of interest. Though it occasionally happens that this sort of people make a feint of paying attention, their vague answers and irrelevant questions show that they have been occupied with their own thoughts.

Some listen with a kind of importunate ferocity, as if they expected one to tell a lie or to be inaccurate. Some listen with an eagerness of interpolation, often a total disregard of the subject, which shows a rude anxiety to banish all matter not pertaining to things in which they are interested. Some, with a brusque putting aside of every unfavorable argument, violently proclaim their own views in the face of a mild advancement of an opposite conviction.

But there is a grace of kind listening as well as of kind speaking. Like everything else, these things should be brought under the sweet influences of religion. There is no refinement like the refinement of the soul. It belongs to no class or station, but should of right be a distinctive characteristic of all those who are cultured in the truest sense. A well-known American writer could never hear the art of conversation discussed without begging leave to relate an experience of his earlier life, saying:

"I once knew two women—sisters. The elder was very beautiful in face and form, a brilliant conversationalist; in short, a woman of more than average talent and attainments. On first acquaintance she was eagerly sought after, being admired by all. Her younger sister—of a shy, retir-

ing disposition, and possessing less beauty than herself—was invariably overlooked by many people, as she chose to efface herself in some quiet corner; although finding much enjoyment as an onlooker, and possessing the rare and invaluable quality of a good listener. But while the charming wit and sprightly *bon-mots* of the elder acted like an inspiring draught on her admirers, the froth of this mental champagne soon evaporated; especially when it was seen that the beauty had no ears for anything save her own chatter. It was then that the contrast between the sisters asserted itself. People began by admiring the one; and eventually turning, weary of her egotism and its platitudes, to the reposeful manner and quiet, appreciative tact of the other. They found her 'delightful,' they all declared. And why? Simply because she had the grace of a good listener, combined with the humility and patience which are its essential qualifications."

There are other desirable attributes connected with kind listening which recommend it to every thoughtful mind. In the first place, the good listener must be slow of speech, not too impulsive; and slowness of speech implies seriousness of thought. He or she can weigh, compare, and digest with a patience and thoroughness unknown to those who break down under the trial of listening to other voices than their own. The good listener is one who naturally possesses the virtue of discretion; otherwise the tongue would run ahead of the judgment. And, if one must mingle with one's fellows, the kind listener runs much less risk of offending in word, as the Apostle expresses it, and of returning "less a man" as A Kempis warns, than the incessant talker, whose vanity and vulgarity are so apparent to everyone but himself. "Since the worst way of speaking is to speak too much," says St. Francis de Sales, "let us learn to speak little and well, little and gently, little and simply, little and amiably, little and charitably."

Notes and Remarks.

That there has never been a period in the world's history when there existed so great and apparently so hopeless a state of disorder in human life as at the present time; that we are now face to face with grave problems, the solution of which seems almost beyond human ingenuity and power; and that all those elements out of which alone a solid and lasting peace can be constructed are lacking,—such are the convictions of many who are most familiar with current events. In our leading article this week, Mr. J. Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G., insists that it is only by a return to Christian teaching and allegiance that permanent peace can be re-established on earth. He holds that the general recrudescence of paganism accounts both for the gradual unloosing of the bonds which held society together, and for the miseries that now afflict mankind. It is an article calculated to set its readers thinking. Our own first thought after reading it was that, so far as we can judge, too little of such exposition is published anywhere, or heard from the pulpits of any religious body.

Those who are looking for the latest declaration of science regarding the future life may find it in M. Louis Elbé's learned work, "*La Vie Future devant la Sagesse Antique et la Science Modern*," an authorized translation of which has just appeared in London. The author concludes that "faith in survival seems to us to be the inevitable consequence of the scientific conception of the human soul"; but we know nothing of the conditions of a future life; and "mediumistic communications, which pretend to come from beyond the grave, have never shed the slightest light upon this essential problem." M. Elbé says further: "If the Church possesses the words of eternal life, as was promised by its Divine Founder, it will be able to show that its teaching can

always be brought into line with well-established scientific truth as gradually revealed to us by the study of nature; and, when necessary, the infallibility which it ascribes to its visible head will always allow of its fixing beyond discussion the dogmatical interpretation which shall consecrate the agreement between observed truth as formulated by positive science, and revealed truth as determined by religious faith."

Among the suggested activities of the Knights of Columbus during the coming years is the establishment of Catholic social centres in all our large cities and industrial towns. The fact that the realization of the project would mean the accumulation and the expenditure of many millions of dollars does not appear to daunt the Knights—or at least one of their representative members, Mr. J. H. Reddin, of Denver, supreme master of the Fourth Degree. In the plan proposed by Mr. Reddin, there should be several departments connected with each building, in addition to the regular club and lodge facilities provided for members of the Order. Among other departments, there would be one for Catholic boys, another for a library, one for general club and entertainment purposes, an "Opportunity Department" (for vocational training, night-schools, and employment service), and also an Americanization department "for the teaching of foreigners of all creeds who are prospective citizens the principles underlying our form of government, and the reading and writing of the English language."

There is doubtless much to be urged in favor of such activities as the foregoing; but in our opinion the most important service that the Knights of Columbus could render would be the establishment of a daily newspaper,—not, let us hasten to say, a journal dripping with ecclesiastical approbations and with any such title as the *Catholic Expositor* and *Orthodox Intelligencer*; not a paper that

would be the organ of any political party, or the champion of any particular race, but a daily journal just like any other daily journal in form, though wholly unlike most other journals in spirit and tone, whose aim would be to benefit its readers in every way possible; a paper that wouldn't run to advertisements and that nobody could buy up; that in particular would befriend the workingman without injuring any other man. Such a journal as we have in mind, would, we feel sure, receive sufficient support from the day of its starting. Besides promoting all the good works in which the Knights of Columbus are already engaged or have in contemplation, an able daily newspaper under Catholic auspices, let us say in New York or Washington, would immeasurably increase the influence of the Church, making it felt where as yet it is little exerted, and making it triumph where it is so energetically and steadily opposed.

It is interesting to note ex-President Taft's position on the question of national Prohibition. Prior to the passing of the Federal amendment which sounded the knell of intoxicating liquor in this country, he was opposed to that amendment, basing his opposition both on the doubtfulness of Prohibition's ever becoming effectively prohibitive, and on the danger of vesting so much mere police power in the national government. Now that the amendment has been passed, Mr. Taft declares it to be the duty of all good citizens "to urge and vote for all reasonable and practical legislative measures by Congress adopted to secure the enforcement of the amendment." The reasons given why the opponents of Prohibition should thus unite with its advocates to enforce the law will commend themselves to very many in both camps: "that the country may enjoy the full benefits of the new law if it succeeds, and that a clear case for repeal may be made if it fails." It is an old political maxim that the best way to kill

a bad law is to enforce it "to the limit"; and there are not a few judicious citizens of this country who believe that any effective enforcement of Prohibition will be attended with so many exasperating infringements on personal liberty, domestic privacy, and even religious freedom, that "a clear case for repeal" will be made before many years have passed over a nominally dry United States.

The fallacy that one's Constitutional right of free speech entitles one to proclaim publicly whatever one pleases to say in any place, at any time, and under any circumstances, is periodically exploded in our courts of law, with the result that those who espouse the fallacy and act in accordance therewith are taught, sometimes a little drastically, the error of their ways. The obvious distinction between liberty and license, between free speech as a Constitutional "right" and unrestrained speech as a common-sense "wrong," was graphically illustrated the other day by Associate Justice Holmes, of the Supreme Court of the United States. In delivering his opinion in a case the defendant in which had pleaded his right of free speech, Mr. Holmes stated that the character of every act depends upon the circumstances in which it is done; and added: "The most stringent protection of free speech would not protect a man in falsely shouting 'Fire' in a theatre and causing a panic."

That the abuse of a thing is no valid argument against its rational use is a truism not likely to be denied by any one—save perhaps the ultra-fanatical Prohibitionist; but it is equally true that it is the duty of moralists and good citizens generally to denounce and endeavor to stop the abuse, rather than to tolerate or ignore it. Moving pictures are in themselves good things, and, as has often been asserted, may be made the vehicle both of innocent recreation and valuable instruction; but there can be no question

that a large proportion of the films daily and nightly displayed in thousands of our cities and towns are purely and simply demoralizing, and, in consequence, need to be subjected to a severer censorship than has as yet been established. The importance of the matter is brought to the attention of Catholic pastors by the Rev. E. F. Garesché, S. J., in the current number of the *Ecclesiastical Review*; he does not hesitate to say:

So very atrocious and indecent are some of the moving pictures of to-day that one can scarcely write frankly of them for general publication. Even to describe vaguely the excesses of the screen would make unfit reading for the general public. Indeed, it is a subject on which one had rather be silent. But fancy what the reality must be if the account itself is so distressing. And these vile pictures are being offered for the delectation of that public, including our own people and the innocent children, day after day on 17,000 screens.

It appears that only about eleven per cent of our population are even partially protected in this matter by effective boards of censorship; in by far the greater portion of the country there is either no censorship at all, or a mere sporadic censorship exercised by local organizations, or, in extreme cases, by the police. One duty of parents in the matter is clear: they themselves, or competent representatives of themselves, should personally view new films before allowing their children to witness the pictures, which all too often are vulgar and irresistibly suggestive of indecency, when they are not actually obscene.

In these times of high prices and high taxes everyone, particularly heads of families, should cultivate economy. Extravagance is the curse of the nation. Foreigners of all nationalities coming to this country are astonished at our lack of thrift, and wonder at our seeming to have no fear of the proverbial "rainy day." No matter how much improved their own condition may be over what it was in the Old World, they never forget the homely

proverb about wilful waste and woeful want. As a consequence, many of them become prosperous, while their native-born neighbors remain poor. The case of Abraham Berebitsky, a Russian Jew, who came to this country six or eight years ago and settled with his family at Rochester, Ind., is worth citing. He was as poor as could be, and handicapped by his complete ignorance of our language. But he was industrious, thrifty, and persevering. Before long he managed to acquire sufficient knowledge of English to engage in business, and soon accumulated a small fortune, a goodly portion of which, we are told, he expended in bringing numerous relatives from Russia, and in helping others who were necessitated to remain there.

The Berebitskys of whatever race or religion, with their large families and thrifty ways, will occupy the land some day, as sure as sunrise.

A moralist unknown to fame is fond of declaring that an ounce of happiness communicated to another is a pound added to one's own. Bismarck once had the experience of this. Mr. Frederick Marvin, in "Fireside Papers," quotes him as saying, as he once proceeded to light a fragrant Havana: "The value of a good cigar is best realized when it is the last one in your possession, and there is no chance of getting another. At Koenigratz I had in my pocket only one cigar, which I very carefully guarded during the whole of the battle, as a miser does his treasure. I painted in glowing colors in my mind the hour when I should enjoy it after the victory. But I miscalculated my chances. And what was the cause of my miscalculations? A poor dragoon. He lay helpless, with both arms crushed, asking for something to refresh him. I felt in my pockets and found only gold, and that would be of no use to him. But stay! I had still my treasured cigar. I lighted this for him and

placed it between his teeth. You should have seen the poor fellow's grateful smile! I never enjoyed a cigar so much as that one which I did not smoke."

During the World War the Man of Iron, as Bismarck used to be called, was frequently held up to hatred as the typical "Prussian brute," the one especially responsible for fostering the spirit of militarism in Germany. The private correspondence of this "Hun," however, shows that he was neither so brutal nor so despotic as he has been represented. There are recorded of him many acts of kindness and charity which some of his detractors might blush to learn, and would do well to emulate.

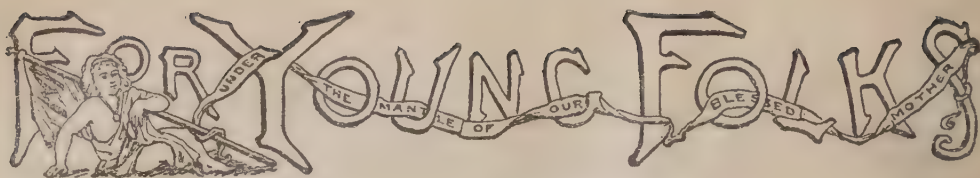
A most gratifying result of the World War which seems to have escaped general notice is shown in an article describing the growth of democratic movements throughout the world, contributed to the current number of the *Harvard Theological Review* by Dr. James I. Barton. Arabia, India, Egypt, the North African States, and other Mahomedan countries, repudiated Turkey's alliance with Germany and Austria, and refused to respond to its call to a mighty *jihad*. The result has been the dismemberment of Mahomedanism as a centralized religious force. It has lost its Caliph and is now without an accepted religious head. Consequently its solidarity is broken and its hope of universal rule shattered forever. It is a question of supreme significance, declares Dr. Barton, whether Christian influences can implant in those who are the leaders of the new democracies in East and West alike those principles which will make them a blessing and not a curse to the world.

In the course of his Lenten Pastoral Letter, Archbishop Glennon advises his people to adopt a practice which has often been advocated in these columns as the best of all devotions. "I would commend," he writes, "the creation of

leagues, such as are established in some countries of Europe, composed of those who pledge themselves to attend daily Mass." The Holy Sacrifice being without exception the most sublime as well as the most advantageous function performable on earth, it is a standing cause for wonder that so many Catholics treat it with indifference and neglect. Treasures of priceless grace are available every morning to whoever will take the trouble to gather them; yet hundreds and thousands of persons who would call themselves practical Catholics refuse to submit to the slightest inconvenience in order to increase their store of blessings, or, as may be the case, to diminish their debt of criminality in the sight of God. The Lenten season, at least, should be signalized by a notable increase in the size of the congregations attending daily Mass in all the churches and chapels throughout the land. It is surely but a very mild form of penitential action to arise at an hour sufficiently early to permit of one's being present at the Holy Sacrifice.

The spectacle of a professing Jewess acting as sponsor at the baptism of a Christian child is not one calculated to edify either Christians or Jews. Such a spectacle, however, was visible not long ago in a London church,—of course a non-Catholic one. The *Chicago Israelite*, which is one of the ablest of our exchanges, quotes approvingly the following straightforward condemnation of the act, published in the *London Jewish World*:

She professes and calls herself a Jewess, and is, indeed, we are informed, a seat-holder at the Berkeley Street Synagogue. For a Jewess to be a sponsor at the baptism is utterly inconsistent and indefensible. Baptism is in the Christian Church a sacrament, and the one who becomes sponsor for the baptized child acknowledges on its behalf the truth of Christian doctrine and proclaims belief in that faith. Thus one who is a Jew or a Jewess and has no intention of doing otherwise than remain such, who undertakes such an office, does something as disloyal to Judaism as it is insulting to Christianity.



Gabriel's Greeting.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

WHEN the Angel winged swiftly his flight
from the skies
And announced to thee, Mother, thy worth in
God's eyes,
Did he know that his greeting, his "Hail, full of
grace!"
Would re-echo forever through time and through
space?

Was he conscious that, ages thereafter, his word
Would be treasured as gladdest this earth ever
heard,
That the sheen of its glory for aye would increase,
And its music grow sweeter with mercy and peace?

Did his vision angelic foreshow him a world
Bearing proudly a banner to Mary unfurled,
While the millions who march 'neath it never give
o'er
Just repeating their watchword, his *Ave* of yore?

Did he see, dearest Mother, our hearts filled with
love
For Thy Son and thyself in his fair home above?
Did he see us, life spent, at thy feet find a place
To repeat with him, "*Ave!* O hail, full of grace!"

Buddy.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XII.—A VISIT TO CAPTAIN SOL.

THE sun was shining brightly next
morning,—so brightly that Buddy
quite forgot the past day of gloom.
True, despite all his efforts made under the
direction of the *Boy Mechanic*, his aero-
plane had been induced only to circle in a
feeble flutter through the stable, and then
set Dandy to kicking by reeling down upon
his head. Still, even this success was
encouraging, and Buddy felt that he and

Bob would tackle the mathematics of
aeronautics later on.

Meantime something much more prac-
tical and immediate was right at hand.
For Rick had left him as a parting gift
his own boat, that he had used going to
and from the camp. Newly calked and
painted, and guaranteed by Buck Raney
to be safe and dry as a "rocking cheer,"
with a service flag bearing two stars float-
ing from its stern, the neat little skiff, that
lay at the Maplewood wharf this morning,
was a craft of which any young navigator
might be proud. To add to the delight
of the day, a letter had come from Ted
this morning,—a letter to "Dear old
Kinky-top," which had been his second
brother's name for him ever since he had
clipped his curls; a long, breezy letter,
that, after it had been read half a dozen
times in the family circles above and
below stairs, Buddy claimed rightfully
as all his own.

"Gee! old Captain Slocum would like
to hear this letter, he thought such a
lot of Ted. And it's such a fine day,
mamma, and I've been sort of shut up
so long, I wish you'd let me take Tobe
and go up to Falcon Cove in my new boat."

Mamma hesitated; the peril of that
late adventure to the Cove was still fresh
in her mind,—a peril so much greater
than, happily for herself, Buddy's little
mother had ever guessed.

"We won't leave *this* boat tied up for
any one to steal," continued Buddy; "and
we'll be back long, long before dark,—
I'll promise you that. And—and you know
Rick would not have given me the boat
unless he wanted me to use it, mamma."

The last argument was quite unan-
swerable; for dear Rick—Rick who was
wise and prudent beyond his years—
ruled his little mother's every thought
and word just now.

"Then I suppose you must," she replied. "Only be careful, dear! And remember how anxious I will be if you stay out late."

So it happened that Buddy and Tobe were off again this bright summer morning, skimming over the blue waters of river and bay, on their way to the old oyster-man's shack at Falcon Cove. They found the Captain sunning himself on the stretch of sand below his house, smoking his pipe.

Buddy, in his newly painted boat, and arrayed in a neat little sailor suit, was a visitor to disarm suspicion.

"Oh, it's you agin,—is it, sonny?" said the old man in gruff welcome. "Durned, if you don't look more and more like that brother of yours every day!"

"Glad to hear it," answered Buddy, as, leaving Tobe to tie the boat to the wharf, he sprang ashore. "Ted's a winner, Captain Sol. I got a letter from him this morning that I thought you'd like to see."

"I would for sure," nodded the old man, and Buddy dropped down on the sand beside him and drew the letter from his pocket. "But you'd best read it to me, sonny: my eyes ain't none too good these days, and I warn't never much at pen-writing. Sartinly was glad when folks got to making out bills and invoices in print. You boy thar!" he called to Tobe. "Thar's a bushel or so of soft-shell crabs a-kicking in that net jest behind you. Load 'em into your boat for the Madam at Maplewood. Them officers at the camp is hollering late and early for them, but these go to her to-day.—Now, sonny, let us have that boy Ted's letter. It's wuth hearing, I know."

And Buddy began:

"AVIATION CAMP, Aug., 1917.

"DEAR OLD KINKY-TOP—

"That's me," explained Buddy; "because I've got a curly head that he couldn't cut straight."

"Ain't no sort of Christian name to give a nice boy," growled his hearer, disapprovingly.

"Oh, I don't mind!" laughed Buddy.

"All the boys at school had nicknames. There was Scratchy and Fatty and Bones, and a whole lot of others."

"All boys are fools," grimly commented the old man; "and most of 'em never git over it. Go on with the letter, sonny. I'm glad to hear that boy is alive enough to write. I sartinly thought he would have broke his neck or back before this. This sky-flying is agin nature,—agin nature, as every sailor on salt or fresh water knows. But go on, sonny,—go on!"

And the old Captain, having had his growl out, listened eagerly as Buddy continued:

"That was a fine letter you wrote me two weeks ago. Mother's letters are lovely; but they bring a sort of choke in your throat, that isn't good for aviators, and make a fellow feel he must strike a bee line for Maplewood or die. It takes a boy's letter to chirk up a homesick brother with real down 'news.'

"I am glad to hear about the two new calves, and that Buck Raney has broken the roan colt into harness, and how your 'Nine' did up the West River team. Those West River chaps were never anything but big bluffs. And I wouldn't think of having Dandy's tail cropped; it's a mean trick to serve any pony in fly-time, no matter what Bob Jameson says. And it certainly is sad that Aunt Milly has three fingers crooked with rheumatism, so that she can't make 'beat biscuits' every other night. Gee! when I think of the beat biscuits and the waffles and the cinnamon buns, I feel that mother didn't bring me up to be a soldier or an aviator, or anything but a spoiled home boy. But don't you think I am souring on my job, Buddy, Not a bit of it. I'm having the time of my life. I don't dare to tell you what fun it is to fly, or you might bolt off before you had fairly shed your pinfeathers, and try it yourself. I've gone in for racing and sailing and swimming, as you know, and made pretty fair records in them all; but nothing on land or water comes near flying, Kinky-top.

"Last night I was out, all 'loney lone' under the stars; the dull old earth, with its patches of broken light and dusky shadow, five thousand feet below me (think of that for your brother who never climbed anything higher than a tall pine!), and only heaven above. I had been having a jolly time with the boys that evening, and hadn't thought of my night prayers; but skimming there through the clouds made me feel good, Kinky-top,—almost as good as if I were little Teddy Reeves again in his cassock and surplice, kneeling before St. Ronald's altar serving Mass. And when I came down, I know mother will be glad to hear that I hunted up Father Clement, who is the post chaplain, and squared my accounts. Don't think I was afraid of a tumble. It wasn't that at all. It is just that up in the clouds there alone, things below don't seem to count for much; you hate to feel that you are grimy with the dust and sin of earth in the great, starlit sanctuary of the sky." ("And now here's where he writes about you," parenthesized Buddy, feeling that his hearer was not exactly in touch with Ted's last sentiments.)

"Do you ever see my good old friend and shipmate, Captain Sol? If you do, give him a hearty hand-grip for me, and tell him I often think of him and the good times we had together on the 'Lucy Lee.' I know that if he were about forty years younger, he would be up in an airship, too; for there is nothing like it, Kinky-top; and you'll get it in good time, never fear. Before you are a man we'll be whisking across the ocean from New York to Paris in a night.

"Kiss the family all around, and write soon again. Your letters are great. So bye-bye, Kinky-top! And when you get into that old cassock of mine on Sunday morning, don't forget

"Your flying brother,

"TED."

"Well, well!" said Captain Sol, as Buddy finished. "That *is* a letter, sure enough! Sounds as if weren't pen-writing

at all. I could 'most believe, sonny, that brother of yours was setting down here beside me talking all that writing out. It do sound nachal sure, 'specially that about me and him sailing around in the 'Lucy Lee.' She ain't much to look at nowadays," continued the old man, with a nod towards his boat; "but with a little calking and painting she'd be a purty good boat yet. But you can't calk and paint her old skipper, sonny: he is stranded and stove in for good and all,—good and all."

"Oh, no, Captain Sol!" said Buddy, cheerily. "You can do lots of things yet. Think of all the oysters and crabs you're selling these days at the camp. It's only your legs that are bad. I had a real bad leg myself a little while ago; and it's tough not being' able to get around, I know."

"How did you hurt it?" asked the Captain; and Buddy narrated his unpleasant adventure at the old mill.

"You fell into a swamp-hole there," said his hearer, when he had concluded his story,—“a swamp-hole deep enough to lame your leg for a week? Quar, sonny,—very quar. Well, if you say so, I know it's true; but I've been scurrying round about that old Kent Mill, man and boy, for more'n fifty years, and never struck any swamp-holes like that yet,—nothing more than a puddle ankle-deep. 'Most up to your waist, you say?"

"Yes," answered Buddy,—“quite up to my waist."

"Quar," repeated the old man again, "very quar. You're sure it was a swamp-hole, sonny?"

"Why, what else could it have been, Captain Sol?"

"Some one might have been digging. 'Tain't far from the camp line,—digging for water," suggested the Captain.

"Oh, no!" answered Buddy. "Nobody would dig for water there,—so near the mill stream, Captain Sol."

"That's so," was the answer. "I never heard of no such swamp-holes round there before; but this here soldier business is

changing everything, water and land. And it's a-bringing more sharks around this shore than you can drive away with a stick. There was one along yesterday selling doctor stuff; said he had heard I'd been laid up with rheumatism, and he had the medicine that would cure. Reeled off a lot of talk about having got it in Lapland, where he had been a Baptist missionary. Sat here so long I was tired of him. There's a lot of quar people round here now, and somehow I've a-feeling that they ain't round for no good. I hope, now that them big boys of hern are gone, your ma don't let no stragglers around Maplewood."

"No, she doesn't,—at least Mammy Lindy doesn't. Gee!" laughed Buddy, "you ought to have heard her lighting into a poor man that came to the kitchen the other day peddling finery to the servants. She sent him off on the double-quick."

"What did he look like?" asked Captain Sol, suspiciously.

"Oh, I didn't see him very well! But he was sort of short and thick, with a black beard and some shell spectacles," answered Buddy.

"Durned, if that ain't the very pictoor of my medicine man!" said the old Captain. "Short and thick, with beard and hair that didn't seem altogether to belong to him. That old Nigger nurse of yourn had a heap of hard sense, sonny; and I'll be bound that peddler man had a lot to say."

"Oh, he did!" answered Buddy. "That was what stirred Mammy Lindy up. But, Captain Sol, what harm could the poor man do just by talk?"

"Just by talk!" echoed the old Captain. "When you get to be as old as I am, sonny, you'll know that most of the trouble in this here world is made jest by talk. 'Cording to the Good Book, the devil started it with Eve and Adam, and he's been keeping it up ever since. And he finds plenty of fools to listen. Old Sol Slocum ain't good for much these days, but he has his eyes open for mischief about this here Cove. These high-wooded

banks above this little place of mine make a mighty good lookout,—a mighty good lookout."

"A lookout—what for?" asked Buddy, innocently.

"Everything," was the grim reply. "With a good glass up there, you can take in all that's going on for miles around; bay, river, lighthouse, camp,—specially the camp. I ain't the sort to send out fool stories to make trouble; but if I had the pair of good legs I had a dozen years ago, I'd do some scouting around them banks and see things for myself."

"I'll scout for you, Captain Sol," said Buddy, cheerfully.

"No, sonny,—no," was the quick reply. "The Lord knows it's bad enough for your mother to have two boys in this here fight, without mixing you up in it."

"Oh, but I could scout fine for you, Captain Sol!" Buddy's eyes were bright with eager interest now. "We used to play Indian at the old mill last Easter, and I crept down upon Bob Jameson and had him gagged before he heard a sound. And Ted has a book that is all about following trails in the woods, and finding water, and telling the time by the sun and stars. Oh, I'd love to go scouting for you, Captain Sol!"

"Well, you won't," said the old man, quite fiercely,—“not if I have anything to say about it, youngster. You'll keep out of all such trouble till you're full-growed at least. For, if I see things right, it ain't any sort of boy-play that's going on around here. There's devils at work, to my thinking; and you'd best keep clear of them, sonny, and don't let them come straggling around you or your home."

And then, Captain Sol having plainly grown glum and ill-humored, Buddy felt it was wise to say good-bye and go home.

(To be continued.)

WHAT you keep by you, you may change and mend; but words once spoken can never be recalled.

A Hero of Scotland.

FOR many years after the last Stuart was driven from the throne of England, the endeavors to make Scotland independent, and to restore as its rulers the ancient race of monarchs, were constant and untiring.

Among the eminent Scottish cavaliers who declared for the exiled line was one Alexander Forbes, otherwise Lord Pitsligo, who had been educated in France, and there formed a deep personal attachment to the family of the exiled King James. He was a man of stern integrity, and remarkable, even among a multitude of steadfast men, for his piety and virtues. Upon his return to Scotland, his position as Peer placed him in the Parliamentary ranks, where he was forced to become a member of one of the contending parties, and promptly declared for the Stuarts and against union with England. Disgusted with the measures taken by the minority, he threw up his position and retired to private life,—emerging only to join in an insurrection of the Highlanders and Jacobites, headed by the Earl of Mar.

This conflict ended in the defeat and exile of all the participants; and again we find the brave Lord Pitsligo happy with the family of the Old Pretender, who dwelt on the border of the French court, keeping up a shadow in place of the reality which the Jacobites believed to be his by right. The good Peer remained in France some five or six years at this time, returning to Scotland in 1720, and living a quiet life upon his estates in Aberdeenshire.

When Lord Pitsligo was about sixty-seven years, the most romantic character in all Scottish history, Prince Charlie, the Young Pretender, landed upon the shores of the country from which the Stuarts sprang, and began the career which was to end so disastrously.

Lord Pitsligo was not a Highlander, and there was considerable doubt in the minds of his friends as to the course

he would pursue. He was a pronounced adherent of the Stuart cause; but it required great sacrifice and courage to take up arms for the forlorn hope of the Bonnie Prince, and the Lord was now an old man. His neighbors waited, and promptly there came the decision, "I declare for the Prince!" That was enough. Hundreds of young men flocked around him.

Soon the Lord met his followers—who, gentlemen and servants, numbered a hundred mounted men—at the appointed rendezvous. As they were preparing to begin the expedition, the venerable nobleman lifted his hat, cast his eyes upward and said: "O Lord, Thou knowest that our cause is just!" Then to his men: "March, gentlemen!"

When Pitsligo and his followers entered the camp of the Prince, it seemed as if virtue and religion entered with them. The Prince loved him with filial devotion, and they clung together to the bitter end. After the battle of Culloden, he became like his Prince and many others, an outlaw and fugitive, and was concealed upon his own estates in the disguise of a beggar. His tenantry were so devoted to him that there was never a question of betraying him. It is said that once he acted as guide to a searching party who were on his track.

For ten years he was thus concealed, and at the end of that time he became rather more bold, and word was taken to the authorities that he was sheltered in a certain house. Soldiers insisted upon searching the place, but the old patriot was hastily concealed in a recess and escaped arrest. He was afterwards permitted by the government to return to his family and friends, and was not again molested.

Lord Pitsligo lived to be eighty-five; and, as his estates had been confiscated to the Crown, his son had the mortification of being indebted to a stranger for permission to lay his father's honored remains in the vault where those of his beloved kindred were mouldering.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A new volume of reminiscences ("The Years of the Shadow"), by Katharine Tynan, is announced for early publication by Messrs. Constable, London.

—A series of biographical stories of the great heroes of American history, for use in elementary schools, by the Rev. James Higgins, will be published in May by the Macmillan Co.

—A new revised edition (the fifth) of "Christian Worship: Its Origin and Evolution," by Mgr. L. Duchesne, has just been issued by the S. P. C. K. New publications of the same Society include also "The Second Century: Being a Series of Readings in Church History for Lent and Other Times," by the Rev. Dr. J. P. Whitney.

—From the press of Walter A. Abbott, Los Angeles, Cal., comes a sixteenmo brochure of forty-seven pages, "The Gray Man of Christ: Generalissimo Foch," by John Steven McGroarty. The paper which gives its title to the brochure is a reprint of an editorial in the Los Angeles Times, and is both sympathetic and interesting in an unusual degree. The other articles, "Without which We Perish," "The Hand of God," and "The Prince of Peace," deal with different aspects and phases of the recent war.

—Bulletin No. 2, of the Catholic Educational Association, contains a valuable and convenient partial bibliography of Church History, by the Rev. F. S. Betten, S. J. Not only priests and seminarians but the educated Catholic laity will be grateful for so handy a work of reference. The latter class especially may be interested in the list of captions under which the books are grouped. They are: Elementary Church Histories; Larger Church Histories; Early Christianity; Patrology; History of Dogma and Institutions; Religious Orders; History of the Popes; End of the Papal States; The Reformation; Other Periods and Phases of Church History; Ireland, England, America; Collections of Essays; Collections of Biographies; and General Reference Works.

—An exceptionally interesting brochure is "The Heavenly Road," by Rosalie Marie Levy, a convert from Judaism. It bears the *imprimatur* of Cardinal Gibbons, and an appreciative foreword from Father Walter Drum, S. J. The author's purpose is to reach not only such Christians as are still seeking for religious guidance, but even Jews and unbelievers. In the course of one hundred pages the work deals

with "History of the Jewish People and the Prophecies of the Messiah," "Life of Jesus Christ," "What Think You of Christ? Whose Son is He?" and "What was Christ's Mission?" We bespeak for this brochure a wide circulation. It may be secured from the author at 39 K St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

—Although, at the time of writing, John Ayscough has not yet set foot in this country, we notice that a London publisher announces his "First Impressions in America" ("an illustrated account of the author's impressions during his lecturing tour in the States"). Another new romance by John Ayscough, "The Foundress," is also promised.

—The new volume (III.) of Dr. Augustine's "Commentary on Canon Law" deals with religious Orders, their founding, government, obligations, privileges, rights, etc.; and with matters regarding the laity and their organizations (associations of the faithful in general and in particular). His Eminence Cardinal Gasquet contributes a brief Introduction to this volume; and there is a short historical sketch of the origin of the religious state and its development into various branches, Orders, and Congregations, by the author, who adds an important "paragraph" treating of exemption. (This sketch needs correction.) In an appendix are given questions to be answered in the quinquennial report of religious superiors (Can. 510). As will be seen, this volume, which in one of 469 pages, uniform with those already issued, contains a great deal of very important matter. It is clearly set forth and explained as fully as could reasonably be expected. B. Herder Book Co. Price, \$2.50.

—Alice Lady Lovat in her little book, "The Communion of Saints" (Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co.), offers to the public a deeply spiritual and uncontroversial work which aims to bring consolation to parents and relations, Catholic or Protestant, who have been bereaved by the war. Its dedication to "the mothers who have lost sons in the war" describes in brief the object of the book. It is full of faith and hope and love, as one finds these great virtues taught and exemplified in the Scriptures and the writings of the saints. It seems hardly fit, however, in the opening chapter, to quote Wordsworth's eminently Platonic lines on a previous existence of the soul as evidence of its future immortality. And unless Lady Lovat is addressing herself to a public rather well acquainted with mystical theology,

her statements, "We are ourselves the body of Christ," and "We are deified," might be misinterpreted. There is no question of the high spiritual altitude of the book. And the meditations on the "Anima Christi" and the *Credo* of the Redeemed are admirable. Price, 2s.

—Catholic novelists whose works are without apparent religious tone or purpose, and who seem to think that piety and religion are out of place in fiction, would do well to reflect on the following paragraph from an extended review of a new French Catholic novel ("Monsieur le Curé d'Ozeron," par Francis Jammes) in the *London Times Literary Supplement*, which is perhaps the highest authority in our language on literary matters:

There has been of late years a great deal of Catholic Belles-Lettres in France, yet singularly little of it has been persuasive. Perhaps it does not aim at persuading, and is content to appeal to those whose faith is already secure. Nevertheless, seeing that persuasiveness is an indispensable quality of the literary art, it is difficult to believe that the Catholic men of letters in modern France deliberately acquiesce in this restriction of their aim. One may easily admit that it does not lie within their literary purpose to make converts; but persuasiveness is a different matter. It is knit up with the vital question of verisimilitude. To achieve this, the Catholic faith needs to be represented by the writer as a way of life which does no violence to human nature. Yet precisely here the majority of modern Catholic writers in France deny us what we have a right to demand. They reveal a very definite tendency to insist upon those aspects of their faith which appear to be the most formidable stumbling-blocks to those who do not share it. They seem to be contemptuous, or at least careless, of the common humanity which unites the Catholic and the non-Catholic, and to the difficulties and problems of which their faith is largely held to afford an answer.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Essays in Occultism, Spiritism, and Demonology." Dean W. R. Harris. \$1.
- "Patriotism in Washington's Time." P. J. Byrne, M. D. \$1.50.
- "Life of Pius X." F. A. Forbes. \$1.35.
- "Marriage Legislation in the New Code of Canon Law." Very Rev. H. A. Ayrinhac, S.S., D. D. \$2.
- "Letter to Catholic Priests." Pope Pius X. 50 cts.

- "The Sad Years." Dora Sigerson. \$1.25.
- "Spiritual Exercises for Monthly and Annual Retreats." Rev P. Dunoyer. \$2.35.
- "The Parables of Jesus." Rev. P. Coghlan, C. P. \$1.10.
- "A Handbook of Moral Theology." Rev. A. Koch, D. D.—Mr. Arthur Preuss. \$1. 50.
- "The Bédrock of Belief." Rev. William Robison, S. J. \$1.25.
- "Ireland: Its Saints and Scholars." J. M. Flood. 75 cts.
- "The Hand of God." Rev. Martin Scott, S. J. \$1, postage extra.
- "Pastor Halloft." \$1.50.
- "In the Soldier's Service." Mary Dexter. \$1.50.
- "The World Problem." Rev. Joseph Husslein, S. J. \$1.35.
- "Foch the Man." Clara E. Laughlin. \$1.
- "War Mothers." Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S. J. 65 cts.
- "Outline Meditations." Madame Cecilia. \$1.50.
- "A Manual of the History of Dogmas." Rev. Bernard J. Otten, S. J. Vol. II. \$2.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HGB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Edward Reynolds, of the diocese of Burlington; Rev. John Massoth, of the American Foreign Mission Seminary; Rev. John Donnelly, C. M.; and Rev. Thomas Brown, C. SS. R.

Sister M. Calasancius, Sister M. Eucharista, and Sister M. Pancratius, of the Sisters of Mercy.

Dr. John C. Cox, Mr. Thomas Roberts, Mr. James Lane, Mr. John Connor, Mr. William Holmead, Mr. Bernard Keenan, Mrs. Sarah Keenan, Mr. G. J. Monville, Mr. James Lyston, Mr. John Berry, Miss Catherine Berry, Mr. George Backer, Miss Regina Hartley, Mr. Thomas Bragg, Mr. C. A. Duvall, Miss Marcella Hussey, Mr. John Gasper, Miss Mary Ames, Mr. John H. Burke, Mr. A. E. Melanson, Miss Elizabeth Murdock, Mrs. Bridget Gillis, Mr. Anthony Bicigalupo, Mr. Philip Scholl, Mr. George Callaghan, Miss Lena Scanlan, Mr. John Rengier, Mr. Edmond Geraghty, Mr. R. W. May, and Mr. Nicholas Young.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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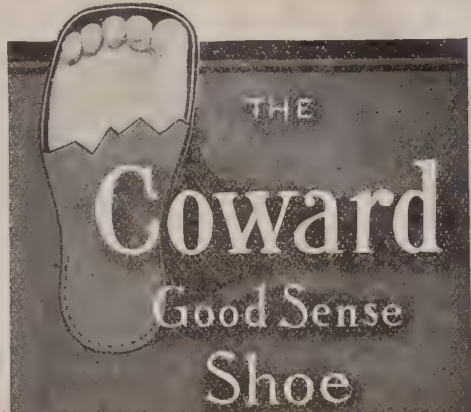
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It shows the need of teaching on a logical basis, truth and truth alone, and the necessity of purging abuses which have crept into the routine course of religious instruction.—*Niagara Index*.

Contains many useful suggestions for those who are interested in the education of the young.—*Fordham Monthly*.

It should be in the hands of everyone to whom is committed the grave responsibility of the religious training of Catholic youth.—*Cork Examiner*.

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(Renewed by His Holiness Leo XIII., March 6, 1878; and by His Holiness Pius X., June 4, 1910.)

*Die 10. September 1866.
Geduldige Dankbarkeit, et summo ac maximo Dei
gloriam, et B. M. Virginis omnia prout directa,
Benedictionis eius inceptum et omnes veneranda
et Dominica. B. M. prout perfectis et sequens
Pius P. X.*

[TRANSLATION.]

September 10, 1866.

These things being so, and provided that all be directed to the honor and glory of God and of the Blessed Virgin Mary, We bless the undertaking and all the co-operators thereunto; and may our Lord Jesus Christ perfect and strengthen the work.

PIUS PP. IX.

THE AVE MARIA

A FAMILY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

PRICE

\$2

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

Entered as second-class matter at Notre Dame, Indiana. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on June 25, 1918.
American News Co.; Gill & Son; Burns and Oates; Catholic Book Depot, Fort, Bombay;
Sydney, N. S. W., Louis Gille & Co.; Melbourne, Australia, William P. Linehan.

FOREIGN

\$3 (12s 6d)

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS. viii 34.

SATURDAY, 29.—SS. Jonas and Comp's, MM. St. Eustasius, C. St. Berthold, C.	St. Theodora, M.
SUNDAY, 30.—Fourth of Lent. St. John Climacus, C. St. Osburga, V.	WEDNESDAY, 2.—St. Francis of Paula, C. Bl. John Paine, M.
MONDAY, 31.—St. Benjamin, M. Bl. Nicholas, C. April.	THURSDAY, 3.—St. Irene, V. M. St. Richard, C.
TUESDAY, 1.—St. Hugh, B. C. St. Valery, C.	FRIDAY, 4.—St. Isidore, B. C. D.
	SATURDAY, 5.—St. Vincent Ferrer, C. St. Gerald, C.

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VOL. IX. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 29, 1919.

NO. 13

[Published every Saturday. Copyright, 1919: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Ireland.

BY LUCY GERTRUDE CLARKIN.

LAND of the Faith that holds me safe in the stress of years—
The Faith that my father's fathers bought with their blood and tears,—

I, though a vagrant poet, beggar of word and phrase,

Warmed at the fire of thy courage, sing thee a song of praise.

Stripped of thine ancient splendors, robed in the red of pain,

Thy children dying of hunger, thy fearless defenders slain,

Ever thine eyes looked upward, never thy proud form bowed,

And never, O Queenly Ireland, thy captors found thee cowed.

Will the world that has wept for Belgium look to thine old, old pain?

Will the justice of earth awakened, unshackle thy limbs again?

Shall we hear thee a nation speaking, in the years that are yet to be?

O Ireland, unconquered Ireland, I glow in the pride of thee!

THE apostate is seldom content with his own apostasy: he is, on the contrary, the most violent and unscrupulous of proselytizers. He has evil things on his side—strong and malignant powers. He is astute and plausible as only the lapsed can be. All his old knowledge of grace and holiness is perverted and used to new ends.—*Isabel C. Clarke.*

Our Lady of the North.

BY DARLEY DALE.

LAPLAND is perhaps the last country in the world wherein we should look for shrines of Our Lady; nevertheless, there are two or three very interesting ones, in the extreme northeast corner of this land of the midnight sun,—that is, in Russian Lapland. The south and western parts belong to Norway or Sweden, and there the religion is Lutheran; but in Russian Lapland, the Orthodox Church has had missions since the fifteenth century. In the sixteenth century, St. Tryphon founded the celebrated monastery of Petchenga, in the extreme north of Russian Lapland, and converted the Laplanders of this desolate region to Christianity. It is here at Petchenga that we find one of the Lapp shrines, that of Our Lady of the Assumption; and hereto hangs a strange story.

St. Tryphon, the son of a Russian priest who lived in the province of Novgorod, was a deeply religious boy from his earliest youth. When quite young, he was drawn to a hermit's life, and frequently retired to live for a time in some cave. On one of these occasions he heard a voice telling him to "go into a thirsty and inaccessible land," and preach the Gospel to the people. Apparently he had sometimes met Laplanders from the Kola peninsula, which belongs to the government of Novgorod. After much deliberation, he decided that their country was "the thirsty and inac-

cessible land" of his vision; so he set out northwards towards Kola, and there began to teach the people the elements of the Christian religion. He moved about among the scattered tents of the Laplanders, preaching the Gospel as he went. He met with great opposition at first from the chief Lapps, who ill-treated him and threatened to kill him; but his meekness finally won them over, and he labored thus among them alone for twenty years, making many converts.

Then he returned to Novgorod, and asked the archbishop to permit him to build a church; and, as he was a layman, to give him a priest to baptize his converts and to serve the church he proposed to build. The site chosen was Petchenga, where the celebrated monastery now stands. Tryphon himself worked at the new church, carrying huge logs of wood two miles every day. But the edifice was finished three years before he succeeded in securing a priest. Then one came to him from Kola; and on February 1, 1553, the church was dedicated, the converted Lapps baptized, and Tryphon and several of his converts received the cowl.

A little later he was joined by Feodorit, a priest from the monastery of Our Lady of the Purification at Solovietski, a celebrated convent and shrine on a tiny desolate island of that name in the White Sea. Soon after a great famine arose in Lapland, and Tryphon and Feodorit went to the province of Novgorod to collect food and alms for the starving Laplanders. After visiting Novgorod, they went to Moscow to see the Czar and ask his help. The day before they reached Moscow, being the feast of the Assumption of Our Lady, the Czar went to the cathedral to hear Mass; and on his way he saw (in a vision) the two monks, and asked them who they were. They told him their names, but the Czar's attendants heard only his question, and saw no one. The next day the Czar and the Czarevitch were going to the cathedral when they actually met Tryphon and Feodorit, who handed the

Czar their petition. He had read it, and promised to meet them on his return from the cathedral; adding that he had seen them in the same place the day before. They assured him that they had reached Moscow only that morning. Then the Czar realized that he had had a vision, and gave them grants of fishing grounds and lands and money for their monastery.

Near the monastery Tryphon had a hermitage, to which he often retired. Here he built a church in honor of Our Lady of the Assumption, and ordered that when he died he should be buried in this hermitage. This is the shrine which is now a celebrated place of pilgrimage on Assumption Day and on feasts connected with St. Tryphon. Before his death—on December 15, 1583—he prophesied the destruction of Petchenga monastery, and the massacre of the monks, which actually took place seven years later. There was then war between the Russians and Swedes; and on Christmas Day, 1590, a band of Swedes burned the monastery, and massacred in a most brutal manner fifty-one monks and sixty-five laymen and workmen. The Czar ordered that the surviving monks, and what remained of their property, should be transferred to the church of the Annunciation at Kola. A new monastery was built there in 1619, but in 1764 this was incorporated in the cathedral chapter.

It was considered a pity to permit the formerly celebrated monastery of the Assumption of Our Lady at Petchenga to die out; so the Holy Synod, in 1886, resolved to restore it, and charged some of the monks from the monastery of the Purification of Our Lady, at Solovietski, to make a foundation at Petchenga, on the spot where St. Tryphon died, in the hermitage where the church of the Assumption originally stood. This was done; and a church with three altars, together with a handsome group of monastic buildings, has been erected. The church is a most picturesque object, with its blue domes, green steeple, and pale blue windows,

quite in the Russian style of architecture. Behind it are summer-houses, and wooden bridges over the snow valleys; the colors of the church and other buildings relieve the monotony of the whiteness of the snow. A school for boys has been opened; while workshops for gilders, carpenters, fishing-net-makers, locksmiths and other trades, have been built; so that the monastery, as in Mediæval days, is self-supporting, and in that desolate region is like a small town, where towns are mostly clusters of huts with a church.

The Petchenga community now numbers one hundred and twenty; and the monastery is a stronghold of the Orthodox religion against the Lutheran Church of the Norwegians, who are encroaching upon this part of Russian Lapland. The church and buildings contain many gold and silver icons of Our Lady and of various Russian saints. It is a great boon to the nomadic Lapps still farther north, who frequently visit it, and are allowed to stay three days in the monastery, where they are well fed and may attend as many of the services (which are always going on) as they like. The singing of the Liturgy by the monks is sweet and plaintive. No organ is allowed in any Russian church. When the pilgrims leave they are given little icons and pictures, crosses, rosaries and printed prayers, which they value greatly.

These Lapps, like all members of the Orthodox Church, fast rigorously. They have many more fast-days than we have, and several Lents in the year. But in that terribly cold climate it is very hard for them to abstain from reindeer meat, on which they principally live in winter; so they are permitted to eat the flesh of ptarmigan, which they call flying fish.

The population of Russian Lapland consists of Russians and Carelians, as well as of Lapps. The Russian Lapps in winter live in small villages of from six or eight to twenty huts, each village with its own little chapel dependent on the parish church, often a long way from the villages. Every ten or fifteen years, when the reindeer moss

on which the reindeer subsist is exhausted, the whole village, chapel and all, is removed to another spot and rebuilt there.

The Russian priests rarely understand either the Lapp language (which is hard to master) or the Carelian; so they must have some difficulty in communication with their flocks. The distance of the inhabitants from the parish church is of less importance, because the Laplanders have two means of travelling,—either in reindeer sledges or on skis, and in either case can go at a rapid pace: on skis they can travel up and down the mountain-sides with the greatest ease and at breakneck speed.


The Solovietski monastery, whence the monk Feodorit came to help St. Tryphon to found Petchenga, is dedicated to Our Lady of the Purification; it was founded in 1429, by two hermits, on a small island in the White Sea. The monks evangelized the inhabitants of the neighboring coasts of the mainland, most of whom were Laplanders. In the sixteenth century they sent out missionaries to the extreme north of the European continent, under the monk Theodore, who made thousands of converts from paganism to Christianity; and in this the Russian Church has done a good work. It is a great missionary Church, but is also a great proselytizing force in countries under its government, like Russian Poland; for the Russian Church has hitherto gone hand-in-hand with the State, and has been the latter's most powerful engine. What will be the result of the present upheaval on the Russian Church it is impossible to foresee. In Lapland, at any rate, it has done a good work in the past, in rescuing so many of the inhabitants from paganism and Lutheranism, and bringing them to the knowledge and love of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother, to whom they have as great a devotion in the Orthodox Church as we have.¹

¹ See "Through Lapland," by Frank Hedges Butler. 1917. "Links in the Chain of Russian Church History," by W. H. Frère. 1918.

Search-Lights.

BY VALENTINE PARAISO.

XVII.

HE letter from Father Corkwood was carefully read over again in the Colonel's study, when the lamp was lighted under its green shade.

"Corkwood" was all right again, and going out of hospital to-morrow; that was one good thing. But this news about Sydney Verreker had certainly upset Daisy. 'He had no idea,' the Colonel told himself; he 'was never more surprised in his life.' The weeping had gone down like a storm; but there were little stifled sobs for a long time, and she did not speak any more after that first cry of self-reproach.

Her father was sorry he had told her the bad news so suddenly! But, now that the worst was over, he held the letter under the lamp, and they read it together. The small pencilled writing required the Colonel's glasses.

"Oh, yes, I have it now!" he said, reading aloud. "That is about 'suffering from gangrene,'—poor fellow! And this here is: 'Really, Verreker was one of those whose death should not be counted a disaster, but a grace. . . . All the sacraments. . . . Quite a holy end, . . . generous. There are many for whom'—yes, now I can read it all—'the war . . . a blessing in disguise.'"

Daisy put away her girlish bit of a handkerchief, and sat on the arm of the Colonel's chair, trying to be calm,—but a piteous sight, her face spoiled by the violence of her tears. She slipped her hat off, and began absently pulling the edge to pieces.

"Well, we must cheer up," the Colonel said, taking one of her hands and caressing it. "Such is life, and such is war."

Still there was not a word.

"It is the same story everywhere,"

he told her. "At the Club this afternoon there were two men I have known for years. Each of them has lost an only son. You would pity them both. One of them has taken up spiritualism; says he can't do without his boy, and he must get in touch, and all that. And the other—well, I keep arguing with him that there must be some state beyond; but he is just going mad."

Few words were spoken that evening, when they dined in the long, low-ceiled room, where Uncle Jeremiah's trefoil dish was among the silver on the sideboard.

"Why, Daisy," the Colonel said, when the servant was gone, and they lingered over the fruit, "if I could have guessed you cared so much, it would have made no difference whether he was poor or rich: my little bit would have done for us all." (He glanced at Uncle Jeremiah's wedding present; there were worse things in the world than bread and cheese and kisses.) "He was a brave lad, a good man and true, in spite of his 'persuasion'; and so is Corkwood one of the best; and so is Tom Moran. We could have got over that difficulty."

And then he saw he had better not speak. A woman's heart is a mystery, and this wound was strangely deep.

"You never had a letter from the poor lad?" he asked tentatively.

"Oh, no, never a word since that day of the—" She could not say "flower-show": she could only look down at the uncut orange and the biscuit that was not to be broken.

The Colonel tried another subject.

"I met Jayby-Jones to-day. His wife complains that we have given them up. You must call and see those people, my dear!"

"I did go—after they were here, but they were all out at a séance or something."

"Well, go again. They are lively people; you needn't let their friends get hold of you. You and I may go to the theatre one of these days—good old Gilbert and Sullivan: the 'Mikado' or something,—and have a

bit of frivolity on our own account. You are run down, Daisy. You must go to bed early, and to-morrow we must think of the bright side of life."

"I was wishing—" she began, and hesitated, and stopped.

"What were you wishing?" He leaned forward eagerly. "My darling, you shall have anything on earth you want, if I can get it for you." Was she thinking of living in town? She had had too quiet a time since the war began. It was natural for a girl to want life, distraction, amusements. She should have friends here, and her tender heart should learn to forget.

Coming from her place at the table, she leaned over against his shoulder with her face against his forehead and his grey hair.

"I thought of it to-day, before I heard the news. I want to go to the chapel with the tin bell."

"But, my dearest, this is only emotion; and Sydney Verreker is, unfortunately, gone,—I mean to say, there is no conceivable reason now."

"I thought of it to-day," Daisy repeated; and added vaguely: "It all seems so beautiful!"

"My dear child, you shall go there, if you wish. But I wouldn't go often. Mr. Kells will be offended, and people might talk. There is no need for you to be serious. I remember a little girl saying that if her father wanted her to marry an excellent fellow, she would run away to the tin chapel, and go into a nunnery and be one of the abbesses. Do you remember? I shouldn't have thought they had dozens of abbesses in one abbey, but—"

"O papa, you mustn't laugh at me! I forget all about that."

"And you will forget all about this—about the chapel-going, I mean? Mr. Kells preaches a good sermon, and you and I haven't been there for a long time."

"But I want more than ever to see the church where Sydney went."

"If that's the idea, I wouldn't go just yet. Impressions and emotions are often

misleading; they are to be guarded against. When this bad news is dulled a little by time, you might satisfy your curiosity."

"I don't think it is curiosity," said Daisy, gently. "And I began to wish to go before the bad news came."

The Colonel said what seemed irrelevant, but it was really his answer: "Go and see the Jayby-Joneses,—to-morrow."

It was about this time that Miss Bernice Jayby began to be talked of, and to cause a sensation in her corner of the world. Bernice made a great discovery; and, as a personage mentioned in the ladies' column of newspaper gossip, she thought fit to change her name to "Bernice." She had begun life as Barbara, but that was artistically hopeless. Then she was Bernice as a compliment to her ambition; and, now that she had found a profession and a career, she re-arranged her name as easily as her dress. Her theatrical leanings were over. Hers were gifts "beyond Bernhardt." She had begun to pose as a "medium."

In her own drawing-room it was first whispered that she had "quite extraordinary psychical powers,—most 'uncanny.'"

She held séances in the Queen's Gate flat, and made the flesh of privileged friends to creep. Then she gave interviews "in the trance." She wore long robes of strange colors; and her eyes had become hollow as if the new profession were exhausting. Her ruddy hair was somewhat dishevelled. Her lean arms and nervous hands came out of wide, hanging sleeves, like those of a witch in a fairy-tale book.

This was the figure that startled Daisy when she called on the Jayby-Joneses. After waiting some time in a dimly curtained drawing-room, she became aware that this unearthly person was lying with closed eyes upon a sofa. The glow of the fire showed a wonderful dress of metallic hues—silken green and blue, like a peacock or a serpent. Gold clasps glistened, and barbaric snake-chains were twisted round those unlovely arms. A flame flashed in

the fire. The face frightened Daisy. It was pale, ghastly,—the face of the dead.

The girl fled. She ran out on the landing, and found an electric bell. Mrs. Jayby-Jones appeared at the same time as the maid.

"O my dear, they should not have shown you in there!" she said. "My sister Bernie is in the trance. An officer's widow is coming to see her directly."

The next room was in confusion. There was a basketful of paper flags, and a painted tin collecting can, with a slit for money at the top. To-morrow was another "flag-day." The third sister "Hetty," was now having a gay time after her lively widowhood. She was collecting to-morrow, dressed as "France," at a *matinée*. Mrs. Jayby-Jones was to be "Britannia." The two costumes were in this bewildering room, spread about on the chairs. The floor was strewn with milliners' boxes.

Mrs. Jayby-Jones told Daisy she had just missed the Cloop girls. They were in a while ago about their costumes. They were to appear as "angels of victory, in white satin at fifteen-and-six a yard," with real diamonds on the top of their wings, and long silver trumpets.

"O my dear, you ought to have lunch with us to-morrow, and come and see it all!"

Daisy could not think of it. She thanked Mrs. Jayby-Jones, but to-morrow she had to go—somewhere else. She would not mention the mending at the hospital, because her friend in the sewing-room had once said something about "taking the bloom off a gift by talking about it." She had never talked about her voluntary aid, lest the poor little gift might be spoiled.

"But why do you look so sad, my dear?"

Daisy hesitated. She could not trust herself to speak. And, besides, her sorrow seemed to be sacred.

"Do you know," said Mrs. Jayby-Jones, changing the subject, "some people are so mean? There was a lady in here this morning, and she said: 'Isn't it a pity

we had to have France and Britannia, because the money for the dresses might have been put in the box?' She was on the committee of the Fair Women *matinée*, and she said they spent five thousand to get five hundred. Where would be the fun of anything, if people took the good out of each other's good works like that? Mean I call it! Oh, there is the bell! I'll have to go now, dear! We want to get in communication with the dead husband. Bernie is in the trance. Rather serious, isn't it? She has to handle something that belonged to him. I write down what she says, because it's not always easy to understand. It's an officer's wife. I mustn't give you the name, but there is no reason why you shouldn't come in, too. Yes, do come—quick!"

Daisy felt terrified; but Mrs. Jones was pulling her along, with an arm round her waist, saying the poor lady should not be kept waiting, and it was a wonderful thing to see. In sheer perplexity and fright, the girl was helpless, and found herself in the dim drawing-room again. "Stand there. A great experience." And her conductress let her go, and went to the visitor.

A woman was at the farther end of the room. The lines of the dark figure suggested that she was young and elegantly dressed. She exchanged a bow with Mrs. Jayby-Jones, and then stood, girlishly slight, with a heavy veil hanging backward from her head as the sign of widowhood. No one spoke, for fear of awaking the sleeping "medium." Daisy was, at first, near the door. She had been pulled into the room, without having even the courage to say she was afraid. But now her curiosity overmastered her. She reassured herself that this was only Bernie Jayby, whom she knew perfectly well; and even if things looked "uncanny," other people were here. So she advanced noiselessly to a point from which the sofa was in sight. But again she did not like the look of that figure. There was something to make one shudder. This did not appear

to be "Bernie," and yet she knew it was. Mrs. Jayby-Jones was silently improving the fire, lifting the coals about carefully with a small tongs. It became full of blazes, and gave out light. Then everyone could see the "medium." The face had changed since the girl was in before: it was unrecognizable. She remembered having heard once with horror how people sometimes change when they are dead. An unspeakable dread filled her. This was Bernie, and yet it was not. Something else was there,—something without a name.

Mrs. Jones was speaking in a sort of stage whisper:

"You have brought something belonging to him? Yes. Now we shall be more successful than last time."

The visitor opened a hand-bag of woven silver, and something was put into the hand of the woman on the sofa.

"A lock of hair!" said Mrs. Jayby-Jones softly, with a look towards Daisy.

They all waited in silence. The fire crackled a while. One or two cars went by in the street. Daisy ventured a little nearer, and stood unobtrusively at some distance behind the visitor. She dared not look again at the face of the "medium."

The woman on the sofa suddenly began to mumble; it was the voice of some one speaking in sleep. The only distinct word was the name—"Yvette!"

Mrs. Jayby explained in a whisper that Yvette was her sister's "control." The spirit called Yvette was present.

The visitor was prompted, and asked nervously:

"Does Yvette see him? What do you see?"

The mutterings had to be translated by Mrs. Jayby-Jones. The visitor was so anxious to get in touch with the spirit world that she imagined she recognized everyone that was mentioned. The white-haired man was taken to be her grandfather; and "Dorothy" was the girl that was at school,—that must be the Dorothy, because she knew other Dollies and Dorothies since, but they were all alive.

"But can you find my dearest Bertie?" she said with piteous entreaty.

In a minute or two a soldier of that name was reported to be present.

"He had a little scar on his cheek," she said to Mrs. Jayby-Jones. And then aloud to the "medium," in tones of nervous excitement: "I want to be sure it is my husband. Tell me something about him."

The voice from the couch became more distinct.

"I am Yvette; he passed from my country to 'the other side.' There was a scar on the cheek; but the scar is no more."

The poor young widow stretched her hands helplessly into empty air; and then clasped them together on her bosom, and began to sob. Mrs. Jayby-Jones had to hush her. If she was not calm, the "control" might go away. As for Daisy, she felt a tender sympathy for that other heart that had suffered a far worse grief than her own; and it vexed her to think that all this did not seem quite genuine. It was rather like a guessing game, and the "medium" had certainly taken the hint about that scar. Why did they not ask on which cheek it was? It was incredible that these people would deceive a grieving wife; yet it did look very like trickery. But for the horrible change in the face of Bernie, she would have been sure the woman was awake all the time. There was a French accent now, but the imitator of the "divine Sarah" had all the arts of an actress.

"I am Yvette," the voice said clearly, exactly as if a Frenchwoman was speaking by the medium's lips. "In the life after what men call death I look again upon *la patria*, which has so much suffered. When the soldier 'went over,' it was without pain,—the soldier they call Bertram. He left in England a wife, charming, beautiful; his heart is with her."

At this the poor lady wept abundantly, and Mrs. Jayby-Jones waved a hand, and said, "Sh-sh!"

Daisy was amazed. But she could not get it out of her head that the whole

thing was a piece of acting. It was wicked! It was cruel!

All at once there was a call in French. Yvette wanted to give a sign. Would the mourner approach? No third person should hear. Bertram himself wished to communicate.

The widow went and knelt beside the couch, covering her face with her hands, perhaps to avoid a near view of that ghastly countenance. After a few moments, she stood up. Tears were changed into smiles; she could hardly speak for joy.

"My dear husband! He has talked to me...Yes, Yvette's voice but he was there. The sign was the motto inside our engagement ring, 'Love me and leave me not.' He reminded me of things no one else knew: how he wanted to choose a ring with two gems—emerald and beryl—for Eva and Bertram; but I liked the posy-ring better. 'Love me and leave me not' is engraved inside. We spoke to each other once again!"

Then the girl wondered, indeed. In her surprise, she began to think of possibilities. If this were true—and now it appeared to be,—why should she not speak to the man who had loved her? Some other medium—not this ghastly one—might put her into communication with the spirit world. She wanted to say, "Forgive me!—" to tell him she knew her mistake long ago, and he was her hero now forever.

Then she discovered that the "control" was speaking again. Details were being given of the life of "Bertram" on the astral plane. He was to progress from one state to another, in perfect bliss. It was then a disturbing thought flashed upon Daisy. What had become of Christianity? Her whole peace of heart was shaken. It was as if she was asked to believe that her own father was a cheat, or that solid things about her were all delusions and shadows. Her mind seemed to reel and stagger; she had believed as a little child; and this was an after-state she had never heard of. For Daisy Spaggot

had always revered Christ the Saviour. And if she was vague about Judgment, she had been taught to look forward to a Christian heaven with her Risen Lord, her loved ones, and the angels of God. When Yvette began to tell of the astral planes of the spirit world, it was as if truth was going from under her feet. How could Sydney Verreker's soul be invoked in this unholy nightmare,—he who was numbered amongst the children of God and whose lot was among the saints?

The medium was still describing the happiness of "Bertie," when Daisy began to notice how material and ridiculous the whole thing was. The soldier was with friends in khaki that "went over" with him. He had a pleasant house and garden, with a lake to fish in. He had a jolly little bedroom,—that was exactly what he called it. They smoked. There was a piano.

Daisy turned away, ready to laugh at such nonsense. It was a fraud. The only mystery was how her old friends could stoop to being so deceitful. What would her father say to such absurdities? He hated humbug and he loathed lies. She felt angry, and, with her little figure stiff and erect, began to move towards the door.

"Mademoiselle—*la petite marguerite*,—come back!" shrieked the French voice after her. Daisy turned round, frozen with terror. "You laughed. He laughs best who laughs last. I have a secret for you. They were both fools—the Bubble Boy and the Matador. Folly! folly! folly! Yvette laughs. Misfortune will follow you, if you go away. Come back, and hear good news."

The voice was malicious and mocking. Besides, it was horrible that this nameless power stopped her with a knowledge of her affairs. What else could the Bubble Boy and the Matador mean but those two pictures that Sydney showed her at Morton Court? Driven by dread, she made the sign she always saw Mrs. Moran make in moments of danger, such as the passing of a vivid lightning flash.

"Let me alone!" screamed the "medium" with a shrillness that made the blood run cold; and, with another shriek, the woman on the sofa sat up wide awake.

Daisy heard Mrs. Jayby-Jones say something about a fine séance spoiled. But she was already rushing out at the door. She flew down the staircase and escaped into the street.

It was bright daylight outside. The girl was trembling. The horror amounted to physical weakness, like the sense of prostration in the first moments after a dreadful dream. She thought of Mrs. Moran's as a haven of refuge. At the great thoroughfare between the Albert Hall and the Park, she got into a motor-bus. The ordinary life of the London streets was a reassuring sight.

Daisy found her way easily enough to Mrs. Moran's.

"But, my darling," was the first question, "what makes you so pale?"

The girl looked in the glass behind the ornaments on the little mantelpiece. It was a crooked mirror: she caught a diverting sight of a crooked face.

"That's the looking-glass, Miss Daisy, that Tom used to say he liked. He said it was a fine thing to keep one's spirits up on a wet afternoon; for your face is as long as a fiddle if you look at this end, and it's broad if you look at that end, and you don't know what it's like at all in the middle."

"Tom is delightful!" said Daisy, sitting down, with a sigh. The fright had not yet worn off: the little room felt safe; it was sanctuary.

"He had always the light heart, and his laugh and his joke."

The good woman could not imagine what made Miss Daisy look so sad,—so white and dazed.

"I wonder will he get over again soon, Mrs. Moran?"

The mother sat at the other side of the fireside.

"He will if he can. 'Twas the last

promise he made me." Then she began to tell about the beautiful morning it was when they parted. "We walked together as far as the railway bridge, and my two hands were round the sleeve of his big khaki coat. Says he: 'Mother, don't come any farther; for you'll be fretting every step of the way going back alone, and I'll get leave,' he says, 'and come again; you'll hear the three knocks at the window.' We didn't know 'twas the last time. 'Twas as well we didn't know. When I looked back on the road, my Tom was standing where I left him. He put his hand up to give me the soldier's salute. And you never saw such a beautiful sight as the sky above him; for 'twas very early, and the colors of the dawn were in it. It was just as if the Lord of Glory was going to come in the clouds of heaven."

Daisy listened, and felt soothed, as if she had been a frightened child. The mind of the poor Irishwoman was as far above the spirit medium's talk as the heavens are above the earth. One breathed light and peace; the other, darkness and confusion. The girl felt the contrast without being able to put it into words.

"O Mrs. Moran," she said, "I have been just scared at a séance! And there were spirits; they couldn't have been good ones, for they had no more idea what to say about heaven than my dog Pepper."

Mrs. Moran could hardly believe such shocking things were happening. She asked questions full of wonder, and heard the story of the trance at Queen's Gate. And then, without any ceremony, the good woman took a bottle of water off the corner of the mantelpiece, and gave Daisy a sprinkling that amounted to a douche.

(To be continued.)

THE answers to prayer through the intercession of Mary, in every age of the Church, and in every state of life, and in all manner of trials, public and private, have taught the faithful that she bears an office of power and patronage over us.

—Cardinal Manning.

The Journey Home.

BY THE REV. RAYMOND LAWRENCE.

VI.

UNTIL I went to New York, I had thought little about what I should then have called the "Roman branch" of the Catholic Church. The Anglican Church I believed to be the same Church that it had been before the Reformation. Needless to say, no High Churchman regards that lustful and bloodthirsty monarch, Henry VIII., as the founder of the Anglican Church. What he did was simply to throw off the Papal power, which, according to the High Church view, had gradually encroached more and more upon the rights of the national Church until it acquired a supremacy,—weakly submitted to indeed for a time, but nevertheless unlawful and intolerable. The influence of Rome was a foreign influence; and all that Rome had brought into England was alien to the spirit of the national Church, and to be repudiated, no less in our own time than in the sixteenth century. We were Catholics, it is true, as were the subjects of the Roman See; but we had our own traditions, and were rather proud of what we considered our "purer" form of Catholicism, free from the "additions and encrustations of the Roman Church." We talked about "Romanism" and "Romanists." We delighted in a Catholicity which was different from that of the Roman Church, and better than hers in every way, and, best of all, more "primitive" than hers. (I believe it was Dr. Fortescue who said that there never yet was a heresy which did not claim to represent a more "primitive" form of Christianity than that found in The Church.)

I now began to see things somewhat differently. The difference came from a clearer realization of the significance of the pre-Reformation history of Christianity in England. Whatever may be

said of those earliest attempts to Christianize Britain, certain it is that the real work was accomplished only by St. Augustine and his missionaries, who came from Rome in the sixth century. Such remnants of earlier missionary enterprise as were in the country when he came were later absorbed by his mission and became one with it. The story of how the Pope sent him to convert the angel-faced Angles is familiar. It is equally well known, or should be, that from that time the Church in England was the special darling of the Popes, to whom, in things spiritual, English Catholics gave ever a most loyal and enthusiastic obedience. Thus, the Church of the English people was Roman in her origin and in her traditions, and her whole history was inseparably bound up with that of the Holy See.

It was the recognition of all this that brought about the change in my attitude towards the Anglican Church. If these things were true, it was entirely wrong for us to take so much delight in differing from Rome in theology and in other things. Whether it was true or not that Rome had over-emphasized her authority, yet we were by origin and by tradition—in fact, in every way—of one history and of one life with the Roman Church, and should not seek to escape from it. It was only an ancient, deep-seated prejudice which made men love to differ from her. Rather we should seek by every possible means to be at one with her, and to work for the hastening of the time when once more the Anglican Church could be brought into friendly relations with the Holy See. I was not quite sure as to just what were the prerogatives of the Holy See; but, at any rate, the Pope was Patriarch of the West, and it would be better if we could recognize him to that extent at least, by being in communion with him.

The notion of the Anglican Church which I had accepted when I became an Episcopalian is best expressed by the phrase so frequently used by those who hold this view, by which they describe

themselves as "Catholic but—emphatically!—not Roman." The new view of things may be correspondingly summed up in the words "Catholic *and* Roman." This was a great change. It was a decided step in the direction of the Church, if for no other reason than that it taught me, on a basis of reason, to look favorably and with less prejudice upon all that I saw in Rome. It cleared the way for a real approach to an understanding of the devotional life and spirit of the Mother Church, and brought about the destruction of many prejudices, and the correction of many misapprehensions with regard to things Catholic, which, as a part of Protestant training, still lurked in my mind and obscured my vision.

Those who held this view were spoken of as the "pro-Roman party." And surely the name was well chosen; for in everything, they sought and followed the best Roman authorities. In theology and in liturgical matters they looked constantly to Rome for guidance. Many of the clergy of this school of thought were devout students of the "Summa" of St. Thomas. They read St. Alphonsus with avidity. They consulted Van der Stappen and Martinucci and Wapelhorst for guidance in ceremonial matters. In all things what Rome did was right. And they followed her guidance, not merely for the sake of imitating her or to compete with her, but because, as they said, they were Western and Roman in their origin and in their traditions, and what was hers was theirs also by right.

I think that my friend, Mr. S., was not so much impressed by the life in High Church parishes in New York as I had been; for I know that, to my great disappointment, his doubts and difficulties began after a few months to make their appearance again. Whether I had doubts and troubles of my own at this time, or whether I felt a need of being better informed, in order, if possible, to meet his arguments, I do not know; but I remember going to a certain clergyman

and asking for something to read on "the Roman Question." His reply rather surprised me. He said that it was a question which was very deep and far-reaching, and, to understand it, one must go back to the beginning of things and get some real conception of the mystery of the Incarnation; the Church was the mystical Body of Christ, and a proper understanding of the nature of the Church was essential to any real comprehension of the elements involved in the controversy. He recommended to me Wilberforce's work on "The Incarnation." This seemed to me to be rather remote from my present need. I thanked him, but I did not follow his advice until the following summer.

There were other occasions also when I sought the same man with much the same result. Once I asked him whether he considered the Anglican Church to be in schism. He replied that it was a great question and one which could not be satisfactorily answered offhand. I received a like reply when I asked something about the theory of jurisdiction in the Anglican Church; and again, later on, when I asked whether he considered the Council of Trent (to which he often referred with great deference) to be œcumenical. Such attempts to get plain answers to plain questions rather discouraged my seeking assistance from him later. I did not know then how very complicated such questions become when an attempt is made to unravel them from the Anglican standpoint. Perhaps, if I had come out more openly, this man, for whose learning and piety I had great respect, would have been more direct in his answers to my questions. As it was, however, I gained little assistance from him.

VII.

There was no Episcopal church where the services were such as I considered proper within twenty minutes' walk of Columbia University, but soon I discovered the little Catholic church of Corpus Christi, in that section, not more

than five minutes' walk from my own rooms. I used occasionally to make a "Visit" there; and, as it was convenient to go there in the early morning, I began going perhaps twice a week to hear Mass. My argument for so doing was that "Mass is Mass, and whether one hears it in an Anglican or a Roman church is purely a matter of convenience." We were "Anglican Catholics," I said, and they were Roman Catholics; and, after all, practically, it was "only the difference of an adjective." It was thus that I should have defended my action, had I been called upon to do so. I should not for a moment have thought of going, on these same arguments, to receive the Sacraments in a "Roman" church; for I felt that to do so would be dishonest, since I knew that I would be refused if it were known that I was an Anglican; and not to make that fact known would be to act under false pretences. Moreover, there were the difficulties that unhappily separated us; and until these could be removed and intercommunion restored, we must look to our own branch of the Church for the Sacraments.

I know that many Anglicans would consider it altogether reprehensible for an Anglican to make a practice of going frequently to Mass in a Catholic church. To them it would seem like playing with the temptation to be disloyal to the religious body to which they already belonged, and running the risk of cultivating an attachment of the heart which the head could not sanction. But it must be remembered that the principles which I held at this time as the most reasonable exposition of Anglicanism made it altogether laudable and reasonable to try to come to a more sympathetic understanding of the Roman Church. To my mind, Anglicanism existed in no sense as a protest against the Roman Church. It was not that, if the Roman Church was right, we were wrong. We were both right on the whole, and should be entirely at one. The over-emphasizing of some things on

one side or the other was what still kept us apart; but time might remedy that, and meanwhile we should try to understand each other. I felt, therefore, it no disloyalty to my Anglican mother to do as I had been doing.

During the two years at Columbia I went to Corpus Christi frequently for Mass and for visits to the Blessed Sacrament, and the little church came to mean a great deal to me. I became familiar with the faces of the daily communicants, and watched with great admiration their devout life and their fervency. It was then that I came to realize something of the beauty and the power of that hidden life of devotion which so many Catholics were living,—the toilers and the plain people, the men of the ranks,—those who really make up the strength and backbone of any nation; and I was deeply impressed by it. I began, too, to contrast them with those who made up the congregations of the Episcopal churches in the city; and I felt that, somehow, these latter as a class were different,—people with fads, often unmarried ladies and gentlemen of some means, and of a rather emphatically intellectual type, who interested themselves in High Church Anglicanism often from an æsthetic satisfaction which they found in it, as well as because of personal devotion which they had to individual clergymen, who championed the cause and held sway over their hearts by force of personality even more, possibly, than by the reasonableness of the form of religion for which they stood.

They were not the people who make up the rank and file, as a rule. Of course there were many exceptions. But I began to suspect that the High Church position was one which was difficult to present to the plain man. It needed, I feared, a good deal of intellectual acumen to grasp it thoroughly. It involved too much in the way of arguments and explanations, and there had to be too much elaborate explaining away of the peculiar situation within the Anglican Church, for the plain, simple

individual to be able to grasp it easily. For this reason I began to feel somewhat impatient of the intellectual people as a class, and wished that we might have more influence with the ordinary people.

I found for this reason a good deal of pleasure in some work which I did in a certain East Side parish where the people were simpler and more ordinary. I enjoyed working with a Sunday School class of boys, typical East Side youngsters, full of mischief, but often remarkably untouched by evil, in spite of the surroundings from which they came. This parish was High Church in its teaching and practices. There were three celebrations of the Holy Communion on Sundays, the last being emphasized by all the ceremonies and the music of Solemn Mass. There was a daily Holy Communion service (spoken of as the "Daily Mass," of course), and many confessions were heard in the parish. This church was a favorite place for Bishop Grafton (the well-known High Church prelate, and in some sense the leader of the High Church party in America) to stop when in New York. And it partook of his peculiar and strong antipathy for Rome; although, strange to say, it was Roman in every detail of its ceremonial usages. It was this which still made me prefer St. Ignatius', where a more charitable spirit prevailed, and after a year or so, I gave up my work at the former church and confined my attention to the latter.

Though I had surrounded myself with the most pronounced High Church influences, and buried myself as far as possible in the activities of church life of that description, I did not wholly succeed in forgetting my experiences at college; and after the first few months in New York I began to be conscious again of the existence and power of opposing influences within the House of Faith. The rumble of the enemies' guns, which never ceased their fire, could not be quite silenced. Now and then I found my way into Epis-

copal churches where an entirely different religion was being taught,—as different from what we believed at St. Ignatius' as Methodism, and often indeed something more akin to Unitarianism.

Rehearse the old explanations of the existence of such an anomaly as I would, I never could help feeling the greatest distress about the situation. There were Episcopal churches where I should have felt it a sin to take part in the service, so opposed were the principles for which these parishes stood to all that I believed. And yet the fact remained that we and they were all members of one and the same body; and that so long as we were in communion with them, we did not escape from a certain kind of responsibility for what they taught and believed, however much we might ignore their existence or avoid their churches. According to the theory, these people ought to be on the decrease, and High Church principles to be triumphing. But *were* they decreasing? I could not but feel how very much alive they were, and how vigorously they defended their position, while bitterly opposing Catholic principles. I could not help wondering sometimes whether perhaps, after all, they might not triumph in the end; and then what would become of us? Was there any divine guarantee that High Churchmen would ultimately triumph? Had God ever given any assurance that He would maintain our principles in the Anglican Church? I was forced to admit that He had not.

There was talk of a schism in the Church, which was to result in the High Church party going off by themselves, and thus shaking off this hateful hindrance to the propagation of the "true religion." But, again, I recognized that High Churchmen themselves were divided about many vital matters. I knew of some, for example, who said that Extreme Unction was not a sacrament; and there were also quite different theories among them as to the nature of the Church and our relations to

Rome. Then there were some who claimed to be High Churchmen and who at the same time looked with favor upon many of the ideas of the Modernists who were receiving such just and summary condemnation from Rome. How, then, could one be sure, even if there were a schism and the High Church group went off by themselves, that there were not already existing among them elements which would later on make for still further disintegration?

I felt that there were; and in the midst of my spiritual distress looked at Rome, where all seemed so different; where, to all appearances; there was unity of faith and recognized authority; and where all believed the same doctrines, however much men might differ about open and disputable questions. I was told by my confessor that this was so only in appearance; that underneath the surface there were rising dissensions and disagreements, and that open revolt was kept down only by sheer force of the ruling party; that there were signs of disruption already in the air; that "many priests" were dissatisfied and were beginning to find the strain upon their loyalty to Rome almost intolerable; and that one could scarcely tell how long the tyranny of the "Ultramontane" faction would be able to hold opposing forces in check.

How mistaken this was I have, of course, learned long since; but at the time it calmed me a little. I felt very incompetent to judge for myself. How did I know but that he was right? And if so, what was to be hoped for from Rome? After all, I was told, the Church, Christ's mystical body, was in the world, as Christ had been, to suffer; and if in the Anglican or any other "branch" there were disloyal members who misrepresented her, it was but part of her cross, like the blood and spittle which had made the face of her Lord to have "no form nor comeliness." Arguments of this sort, though I did not then see the answer to them, did not altogether satisfy me; but they made me fear lest I should be impatient, and

should be demanding things which were not to be looked for in the present condition of the world; and so for a time the strain was somewhat lessened.

Towards the end of this year I thought and read a great deal upon the subject of Anglican Orders. There is really no subject so much discussed among Anglicans with leanings towards Rome as the Papal condemnation of Anglican ordinations as absolutely null and void. Indeed, so much is made of this point that one would be led almost to believe that it is the whole difficulty between the Anglican Church and Rome. The following letter, which I received from a clergyman to whom I wrote three years later, telling him of my decision to become a Catholic, speaks in that way. The writer is one for whom I shall always have the greatest reverence and respect, and whose sweet and gentle spirit has not ceased to exercise its benign influence upon my life, and, I trust, never will:

"DEAR MR. LAWRENCE:—I am simply overwhelmed by your letter. You are almost the last man I should have picked out among our seminary fellows as likely to leave us. . . . The grief is greatest of all that you can be willing to take such a step. I know well enough the difficulties of the 'Anglican' position. I have had to face them ever since I first went to the seminary, forty-four years ago; and the Roman position has always allured me strongly. Nor have I had a bed of roses to lie upon in my ministry at any time. But there was always the conviction, amounting to a certainty, that the sacraments I received were genuine ones; and, after my ordination, that I was a real priest, if a most unworthy one. With this conviction I could not repudiate the sacraments I had received, nor my Orders; to do so would for me be to sin against the Holy Ghost. I must go on in that part of the Church in which it pleased God to set me, doing what I could to forward the Catholic religion. . . .

"I am always affectionately yours, etc."

Touching and beautiful as the letter is, it will be noticed that the whole stress is upon the question of Orders. The writer takes it for granted that he is in the Church, saying that he feels it his duty to remain in that "part" of it where God has placed him. And yet that is the very question at issue.

One who believes that to be cut off from Rome means to be separated from the Church will never feel justified in remaining out of the Church because of his opinions about such a matter as the validity of Anglican ordinations. One who believes in Rome's authority will accept her decision in this as in any other question touching the life and discipline of the Church. From my own studies I never came to have any strong convictions about Orders. I felt that in receiving what I had considered sacraments in the Anglican Church, I had had an experience of God's grace which was altogether undeniable. But that, after all, might have been given me simply because I had so earnestly sought it, and quite independently of the rites which I had regarded as true sacraments. It did not prove, of course, that I had received any valid sacraments at all, or that those who ministered to me were true priests. I accepted Anglican Orders as being valid, simply as a part of my general belief in the Anglican Church.

(To be continued.)

Evensong.

BY MABEL McELLIOTT.

SOME devotee is late at worship. See
The reddened censer swinging in the sky.
How fanciful to set one's lamp so high,
And send the smoke into infinity!

God knows my faith is warm and strong and
deep;

But, like a tired child, I'm glad to-night
That I can see His sanctuary light,
And, watching it, fall blessedly asleep.

Retribution.

BY E. BECK.

"MRS. LISLE did you say, Mattie?" Farmer Burton spoke with his mouth full of bacon. Breakfast at Greenlands was a substantial meal; and the long kitchen table, covered with a coarse but snow-white linen cloth, bore platters of homemade bread, plates of bacon and eggs, butter, marmalade, and jam. Mrs. Burton, at one end, presided over a varied assortment of cups and saucers—remnants of different sets,—and had set down the big brown teapot to announce in an awed voice that Mrs. Lisle, her former friend and schoolmate, was passing through Ecclesmead on her way to see a cousin, and that she would make an effort to call at Greenlands about one o'clock.

"Yes" (Mrs. Burton, a stout, comfortable-looking woman, with a kind, homely face, lifted the letter she had read and glanced at it again),—"yes, about one. She is motoring to her cousin's house in York. Of course she says they may have stoppages or delays. The car is quite new, and their chauffeur was accustomed to a different make. She is bringing her little boy with her."

Mr. Burton had masticated the bacon, and was spreading butter in thick layers along a slice of bread. His voice was clearer.

"Give her a good dinner, Mattie. The day is cold, though bright. A bowl of broth and a Yorkshire dumpling won't be amiss after their drive. She lives in Berkshire, doesn't she?"

Mrs. Burton nodded doubtfully.

"She isn't used to a dinner like that, I'm afraid," she said. "I had a letter from her two years ago, and she spoke of dinner at eight, and afternoon tea. I wish she were coming in the afternoon. I could have a sponge cake and wafers and muffins^{en} ready. But luncheon—"

Mrs. Burton sighed, and then repri-

manded her two small daughters for talking at the same time as their elders.

"Well, give her a cup of tea," the farmer advised carelessly. "Women like tea at all times."

"Oh, nonsense, William!" Mrs. Burton spoke with unwonted asperity. "Mrs. Lisle has moved up in the world—she was always one for style,—and her husband and she live at a place called Marwood Hall,—a beautiful old place."

"How do you know?" said Mr. Burton.

"She sent me a postcard,—a picture postcard. The house is all gabled and covered with creepers. And this note-paper has the name engraved on it." Mrs. Burton looked at the sheet enviously. She herself seldom wrote or received letters. "Marwood Hall, Longminster," she read.

The farmer rose to his feet.

"Well, well, Mattie!" he remarked placidly. "You won't starve her, nor do yourself any discredit in your cookery. I always say there isn't a woman in the parish can make better butter or better broth."

"Oh, broth!" Mrs. Burton said, half-laughing, half-tearful. "You don't understand a bit! I want to show Sophie Lisle that—that—we aren't quite savages at Greenlands."

"Savages!" Mr. Burton repeated the word slowly. "None of us are that. Well, I must be off. I was to meet Captain Thorne about the pair of colts. By-bye, missus! Don't worry. By-bye, girls! Behave yourselves before Mrs. Lisle."

Mrs. Burton spent a busy morning. She kindled a fire in the seldom used parlor, divested the chairs and couches of their holland wrappings, killed and prepared and cooked two young pullets, made ready a dish of apples and a trifle, and some other delicacies; robed the two little girls in Sunday frocks and best pinafores, and, during the toilet processes, gave them many and varied hints regarding their deportment for the time of Mrs. Lisle's visit.

"Now go and sit in the parlor, both of you," she finally enjoined. "And don't suck your thumb, Eva; and you, Flossie, don't stare. And say 'Please' and 'Thanks.'"

Mrs. Burton was by noon arrayed in her second-best satin blouse and a tweed skirt. A visit to the kitchen showed the pullets ready for dishing under her maid's care. The trifle and apple pie were already on a tray.

"And, Lizzie, don't spill the gravy when you serve it; and have the potatoes hot," she cautioned the rosy-faced girl. "And don't say 'dinner': it is luncheon we are having."

Lizzie nodded, and went to survey the parlor. The table certainly looked well. The napery was snow-white, the silver and glass glistening; while a big bunch of yellow daffodils in a copper bowl caught the March sunlight.

"Lor, ma'am, it *does* look nice!" Lizzie ejaculated. "That Mrs. Lisle could show nothing finer, even if she does live at a Hall."

Mrs. Burton had time only to establish herself in one of the easy-chairs when a big Daimler car purred softly up to the door; and the lady who descended from it divested herself slowly of a fur coat ere she made her way, followed by a little boy, to the hall door, which Lizzie, summoned by a hasty call from Eva, held hospitably open.

The two school friends met with great outward cordiality. The girls and the boy, dressed in velvet and lace, were presented to each other; and Mrs. Lisle swept the room with a quick appraising glance that brought a slightly amused, contemptuous smile to her thin lips. Mrs. Burton was gazing with unconcealed admiration at Mrs. Lisle's perfectly-fitting costume and smart velour hat.

"How well you look, Sophie!" she said. "And what a beautiful costume!"

"Oh, yes!" Mrs. Lisle smiled. "I am feeling very well. The costume is quite old." She sat down in an easy-chair.

"Won't you take off your hat?" Mrs. Burton asked. "Luncheon is almost ready."

"You are far too good." Mrs. Lisle's manner was graciously condescending. "Oh, no, thanks! I won't take off my hat. We can stay only a short time." The speaker drew off her gloves slowly and displayed hands very much be-ringed. "Your room looks—er—quite, quite Early Victorian."

Mrs. Burton did not know whether she should seem pleased or not.

"It is not used much," she admitted, "and easily kept clean."

"Oh, I don't know much about keeping rooms clean!" Mrs. Lisle said. "Bertie, my dear, come to mamma!"

Eva and Flossie had been trying to make friends with the boy visitor; but he was not inclined to meet their advances, and came readily to his mother's side.

"His nurse says he is very shy and sensitive," Mrs. Lisle went on; "but I like him so."

"Yes, I am sure," Mrs. Burton remarked, and was thankful when Lizzie laden with a tray appeared.

"Din—luncheon, ma'am," the maid announced, as she placed various viands on the table.

During the process of the meal Mrs. Lisle talked fast and fluently of Marwood Hall and its distinctions and advantages. Her husband had never hoped to possess it; but a succession of deaths—Mrs. Lisle was not very explicit—had placed him there. Once Mrs. Burton essayed to speak of her husband and Greenlands, but was not permitted to proceed. Mrs. Lisle had laughed shrilly.

"Oh, really, your little girl is so quaint! Trying to eat with her knife! I insist that Bertie should be properly trained. His position of course, you see."

Mrs. Lisle nodded portentously, and Mrs. Burton's face grew redder. It grew ruddier still when Lizzie, anxious to do her best, inquired in a loud aside if the visitor would like a drop of beer with her dinner. Mrs. Lisle's smile deepened.

"Do your girls play—the piano, I mean?" the lady asked when the meal ended.

"Oh, no! They're very young, and" (Mrs. Burton grew bolder) "there isn't a piano in the house."

"Oh! Bertie gets lessons. Quite important that boys should have many resources for idle hours. Don't you think so?"

Mrs. Burton had never thought about the matter, but she agreed with her visitor's views; and at length Mrs. Lisle rose to go. Mrs. Burton accompanied her to the waiting car.

"Our last car was a Rolls-Royce," Mrs. Lisle said, as she paused on the doorstep, and glanced with critical eyes on the spots on the door-cases where the paint had peeled off; and anon at the flower-beds on the lawn where nettle and dock raised bold heads. "So glad to have seen you, Mattie! O-h—"

The exclamation was caused by the sudden appearance of Mr. Burton and another man round an angle of the farmhouse.

"'Tis only my husband and—" Mrs. Burton began; but Mr. Burton's companion was calling out:

"Can you give me a bowl of broth, Mrs. Burton? There's nothing like your broth for a March—goodness! Mrs. Lisle, is it you? Thought I knew the new car. Is Sir Henry about?"

Mrs. Lisle shook her head. She was incapable of speech.

"Bob Lisle makes an ideal land-steward, Sir Henry tells me. Do you find the cottage comfortable, Mrs. Lisle? Yes, I thought it would be. You see," Captain Thorne turned to Mr. Burton, "Bob was put out of a job when my brother sold the Grange, and Marwood chanced to be looking for a steward. Lucky, wasn't it, Mrs. Lisle? But how does the Daimler chance to be here?"

Mrs. Lisle was forced to explain:

"Sir Henry Marwood came to Ecclesmead on his way to Scotland to see his godfather—"

"Mr. Gunning," Captain Thorne said to the farmer.

"Who is ill," Mrs. Lisle's lips tightened; and he was good enough to allow my son and me to travel with him to Yorkshire."

"I see!" said the Captain. "Good-day, Mrs. Lisle. Tell Sir Henry I've bought the finest pair of colts I've seen for five years. Now, Mrs. Burton, let us have the broth."

"And to think I put myself to such trouble for Sophie Lisle!" Mrs. Burton said, as she rubbed her spoons and forks preparatory to placing them aside. "And the tablecloth and napkins to wash! Goodness!"

Faithful unto Death.

THE attachment of the Princess de Lamballe for her unfortunate Queen, Marie Antoinette, was one of those remarkable friendships with which the pages of history are filled. Madame de Lamballe was a young widow of great beauty and charming character. At the first serious symptoms of grave danger to the royal family, her old father-in-law took her abroad; but when it became evident that the life of her dear friend and Queen was threatened she lost no time in returning to Paris, that she might cheer and console her. She knew that for this rashness her life might be demanded; but she had the "greater love" that surrenders even existence for a friend and counts it joy; and never for a moment did she hesitate or regret. She had made her will and cast her lot with that of the royal family. She was fully prepared for whatever might happen, even for death itself. She was soon to be put to the test.

When the royal family were thrown into prison she shared their fate. She was charged with holding a secret correspondence with friends of the Crown, and was consigned to the prison of La Force. She had not long to stay there. One day two rough men representing the National Guard went to her cell and commanded her to follow them. She did

so, trembling and frightened; for, though of royal blood and heroic ancestors, she was yet a woman, and a timid and delicate one. She was so weak that she had to lean upon the arm of one of the men; and, thus escorted, entered the hall where the judges sat. The apartment was filled with rough beings, men and women. A roar of voices came from outside. The maddened populace were calling for fresh victims. The confusion and the savage appearance of the judges were too much for the heroic Princess, and twice she fainted. In a short time the examination began:

"What is your name?"

"Marie Louisa, Princess of Savoy."

"What is your occupation?"

"I am at the head of the Queen's household."

"Were you aware of the conspiracies planned at the Court?"

"I was not."

"Then swear to love liberty and equality, and to hate the King and the Queen."

"I will swear to the former, but I can not swear to hate the King and Queen; for it is not in my heart."

Some one who was near, and may have secretly been moved to pity the fate of this lady so fair and young and brave, called out:

"Swear, or you are a dead woman!"

She did not answer. Two men led her out; and the crowd, seeing only that a hated aristocrat was in their power, rushed forward and beat and stabbed her to death. Her head was soon afterwards borne on a pike past the Queen's window.

So died, in a just cause and for a friend, the gentle Princess de Lamballe. It was not long before the friend followed her to the land where the inhumanity of men could no longer harm.

HATH any wronged thee? Be bravely revenged. Slight it, and the work's begun; forgive it, and 'tis finished. He is below himself that is not above an injury.

—Francis Quarles.

Delinquent Debtors.

ONE of the outstanding evils of the present day, as of every other period in the world's history, is the euphemism by which evil-doing of all kinds is talked about and written about in terms that seek to disguise its native deformity. Just as Ancient Pistol protested against the word "steal"—"convey," the wise it call,"—so one of the most thoroughly disgraceful pecuniary funds of modern life, the money designed to debauch the electorate, and, by bribing the voters, poison the very wells of decent citizenship, is spoken of as "the resources of civilization." In commerce, in industry, and in social life, as well as in politics, there is an immorality of words, an immorality which effects undoubted mischief among the people who employ them, and one of its worst forms is the giving of honorable names to dishonorable things.

Present-day speakers and writers may well take to heart the advice given a half-century ago by the English philologist, Archbishop Trench. "How much wholesomer on all accounts is it," he says, "that there should be an ugly word for an ugly thing, one involving moral condemnation and disgust, even at the expense of a little coarseness, rather than one which plays fast and loose with the eternal principles of morality, makes sin plausible, and shifts the divinely reared landmarks of right and wrong, thus bringing the user under the woe of them that 'call evil good and good evil, that put darkness for light and light for darkness, that put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter'!"

As a case in point, how much better it would be to speak of persons who, having incurred debts, shirk the payment of them, as purely and simply "constructive thieves" instead of, as in the title of this paper, "delinquent debtors"! The essential guilt of the thief or the robber is, not so much the method by which he has acquired another's goods, as his retention

of the goods in opposition to the owner's will. "Refusing to pay one's debts," says the Catholic moralist, Spirago, "is equivalent to stealing"; and, despite his reluctance to consider himself as such, the man who refuses to pay his debts is merely one species of thief, and, like all other thieves, is clearly bound in conscience to make restitution,—to pay his debts.

Perhaps the commonest fallacy by which this particular kind of thief seeks to quiet his conscience is that his intention of eventually paying his debt deprives his failure to pay promptly of all guilt or criminality. It is a fallacy, because it leaves out of consideration the willingness or unwillingness of his creditor to be satisfied with such a deferred payment. If a man buy goods "at thirty days," for instance, and at different periods during five or six times thirty days thereafter is importuned for payment, he is clearly retaining the goods of another contrary to that other's will, and is so far forth a plain thief, unmistakably bound to as speedy restitution as is within his power. Nor will it do to plead, in extenuation of such patent dishonesty, the more or less general practice or custom among buyers and sellers: our particular creditor's expressed will in the matter is the condition by which we are bound to regulate our action. The argument that one is no worse than one's neighbors avails nothing in the court of conscience, any more than does the specious fallacy that because uncharitable talk is so very common, it can not be really sinful. Irrespective of the practice of others, our personal duty is to obey the commandments of God, by the seventh of which we are obliged "to pay our lawful debts and give everyone his due."

Another species of delinquent debtor, or constructive thief, is the borrower—of money, books, domestic utensils, perishable goods, or what not. Precisely the same moral principles apply in his case as in that of the buyer. His keeping the borrowed article beyond the time specified

for the loan, and keeping it in despite of the owner's expressed desire for its return, is patent dishonesty, is a sin of injustice entailing the obligation of speedy restitution. "The sinner shall borrow and not pay again," says the Psalmist; the obvious inference being that the just man or woman will return, and that within a reasonable time, the object or objects borrowed. On the whole, the advice of Polonius, in *Hamlet*, is commendable:

Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

The Truth Will Out.

SOME idea of the extent to which deception and falsification were carried on during the World War may be obtained from books by war correspondents who are now free to tell what they were prevented from telling while hostilities were in progress, and there was necessity of fanning the flame of hate. Mr. Edmund Candler, who has just published a history of the Mesopotamian campaign, declares that his "cables" were mutilated, and that when his articles finally found their way into print it was "with vitals torn out" and language so changed by the censor as to be unrecognizable. Mr. Candler complains bitterly of the way that functionary prevented him from saying a word against any class of Arab. They had always to be "friendly." If they were not friendly, they mustn't be Arabs at all, but be described as "marauders in Turkish pay," or as "Kurds and others." In more than one instance Mr. Candler has "let the cat out of the bag." The politicians don't seem to mind this in the least, however; and they are equally indifferent to the abuse that is heaped upon them—conscious, perhaps, of how well deserved most of it is. Politics, according to the venerable Richard Henry Lea, is "the science of fraud; and politicians are the professors of this science."

Notes and Remarks.

It has been said that some men can't be induced to begin saving for a rainy day till they hear the thunder. Not less unwise are those Catholic persons who see no danger in the Smith-Tower Bill for Federal control of schools, and hold that all such rumblings of bigotry may be safely ignored. It is true that they have ceased for a while, but they will be all the louder when heard again; and that they will be heard in due time is hardly questionable. The activity of the promoters of this movement for educational control by the Government has not abated a particle, and they are only awaiting the first favorable opportunity to "spring it on Congress." How this may be done intelligent citizens should not need to be told; though it is well to remind them betimes that politics is the creed of politicians, and that not all of the best of these worthies can be trusted overnight. The Bill, which many of them are sure to favor, should this be to their interests, is supported by numerous influential members of the National Education Association, the Bureau of Education, and the American Federation of Labor. American Catholics should familiarize themselves with the provisions of this Bill, which are full of menace. Its passage would result in the secularization of all religious schools; and that this is the object aimed at there can be no question. We know how the Prohibition amendment was carried. Let us take care that it is not the same with the Smith-Tower Bill for Federal control of schools. Watch the State Legislatures! They will bear it all the time, but especially at the present time.

If Napoleon were now among the living, he would have something to say worth hearing about the prospect of future wars. Judging from a marked passage in a copy of Guibert's "*Essai Général de Tactique*" in his possession at the time of his death,

he would put no faith in any league of nations. Better perhaps than any ruler in modern times, he realized how unlikely the causes of national conflicts are to be removed; yet no one could have been more thoroughly informed than he as to the evils resulting from them. The passage referred to reads: "Victor and vanquished become about equally exhausted. The total of the public debt increases; credit fails; money is scarce. The navies find no more sailors; the armies, no more soldiers. Peace is made. Often the source of dispute is not closed, and each of the belligerents remains seated among the ruins, busy paying his debts and sharpening his sword."

Hostilities have ceased, but there is no telling how soon, or between what Powers, they may break out again. That millions of lives have been sacrificed, billions of dollars expended, and large areas of Europe laid waste, will not be remembered. In 1855 Great Britain was fighting with Turkey against Russia, and in 1878 it saved Constantinople for the Turks by threats of war against the Czar. Thirteen years ago Great Britain backed Japan against Russia, and three years ago took sides with Russia against Germany. Ten years from now it may be allied with Japan against the United States. England is, very naturally, for England first, last, and all the time. Within the last decade Japan has become one of the most wealthy and powerful of nations, and England is largely in her debt. And Japan has a bone to pick with the United States, where friendly feeling towards England is certainly not on the increase at present. Japan was preparing for war with Russia for fifteen years, and is ready now for another war, which will be for conquest and indemnities, without a doubt.

The enforcement of drastic reform measures is sure to spread Bolshevism in this country, though it seems impossible to make the reformers see this. Human

nature revolts against restrictions, and the needless multiplication of them is the most foolish thing of which any government can be guilty. Tell people they shan't do something which they see no reason why they shouldn't do, or that they shan't have something to which they think they have a right, and straightway they will want to do what is forbidden and to get hold of what has been placed out of reach. Reform to be really effective must come from within. Drastic prohibition laws may keep Jones thirsty, but they will not make him sober, if it is possible to evade them; and Robinson will stoutly refuse to be deprived of a drink when he wants it, or thinks he needs it, just because Jones is in the habit of getting drunk.

Personal liberty is a dangerous thing to tamper with. Returning soldiers, who have been accustomed to the use of light wines and beer, and who were supplied with whiskey whenever they needed it, are everywhere manifesting unrest at being deprived of all alcoholic beverages; and they vehemently protest against being regarded as prospective drunkards. Their spirit of resentment is becoming intensified, and not a few of them have been heard to express their willingness 'to fight Prohibition as they fought the Germans.' It would have been a comparatively easy matter to regulate the saloons: it will be an exceedingly difficult matter to control the evils attendant upon the closing of them.

It is sincerely to be hoped that, in the multiplicity of problems imperatively demanding solution in the present after-the-war period, the work of our Foreign Missions will not be lost sight of or suffered to stagnate. While the extension of that work in this country during the past decade is gratifying to all who have at heart the interests of the Church Universal, it is a cause for grief that the Society for the Propagation of the Faith is still practically unknown in many

places, and that in numerous others there is no effective organization of branches of the Society. The *London Universe* in a recent issue reminds its readers, in connection with this subject, of several very important facts which American Catholics would do well to consider:

That the Association is not established in every place which possesses a Catholic church and congregation is, if one may venture to put it so boldly, a departure from the normal,—propagation of the Faith being an intrinsic part of the duty of a Catholic. . . . What has to be grasped by the missions of England and Scotland and Wales is this: That if the Church is not missionary in the complete sense of the word—that is, world-wide in her efforts,—she is not the Church. She lacks one of the notes, and "Apostolic" may surely be applied in this sense as well as "Catholic." Defenders of the Eastern Schismatic Church find it an unanswerable objection that the Orthodox Church shows no solicitude for the heathen,—a circumstance which stultifies the zeal for "Orthodoxy" displayed within national limits. Catholics in communion with the Chair of Peter have to safeguard themselves against a like danger. Zeal for home conversions proves its purity of intention by similar zeal for the conversion of the heathen. Such is the principle underlying the Propagation of the Faith.

To reiterate a statement often made in these columns, the disastrous effects of the war on our Foreign Missions—in the matter of both men and money—call for unusual generosity on the part of all Catholics to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and the Association of the Holy Childhood.

As was naturally to be expected, the victory recently won by the advocates of total Prohibition in this country is being commented on somewhat freely by the press of other lands. In most of these lands the action of our State legislatures and our Federal Congress is looked upon as an interesting experiment, the result of which is considered to be highly problematical. It is worth while to notice that the English press does not make the mistake which is not uncommon even in this country,—that of calling the statutory

passing of the Prohibition measure "the free choice of a free people." As everyone knows, the specific question, "Prohibition or no Prohibition?" was not put to the electors of many a State whose representatives voted "dry" as opposed to "wet." The *Church Times*, of London, declares that the Constitutional amendment recently ratified is the work of the political machines which control both Congress and the State legislatures, and which are themselves put in motion by organizations of fanatical opinion. The forecast of this English clerical paper is not without interest:

The enforcement of the law will involve intolerable interference with personal liberty, domiciliary visits, scrutiny of domestic operations, supervision of the dinner-table, and exploration of store-cupboards, which a free people will not long endure. Englishmen certainly would not, and eager Prohibitionists had better reckon with that in time. There will probably be object-lessons to be learned from America. We do not dispute the excellent results of Prohibition which are adduced from some districts of the United States. But Prohibition has there been adopted with the active good-will of the population. It will be another matter when it is forced on an unwilling people, determined to resist or evade the law. We do not doubt that Prohibition would produce some good results, lending themselves to statistical exploitation, in any country or any district where the population regards it with favor. What other results it may produce, even there, is another question. We have little doubt that bad results will heavily overbalance the good wherever it is forced upon a people.

That, at the lowest estimate, a very large minority of the American people are reluctant to accept total Prohibition will scarcely be denied by any sane observer of the times or judicious reader of our papers; and, as a consequence, strict enforcement of the law will be found difficult, if not impracticable.

Among the practical subjects selected by the many members of the American hierarchy who have written Lenten Pastorals for the current season, one of outstanding importance is that chosen by

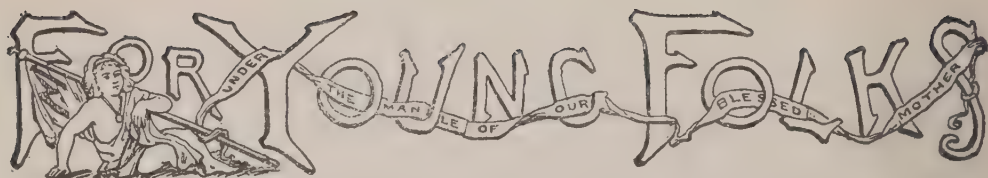
the Archbishop of Cincinnati, "Sanctifying the Lord's Day." Mgr. Mueller has felt it his duty to instruct his people on the due observance of Sundays and holydays, because, as he says, "strong evidence exists on every side that there is a deplorable laxity on the part of many in regard to this very important obligation." Such laxity must be observable by all clear-visioned Catholics in our large cities, in the smaller towns, and also in the rural districts. The number of Catholics who desecrate the Lord's Day by the performance of servile work is not perhaps alarmingly large, although even this evil is all too prominent; but the number of those who make the truth that Sunday is a day of rest from servile work the pretext for the omission of obligatory religious worship is great enough to warrant anxiety on the part of all pastors of souls.

As his Grace of Cincinnati points out, "the tendency of to-day—and it is growing stronger—is to make Sundays and feast-days dedicated to God, days of mere amusement, of idle pleasure, of debasing sin." The tendency mentioned is especially noticeable during the summer months. Time was, and not so many decades ago, when a determining factor in the choice of a summer resort by Catholic holiday-makers was the feasibility of attending Mass on Sundays; nowadays such a consideration is apparently judged to be of altogether minor importance by an increasing number of lukewarm members of the Church. It is an evil, and a very serious one, that calls for frequent and outspoken condemnation by the Catholic pulpit, and the pulpit's complement, the Catholic press.

"What are words but words?" says Æ Kempis; "they fly through the air and hurt not a stone." If they were anything different, it would be sad to see so many of them wasted over the discussion of a league of nations. "The only question before us,—the only question of a practical nature," said Senator Lodge in the opening

speech of his debate with President Lowell, "is whether the league that has been drafted by the commission of the Peace Conference and laid before it will tend to secure the peace of the world as it stands, and whether it is just and fair to the United States of America." The consensus of opinion is that it would not secure international peace, and that it would jeopardize the sovereignty of our Republic. There is no room whatever for doubt that, as Senator Hardwick declared in a recent speech, "every right-minded man and every right-thinking woman throughout this country ardently desires that whatever practical thing can be done with reason and with safety, with common-sense and with ordinary prudence, shall be done in order to prevent a repetition of this awful carnage; in order to prevent their sons being sent in some future war into the depths of another hell. They are right,—everlastingly right," declares the Senator; "and it is the duty of this nation and of every civilized and particularly of every Christian nation, practising the doctrines and invoking the name of the Prince of Peace, to do everything that prudent, practical men, can do, which will tend to remove this danger, and which will tend to keep this country and all other countries, as far as may be, out of war."

A league of nations, without definite aims and positive declarations as to what it would do, or could be made to do, to fulfil the hopes of humanity, is another matter. That mythical person, the Man in the Street, who is credited with being more practical and level-headed than other men, is firmly convinced that the proposed league is a "pipe-dream," and that it could never be made to work. He is an internationalist in the sense of being a humanitarian; but he holds that the fundamental principles and integrity of this nation should be left intact; that participation in the machinations of European politics would prove disastrous, if not destructive.



The Runaway Snowman.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

I MADE a snowman, short and fat,
In my yard one day;
And I told him when I left
Not to run away.

I could see him in the night
When I went to bed,
And I thought that he'd be sure
To obey what I had said.

In the morning I looked out—
Then I rubbed my eyes;
For I saw no snowman there,
Much to my surprise.

I had left him there, I knew,
At the close of day,
Father said: "There is no doubt:
He has run away!"

In the night a gentle thaw
Warmed my snowman gay;
He had melted, so of course
He had run away.

Lily White.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

THERE may be coals blacker than her face, although *I* never saw one; and her eyes were like two great beads with lights behind them. Instead of hair there was a short crinkly crop of fuzz. Her name was—Lily White.

"She shall have a white name," said Martha, her mother. "And maybe in the resurrection morning her face'll be shining white, too."

Poor Martha had searched long and earnestly for a picture of a dark angel, and had never found one. Angels were

always fair, with golden hair, in which God's sunbeams seemed to glisten.

Lily's mother had been born a slave, and when the war set her free had followed the fortunes, or misfortunes, of her mistress. There had been no change in their relations; and she cooked in the new state of things just as she had in the old, only with a short purse and meagre materials, until the daughter of the house married and her old mistress died; then, feeling her duty done—for the husband of her dear "Miss Lou" preferred white servants—she married a good-natured fellow as black as herself, and set up housekeeping on her own account. Often, however, when there was domestic discord at the old mansion, she was called upon to "lend a hand," invariably appearing with a coal-black baby tucked under her shawl. These, all boys, had been given celebrated names. There were Napoleon, Abraham, Jefferson, and Nicodemus, besides the twins. At last a little girl appeared, and was promptly called Lily White, as I have said. The same day a blue-eyed infant, also a girl, took up her abode at the old mansion, and received the name of Mary.

When Lily White was three weeks old she was taken to call on "Miss Lou's" baby, and kicked and squirmed in Napoleon's arms during the visit. After that she came often, having the snug place under her mother's shawl whenever extra help was needed; and she and May, as they called little Mary, were fast friends from the time they could sit alone. It was an ill-sorted pair—the fair Saxon child and the tiny African. But infancy knows no caste save that of love; and, next to the face of her own mother, there was no sweeter sight to baby May than the lustrous countenance of her little dark companion.

As they grew older they were still inseparable; May suggesting and guiding, Lily White guarding and defending. She was never prouder than the day she saved her little mistress from the fangs of a rattlesnake; and never happier than when she could, at any risk or cost, bestow upon her a joyful moment.

There came a time when it dawned upon her that May was of a different race; but, after the first bewilderment, it caused her no suffering. She knew no world except the old plantation. When "Miss May" smiled, the sun shone; when she laughed, the birds sang; when she was sad, dark clouds were drawn over the landscape. Her comrade was to her the embodiment of all that was good and beautiful. For her she hunted for wild flowers on the hills, she climbed the trees to get the largest apples, she searched the meadows for the earliest strawberries. At night she slept upon a rug before the white child's door. Her mother willingly spared her; for other girl babies had since her advent successively occupied the unwilling arms of Napoleon, and her absence made one mouth less to feed.

Lily White was not taught to read—there were inherited prejudices which made that unthought of,—but May read to her. Sometimes it was easier to read "out of her mind," as she called it; and the stories of "Cinderella" or "Jack and the Bean-Stalk" would flow from her lips, while Lily White had no knowledge of the fact that the book was upside down.

This singular friendship excited no wonder; for similar ones have ever been common in lands where slavery has flourished. "Miss Lou" only said, in her gentle way, "I don't know what May would do without Lily White"; and Martha answered, "I know what Lily White'd do without Miss May. She'd jest die." The little colored girl laughed at what her mother said. "Do without Miss May?" She could not

imagine such a thing any more than she could imagine doing without the sun or the great round moon.

One thing troubled her: she had never been baptized. Miss May was in some way, she knew, an especial child of God; and she, although she wished to be, was not. She asked her mother concerning the matter, and Martha answered:

"You've no business with white folks' religion. I'm a Baptist and you're a Baptist. The Baptist religion is the one for colored folks."

"But when can I be baptized?"

"When you come to the years of discretium."

"Who says that?"

"Now, Lily White, what for you stand there sassin' your maw? The parson says that for sho."

"And when'll I come to the years of discretium?"

"Never, I reckon, if you once get such contrary notions into your woolly head."

"But Miss May was only three weeks old when she was baptized. Do white folks have years of discretium when they's three weeks old?"

Poor Martha! all her logic was exhausted. At that moment she chanced to see Nicodemus stealing sugar from the cracked bowl in the cupboard, and the conversation ended hurriedly,—*too* hurriedly to suit Nicodemus. But Lily White did not forget. A great wave of unbelief threatened to swamp her. She could not understand why God had put this awful bar between her and her idolized little mistress. Then she thought:

"If I can wait till I come to the 'years of discretium,' then be baptized and die and turn into an angel, maybe I'll be white too."

She confided her troubles to May.

"Don't you reckon I can be a light-colored angel?" she asked.

"Lily White!" exclaimed May. "Folks don't turn to angels. Angels are God's messengers, flying all about doing His errands. But if you do as He wants

you to, you'll go to heaven just as sure as if you were white."

So Lily White cheered up again.

When the children were about twelve years old alarming tales were told of a gang of desperate men who hid in the swamp through the day and came out at night to steal and plunder. May's father put his family silver in the bank, and employed Martha's husband as watchman; but one night the turn of the old plantation came.

May, always a light sleeper, was awakened by a footfall and saw a masked man in the room. She was not frightened. Her life had been so sheltered that she could not imagine that any one wished to do her harm. She had seen many rough people, black and white, but they had never been unkind to her.

"Man!" she said, "this isn't your house. Go away!"

"Keep still!" he called.

"Go away!" she repeated, this time in a louder voice.

The robber turned and fired at the dark little figure that had suddenly risen and stood by the bedside.

* *

The black girl lived long enough to receive the waters of holy Baptism; then the clean, pure soul fared forth into the "sweet and blessed country." They dressed the little body in white and covered her grave with whitest flowers; and on the marble cross that love raised above her they cut the words, "Lily White,"—no more.

Long years have lagged or hurried by since then; but still in an old Virginian graveyard a path is worn to a little mound where May, an old woman now, brings flowers—always white flowers—in memory of one who died for her.

Buddy.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XIII.—GUESTS IN KHAKI.—RUBE JONES.

JUST how and when St. Ronald's got its name no one quite knew. Father Bennett, after some delving into county history, concluded it was a corruption of St. Ronan's; the original saint of the Roman Calendar having been disregarded, both religiously and orthographically, by the Protestant settlers that followed the Catholic pioneers of this river shore. For the church at St. Ronald's was really under the patronage of "good St. Anne." The one stained window in the little sanctuary represented that most blessed of grandmothers, with her fair little daughter Mary at her knee, studying the old Scriptures that prophesied her coming glory.

The window—the gift of Roger Kent Reeves and his wife Anne on their wedding day—was the one beauty of the dim old church. It had flooded the sanctuary with rainbow radiance for more than a hundred years; it had jewelled baby brows wet with the holy dew of baptism, glowed on the white-robed ranks of first communicants, and broken the gloom of funerals with celestial light. On this Sunday it shone like an oriflamme above the rows of khaki-clad worshippers that bent before the little altar, filling the pews and crowding reverently to the Communion rail; for, according to Father Bennett's suggestion, the "men in uniform" were cheerfully given first place, by the good people of St. Anne's. Only this morning Mass had been delayed for nearly an hour, while the pastor heard soldiers' confessions in the sacristy,—soldiers whom tomorrow's orders might send across the seas to death.

A MORE glorious victory can not be gained over another than this—that where the injury began on that other's part, the kindness should begin on ours.

So even our Buddy understood as, kneeling in a far-off corner (for the Reeves' front pew had been given up to St. Anne's guests), he watched, with a strange sense

of kinship, the sturdy figures gathering around the altar. They were Rick's comrades; they wore the same uniform; they were going to meet the same dangers, the same glory, perhaps the same death.

Gee, he would like to do something for the fellows, as Rick had asked! Mother and Miss Meredith and Mrs. Ryan and half a dozen others were now busy getting breakfast in the basement of the church; appetizing odors of boiling coffee and frying sausage were stealing distractingly in at the window above him. It was no boy's business, of course; but—even a boy might help things on.

And so, with the last word of the Mass, Buddy bolted off to do what he could. But he got no farther than the church steps. Standing on one side was a tall, lank figure in khaki, looking irresolutely around him as if uncertain what to do or where to go.

"Say, younker," he began as Buddy appeared. "Can you tell a fellow where—" And then the speaker stopped, his rugged features relaxing into friendly grin. "Jing, if it ain't the little chap I held up at headquarters! Don't you remember me stopping you with a gun, sonny, two or three weeks ago?"

"Why, yes, I do!" said Buddy, recognizing the sentry who had halted him on the fateful night of his late adventure. "I'm glad to see you again, Mr.—Mr.—"

"No 'mister' about it, sonny. I'm plain Reuben, or, as home folks put it, Rube Jones. And it's Rube Jones that is out of his lines now. Some of them consarned tar-heel chaps have been playing a fool game on me. They said I was to jine them at breakfast,—a real sort of righty breakfast 'bout here."

"Well, you can," replied Buddy, hospitably. "I'll take you in. My mother is cooking that breakfast right now."

"Your mother?" said Mr. Rube Jones, staring; for Buddy, in his trim suit of blue serge, was looking his Sunday best.

"Yes," answered Buddy. "She wouldn't bring Aunt Milly, because Mrs. Ryan and

the rest were going to do the cooking themselves, and she wanted to do the same. And I tell you it's some job. There must be more than a hundred men in church. I am sorry you missed Mass, but there will be another one at half-past ten. You can wait for that."

"Wait for that!" Buddy's listener stared at him blankly. "Gosh, that durned Micky Blake has played some fool trick on me, for sure! He said this was a Red Cross meeting-place, where we was all bid for a real home-folks' breakfast,—hot rolls and hot coffee and hot sausage to beat the band."

"Why, it isn't a Red Cross place at all," said Buddy. "It's a Catholic church."

Again the startled, bewildered look came over his hearer's face.

"A Catholic church!" he repeated. "A Pope's, priest's church you mean, where they have the crosses and candles and—and—gosh!" (He slapped his leg with sudden comprehension.) "I see what that Micky Blake was up to now. He's a-making to draw me back."

"Draw you back?" echoed Buddy.

"Yes," replied Rube. "You see, my mother was a sort of far-off cousin of hisn, and she was an Irisher and a Catholic; but pap was an out-and-out hard-shell Baptist, and wouldn't hear of my going her way. But she got me that sort of fashion when I was a chap like you: stole me off into the church and larned me my prayers and showed me pictures. She was a good, soft, skeery little woman that didn't dare go plumb agin pap and do any more. Then" (the speaker's face softened) "she died, and I ain't never thought of church or prayers since. You don't in a turpentine camp. Besides, it made me feel too bad to remember about poor ma, and how pap used to light into her for larning me to pray. I'd rather forget all about it. Then this soldier business caught me and Micky, and he began bothering me about church. I shut him up pretty rough; but he kept at it, telling me mother and he would get

me back yet. 'That's why he fooled me this morning, durn him! And I'm right off now, before he sees I've come."

"Oh, no, don't—don't go without your breakfast!" said Buddy, eagerly. "The men are all going in now."

For the side door of the church that led down into the hall below had opened, and St. Anne's guests were pouring out, under the guidance of the Holy Name men.

"Down this way, my hearties!" said Mr. Ryan, hospitably. "File right up to the tables. The ladies are ready for you. Don't stand back! There's plenty for all, and you're welcome as the flowers of May."

"There's Micky's tow-head now!" said Buddy's friend, scanning the khaki-clad crowd. "I'm off before he gets the laugh on me about his Red Cross canteen and the breakfast I'd find here. And he's cut me out of my camp breakfast, besides. I'll smash his ugly mug for this, if it gets me in the lockup for a week," concluded Micky's cousin, fiercely.

"Oh, no, don't!" soothed Buddy again. "I'll get you your breakfast all right."

"Wouldn't go in there with them grinning galoots, not for six months' pay!" declared his companion.

"You needn't," was the cheery answer. "I know a nice, shady place under the trees, where they won't see you, and I'll bring you out all the breakfast you want right there."

"You will?" said big Rube, brightening. "That's mighty good of you, sonny; for I'm right sharp set after my long walk here; and it's a pretty long wait for chow at noon. If you'll put me somewhere under the trees and bring out some of them victuals that smell mighty good to me, I'm ready to pay for all I get."

"Oh, there isn't anything to pay!" said Buddy, as he led his guest to a sheltered nook under the pines that bounded the little rectory garden.

"There ain't?" said Big Rube in amazement,— "ain't nothin' to pay? Then I don't come for this free spread, I know."

"Yes, you do; for you're a soldier, and

all soldiers are welcome to St. Anne's that want to come. Besides, my mother is bossing things in there, and she knows how good you were the night I butted into your camp. She'll see that you get your breakfast, you bet. So sit right down here and wait."

And Buddy settled his guest quite comfortably on a moss-grown stump, and hurried back to the church, whose lower hall was now a busy festive scene, new indeed to old St. Anne's. The kind hostesses had done their simple best to make this morning feast a success. The rows of tables that, covered with snowy oil-cloth, ran the full length of the low, broad room, were decorated with flags and wild flowers, and laden with plain, hearty fare,— frankfurter sausage, in generous defiance of its alien name; hot crisp rolls, golden butter, pitchers of rich milk, pots of coffee. And ministering with hearty good will were all the kindly people that could be spared from their own domestic duties: the president of the Holy Name Society pouring the coffee; the prefect of the Sodality passing the rolls; a score of rosy girls—the flowers of Father Bennett's flock—bringing relays of sausage and bread and milk; pausing in their service to chat and laugh, and listen to stories of homes and mothers and sweethearts, which the sturdy fellows after months of rough camp life were eager to tell to such sympathetic hearers.

Buddy hurried through the crowded hall, to find his mother among the other parish ladies in the little improvised kitchen, sending forward the supplies of hot coffee and rolls and everything else demanded by the sturdy appetites of their guests.

"O Buddy dear, what is it?" she asked, turning her flushed face upon him. "Is anything the matter at home?"

"No, mother darling! But I met that nice soldier that stopped me at Uncle Kent's place the other night, and he doesn't want to come in. You see, he got kind of fooled here by the others telling him it was a

Red Cross place, and he was going off mad about it. But I coaxed him to sit down under the trees outside, and told him I'd bring his breakfast to him."

"Of course, dear!" was the quick reply. "Don't let the poor fellow go. And take some breakfast for yourself, my boy; for if you stay to wait on the soldiers, you'll be too late for your own at home."

So taking a tin tray from the table, Buddy piled it up with everything within his reach; and was back again, under the pines, where his friend Rube was awaiting him rather doubtfully. They were soon having a jolly breakfast together, Buddy playing the host so graciously that his guest soon forgot his wrath at Micky and his mates.

"Have some more coffee? I thought you'd want more than one cup, so I brought a pitcher. And don't be afraid of the rolls; mother ordered pans of them, and I can run back to the church and get some more."

"No, sonny,—no!" said Rube. "I've plenty. This here is a fine feed, for sure; and so nice and friendly, not the grab and guzzle we have down at the camp. And it's sort of good to taste woman cookin' again. I've been a-roughin' it jest with men folks so long. For pap married again, and the new mother is a wild-cat sure. She evened up with him for poor ma. And I ran off from 'em both when I wasn't any bigger than you, and looked out for myself."

"And you've never had a home or— or anything since then?" asked Buddy, sympathetically.

"No, sonny, nary home nor kinsfolks, nor nothin', not even a yaller dog. Of course I might have had that, but I was afeared to try it, lest some of the rough-necks would hurt him, and then I'd have to fight sure. When you haven't the sort of pard you like, it's best to play a lone hand. So when this soldier business came up, I thought I might as well go in for it and get shot; for there wasn't one to know or care—"

"Well, well!" broke in a cheery voice on this colloquy; and Father Bennett, who, feeling that his reverend character might in some way be a restraint upon his breakfast guests, had been saying his Office in the rectory garden, suddenly appeared upon this side-scene. "What sort of a private picnic is this? Buddy my boy, why don't you take your soldier friend in the hall with the rest?"

"Oh, because—because he didn't want to go, Father," said Buddy, hesitatingly.

"Why not?" asked Father Bennett, kindly. "You'd get things hotter and better I'm sure, my friend."

"Don't want them no hotter or better," was the reply. "Sonny here has taken care of me, all right, mister."

"This is Father Bennett, our pastor," corrected Buddy, hastily; "and this is— is Mr. Jones, Father."

"No 'mister' about it, sonny: just plain Rube Jones, that was fooled in here this morning by some durn galoots that told me it was a Red Cross spread." And the speaker's face darkened again at the remembrance of the roguish Micky's boast.

"Well, to a certain extent, it is," said Father Bennett, smiling. "The Cross in all its colors is our standard, my man; and we are glad to share in all the good work that bears its sacred name. So you see you are not so far out of the way, after all."

"Hadn't no right to butt in," said Rube. He had risen awkwardly now, vaguely conscious that the newcomer represented "authority" to which he should account for his intrusion. "Ain't no church-goer; but sonny here said it didn't make no difference, so long as I was a soldier."

"You see, he didn't understand, Father," explained Buddy. "He used to be a Catholic when he was a boy like me; but his mother died, and his father was a hard-shell Baptist, and he forgot his prayers and everything his mother taught him; and his cousin, who is eating with the other soldier boys, tried to get him

to Mass this morning—and—and bring him back."

"Ah, I see,—I see!" said Father Bennett, who had learned to catch on to the thread of boyish narrative. "I'm glad you were here to make him welcome, Buddy.—We shall always be glad to see you at St. Anne's, my friend; so come again. It will please that good mother of yours, who is in heaven praying to have her soldier boy with us, I know."

And Father Bennett, who realized it was not wise to say much on first acquaintance, shook hands cordially with Buddy's friend and turned away.

"That there's your preacher, you say?" asked Rube, staring after him.

"Oh, we don't say 'preacher': we say 'priest'!" corrected Buddy.

"All the same, ain't it?" asked the other.

"No, they are not the same at all," was the quick reply. "Old Uncle Si down in the Hollow is a preacher, but a priest is away ahead of any preacher on earth."

"He looks sort of fust-class, I must say," answered Rube, his gaze still following the retreating figure. "And talks it, too. There's some that pitch into you 'bout sin and perdition right off, 'stead of saying that mother would be glad to see me here. And mebbe she would," added the speaker, his rough tone softening as his eyes turned to the little gray church with its cross-crowned spire. "She was dead set on praying and church-going when pap wasn't around. Sonny, if we can dodge Micky Blake or that durned fool crowd of his, I'd like to go into that little church of yours and see the crosses and candles and pictures that mother used to show me when I was a little chap like you, more'n twenty years ago."

(To be continued.)

A LEARNED member was one day discoursing at great length, in the French Academy on the prices of commodities at different periods, when La Fontaine observed: "This man seems to know the value of everything except time."

Equine Playmates.

THERE are in the Tyrolese valley a large number of horses of a certain breed, that perform the most wonderful antics and are quite as playful as the children of their masters. These horses are known as Hafflingers, and are so thoroughly domesticated that they live almost entirely in the company of their owners and are their faithful and affectionate friends. They are large horses as regards their bodies, and they have remarkably big heads; but their legs are short and they amble along in a very funny manner.

They seem to think that all work and no play would make a Hafflinger a dull horse; and they are always ready for a frolic, even when taking the long journeys where they are so sure-footed and enduring. They love to play tricks, and seem happy if they can make a human companion the victim of a practical joke. They are fond of many kinds of games, entering into the spirit of them as joyfully as if they were school-boys instead of hard-working, slowly-moving beasts. One of the games which they seem to prefer is a sort of hide-and-seek, and they obey its rules better than some boys I have known. When the master calls "Time!" they wheel into line without a moment's delay and are ready for their hard work again.

The Hafflingers are not perfect: they are extremely self-willed, and evidently have very strong notions of their own, to which they cling as long as possible, and then seem to say, as they shake their big heads, "I have to pretend to agree with you, because I am a horse; but I have my own ideas about this matter, all the same." They are as affectionate as dogs, and their devotion to their masters is like that of a good-natured Newfoundland. The Arab horse has been called the friend of man, and we may call the Hafflinger man's playmate.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Omissions should be supplied and corrections made in the second edition of the late Mr. Cecil Chesterton's "History of the United States." Next to nothing is said about the Monroe Doctrine, for instance; and the surprising statement is made that, immediately after the Revolution, "in practically every State the whole adult male population of European race received the suffrage." The book is more readable than reliable.

—Among the books to be published this spring is Philip Gibbs' fourth contribution to the history of the Great War, "Open Warfare from Cambrai to the Marne." Mr. Gibbs has achieved the reputation of being one of the most vivid portrayers of the various phases of the mighty conflict recently concluded, as well as one of the most authoritative chroniclers of contemporary history in the making. Readers of his three previous war-books—"The Soul of the War," "The Battles of the Somme," and "From Bapaume to Passchendaele"—will need no special urging to secure his final volume on the period, 1914-1918.

—When Dickens published his novel, "Our Mutual Friend," the precisionists among the literary critics called attention to his improper use of "mutual," in the sense of "common." Properly speaking, Tom and Dick may be mutual friends; but if Harry is admitted to their intimacy, he is their common, not mutual, friend. Nowadays the critics are less exacting as to propriety of language. We have seen no comment on the evident blunder in the title of Margaret Widdemer's American romance, "You're Only Young Once." The adverb clearly modifies, or should modify, "once," not "young"; and should accordingly be placed after, not before, the adjective.

—A fresh and vital interest is infused into the Sabetti-Barrett "Compendium Theologiæ Moralis" by the direct introduction of the Canons of the New Code into the text of the book, thus giving it an air of actuality, which will be a delight to the professor and student. The Canons are made part of the chapters, and, being thus properly placed, form the basis of the explanations and conclusions given. Old time-honored opinions take on a new aspect: they acquire the force of law. This in itself produces a directness of method which gives greater satisfaction, bars all hesitancy and cavil, and furnishes authoritative and adequate solutions of perplexing questions, without increasing the size of the volume. This new edition will be eagerly

scanned by pastors grown old in the care of souls, while it will prove a safe guide to those who are just entering upon their pastoral career. A very elaborate alphabetical index completes the volume. Frederick Pustet Co., publishers; price, \$4.50.

—The late Dr. John C. Cox, F. S. A., who was commended to the prayers of our readers last week, was distinguished as an archæologist, author, and editor. He was an authority on parochial life in the Middle Ages, and wrote extensively on ecclesiological subjects. The best known of his many books—a masterpiece in its way—is "How to Write the History of a Parish." He edited for a time the *Antiquary* and other journals devoted to archæological research. Dr. Cox was the son of an Anglican parson, and himself a presbyter at the time of his conversion to the Church.

—There should be general readers as well as classical students to welcome the new edition of Boethius' theological tractates and the "Consolatio," with an English translation, the latest addition to the Loeb Classical Library. Boethius was among the best known authors of the Middle Ages. On the vexed question of his religion, one of the translators, Dr. H. F. Stewart, remarks: "Boethius was without doubt a Christian, a doctor, and perhaps a martyr. Nor is it necessary to think that, when in prison, he put away his faith. If it is asked why the 'Consolation of Philosophy' contains no conscious or direct reference to the doctrines which are traced in the 'Tractates' with so sure a hand, and is, at most, not out of harmony with Christianity, the answer is simple. In the 'Consolation' he is writing philosophy; in the 'Tractates' he is writing theology. He observes what Pascal calls the order of things."

—Ever since Horace asserted that "mediocrity is not allowed to poets, either by the gods or men," there has always been a good deal of cheap criticism directed against authors who, writing in verse, have fallen below the standards of the world-acclaimed creative geniuses,—"the few, the immortal names that were not born to die." We say "cheap" criticism, because it is not only common or commonplace, but is of inconsiderable intrinsic value, and entitled to very little, if any, esteem. The real truth of the matter is that, Horace to the contrary notwithstanding, the so-called minor poet, or even the accomplished versifier, need make no apology either for committing his thoughts and fancies to some of the multifarious forms of verse or for proffer-

ing his literary output to the reading public. Lincoln used to say that "God must like the common people, He made so many of them"; and for the writers of minor poems or pleasing verse there is required no further *raison d'être* than the enjoyment which the common people find therein. To condemn the more or less mediocre poems one finds in our religious magazines and papers because they lack the force and height and depth and surface unintelligibility of Francis Thompson is at bottom quite as ridiculous as to condemn the Sunday instruction of the ordinary parish priest because it lacks the power displayed in the sermons of Bossuet or Bourdaloue. What Chaplain Thomas Tiplady (in "The Soul of the Soldier") says of the songs of the war is true also of much of the minor poetry and musical verse proffered to the reading public of this twentieth century:

The transient songs I have quoted here have been meat and drink to our soldiers in the most terrible war ever waged. They may be poor stuff in comparison with our classic songs; but a good appetite can get nourishment out of plain food and grow strong on it. For the purpose in hand these songs have been better than the classics; otherwise they would not have been chosen. There is a time and place for all things. The robin may not be compared with the nightingale, but it is not the less welcome; for it sings when the nightingale is silent. Our soldiers' songs will die, some are already dead; but they have done their work and justified their existence. They have given pleasure and strength to men as they went out to do immortal deeds. No wounded soldier or parched traveller thinks lightly of a cup of water because it perished in the using; and so it is with the songs our soldiers sing.

Some Recent Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Essays in Occultism, Spiritism, and Demonology." Dean W. R. Harris. \$1.
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Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

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VOL. IX. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 5, 1919.

NO. 14

[Published every Saturday. Copyright, 1919: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

My Mother.

BY BP. J. S. V.

I HAVE a Mother, passing fair;
No thoughts can reach, no words declare
Her beauty and her grace.
She rules as Queen in heaven above;
Her very look inspires my love;
She's chief of all our race.

Though I'm so mean, and she's so great,
Enthroned above in royal state,
She loves me as her child.
She condescends my steps to guide,
And bids me in her to confide,
While storms are raging wild.

The silvery moon is not so light,
The sun itself not half so bright
As is this Virgin Queen,
Who from all dangers, day and night,
Protects me, in my mortal fight
'Gainst enemies unseen.

O Mother, happy shall I be
If thou wilt intercede for me,
And ask the Babe upon thy knee
To lift me up to heaven, with thee.

KIND thoughts imply a close contact with God, and a divine ideal in our minds. Their origin can not be anything short of divine. Like the love of beauty, they can spring from no baser source. They are not dictated by self-interest nor stimulated by passion; they have nothing in them which is insidious, and they are almost always the preludes to some sacrifice of self.—*Faber.*

The Dannebrog Anniversary.

BY CHARLES BUTTEVANT.

THE circumstances that led to the creation of the Dannebrog, the national flag of Denmark, bear a striking resemblance to those attending the adoption of the Labarum as the banner of the Emperor Constantine; and, as they occurred exactly seven hundred years ago, it is interesting to recall them at the present moment.

One of the greatest kings that ever ruled in Denmark was certainly Waldemar II., who reigned from 1202 to 1241, and on whom his admiring people conferred the title of *Sejr*, or the Victorious, in recognition of the fact that his conquests extended so far into German and Wendish lands that the Baltic was little more than an inland Danish sea. And although the jealousy of German princes and the treachery of his vassals combined to rob him of these brilliant conquests—so that his death was followed by a hundred years of anarchy, and decadence of the authority of the Crown, during the course of which Denmark was brought to the brink of annihilation,—his name is as dear to Danish hearts in 1919 as it was to their ancestors in 1219, when he won the great Christian victory of Reval and gave the Dannebrog to his people.

It was after Waldemar had conquered Holstein, Lauenburg, Schwerin, and other north German provinces, that he determined on a crusade against the pagans

in Esthonia, with a view to converting them to Christianity; and it was during this campaign that the battle of Reval was fought. The historians tell us that, while the fight was at its hottest, Waldemar's troops lost heart and began to waver. The moment was a critical one, and the King felt that everything depended on the conduct of his troops, and on whether they could hold out a little longer or not. If they gave in then, or did not put their whole energies into the combat, the victory would probably remain with the pagans. In his despair, King Waldemar raised his eyes to Heaven and lifted his hands in prayer, calling on God to aid him in his hour of need, and renew the sinking courage of his soldiers. Then, as if in response to his appeal, a cross of dazzling whiteness, placed upon a crimson ground, appeared in the sky, and presently fell into the King's uplifted hands. Another version of the story says that, in memory of the miraculous appearance of the cross in the sky and the Christian victory that followed, the then reigning Pope sent a blessed banner to the King; and that this—a white cross on a red field—was treasured through long centuries as the national flag of Denmark.

At all events, the sight of the white cross in the sky above them so inspired the Danes, and so terrified their pagan foes, that the men plucked up courage and added one more victory to their brave sovereign's already glorious record. The Dannebrog was, unfortunately, lost about three hundred years later,—that is to say, in 1500, during the disastrous Drithmarche expedition; but it still serves as the model for the national flag.

When one remembers the triumphs of Waldemar the Victorious, and other Catholic sovereigns of Denmark, whether in peace or war (and, like the great Napoleon, the victor of Reval is said to have been as distinguished in amending the laws of his country as in his military exploits), it is melancholy to be obliged to remember also that Denmark is no

longer Catholic. What the so-called "Reformation" has accomplished for her may be partly realized by what the author of "Danish Life in Town and Country" says upon the subject: "Religion is not on the whole—certainly not in Copenhagen—'good form.' The truth of this a well-known Copenhagen clergyman readily admitted on a recent occasion: 'Oh,' he said, 'here Christianity is looked upon as obscurantism!' Church-going is not fashionable; one need only attend a service in one of the Copenhagen churches to have this confirmed."

But this Copenhagen of the now comparatively empty churches was not always the capital of Denmark, any more than it was always Protestant. It was the old cathedral town of Roskilde, so celebrated all through the Middle Ages, that enjoyed that honor; and although it declined in importance from the moment that, with the advent of the "Reformation," it lost its position as the bishop's See, it is still one of the most notable towns in Denmark. The name Roskilde is derived from *Roe*, a Danish king of the sixth century; and *kilde*, the Danish word for a well, or spring. In Catholic times it had no fewer than twenty-seven churches, besides monasteries and other ecclesiastical buildings. Curiously enough, the cathedral of Roskilde was erected by an Englishman—namely, Bishop William, who had been confessor to Canute the Great. At the Bishop's death, in 1074, the church was still unfinished.

The "Semiramis of the North," as Queen Margaret has been called, is buried in Roskilde cathedral; she well deserved the title, for it was she who united Denmark, Norway, and Sweden under one crown. Albert of Mecklenburg, King of Sweden, affected to despise the warrior queen, and sent her a whetstone with the insulting message that she would do well 'to sharpen her needles and leave swords to men.' This historic whetstone is said to have been buried with her. When the fortunes of war threw Albert of Mecklenburg into her power, the

victorious queen ordered that he should be brought into her presence clad in a woman's gown and wearing a fool's cap three ells long, 'since he had not known how to fight in men's attire.'

The "Chapel of the Three Kings" in Roskilde cathedral has a very ancient granite column, that supports the roof, and on which a series of marks indicate the height of various royal and imperial personages who have been measured against it. The tallest of these was, apparently, Peter the Great, who must have been nearly seven feet high. But even he had to yield—in this kind of greatness, at all events—to a subject, and a foreign subject too: Cornelius MacGrath, "the Irish giant," and the only non-royal personage whose height is recorded on the column. According to this mark, the big Irishman was nearly eight feet. Professor Sir George Humphrey wrote of him as being eight feet and six inches; but his skeleton, preserved in the museum of Trinity College, Dublin, is not quite so long. Dr. D. J. Cunningham spoke of it as being only seven feet, two and a quarter inches. Born in Dublin, MacGrath was exhibited all over the Continent, which would account for his appearance in Roskilde. In 1756 his portrait was engraved in Germany by Maag, and depicts him standing with a Prussian grenadier, who, in spite of the tall military hat of the period, looks a mere dwarf beside the Irishman.

I do not know if the Dannebrog has ever been put out in MacGrath's honor; but it is certain that the good people of Denmark lose no reasonable opportunity for exposing their national flag. A wedding, a birth, a death,—in fact, almost any pretext is seized on as an excuse to bring forth the symbol, which is as beloved throughout the length and breadth of the country to-day as it was when the great Catholic conqueror received it in the hour of his direst need.

THOSE that live in the Lord never see each other for the last time.—*Anon.*

Search-Lights.

BY VALENTINE PARAISO.

XVIII.

WHEN Daisy recovered seriousness after that sudden lesson in the meaning of holy water, her sadness came back again. She had not yet told Mrs. Moran the bad news.

"I wish we could really send a message to those that are gone," she said. "A friend of ours has died in France,—Sydney Verreker; he used to be at Morton Court. . . . Oh, yes" (in answer to a question), "he had all the sacraments,—the priest said so; it was a holy end. By chance they brought him into the hospital where Father Corkwood was."

"Glory be to God!" Mrs. Moran spread her hands with a little gesture of wonder and praise. "Sure there's no such^e thing as chance. 'Twas meant to be. Ah, 'tis he that's glad now that he gave up all!"

In the presence of that Celtic faith, so vivid and so warm, Daisy could not remember the séance without disgust. It looked earthy and ignoble by comparison; and it seemed to have been mixed with deceit and with something nameless and evil. To have thought of seeking Sydney Verreker through a "medium" appeared now so glaringly absurd that Daisy could not tell that part of her story to Mrs. Moran. Nor did she say how her Christian faith had faded during those dreadful moments. She was in pure air here, and breathed again. She felt she had been in a poisonous atmosphere.

Mrs. Moran's explanation was simple. That was all forbidden in the Catechism,—dealing with the devil and inquiring after hidden things and "things to come, by fortune-tellers."

"How busy the Old Boy is!" she said quaintly. . . . "Is it who is the Old Boy, you're asking? Well 'tis some one we won't mention but as little as we can. Who else could tell what was inside that poor lady's

ring and all that happened when it was bought for her?"

"Do you think there are wicked spirits, really and truly?"

"Why, child, 'tis in the Bible over and over again!" said Mrs. Moran.

And that was rather a surprise; for Mademoiselle, the Huguenot lady, had always told Daisy the Papists would not have the Bible. Here was her humble friend clinging to an unpleasant truth as "Gospel" when she herself wanted to put it away with the tales of giants and bogies.

"There's some people say there is no such thing," the good woman went on; "and he will let them think so, and pretend it's their dead friends that's talking. But sure he was the father of lies from the beginning, and the biggest lie of all is that himself is a fairy tale."

"Yvette wants me," rejoined Daisy, nervously. "She said if I did not come back, misfortune would follow me."

"Don't believe it. And what did you do?"

"I tried to make your Sign of the Cross, though I didn't know how; and I ran for my life, and jumped down the stairs."

Daisy could not help laughing at the recollection of her exit. It was always easy to make her laugh, and she had got over the trembling. There was a shadow at the window and a noise in the hall.

"O Mrs. Moran, what is that?" She nearly sprang from her chair.

"Your nerves are destroyed, child. It is only the postman's knock. Maybe 'tis a letter from Tom."

The envelope was the familiar unstamped one, with the three written words, "On Active Service," and the post-office circle of red print that passed it free. Daisy was glad to be there to bring the letter in.

"Good news,—good news! It is a letter from Tom!"

She saw the mother's expectant face radiant in the firelight; the blue eyes shone; the old cheeks flushed with more than the tinge of faded roses.

"Read it for me, my darling! I can't wait to light the lamp and get my glasses."

Daisy tore open the envelope, and knelt upon the hearth-rug in the light from the fire. But she did not read aloud, for the first words on the flimsy paper told her something was wrong.

"That is not Tom's writing," said Mrs. Moran.

The envelope was in her hand. She could see the pencilling standing upright, and the large capitals like print. Daisy looked up helplessly. How could this be told? With what words could she fence and soften the telling?

The mother leaned forward, gripping the arms of her chair. A quiver went over her face. The voice was a whisper of pain.

"My boy is killed!" she said. She knew without being told.

It was Daisy Spaggot's first experience of trying to comfort the sorrowful. In a moment loving arms were round the bent shoulders; the fair young cheek was against the faded roses. The girl felt a sort of terror in finding herself alone with such a grief. What would happen, and what was she to do? She was a very inefficient "V. A. D.;" and there might be a dead faint, some paroxysm of trouble she could not cope with; for here was a human creature crushed, a living heart near to breaking. Then Daisy realized that she need have no fear: there was another Consoler.

The poor woman spoke, rocking to and fro, with the tears mingling with the rose tinge, and her beads upon her hands. And what she said was:

"Glory be to God! Sure He knows what is best for us both. The day will come when it will be all over, and I'll have my boy again."

Then the letter had to be read as it lay in the mother's lap. The girl stirred the fire to brightness, and knelt beside her to see the pencilled words. A lieutenant had written, fulfilling the young soldier's own request, made "in case anything happened." Tom had evidently provided that if there was to be bad news, it should come first from a kind hand, before the formal notice from the War Office. The

officer said he had lost a true comrade. Tom Moran was gone, "at the post of duty, like so many others of our brave boys. . . . The most cheery lad in the section, and a splendid soldier." The end was instantaneous. Five had perished at once, when a shell found the machine-gun. The gay spirit was gone,—the tender heart and willing hands, the young life with all its fair promise. It was no wonder the firelight became only a glow swimming beyond a mist. Her father had called Tom the finest lad in London; the boy was all this poor mother had in the world. And Tom Moran was only one of thousands. Oh, but war was terrible! This wrenching apart,—this going away to come back no more!

Daisy had to rouse herself. She stood up. She would try to do some practical service such as Mrs. Moran had often done instead for her. She spied a kettle on a low shelf in the corner among cooking utensils almost hidden by a curtain; and she made a journey of exploration with it, and discovered a tap, and came back and boiled water and got tea ready. While the kettle was on the fire, she brushed the hearth and made it neat, and prepared the buttered toast that Mrs. Moran used to like long ago.

"Take it—do try,—my own Morey!" she said. "And you will feel better."

It was years since she had thought of that pet name. It belonged to the old days in the flat, and to the child of thirteen, with short frocks and tumbled golden hair.

Mrs. Moran put down her beads, and held the cup.

"Do take the toast; I made it," said the girl as coaxingly as if she were a child again. "I want you to be my own Morey always now,—my very, very own."

All the time there was a dread in Daisy's heart. The supposed voice of the spirit Yvette had said misfortune would follow her, if she did not come back. Was this the fulfilment of Yvette's prediction? And what was to happen next?—for go back she would not.

Daisy had no one to tell her that the letter with the news of Tom Moran's death was already on its way when the séance took place. Nor had she any one to encourage her to fear nothing, since in this last half hour she had put on shining armor.

The evening was beginning to darken before Daisy Spaggot got back to Furzley and the old Gazabo. The Colonel was anxious; for the lamps were dim, and the streets dangerous. He was waiting at the door in the wall, watching every crowded car that rolled by, all noise and light, drifting up to Chestnut Corner.

"O my child, the Joneses should not have kept you so long!"

"Tom Moran is killed!" she said, breathlessly. "I am all right, papa; never mind me. Don't—don't Pepper! Your paws are muddy."

They were going up the dark path to the house. There was but one idea in Daisy's mind,—the plan that had made the way home seem so short.

"I have been with poor Mrs. Moran; she has nobody now. My own Morey! Couldn't we bring her here, papa? And she could keep house for us, and have a big room of her own. And she could keep accounts; for you know mine never come right."

Daisy with a grand plan was irresistible. It was all arranged in imagination before they were half through dinner. There was a bright room that had plenty of sunshine and looked on the strip of garden at the side of the house. The local green-grocer had "Furniture Removed" on his cart; and that pony and cart could easily bring all the furniture and the china and Tom's portraits—and everything; for Mrs. Moran would be more at home if she saw all her own things about her.

The Colonel had been supplementing Tom Moran's pay all along. The soldier had to keep part of his shilling a day; and there was a separation allowance, as Tom had been his mother's support.

To this the Colonel had added a mysterious sum, which arrived every month with a typewritten note, easily mistaken for an official document. It purported to come from a patriotic fund. And that was true enough; for John Spaggot's bank balance was at the call of every public need, from Morton Court and the Red Cross down to the newspaper collections for winter comforts for the sailors or the mine-sweepers, or plum-puddings for the men in the trenches. The Colonel was never so gracious a gentleman as when he was dealing with a poor woman who had nothing in the world. So the moment Daisy had carried her point, he said he would go himself and call on the old lady, and ask her to come and look after him and his daughter (who could not do accounts) and the Gazabo—and Pepper.

About the séance at the Jayby-Joneses he refused to talk. If that soldier's widow was paying money, the whole crew of them ought to be prosecuted and sent to Holloway Jail. He had no patience with fashionable swindlers.

"But, papa, the spirit told the motto inside a ring; and she knew about those pictures of the Verrekers at Morton Court—Bubbles and the little Spanish bullfighter—that used to be upstairs in the boudoir."

The Colonel turned a growl in the direction of the Jayby-Joneses and Queen's Gate.

"Don't go near them again. Swindlers and cheats! The town is full of it. There's a poor fellow at the Club nearly off his head. Spiritism! Wants to get in touch with his son. I'm awfully sorry for him; but I'd like to put all the mediums in straitjackets. Come, Daisy! Is the study fire lighting? I want to fill my pipe. Poor Tom! There will never be Moran & Company now."

During the next few weeks, the Colonel and his daughter called often at the lodging next the little grocer's in town. There was a doctor in and out; and a

nursing Sister, whom the Colonel wanted to pay, till he found to his amazement that she belonged to a community whose rule did not allow them to take money. They nursed the sick poor, and cooked the food and did the housework "for love." Colonel Spaggot went to the large ordinary dwelling-house that was their convent, but all his persuasion failed. He discovered that these "little Sisters" were in the homes of the poor day and night; that they nursed the mother and kept the place clean, and got ready the father's food, and took care of the children and saw them off to school. And these were Catholic nuns!

"Oh, but it is all easy!" the Sister said, smiling at his blank astonishment. "Other Orders, enclosed, do great things, and we go about and do little things."

"By Jove, I don't know what could be greater! And how do you—wonderful ladies—get on without money?"

The Sister laughed merrily.

"We are not so clever as that." Then she talked of Mrs. Moran's case,—how she had taken a bad chill, and the doctor thought it serious.

Two or three times, when Daisy went in early, she found a white-covered table with two candles on it, not far from the bed. But the visits were mostly in the afternoon, and then the Colonel would call for her and bring her home safe through the dark streets. For the order for darkening London was becoming more and more strict. It was a dangerous venture to cross the road. One had to feel with a cautious foot for every curb and edge. There were nights of Egyptian darkness, when there was no moon and no street lamps.

So Daisy stayed late, and was escorted home, when she visited Mrs. Moran in the afternoon; and that was how it happened that she was sitting alone by the bedside when the knock came to the window.

Night had fallen early, and there were wild wind and rain outside. The Sister

was gone to see after some invalid cookery. Daisy was listening for her father's coming, when the poor woman wakened and started up.

"There!" she said. "Didn't you hear it? He knocked at the window."

"The window is rattling, Morey dear! It was the wind."

"No,—child,—no! The last thing he said to me was he would get leave to come again and I'd hear the three taps at the window. There 'tis! Listen! Open the door for him!"

Nothing would satisfy Mrs. Moran but that Daisy should go and open the door. She went into the narrow hall, where the light had not yet been lit. It felt rather eerie; but possibly her father might have come and tapped with his hand instead of knocking.

The street outside looked like a pit of darkness. The cold rain swept against her face. A gust of wind caught the door, and almost dragged it from her fingers as she tried to close it gently.

"No, there is no one," said Daisy, going back into the room.

"Sure He knows what is best," replied the low voice from the bed. "It will be nice to have my Tom at Home before me, instead of leaving him to be knocked about by the world,—poor boy! Are you there, Miss Daisy? You'll be tired, my darling! Wouldn't you get yourself a cup of tea? Is the Colonel coming for you? And how is poor old Pepper? If I am better, some morning you must bring him to see me."

Then the Sister came back, and afterwards the Colonel, and now and again the wind rattled the window.

The very next morning Daisy brought the dog up to London. The slightest wish of Mrs. Moran's should be granted at once; and if she was not well enough for a four-footed visitor to look in, Pepper would wait in the hall. There were few people in the tram-car at that hour, and there was no objection to the young lady's dog sitting on the floor with his

shaggy side against the seat, and his tongue hanging out panting in happy expectation. A journey in a car meant some new excitement.

At the end of their drive, they traversed a few London streets, and the side-door near the grocer's was at last in view in the distance. Daisy saw a soldier in khaki standing there, with his kit-bag upon his shoulder. Perhaps he was halting to adjust his load, or to get a light for a cigarette.

The old sheep-dog dashed along the street, and disappeared round the corner after the figure in khaki. Daisy followed to look for the misguided Pepper, and found him sniffing about the street as if he had lost a track: the lad in khaki was nowhere to be seen.

A few steps brought Daisy round the corner again, to the humble door and the white-curtained window. Just as she arrived a hand came inside the curtains, and slowly pulled down the blind.

By the hearth that night, in the house at Furzley, the Colonel and his daughter sat and talked of the mother whose own time had been so near when her son was killed in battle.

"But what could the knock at the window have been, papa?"

"It was the wind, of course."

"And there was a soldier in khaki at the door this morning—with his kit-bag on his shoulder—the moment before,—so like Tom."

"Why, Daisy, there are soldiers in khaki in every street."

"Pepper thought it was Tom. And it *was* like him. But where did he go to, papa? When I went round the corner, no one was there."

"My dear, he was gone into the grocer's to buy chocolate."

"I wonder—" said Daisy, and was silent, thinking.

The grey dog sat between them on the hearth-rug, with the round eyes like "sorrowful glass marbles" gazing through his forelocks at the fire.

A Furzley woman, the wife of a soldier, came daily to the Gazabo to get the dinner, and her daughter worked about the house and brought in the dishes. They would never have good Mrs. Moran now to preside over these awkward village folks, and to keep the very erratic accounts in order. Daisy herself had become a worker in the house, like everyone else. She was sometimes very tired when she set out for Morton Court.

She loved the little church at the corner of Blackberry Lane; it was a resting-place. Twice a week, on her way to the sewing-room, she entered by its swinging door, and knelt in an atmosphere of peace; and then, perhaps, sat a while on one of the polished benches, thinking of Sydney and Tom, and her dear "Morey." At other times she went on a sort of little pilgrimage all round, noting the red lamp that was always burning before the altar, the group of candles with one or two alight in front of the statues of the "Virgin and the Child"; the great crucifix against the wall reminding her of those wonderful Figures in France that remained looking down upon wreck and ruin.

She went and knelt one day near that small table, where the statue of the "Virgin and the Child" looked down upon one vase of winter chrysanthemums. There had been just such another statue, much less in size, in her "own Morey's" room. In Italian opera, people always prayed to the Madonna in heaven,—the Mother who had once suffered and grieved. Daisy had heard of the grief from the girl at the Belgian party; she had never forgotten why the cross was set over "the Virgin's" initial on the medal.

In fact, it had shocked her at the time to think that she knew the Gospel so little that she had never before realized that appalling sorrow. She would have liked to say the *Ave Maria*, if she had any idea of the words. Her heart had always gone with it, when she heard it set to music. And if she would not traffic with unholy spirits, surely she

might have a friend among the blessed.

Just then there was a stir. It was only one of the numberless soldiers who had come in. Men in hospital blue sometimes were there; this was a man in khaki. A poor woman followed, and then a string of happy children hand in hand. The children often came in and went out after half a minute, calling to each other merrily outside, and letting the door bang noisily.

Daisy was conscious that the soldier had stopped to kneel for a moment, and that then he was in the front one of the few benches. Presently he came towards her corner, and first stood at some distance behind her, and then knelt down. It occurred to her that she was staying too long. She thought of Morton Court. And she was a stranger; it was possible that the soldier might like to be alone. What a wonderful thing this religion was, that held the man on the battlefield as well as the little child!

She stood up; the soldier stood up, too. As she turned round, they knew each other. She saw the face she had never thought to see again. He held out both hands. For a moment the walls faded, and everything seemed to be swimming in mist. Then he had clasped her hands in front of the Madonna's shrine; and the whole world was real, and he was alive. It was Sydney Verreker.

(To be continued.)

THIS present hour is all we have. To-morrow must be to-day before we can use it, and day after day we squander in the hope of a to-morrow; but to-morrow shall be stolen away too, as to-day and yesterday. It is *now* we must be penitent, *now* we must be holy. This hour has its duty, which can not be done the next. To-morrow may bring its own opportunities, but will not restore to-day's. The convictions of this hour, if unheeded, will never come back. God may send others, but these will be gone forever.

—"Towards Evening."

The Journey Home.

BY THE REV. RAYMOND LAWRENCE.

VIII.

TWO new books impressed me deeply and did much to prepare my mind for a true conception of the Church. They were written by Anglican authors, and were recommended by the *Lamp*, at that time still an Anglican publication. The books—entitled “The Prince of the Apostles” and “England and the Holy See”—defended a position which was most favorable to Rome. I found in them a really remarkable orderly presentation of the Scriptural and historical proofs for the *de jure divino* primacy of the See of Peter. They opened up an entirely new view of the matter. It was a cause of the greatest astonishment to me that I could have read the Bible so much and not have realized before how prominent a place St. Peter had in Our Lord’s plan for the founding of His Church. It was most extraordinary. The Bible had, as it were, become suddenly a Papal apologetic.

Upon becoming an Anglican, it had been very wonderful to me to see how much more the New Testament came to mean, once one believed in a visible Church as High Churchmen did, and in a priesthood and sacraments. There was not the necessity of always explaining away the natural and obvious meaning of Our Lord’s words as Protestants usually do. We heard Our Lord say, “Unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he can not enter into the Kingdom of God”; and we took Him literally. Baptism was necessary for salvation. We heard Him at the last supper, as He took the elements into His hands, saying, “This is My Body. . . . This is My Blood”; and we took Him literally. What He held in His hand was just as is that which the priest holds after the consecration in the Mass—God Himself. We heard Him after His resurrection, as He came and breathed on the

disciples, saying, “Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained”; and again we took Him literally. He had given to His ministers the power to bind and loose from sin.

Now I was told that the same principle should be applied to another saying of Our Lord’s: “Thou art Peter [the rock], and upon this rock I will build My Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth shall be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose upon earth shall be loosed also in heaven.” But here, like all the other Protestants, we had evaded and explained away, and betaken ourselves to unsuspected hidden senses and interpretations. We had talked volubly about Syro-Chaldaic and Aramaic and Greek; about the special significance and the different shades of meaning between *Petros* and *Petra*, and had found it possible to put any meaning upon the words but that which any simple, unlearned man would at once see in them,—that Peter was to be the foundation-stone, the immovable rock, upon which the whole edifice of the Church should be built. Against that House during all the centuries the floods might come and the winds blow, but it would fall not; for it was founded upon a rock.

In addition to all this, I was shown how truly that promise was fulfilled in the New Testament times, and throughout the whole history of the Church: how Our Lord had said to St. Peter, “Feed My lambs. . . . Feed My sheep,” thus committing “the One Flock” to the “One Shepherd”; how St. Peter’s name appears first in every list of the Apostles; how the world at Pentecost accepted him as the leader and interpreter of the others; how he preaches the first Christian sermon, and works the first miracle, and utters the first solemn anathema, and is the

first to raise the dead; how he is the first to bring the Gospel to the Gentiles; how God sends an angel from heaven to rescue him from the hands of Herod, while another Apostle is allowed to suffer martyrdom, as if St. Peter's presence were more necessary to the infant Church. And so the evidence was multiplied until I saw the New Testament history as I had never seen it before. And then I was shown how Peter, after those times, had gone on shepherding the Church in the person of his successors in the See of Rome; and how even to-day, in spite of all the world's bitter hatred, the throne of Peter the Fisherman is as firmly established as ever, though indeed the mighty flood had come and the wind beat upon the House of God through all the centuries.

It was truly a wonderful array of evidence. It seems strange to me now that I was not even more moved by it than I was at that time. I can not see how one can ponder upon these facts and give to them their full value without being greatly impressed. The difficulty is that the old evasions and the old familiar ways of emptying ordinary English words of their natural and obvious meaning are so firmly fixed in men's minds that they can not read the Scriptures as they would read any other book and with an open mind. As for myself, there was one difficulty with the whole argument: it seemed to me, knowing as I did little or nothing of the principle of development as a necessary characteristic of the Church's life, that, strong as was all this evidence, it was not sufficient to prove all that the Papacy claims for itself to-day. I was indeed impressed by it, but I replied, when asked by Mr. S. my opinion of the argument, that, after all, it seemed to me to prove only a primacy of honor, and that I had believed before. I suppose, if he had replied by asking me whether I expected to find the whole modern system with Cardinals and Curia and all the rest in the New Testament, I should have admitted that I did not.

Those books, however, were not without their influence upon me; and when, later on, my experience of the chaos in the Anglican Church made me gradually see the absolute necessity of some power like that of the Papacy to preserve unity and discipline in the Church, what I had learned came back to my mind with a new force and meaning.

June, 1909, found me in a peculiar state of mind. It was the end of my first year in New York! I had come, hoping that all that would be offered in the life of the High Church parishes in the great city would restore my confidence in the Anglican Church and be a solution of the difficulties that had disturbed me. I had found that life more satisfying and more encouraging than I had even dared to hope. I had found Catholic doctrine and practice recognized and carried out with a completeness that was all that I could desire. And the result had been to increase my faith in the Catholic Church marvellously,—in the Catholic Church as I conceived it. And yet, as my faith increased and as I found that faith more and more satisfying, so also my doubts and my difficulties as to my present position in the Anglican Church increased. The more I came to an appreciative understanding of all that High Church Anglicanism offered me, and the more my faith in it was strengthened, the greater became the strain which the difficulties in the Anglican Church caused. And so I was far from having attained that peace of mind for which I had hoped.

If the religion which was taught in the High Church parishes had been uniformly taught throughout the Episcopal Church, it would have been different; but it was vigorously opposed on every hand, even by those in authority; and every other form of doctrine was allowed to be taught with even less opposition than was shown to Catholic doctrine. There was no authority and no unity. And yet Truth must be one. It could not be what every man would make it. Unity of

belief must be one of the marks of the true religion. Our Lord had prayed the Father for just that oneness, "in order," to quote His words, "that the *world* may know that Thou hast sent Me." It was to be a sure and obvious proof in the sight, not of believers and those who were religious-minded, but of the cold, hard, unbelieving world.

And yet what unity was here! Did the world see anything like unity in the Anglican Church? On the contrary, those who were not of High Church principles among Anglicans themselves gloried in the diversity of doctrine in the Anglican Church. And, then, there was Rome. I had been told that the unity of faith so apparent there was only upon the surface,—that it was all unreal, and that under the surface there were only dissensions and divisions. But was this true? Certainly the world did not think so. However bitterly the world might hate the Roman Church, there was one fact that all men were persuaded of: that the Catholic Church was one in faith just as she was one in government.

These were the thoughts that came to my mind again and again throughout that year, and would not let me rest. There were times, indeed, when I succeeded in putting them away and in filling my mind with other things; but it was not for long. I had not really lost confidence in the Anglican Church. Still, I felt that my faith was being tried, almost beyond what it could bear. And yet that faith which I had placed in it at the time when I became an Episcopalian was very deep and strong, and would not be easily overcome in the struggle. Anglicanism—the Anglicanism in which I believed—might yet be true. There were many men, it seemed to me, who were far more able to judge than I was. It seemed like the greatest egotism and presumption to set up my opinions against those of men whose scholarship and piety were recognized. And so there seemed to be nothing to do but to wait, and to look

for some new light which might make things plain again and bring order out of the confusion. An indication of my state of mind is seen in the fact that I asked a friend who expected to spend the summer in Europe to pray for me, especially when he should be at St. Peter's in Rome.

During the vacation I read an Anglican work on the Invocation of Saints, which impressed me very much and turned my thoughts along those lines. I had come to love the Rosary, that wonderful epitome of the Catholic religion; and had a certain devotion to the Blessed Virgin. I could not have done better than to turn my thoughts to her at such a time, and I consider it now to have been God's own way of leading me that I did so. A bishop said to me shortly after I became a Catholic, speaking of the reasons why conversions to the Church were not more numerous than they already are among Protestants: "God is slow to give His choicest gifts to those who have no love for His Mother." Some verses about her as "the Rose Tree in Jericho," and called "Magnificat"—verses of no merit at all, except in their sentiment,—are a proof of my feeling at the time. I speak of this matter because of a certain connection which it has with subsequent events.

The next year, the winter of 1909-10, was that in which I completed my studies at the University. There are but two or three incidents in it which are of importance.

I remember distinctly a strange dream which I had after my return to Columbia. I thought that I was in a small, ill-lighted room at the rear of a house which I knew very well; and, to my extreme astonishment, beheld upon my entrance three persons,—the Infant Jesus, His Blessed Mother, and St. Joseph. Our Lady, as she often does in pictures, wore over her head a blue mantle, which fell around her shoulders in ample folds; and, wrapped in it, nestling in the shelter of her arm, was the Divine Infant. I thought that I went straight to her, and, bending over,

looked into the face of her Child. She put back the blue mantle a little, turning towards me so that I might see Him better; and, looking up at me, said: "Who is He?" Without a moment's hesitation, and with a feeling of profound gratitude and deep emotion, I replied: "The Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world."

That was all. Of course, dreams mean much or little ordinarily, according as we interpret them. I know well enough the usual psychological explanation of them; but I was much impressed by this one, and the sweetness of it lingered with me long afterwards; while a certain feeling of having been in a Presence too holy to allow much to be said about it kept me from telling the dream to any one except Mr. S., to whom at all times I spoke freely upon any subject.

That fall I planned with Mr. S. and another friend to visit Graymoor on the Hudson, where lived the Society of the Atonement, an Order of Anglican Franciscans. This Order had been founded by the Rev. Paul James Francis, who was also the editor of the *Lamp*; and from him I hoped to gain much encouragement. I looked forward to the visit with great interest. It was, therefore, with something of a shock that I learned that the entire Order, with the addition of several laymen, had been received into the Catholic Church. Again the old distress and anxiety and the feeling of uncertainty returned in some degree. The *Lamp*, through which I had come to feel that I knew these people pretty well, and from which I had gained courage and a certain sense of support, had for me gone out. I was not so upset as I might have been, had it happened the year before, when I was in greater distress over the Anglican difficulties; but I began to wonder what would happen next.

The next thing that did happen affected me vastly more. A month or two later I was shocked and overcome completely by the news that the Rev. Henry R. Sargent, of the Order of the Holy Cross,

had been received into the Catholic Church at Downside Abbey in England. His surrender affected me more than any which had occurred heretofore: it took me completely off my feet for a time. Holy Cross had made so deep an impression upon my mind five years before—an impression which had been strengthened in subsequent visits there,—that it was, in a way, one of the foundation-stones upon which my confidence in High Church Anglicanism rested; and if Holy Cross could lose one of its oldest members to Rome, where was there any certainty that any one would hold out to the end?

I knew Father Sargent only slightly at the time; but I had come to know a great deal about him, and had also been much influenced by his writings. In the case of others who had gone, I had not been certain that there was not some queer turn of mind which might account for their action,—some intellectual peculiarity, or some personal bias. I had not known any of them personally. But I trusted Father Sargent absolutely, and I knew him well enough to feel that to make such an excuse for him was simply absurd. I realized that the future was full of uncertainty. For myself, I did not feel that I could do anything. I was saddened by the event, but it did not bring any new light to me. I wished that I might know his real state of mind and the convictions which had moved him to act; and once, later on during the following year, I thought of writing to him on the subject, but I never did so. Afterwards I was glad that I had not, for it might have influenced me too much.

My friend, Mr. S., was continually growing more unsettled and more assertive of a growing conviction that we were wrong. I was still Anglican enough to oppose him, and did so in every way possible. The constant reiteration of arguments, even of arguments which one may suspect to be unsound, will often make them at length seem to be true; and I think that my discussions with him

had that effect upon me. They aroused in me a kind of fierce anxiety to win him over to my side, although I could often argue only half-heartedly. Thus the year ended, finding me still unsettled and not holding any position with perfect confidence; and feeling more than ever that it was impossible to be absolutely certain of any one.

During the summer of 1910 I read a book which for a time strengthened my belief that the Papal claims were unalterable. It was Puller's "Primitive Saints and the See of Rome." The writer undertook to prove from history and from the writings of the Fathers that Papal Supremacy was altogether a development brought about by circumstances, such as the political prestige of Rome, the Eternal City, and the natural tendency for all eyes to turn to her for counsel and assistance in the centuries immediately preceding the Middle Ages and during those times, and that it was no part of the original divine constitution of the Church. Rome had indeed a primacy of honor; but fortunate circumstances had enabled her, by coercion and the help of the civil power, to enlarge and extend her authority until it ended in a primacy of jurisdiction and supremacy over the whole Church. Out of the gifts which had been given her in recognition of her dignity and splendor she had forged for herself a sceptre with which to rule the world. And now she claimed that power as having been hers from the first.

It was a specious argument. The book was well written, and contained a large amount of historical matter and many quotations from the early Fathers. I was rather strongly impressed by it. It can not be denied that there has been development within the Church, no less in regard to the establishing of the supremacy of the Holy See over the whole Church than in doctrine and worship and other sides of the Church's life. But the question is, whether, after all, it has not all been a *normal* growth fully justified by what was contained in the original constitution of the Church

and implied therein. Christ had increased in wisdom and stature. So must His mystical body, the Church, increase until it should come "unto a perfect man,—unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." To say that in this development it had made use of worldly circumstances and advantages was not to show that the development was the result of those circumstances.

The book, however, made the most of the argument, but it seemed a little too much like the familiar attempts to explain away spiritual phenomena by referring them to purely natural causes. It needed a scholar to answer it, and I was no scholar. And so I was impressed by it, and even felt that I had retraced my steps to some extent. When I went to New York in the autumn, I remember telling a friend that I had "got over my Papal ideas"; and for a time I really supposed that I had.

(To be continued.)

The Passion.

(Giles Fletcher: "Christ's Victory and Triumph," 1610.)

WAS this the oil to make Thy saints adore
Thee—

The frothy spittle of the rascal throng?
Are these the verges¹ that are borne before Thee—
Base whips of cords, and knotted all along?
Is this Thy golden sceptre against wrong—
A reedy cane? Is that the crown adorns
Thy shining locks—a crown of spiny thorns?
Are these the angels' hymns—the priests' blas-
phemous² scorns?

Who ever saw Honor before ashamed,
Afflicted Majesty, debased Height,
Innocence guilty, Honesty defamed,
Liberty bound, Health sick, the Sun in night?
But since such wrong was offered unto Right,
Our night is day, our sickness health is grown,
Our shame is veiled. This now remains alone
For us: since He is ours, that we be not our own.³

¹ The rods of office.

² The old pronunciation, used by Milton and others.

³ II. Cor., v, 15: "And Christ died for all, that they also who live may not now live to themselves, but unto Him."

A Page from Life.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

"IF I ever get home," said Schultz, at the worst of the Argonne drive, "I'll try to be a good friend of the Lord. And if I find my 'buddy,' Jim McGarry, I'll say the Rosary every day of my life; and if I don't find him, I'll say it all the same for his soul."

Schultz was from New York city, and McGarry from Cleveland. They had gone through horrors together; and Schultz when he made this resolution was still in the midst of horrors. The relief had not come. "Fritz" was making a cave of fire, with narrowing walls, for the men of the battalion in which Schultz served; and these narrowing walls were of fire, too, with fearful bursts through them of flames that brought death, and what was more terrible than death.

"I haven't felt worse," Schultz confessed, "since I saw those frog children running away from the bombs in the dinky towns where that nice old frog woman lived."

"Frog" was the name that Schultz applied to our allies, the French,—not in derision, not in condescension, but simply because in the army nothing had its right name. But nobody wants to think of the Argonne horrors or to describe them,—at least, at second-hand. The cave narrowed; the fiery walls seemed about to fall inward; and Schultz saw a soldier hurled from somewhere into space, and then he fell fifty yards from Schultz's dugout.

"It's death, anyhow," said Schultz. "I may as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb. I am glad I 'whispered' last week when the chaplain came around."

So he crept out of his shelter; he knew Fritz saw him, for the fusillade on his spot redoubled. He kept on, and with difficulty dragged the man to shelter. It was done with perfect simplicity, as if it were swimming through a calm lake. The man brought in seemed to be hardly a

human being; he was black and bloody.

"It would be a kind thing to finish me with your pistol," he whispered. "I think I have lost my legs, and there is no chance of a doctor hereabouts: we're cut off. But, say, 'twas fine of you to do it! I am going fast. I'll trouble you for a drink of water, if it's handy; and there's a message in my inside pocket for my people at home."

The voice was husky. Schultz could hardly hear the words through his thick woolen helmet; he himself looked like a gnome, for he had not had time to have a wash for several days and nights.

"Don't give up yet," he said. "You're out of the worst of it."

"I am *in* the worst of it. It's a doctor I ought to have had days ago. I am all in, and death will be welcome."

"Be cheerful," said Schultz. "As soon as Fritz eases up a little, I can get you into our Hotel de Looks, the best in the trenches; for if we haven't soap, we've water. The doctor is awful busy, but I'll find him."

The groan from the shapeless mass thrilled Schultz, accustomed to such sounds as he was.

"You're suffering?"

A stifled sob was the only answer.

Schultz looked at the sky: it was full of danger. Well, he could die only once, and he had seen the chaplain last week.

He raised the mutilated man on his back and crawled over the rough and calcined earth—from which green things could scarcely spring again,—and made for the cell of a trench which he called his own. Naturally, he was afraid, especially when the hot blood of his burden dripped on his wrist. He had never winced in battle—Schultz,—but the image of the half-destroyed creature he bore filled his mind. He visualized it unconsciously; for, unfortunately for a soldier, he had imagination. He ran, with his mask down; the wind had turned, and by this time he had learned to know the smell of mustard gas. He seemed to tread through bursting fires; he fought all fear, all danger, in his

determination to reach the goal. At last he laid the man down in the lower bunk of the recess in the trench-room.

"Oh, kill me!" the voice sobbed. "I can't stand it!"

Schultz caught a certain cadence in the voice; it was a far-off echo, such as we hear in the stranded seashells of the Irish inflection.

"When did you 'whisper' last?" he asked.

"'Tis many Easters ago, worst luck!" was the faint answer.

"It's not for the likes of you" (Schultz's mother had been an Irishwoman) "to be talking of taking your own life. The poor creatures that have no religion but what they think out themselves are different; but you are a right-hander, if I'm not mistaken."

"My name's McGarry," breathed the wounded man.

"Jim?"

"James Joseph McGarry."

"It can't be!" Schultz looked closely at the wounded man. "There's no nurse: we've been under fire so long that the nurses are all with the wounded below in the dugout they call the hospital; but we've warm water,—which we haven't had for days; and there are some clean towels. I'll do what I can till I get the Captain to call the doctor by telephone. And I'll have the chaplain come, and you can relieve your soul by 'whispering' this blessed minute. Do you know who I am? Keep alive, man: it's your 'buddy'—Charlie Schultz."

The hand of the wounded man slightly tightened on Schultz's.

"You'll find," he breathed, "the set of fresh underwear in the oilcloth bag under my vest; I've kept it for you."

There was no more. Tears started to Schultz's eyes; he almost sobbed himself.

"The best God ever made!" he said. "And he knew what it was that I would want most when he found me. The Lord be good to him!"

Willing hands, with great tenderness, did what they could for the unconscious

man. The most skilled of them dared not touch the mangled mass that had been his legs.

The chaplain came first,—a tall, slim young man, on whom the unspeakable terrors of war had left no trace, except in his eyes, which belied his cheerful mouth. His eyes for many months had not smiled.

"He'll want to 'whisper,' Father, as soon as he comes to," said Schultz. "In the meantime I'll get the stretcher; he's well wrapped up."

"The way to the hospital is the way of death to-night," said the priest.

"He'll die if he is left here."

"But you—and the others?"

"We'll give him his chance."

McGarry gained consciousness after the priest had given him a restorative.

"And now," said the chaplain, cheerfully, "you'll just 'whisper' as well as you can, and I'll give you absolution."

The two were alone. The turmoil, the roar of death and destruction were heard outside; inside was that peace which surpasseth all understanding. Schultz and three soldiers entered; the priest gave them his blessing, as they bore their comrade out.

"Bless you again! Say an act of contrition." He raised his right hand. "It's a forlorn hope."

"You're going the same way to the hospital yourself, Father. And if Fritz knocks us over, we'll be in good company."

The priest looked out into the fiery night; he recalled rather whimsically a line from a poem he knew—Tennyson's "Into the Mouth of Hell." "But out of this hell," he thought, "there is a glorious redemption."

The battalion stood against all odds; the improvised hospital was safe; the bearers of McGarry reached it, as men wearing some strange pledge of immunity.

"My mother," said Schultz, "would have remarked that we had eaten the fern seed of the Little People, so that Fritz couldn't see us."

"Your mother, Charlie Schultz," answered McGarry (both his legs were now off at the knee; he was waxen in color, but he had a red and quick tongue),—"your mother would have said something about the medal of Our Lady of Lourdes she gave you; and something, too, about the scapulars the old frog woman put over your head."

"The Lord forgive me!" said Schultz. "But in these days you can only fight and leave the rest to God! The old frog woman was here to-day when you were asleep. The Captain brought her in. She told her story to him; *he* speaks the frog lingo. It's a hero she's made of me. When Fritz's bomb knocked her house and garden together, and frightened her three cows off—'twas all the poor old thing had to live on,—she seemed killed entirely. Fritz, when he went over the ground for the first time, didn't know that she had hidden the cows under the church. You see, it was after you were lost, and we'd been three weeks in the dinky village. Well, I found the cows, and a friend and myself uncovered the bit of a stable where the hay was, and we milked them for her (a bit of shrapnel had hurt the old creature's hand). It was a pleasure to do all we could for her; for she seemed like as if she was everybody's grandmother.

"When we moved away, she was quite comfortable-like; and she brought scapulars when we were leaving, and the Protestant boys couldn't put on too many of them. I am the only one of the lot back here; but she came to-day through shot and shell, and told the Captain to give me the note in the frog lingo I have here. When the war is over I am to give it to Colonel Bouligny, who is on some commission or other in New York. The Captain said the Colonel's father used to own the castle over yonder that is in ruins. The old lady spoke of the Colonel as '*Ouree*,' and cried; she was his nurse once. And she kissed me on both cheeks,—the Captain kept quite stern-like and didn't laugh. She called me her '*Feez*,'

or something like that,—what strange talk they do have! But I was mighty glad that the boys and I saved her from starvation. It seems as if every good old woman in the world was having it done for her."

"It means," said McGarry, whose forbears were from the North of Ireland, "that this Colonel Bouligny will have a job for you; and badly you'll need it, with a whole army of us getting home after the war and wanting work; as for me" (he looked at the foot of the bed and choked),—"as for me, I'm done for."

He turned his face to the wall.

"And the likes of him losing his legs," thought Schultz, "and thinking first of the clean underwear I needed! God forgive me!"

Schultz went back to his dugout; and the tears of the helpless—the grateful helpless—flowed down his cheeks. The call for another day's bloody work came. The drive was resumed. The next day General Foch declared the armistice; on that last day Schultz lost his right hand.

Colonel Bouligny received the battered-looking young soldier, still in khaki, with what might be called *empressement*. He had read his old nurse's note.

"Ah," he said, "dear old Clotilde! How we all loved her! In helping her, you have helped the very flower of the old women of France. You deserve the Croix de Guerre. Now," he added, "I have a big house on Long Island; I have an American wife there, too; and, if you like, you may take care of my big house winter and summer. You will be well paid,—Clotilde would wish that," he smiled. "A man with one hand will not find it easy to get a job at once, and the process of reconstruction is very long. For my work, you will need only quick eyes, a good memory, and a lively mind."

Schultz's heart jumped. He had been rather "blue." How could an entry clerk work effectively with his right hand gone? At best, as Colonel Bouligny had

said, the process of "reconstruction" would take considerable time; his mind gloomed at the thought of idle waiting; but presently he said:

"The best man for you, Colonel, would be a 'buddy' of mine,—the best ever! And if a one-handed man is the right sort for your work, a no-legged man would be even better."

The Colonel had watched his face and read his thoughts.

"What did this pal do for you, *mon brave*?"

McGarry fired up.

"What we all most longed for in those filthy days was a suit of clean things,—you don't know how much!"

"Yes, I do," said the Colonel. "I was in the trenches, too, before I lost a lung, and they sent me over here. Yes, I do!" he added with emphasis.

"Then you understand. This 'buddy' of mine carried for weeks a suit of underwear for me in an antiseptic bag; he—" Schultz broke down,—"*he*—well, he lost his legs, but he kept my clothes."

The Colonel paused a moment.

"I have a place for two," he said. "There's the lodge. That might suit the legless man. My old keeper was killed, and his wife and children will not live alone there. Yes, yes, a legless man would be better than anybody. It is arranged. There will be room for two. Report on Monday."

And the Colonel warmly shook the hand of Schultz.

"The Lord bless the old frog woman!" said Schultz.

"*Comment?*" said Colonel Bouligny.

How Can We Ask?

BY CHARLES J. QUIRK, S. J.

HOW can we ask of God to free
Our souls from pain and misery,
When He chose woe and utter loss,
Embraced the scourge, the thorns, the cross?

A Lost and Recovered Poet.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

THERE have lately been published by the Oxford University Press the poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins—born in 1844, received into the Church in 1866, and into the Society of Jesus in 1868, dead in 1889,—who in his lifetime had published nothing. The conservation of his manuscripts, and now their editing, the literary world owes to his devoted friend from boyhood, Dr. Robert Bridges, the Poet Laureate. The latter has from time to time since 1894, placed a few of Fr. Hopkins' verses, sacred or secular, in anthologies. They have been noticed, as they could not fail to be; they have been reproduced; above all, they have gradually mustered together a body of lovers prepared to leaven public taste, and gain a hearing for a genius hitherto unknown. Dr. Bridges seems to think "coreligionists" have been remiss in appreciation; yet the only articles written about Fr. Gerard Hopkins (so far as the not unwatchful present writer knows) were written, one by an American, the other by an English Catholic.

The work, with all its towering excellence, is shy and illusive, and counter to popular, even intelligent popular, standards. Chopin once said he wished to have "the *cognoscenti* and the poets" for his audience, and would shift without the rest; for his methods, in his day, were thought to be revolutionary, and his chances of fame, in general, conditioned and circumscribed by that handicap. It is safe to say this poet is too peculiar and patrician for general acceptance, however times and views may change. Readers who have found Browning difficult, or who have been brought to bay, perhaps, by Francis Thompson, may as well be warned off at once from so wilful, ruthless, and lonely an artist as Gerard Hopkins, S. J. Dare one quote him at his tangling worst, and

without the least attempt to explain first his thoroughly co-ordinated theories, one might pitch, for what our French wits call a *chasse-cousin*, on this, a random stanza from "The Wreck of the Deutschland," which contains many other stanzas of racing and delighting clarity:

Oh!

We lash with the best or worst
Word last. How a lush-kept, plush-capped sloe
Will, mouthed to flesh-burst,
Gush! flush the man, the being with it, sour or
sweet,
Brim, in a flash, full. Hither then, last or first,
To hero of Calvary, Christ's feet
(Never ask if meaning it, wanting it, warned of
it) men go.

Or this, nominally from sibylline sources, and in the text pointed and accented like a Slavic tongue:

Let life, waned, ah, let life wind
Off her once skeined, stained, veined variety
upon, all on two spools: part, pen, pack
Now her all in two flocks, two folds: black,
White; right, wrong: reck on but, reck but, mind
But these two; 'ware of a world where but these
two tell, each off the other; of a rack
Where self-wrung, self-strung, sheathe-and-shel-
terless, thoughts against thoughts in groans
grind.

"Free Verse?" Not at all. Deliberate "camouflage"? Not at all. There is law and order here, both technical and intellectual; and the dark, long enough gazed into, will yield light; but any reader is to be forgiven who feels that life is too short to work through torment to the understanding of prosody. Even these terrible passages announce and illustrate that Gerard Hopkins has no affiliation whatever with the commonplace, nor, for that matter, With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly.

He leans on nobody and echoes nobody. His whole vision, allegiance, purpose, and achievement are his own, and worked out by his own intensely interesting and lucidly expounded methods. In magical phrase, in easy movement, in the most downright Saxon simplicity of effect, he can be, and more often than not is, a master. It is perhaps not exaggeration to say that as a metrist, whether within

the bonds of "sprung rhythm" or out of them, he has no equal in English. With a musician's technical training behind him, he lifts the whole vocabulary into orchestration; with skill and experience in draughtsmanship, he imposes design, pattern, what he calls "inscape," on his every page. Such a passion of work and will, enough to ruin the inspiration of a Virgil, end, in Gerard Hopkins, in haunting music and unforgettable portrayal. There is no space here to cite the thousand felicities of his thought and utterance when dealing with clouds and storms, bird-songs, and, above all, waters. The mere mention of the tasseled array on the tree we call the linden in America—

All the gold nails and their gay links that hang
along a lime,—

and the thrilling opening line of the sonnet on Oxford—

Towery city, and branchy between towers!—
are enough to send to the book itself those who appreciate the revealing flame of genius. To give a fair glimpse of Mr. Hopkins' range and glow, these three poems (by no means the major triumphs of the volume) may serve. They are a pastel of Highland landscape; a little human study of children; and a song of religious vocation: various enough to show fairly the landscape artist, the teacher, and the priest.

I.—INVERNSNAID.

The darksome burn, horseback-brown,
His roll-rock highroad roaring down,
In coop and in comb, the fleece of his foam
Flutes, and low to the lake falls home.

A windpuff bonnet of fawn froth
Turns and dwindles over the broth
Of a pool so pitch-black, fell frowning,
It rounds and rounds Despair to drowning.

Degged with dew, dappled with dew,
Are the groins of the braes that the brook treads
through;

Wiry heath-packs, fitches of fern,
And the bead-bonny ash that sits over the burn.

What would the world be, once bereft
Of wet and of wildness? Let them be left, —
O let them be left, wildness and wet!
Long live the weeds and the wilderness yet!

II.—BROTHERS.

How lovely the elder brother's
 Life all laced in the other's,—
 Love-laced! What once I well
 Witnessed, so fortune fell,
 When Shrovetide, two years gone,
 Our boys' plays brought on.
 Part was picked for John,—
 Young John: then fear, then joy,
 Ran revel in the elder boy.
 Their night was come now; all
 Our company thronged the hall. . . .
 [Now] wrung all on love's rack,
 My lad, and lost in Jack,
 Smiled, blushed, and bit his lip,
 Or drove, with a diver's dip,
 Clutched hands down through clasped knees:
 Truth's tokens, tricks like these!
 Old telltales with what stress
 He hung on the imp's success.
 Now the other was brass-bold:
 He had no work to hold
 His heart up at the strain;
 Nay, roguish ran the vein.
 Two tedious acts were past;
 Jack's call and cue, at last:
 When Harry, heart-forsook,
 Dropped eyes, and dared not look.
 Eh, how all rung!
 Young dog, he did give tongue!
 But Harry? In his hands he has flung
 His tear-tricked cheeks of flame,
 For fond love, and for shame.

Ah, Nature! framed in fault,
 There's comfort now, there's salt.
 Nature, bad, base, and blind,
 Dearly thou canst be kind:
 There dearly, then dearly,
 I'll cry thou canst be kind!

III.—THE HABIT OF PERFECTION.

Elected silence, sing to me
 And beat upon my whorled ear;
 Pipe me to pastures still, and be
 The music that I care to hear.

Be shellèd, eyes, with double dark,
 And find the Uncreated Light;
 This ruck and reel which you remark
 Coils, keeps, and teases simple sight.

Palate, the hutch of tasty lust,
 Desire not to be rinsed with wine:
 The can must be so sweet, the crust
 So-fresh, that come in fasts divine.

Nostrils, your careless breath that spend
 Upon the stir and keep of pride,
 What relish shall the censer send
 Along the sanctuary side!

O feel-of-primrose hands! O feet
 That want the yield of plushy sward!
 But you shall walk the golden street,
 And you unhouse and house the Lord.

This last is a very early poem of Fr. Hopkins, written about 1866. In the volume is a portrait of him as he then was; it has a serious, meditative air, and the sort of beauty, almost altogether spiritual, which was shared by so many of that generation in England. Farther along, between pages 40 and 41, is the adult head of this lost and recovered poet, somewhat saddened and stilled by the changes of life—"with eyes that have known Gethsemane,"—but in its strength of outline most reassuring and comforting. It seems to say that all is well, in every sense, and forever, with Gerard Hopkins.

The Fourth Month.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

MOST of us are familiar with Shakespeare's lines where he speaks of "All the uncertain glory of an April day." Indeed, the "gleam upon gloom" of this changeful month seems to have been much beloved by the oldtime poets, who are constantly referring to its "shadow and shine"; whilst old proverbs and prognostications tell us that—

A cold April the barn will fill.

Also that wind is beneficial; for—

When April blows his horn,
 It's good for both hay and corn.

There is a fascination, too, in the budding woods, and meadows golden with cowslips; in the joyous songs of the birds, and the translucent blue of the sky. In fact, hills and vales, trees and flowers, fresh and bright and fair, look "as if Our Lord but yesterday had fashioned them."

It has been said that "the 1st of April, of all days in the year, enjoys a character of its own, in as far as it, and it alone, is consecrated to practical joking." But reliable authorities are agreed that "no references to it in our earlier literature

have as yet been pointed out"; neither do they seem able to trace to its origin the custom of "April fooling," nor to say how long it has existed.

In France, the person tricked is *un poisson d'Avril*. It will be remembered that King Charles II. was very fond of a game introduced into England from France about the beginning of the seventeenth century; and in reference to this we find, under date April 2, 1661, of Mr. Pepys' famous diary: "To St. James' Park, where I saw the Duke of York playing at 'pelemele,'—the first time that I ever saw the sport." Charles had recently had an alley made in the Park for the playing of the above-mentioned game; but that it was not new in England we gather from the fact that an avenue bordered with trees had existed, even in the days of the Commonwealth, on the ground now occupied by the thoroughfare familiar to us as Pall Mall.

The object of the game was to drive the ball, by means of a mallet, along a straight alley, and through an elevated ring at the end, in the shortest possible number of strokes. Writers on the subject describe the Pall Mall alley as "well-polished," the ground being "hardened and strewn with pounded shells, whilst the sides were boarded to prevent the ball going off the straight line."

The mention of St. James' Park reminds us that the southern avenue of the Park was called "Birdcage Walk," because there the Merry Monarch kept his feathered pets.

On the 8th of April, 1364, in the Savoy Palace, London, died John the Good, King of France, who had been taken prisoner by the Black Prince, near Poitiers, September 19, 1356. John and a numerous suite—consisting of two chaplains, a secretary, a physician, pages, valets, wardrobe men, furriers, grooms, cooks, a fruiterer, a "spice-man," and others—were lodged for a time at Somerton Castle, in Lincolnshire, where the royal prisoner's love of almsgiving soon made itself evident.

Indeed, his charity to the poor, and generous benefactions to religious Orders, were as frequent when a captive in adversity as they had been in prosperity, on his throne. He made daily offerings to his parish priest, besides larger sums on feasts. For instance, he would give twelve shillings for Masses at Christmas, eight shillings at the Epiphany, and four shillings and fourpence at Candlemas. To the religious he was not less liberal. The mendicant Orders in Lincoln received ten pounds from him; and, "on his way from London to Somerton, he offered five nobles (£1, 13s., 4d.); at Grantham gave five more nobles to the Preaching Friars at Stamford, and the same sum to the shrine of St. Alban."

"On the 10th of April, 787," we see recorded in an old French chronicle, "King Pepin had an organ placed in the church of St. Corneille" at Compiègne. "It is to be noted," says Stow's Chronicle, "that the 14th day of April, and the morrow after Easter Day, 1360, King Edward III., with his host, lay before the city of Paris; which day was full dark of mist and hail, and so bitter cold that many men died on their horsebacks with the cold; wherefore unto this day it has been called 'Black Monday.'"

About this time the nightingale arrives in England; and it may not be known to all that this sweet songster is not found in South Devon or Cornwall; though on the west it has been heard as far north as Carlisle. On the other hand, it is seldom heard north of York, on the eastern side of England, while numbers are heard in Denmark. A learned Jesuit, Marco Bettini by name, attempted more than two hundred years ago, with a considerable amount of success, to reduce the nightingale's song to letters and words.

According to one quaint fable, an old witch used to keep the cuckoos in a basket; and, if in a good temper, would let them fly on the 14th of this month. Certain it is that they sometimes appear then, for the writer has heard them on that

date in Somersetshire; but in Worcester-shire there is a belief that they are never heard in that county till Tenbury Fair Day (April 20), or after Pershore Fair Day (June 26). In the Middle Ages, our forefathers looked upon the cuckoo as the harbinger of spring; and it is the subject of the oldest English popular song extant. This song, which appears to have been written in the earliest half of the thirteenth century, is preserved in the Harl MSS., and is remarkable not only because it is accompanied by musical notes but also as being the oldest sample of English *secular* music.

The cuckoo has, indeed, been celebrated in the Mediæval poetry of all ages and all languages, and many were the customs and superstitions concerning it. In some parts of the country it is believed that this "wandering voice" is always heard for the first time on April 21; whilst in Norfolk there prevails a superstition that whatever you are doing the first time you hear the cuckoo, that you will do most frequently all the year. In Shropshire, until within comparatively recent times, it was customary, when the cuckoo was first heard, for laborers to leave their work and make holiday during the rest of the day, refreshing themselves with frequent draughts of what they termed "cuckoo ale."

It is beyond doubt that St. George, whose feast we keep on April 23, was held in great veneration by the English people at a very early period. In 1344, this day was made memorable by the institution of the noble Order of St. George, or the Blue Garter, when took place a grand joust, in which forty of England's best and bravest knights held the lists against the flower of foreign chivalry. Frequent references to our saint are to be found in Shakespeare. For example, in Henry V., that King leads the attack on Harfleur to the battle-cry, "God for Harry! England, and St. George!" Again, in Henry VI., the Regent Bedford exclaims:

Bonfires in France I am forthwith to make,
To keep our great St. George's feast withal.

But England was by no means the only nation that fought under the banner of St. George: Sicily, Aragon, Valencia, Genoa, and Malta chose him as their special patron; whilst his name is borne by many Orders of chivalry,—such as a Venetian Order of St. George, created in 1200; a Spanish, in 1317; a Genoese, in 1472; and others, both ancient and modern. The dragon legends are too numerous to find place here.

A Strange Reminder.

THE Congregation of the Dames de la Sainte Union, whose mother-house is at Douai, France, possesses a convent at Denain, in the same Department (Nord), and another at Hénin-Liétard (Pas-de-Calais). About Easter, in the year 1896, a Sister belonging to the latter convent received an order to go to Denain, to render assistance to the community there. When she was leaving, the superioress, who had long been suffering from a cancer in the stomach, and felt her end drawing near, besought her in the most earnest manner to pray for her after death. The superioress died in the first days of May; and some six or seven weeks later, on the 26th of June, a strange thing happened at Denain.

It was washing day at the convent, and several ^(wash) ~~other~~ women were engaged to help in the work. The new Sister, with her sleeves rolled up, took part in the washing, leaving it from time to time to perform other duties that devolved upon her. About noon she went down to the underground cellar to get beer for the washerwomen's dinner. Stooping to draw the beer from the barrel, she perceived at some distance, on her right, a nun at the foot of the stairs, who seemed to direct her steps to an inner cellar; a moment after she saw the nun standing close to her, and felt her right arm severely pinched. Instantly she recognized the voice of the deceased superi-

oress of Hénin-Liétard, saying: "Pray for me! I am suffering." The Sister, greatly terrified, rushed up the stairs, and dropped, half dead, on a bench at the landing.

In the meantime the laundresses, wondering at her delay, grew uneasy, and went to see if she had not met with some accident. They found her in tears and greatly excited; but to all their questions she would give no answer. The nuns, upon being called, endeavored to make her speak. At first she could not utter a syllable; but finally, through her sobs, she gasped: "I have been pinched!" She showed her arm, which the sleeve left partly uncovered; and the witnesses were astounded to see four oblong red marks, as if fingers of fire had grasped her arm. The under part bore a deeper burn, in the form of a thumb, upon which a blister had risen; similar blisters subsequently rose upon the other marks. More puzzled than ever, the nuns plied the Sister with questions, until at last she told of the parting—perhaps neglected—request of the superior of Hénin-Liétard.

The news of the mysterious visitation soon spread through the town, and large numbers of people flocked to the convent that evening, and were able to see for themselves the traces left upon the nun's arm by the apparition. The Mother-General of the community, being informed of the event, at once summoned the Sister to Douai, where her arm was examined by Dr. Toison, a professor at the Catholic University of Lille and physician to the convent. The burns were carefully photographed by him. In due time they healed like ordinary burns, but all the scars of them remained.

THE past belongs to God; the present only is ours. And, short as it is, there is more in it and of it than we can well manage. The man who can grapple it, and measure it, and fill it with his purpose, is doing a man's work; none can do more, but there are thousands who do less.

—*Ik Marvel.*

A Devotion for Passiontide.

FOR one reason or another—wise and just reasons, we may not doubt,—the Church has notably relaxed the stringency of her former precepts regarding the Lenten fast; and, in actual practice, the number of Catholics duly exempted nowadays from fasting is perhaps greater than the aggregate of those who still incur that obligation.

But in any case, the season of Lent is still, in the mind and intent of the Church, a time of unusual penance, additional prayer, and multiplied mortifications; and if, in compassion for the weakness of many of her children, she excuses them from the Lenten fast, it is, nevertheless, her purpose and wish that, instead of fasting, they substitute some other form of penance—some prayers of supererogation, some pious practices of devotion. Perhaps no better or more congruous devotion for the approaching Passiontide can be commended to such Catholics—or, for that matter, to all Catholics—than the Stations, or Way of the Cross.

While the erection of the Fourteen Stations, or pictures representing the sorrowful journey of our Divine Lord to Golgotha, is never omitted now in the case of any new church or chapel, it is doubtful whether the mass of the congregation attending such church or chapel make it a practice to "go around the Stations" at all as frequently as is desirable. Without taking a pessimistic view of our latter-day Catholicity, or becoming an immoderate praiser of the past, one may perhaps question whether this special devotion is as generally practised at present as it used to be.

If not, it is assuredly a misfortune; for, if we except attendance at Holy Mass and the reception of the sacraments, it is difficult to specify a more salutary practice of piety. Quite apart from the many indulgences, partial and plenary, with which the Stations have been

enriched—indulgences applicable to the holy souls in purgatory as well as to the individual follower of our Blessed Lord's sorrowful way,—can one overestimate the advantages accruing to the Christian soul from the meditation on the various phases of the Passion which the performance of this devotional exercise presupposes?

Making full allowance for whatever pious exaggeration there may be in the opinion of Blossius, that "to think devoutly of the Passion, even for a short time, is a more profitable and meritorious work than to fast on bread and water, to give oneself the discipline till the blood comes, and to recite the entire Psalms," we can not deny that such thinking or meditating must be both an effectual excitant of genuine contrition for past transgressions and a potent preservative against future lapses. If pride and sensuality be the fruitful sources of all our sins, where else do both ignoble passions stand so thoroughly convicted of criminality and folly as before the Stations that represent the God-Man in the profoundest depths of humiliation and in the most cruel straits of mental and physical suffering?

What more vivid lesson can be given to one who is puffed up with self-conceit than the spectacle of our Divine Redeemer abject, despised, hated, calumniated, and abandoned by all! What more effective means for vanquishing the manifold temptations of the flesh can be imagined than the contemplation of that same Redeemer stripped naked, scourged unto blood, beaten and bruised, crowned with thorns, nailed to the cross, and crucified as a common malefactor!

Works of penance and mortification there are of many kinds and of varying degrees of efficacy, but few—indeed very few—penitential practices are more productive of beneficial results, direct and indirect, than is the pious custom of daily or weekly making the Way of the Cross—or, as the old people say, "going around the Stations."

Notes and Remarks.

How to deal with the drug evil is becoming an acute problem in some of our larger cities. It was observed that there was an increased demand for drugs when prohibition laws began to go into effect; and now it is reported that many victims of alcohol are "stocking up with drugs" in anticipation of the time when "anything to drink" will be almost impossible to obtain. Dr. R. S. Copeland, Health Commissioner of New York, says official investigations show that the sales of drugs are increasing every day. He declares that he knows of one firm that sold more cocaine and other drugs during January of the present year than in the whole of 1918.

Seeing that most physicians perhaps look upon the drug addict as the victim of disease, and that most others regard drug-taking as a habit, it is unlikely that there will be any concerted action for its control. The Federal Government may be called upon to do something later, but just at present it has "other fish to fry." As yet it has given no consideration to the plan proposed by a lady reformer in the Metropolis. She thinks that everyone ought to be finger-printed, so that the authorities would know just where everybody was and "what he was up to." The lady's plan is doubtless a little impractical. What we need is a society for the subjugation of abnormal appetencies. There is nothing like a new organization of some sort for anything that requires reforming.

The proposal to erect in England wayside crosses or Calvaries such as are seen on the Continent has met with less opposition from non-Catholics than was expected. Of course no one was surprised at the action of the Protestant Alliance in sending a strongly worded remonstrance to the Prime Minister, together with the suggestion that a better way to show respect

to the dead would be to put their names on brass tablets in or on public buildings. Not a very novel suggestion, by the way. The leading journals of the country, with few exceptions, have expressed hearty approval of the proposal. The *Athenæum*, in doing so, took occasion to administer a mild rebuke to the members of the Protestant Alliance for their attitude of opposition, saying:

This strikes us as yet another recrudescence of the old iconoclastic spirit; and it is curious to notice that, whether in the eighth or the seventeenth century, whether among Albigenses or English Protestants, it utters always the same peculiarly strident outcry, the burden of which is a horror of idolatry. We doubt whether idolatry, in the sense of definite religious worship offered to a graven image as if it were a divinity, is even possible to a Western European in the twentieth century. Even if it were so, the abuse of a good is not sufficient reason for abolishing its use. The trouble we have to meet in our day and country is not that people fail to practise their religion rightly, but that they tend to have no religion at all. To look for a moment at Christ upon His Cross, remembering as one does so those who have fallen in battle, striving to emulate His spirit of sacrifice, is at least to have a glimpse of them *sub specie æternitatis*, as the old phrase has it. Less than that will hardly satisfy, and we do not think that can be achieved by the brass tablet in a public building.

Trouble is brewing in Alsace-Lorraine, as everywhere else. Under the rule of the "Huns" its inhabitants were allowed full freedom of worship; and that they will not willingly be deprived of it is plain from a speech made recently at a great gathering of Alsatian Catholics in Strasbourg, by Dr. Pfléger, a former member of the Reichstag and the Landtag. He was applauded to the echo when he declared that they must be on their guard against any attempts to secularize the schools. That this is the intention of the new Government there can be little doubt; for M. Debierre, Grand Master of French Freemasonry, is quoted as saying: "It is not admissible that the Alsatian system of public instruction should be different from that of France." The people of Alsace-Lorraine reposed no faith in the

repeated assurances that their rights, liberties, and religious convictions would be respected. These assurances were not officially given; and if they had been, there were good grounds for doubting if they would ever be redeemed. In spite of all that the members of religious Orders did for France during the war, it seems likely that they will again be exiled; and the laity of Alsace-Lorraine are very unlikely to receive any better treatment than their brethren in France. But the former have been imbued with the spirit of the German Centre Party, and in all probability the French Government will not find them any more easy to manage than Bismarck did.

One topic which, during the Lenten season generally and during Passiontide especially, practical Catholics consider a timely subject for serious meditation, is Christian mortification and its place in a truly Catholic life. As a rule, when we speak of mortification we mean the act or the habit of subduing the passions and appetites by penance, fasting, abstinence, or painful severities inflicted on the body. There is, however, another species of mortification not less pleasing to God, and hence not less meritorious for eternal life,—those that are incidental to providential events and occurrences. Extremes of heat and cold, accidents of various kinds, serious illnesses or annoying indispositions, misfortunes overtaking relatives or friends, contrarieties of manifold species disturbing the serenity of our daily routine or delaying the progress of a cherished plan,—all such trials are raw material which we may use to our spiritual benefit or our spiritual detriment. By accepting them as coming from the hand of God, receiving them with resignation, we evince the true spirit of mortification that avails for life eternal; by bitterly repining at their occurrence, lamenting the hardness of our lot, or protesting against the injustice of "fate," we manifest a spirit that is less congruous to a professed follower of

Christ than to a votary of the world. As for the comparative value of these two kinds of mortification, St. Francis of Sales tells us: "The mortifications which come to us from God, or from men by His permission, are always worth more than those which are the children of our own will; for it must be considered as a general rule that the less our taste and choice intervene in our actions, the more they will have of goodness, solidity, devotion, the pleasure of Almighty God, and our own profit."

It is certain that unless we practise mortification of some sort we can not save our souls. Unless we take up the cross imposed upon us in our daily lives we are not followers of Christ. We can be saved only by keeping the Commandments: we can not keep the Commandments unless we exercise self-control; and in most instances our self-control will amount to self-denial.

While it is altogether natural that religious papers should comment on the apparent ignoring, in the proceedings at Paris, of God and prayer and the supernatural generally, it is not so much a matter of course that similar comment should be found in the columns of journals that are, professedly, not only secular but industrial. Yet it is a trade paper, the *Chicago American Lumberman*, that calls such ignoring a very serious omission in the platform of the League of Nations as cabled from Paris. "Nowhere in the platform," it says, "nor, so far as reported, in the proceedings that led up to its promulgation, is to be found any hint of official or public recognition of the fact, generally accepted by civilized humanity, of the existence of a Supreme Being who rules the destinies of nations, nor any petition for divine guidance in the most momentous crisis in the history of the world." It will be noticed that no claim is made in the foregoing that the United States is a Christian nation,—we have seen that contention disputed in a recent

issue of a Jewish contemporary: the claim is that, as a whole, civilized humanity (Americans included) believe in God. As for our own country in particular, the same paper observes:

The founders of this Republic recorded in the Declaration of Independence their "firm reliance upon the protection of Divine Providence." This sentiment was reiterated by Lincoln in his immortal address at Gettysburg, as well as in other addresses and State papers; and has been reaffirmed by every President from Washington to Wilson. During the darkest period of the Civil War, the motto "In God We Trust" was ordered stamped upon our silver coinage, by Act of Congress. When, a few years ago, it was proposed to drop this motto, the suggestion aroused such a wave of protest that it was immediately abandoned. There is no reason to believe that American sentiment has changed in this regard since then.

Our annual Presidential proclamations on the occasion of Thanksgiving Day are presumptive evidence that the sentiment has not changed; hence the general regret that no reference to the God of Nations is made in the platform of the League of Nations.

In a recent speech in the House of Representatives, favoring joint resolution 154, authorizing the erection of a memorial in Washington to the memory and in honor of the various Orders of Sisters who gave their services as nurses on battlefields, in hospitals, and in floating hospitals during the Civil War, the Hon. Charles H. Sloan, of Nebraska, declared that "the miracles of mercy wrought by them in the Southland will never, and should never, be forgotten by the sons and daughters of those two great armies, whose members met as brothers on the war field, where the reddest sword must win." And he quoted Lincoln as saying of these Sisters: "More lovely than anything I have ever seen in art, so long devoted to the illustrations of love, mercy, and charity, are the pictures that remain of those modest Sisters going on their errands of mercy among the suffering and the dying; gentle and womanly, yet with the courage

of soldiers leading a forlorn hope to sustain them in contact with such horrors. As they went from cot to cot, distributing medicines or administering strengthening drafts, they were angels of mercy."

Such words, of which there have been many, should remove all trace of opposition to the resolution.

As was hoped, the new conditions under which religious work is carried on in the Ukraine region (Russia) have proved most favorable to the progress of the Church. From a report drawn up by the Rev. Father Zegelskyi, Vicar-General of Kieff, quoted by the *Annals of St. Joseph*, we learn that the dispositions of the people are all that could be desired. A chapel in the church at Kieff given up to converts having become too small to accommodate the number flocking to it, a new church for the exclusive use of Uniates is being erected. Meantime a barracks built on a site given by the city is being utilized. Fr. Zegelskyi says that so many schismatics have been seeking reunion with Rome that he is exhausted, owing to the amount of work he has had to perform in consequence. As many as fourteen Uniate priests are at work in Kieff, and religious services are held regularly in the barracks and the two Latin churches. Catechetical classes for the instruction of converts, conducted in the Catholic schools, are numerous and attended.

Considerable interest was manifested not many moons ago when a lady, for the first time in its history, took her seat in Congress. If that fact proved to be unusually notable in so progressive a country as ours, what shall be thought of the probability of its being duplicated in so conservative a land as England? The late Sir Mark Sykes represented the constituency of Hull in the House of Commons, and his widow has been definitely invited by the Hull Conservative Association to become a Coalition candidate for the seat left vacant by his death. Not only

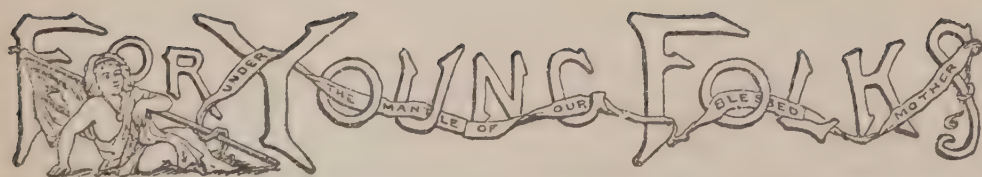
that, but an organization that already had a candidate in the field has withdrawn its candidate in favor of Lady Sykes. So important a journal as the *Daily Chronicle* says of the matter: "Sooner or later there will be women M. P.'s, and it is in the national interests that the departure should have the most favorable start. There can be no better candidate for the honor of the first effective woman member of Parliament."

The epithet "effective" in the foregoing derives its force from the fact that one woman, a Sinn Fein member, has already been elected to the House of Commons. At last accounts, Lady Sykes had not arrived at a decision as to her acceptance of the proposed candidature, but had in no way ruled out the possibility of that acceptance. It is perhaps worth while to note in this connection that recent English exchanges declare that the premature passing of the late member for Hull is a veritable loss to Catholicism in Great Britain. Sir Mark Sykes loomed far larger both in the House of Commons and in the activities of English Catholics than was understood on this side of the Atlantic.

The latest statistics gathered by the Census Bureau show that about one marriage in every nine contracted in the United States is terminated by divorce. The rate is steadily increasing. In 1890 the number of divorces granted was 53 per 100,000 of population; in 1900, 73; in 1906, 84; in 1916, 112. That the leading cause for divorce was desertion proves that the marriages were experimental—"trial marriages" they are called. The records are unsatisfactory in regard to the children of the divorced couples; but one in a position to know assures us that a considerable number of them "go to the dogs," or become inmates of the different State institutions.

The question arises, Where will this monstrous evil end? It will most surely end in national decadence.

FOR YOUNG FOLK



In Springtime.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

COME, let us ramble through the wood:

Once more the grass is springing;
Deep in the blithesome solitude
The happy birds are singing.

A gentle west wind stirs among
The rushes near the river;
I hear the thrushes—happy throng!—
I see the birches quiver.

The squirrel hops from bough to bough,
Affrighted by our voices;
The busy bees are humming now,
And all the world rejoices.

Come, let us softly sing to Him
Who such delight has given,—
Our chapel walls, the forest dim;
Its roof, the blue of heaven.

Buddy.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XIV.—BIG RUBE.

“TAKE you in to see the church? Why, of course!” replied Buddy, cheerfully. And he led the way through the pines, that screened his companion from any stray glances cast by the “grinning galoots” now engaged in after-breakfast conversations; and round the ivy-veiled corner of the old church to the front door.

There had been Benediction after the early Mass; for Father Bennett adjusted his methods in these war times to military requirements, and few of his soldierly congregation would be able to return for service in the evening. So St. Anne’s window gleamed through a faint fragrance

of lingering incense, that brought back dim memories to the heart of the big mountaineer following Buddy up the columned aisle.

It was the Octave of the Assumption, and the altar was heaped with all the late summer gardens could give of snowy bloom; while the red glow of the lamp trembled softly over all. Buddy’s friend sank awkwardly into a pew and stared around him at window and altar, Station and cross. It was a blank, curious gaze at first, but slowly it changed. Memories of that far-off boyish past, from which he had turned his mind and heart, began to stir, waken, live again. Once more he was a little chap of eight or ten, following his mother around the pictured Stations; bending finally before an altar, flower-laden, incense-clouded even as this.

Out of the stillness came many tender memories: the prayer whispered at his mother’s knee; the Sign of the Cross made on his baby brow at night; the soft, low chant that had crooned him to sleep. And then that last scene, from which he had turned fiercely in his boyish pain and tried to forget, when, drawing him close to her fast-stilling heart, his dying mother had gasped brokenly: “God forgive me for what I’m leaving you to, alanna! God bless you and keep you for His own, my little boy,—my little boy!” A lump he could not swallow had risen in big Rube’s throat,—the light of the sanctuary lamp was a crimson blur.

Buddy waited, wondering at his guest’s prolonged stay.

“There’s going to be another Mass pretty soon,” he said at last, touching his new friend’s shoulder. “I’ve got to serve it. Would you like to stay?”

And, because of the choking and blurring that Buddy must not notice, big Rube whispered:

"Yes, sonny, I'd like to stay."

And so it was that gentle Miss Meredith, coming in to Mass after serving the soldiers' breakfast, found a big, khaki-clad stranger in her pew,—a stranger who did not know when to stand or kneel or sit, but whose solemn gaze followed the Holy Sacrifice with reverent interest, resting with special softness upon Buddy,—Buddy who, in the old cassock Ted had handed down to him, and the lace-trimmed surplice that was all his own, served the late Mass every other Sunday, as both his brothers had done before him.

What the tall private in Miss Meredith's pew thought of all that he saw and heard, Buddy could not tell; for when he went to look for him after Mass, intending to invite him home to dinner, his morning guest had disappeared.

"He went right out after Mass, not even genuflecting," was Miss Meredith's rather shocked answer to Buddy's questioning. "And he sat right through the Elevation. I can't imagine what brought such an absolute pagan to church."

"Maybe it was his mother," said Buddy, softly.

"His mother! Was she here, too?"

"She is dead," answered Buddy; "but maybe she brought him. Father Bennett said she would be glad to see him here; and mothers can do a lot for their boys, even in heaven. Mine would, I know."

And it was three weeks later before Buddy learned any more of Big Rube. Then Father Bennett, who had stopped for a cup of tea on the Maplewood porch, said to mamma that he could tell nothing yet about the next Sunday breakfast, as the —th Engineers had been ordered off to France.

"By the bye, that was good missionary work you did while they were here, Buddy," he added, turning to his young parishioner, who was stretched at his feet, busy with the magazine that Father Bennett had brought in his pocket.

"I?" said Buddy, looking up in surprise.

"Yes: that tall chap you stole into

breakfast at St. Anne's made his First Communion before he left this morning."

"Not—not big Rube Jones, Father!" exclaimed Buddy, breathlessly.

"Yes, Rube Jones. I'd like to have given him a better name, but he had been baptized all right, I well knew. In fact, he had in his kit the certificate he had kept through all his wanderings. He came to me that Sunday, right after the breakfast at St. Anne's, and told me the Mass that morning had settled things for him, and he wanted to get back to his mother's God and his mother's Church. But he felt as shy as a girl about it, and couldn't stand, he said, any talk from his mates. So I agreed to keep things quiet,—he coming to me, like the young man of the Gospel, in the night. I thought at first I had a hard job before me, he seemed so rough and untaught, scarcely able to write his name. But in all my years of priesthood I have never known a soul that took in my teaching more quickly, more eagerly. He seemed to know the divine truths intuitively; or, rather, the seed had been sown by a good mother, and, though buried for years, started into life at the first touch of grace. I never saw a happier fellow than he was this morning. 'It's all mother's doings,' he said to me as, after Mass, we shook hands in what will probably be a last good-bye. 'And tell that fine little chap that was so good to me, that I will always remember him in his white gown carrying a candle like he did that morning at Mass. For he did bring light to me, sure.'"

"Why, Father, I didn't do a thing but get him a breakfast and let him see the church," said Buddy.

"Well, maybe not," replied Father Bennett, smiling. "Still, it is by little things rightly done that God works His wonders, my boy. Your friend told me he had tried to get away, but you persisted in being kind to him. That's what I want the Sunday breakfast to mean to these poor fellows who are going—often sadly unprepared, I fear—to face danger

and death. I want it to stand for kindness, friendliness, the warm welcome of Mother Church to her homeless sons."

And then, having finished his tea, Father Bennett said good-bye, and went off in the new automobile that in these late strenuous days had supplanted his old grey horse.

"Everybody is getting them," said Buddy, as he watched the brisk little machine spinning down the road. "And it's breaking up poor old Hans dreadfully, I know."

"I'm afraid it is," observed mamma, gently. "I wonder if there isn't something else he could do?"

"He is mending things now, he told me,—ploughs and wagon wheels and broken garden tools. But that can't pay him much. Gee, I feel sorry for poor old Hans!" sighed Buddy. "I think I'll ride down to the forge this afternoon and see how he is getting on."

"And perhaps there are some odd jobs he could do at the barn or stable," suggested Mrs. Reeves. "He was very good to you, and we must help him all we can."

And so, after an interview with Ben, who unwillingly agreed that there *were* some odd jobs he could pass over to Hans, Buddy and Dandy set off for the forge.

Summer was nearly gone now. Red apples were dropping with soft thuds from the bending trees in the orchard; the fragrance of ripening grapes was in the air; fields of golden grain waved, ready for the reapers. Dandy's feet fell noiselessly on the grass-grown road that a while ago had been tramped bare and hard by journeyers to the forge; but even the pine boughs tangling over the way were unbroken now.

Things looked unpromising indeed for poor Hans, thought Buddy, as he drew near the door that of old used always to stand hospitably open,—the red fire within glowing a welcome to all who came. It was closed to-day; but, through the late summer stillness around him, Buddy could

hear voices arguing fiercely in guttural tones he could not understand.

As he waited, uncertain whether he should intrude upon what seemed a stormy interview, the door flew open and a man came out, still talking to Hans, who stood sullenly on the threshold. It was the peddler of Maplewood that faced Buddy. The boy stared at him, unconscious of the evil gleam that was flashed at him from beneath the shell-rimmed glasses.

"*Himmel!*" gasped Hans under his breath.

"Why, halloo!" said Buddy, cheerily; recognizing, by the contents of the basket on the peddler's arm, Captain Sol's late visiting missionary. "When did the rheumatics strike you, Hans, that you're buying medicine at a dollar a bottle?"

"It is not medicine I am selling him, little gentleman," said the stranger. "It is a salve,—a wonderful salve for horses' feet. It hardens the softest hoof; it heals every hurt. Perhaps you would like to have a box for your pony here."

"No," answered Buddy. "Dandy is all right. But if you have some real strong glue, I might try a bottle. I am making an aeroplane and my paste won't stick."

"An aeroplane!" said the peddler, casting another evil look at the speaker; for Buddy, seated lightly on his resting pony, seemed an embodiment of the joyous spirit with which this free young nation was starting forth by sea and air to the fray. "You mean that you are—"

"Bah, no!" interrupted Hans, roughly. "He is talking about a child's toy."

"Wait until we get it done," was the cheery boast. "You'll find how much of a toy it is, Mr. Hans! You see, my brother is flying, and so I know all about airships," continued Buddy to Hans' visitor. "Ted says they will be buzzing over Berlin before many months, and Kaiser Bill won't know which way to run."

"You think so, my little gentleman?" It was well Buddy could not see the fierce glance shot from beneath the speaker's glasses

"I *know* it," laughed Buddy, confidently.

"Gee, he was a big ninny to stir us up over here! Ted says the American eagle may be a slow bird at a fight; but just let some one take to pulling his tail feathers! Then look out for his wings and claws! And—he is off with a screech and swoop now. So it's good-bye, Kaiser Bill!" added the young speaker, breaking into the popular refrain he had caught from the camp. "Isn't it, Hans?" And, springing from his pony, he clapped his hand on his friend's grimy sleeve.

"*Nein, nein!*" said Hans, hastily. "You are a little fool, boy, to sing like that.—I shoe his pony for him ever since he could ride," he explained to his other visitor. "He comes from the great house by the shore—Maplewood."

"Aye! I know the place," was the answer. "They turned me out the other day. You have fine friends, my good Hans, that it is wise to keep." And, with a grim nod, the speaker took himself away.

"I'm glad he is gone, and I hope you didn't fool away any money on him, Hans; for I believe he is an old fraud and a robber, as Mammy Lindy said."

"He is a devil!"

"Oh, not as bad as that, Hans!"

"Yes, worse than that," continued Hans, hoarsely,—“ten, twenty, forty times worse. For men-devils are worse than those who have horns and hoofs like beasts.”

"I don't know," answered Buddy, perching himself on the three-legged stool; "and I don't want to know, Hans. I hope I'll never see either kind."

"You have seen one to-day," said Hans, with a dark nod,—“a devil that buys men's bodies and souls. I have heard the old people tell such stories, but I never believed them. Now I know they are true.”

"Oh, no, Hans!" was the cheery answer. "Those stories are not true. They are, as Brother Francis used to tell us, legends; and a legend is something that is only half true. The devil does not go round buying souls really; he only tempts us and tries to make us bad, but we can always say *No.*"

"Say *No*?" repeated old Hans. "Not

always, little boy,—not always. Sometimes we can not, it—is too late."

"Oh, no!" The dear, boyish voice seemed like a note of music in the dark silence of the forge. "It is never too late to stop being bad, Hans; it is never too late to turn good. If you were a Catholic, you'd understand. You would know what dreadful things people can do, and get all right again, just as right as if they had never been wrong. There was the good thief on the Cross, who had been robbing people all his life; and—and, oh, lots of others that turned from sinners into real saints like him! It's never too late while you live, Hans,—never too late."

(To be continued.)

A Triumph of Justice.

MANY, many years ago, in the ancient city of Atri, good King John ordered a bell to be put in the market-place, so that any one having a grievance might ring it and have his complaint inquired into. In the course of time the rope which rung the bell was worn out, and a strong wild vine took its place.

Now, it chanced that a certain knight of Atri, having a war-horse that had grown feeble with age, turned him loose to get his living as best he could or to die. The season was dry and the poor old horse could find nothing to eat, and so was tempted by the vine tied to the bell-clapper, and began munching it; at which the loud tones of the bell began to resound through the city.

The judges hastened to the market-place, and found only the knight's old charger. At first they were puzzled as to their duty; but finally decided that, as the horse could not speak for himself, he needed justice so much the more; and they sentenced his owner to feed him as long as he lived.

"He whom he served in his youth," was the decree, "shall care for him in his old age."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—We are glad to learn that Dom Hunter-Blair, O. S. B., at the desire of the family of the late Marquess of Bute, is engaged upon a Life of that distinguished convert.

—Mr. S. A. Baldus has printed in pamphlet form his address on the League of Nations, delivered before the Irish Fellowship Club of Chicago, Feb. 8, 1919. He is strongly opposed to the proposed covenant, which he characterizes as a "fallacy."

—"Songs From a Watch-Tower," by Richard Hayes McCartney (Fleming H. Revell Co.), is a twelvemo, in boards, of 151 pages. It contains some fourscore "songs" on a variety of topics, religion and the World War being the most frequently recurring themes. The outstanding note of the book is its inequality—of substance and form: several pieces deserve the name of poetry, while others must be classed as mere verse.

—From Harding & More, London, comes an interesting octavo brochure of sixty-four pages—"Some Fruits of Theosophy," by Stanley Morison, with a preface by the Rev. Herbert Thurston, S. J. The author discloses the origin and purpose of the so-called Old Catholic Church, exposing a new and sinister scheme in which the sacraments, vestments, and devotions of the Church are being prostituted in the interest of Theosophy. Readers who are familiar with the vagaries of Mrs. Besant and other members of the Theosophical Society will find it worth while to peruse this important study.

—Mr. S. C. Roberts, who has just published through the Cambridge University Press "The Story of Dr. Johnson, Being an Introduction to Boswell's Life," declares that, although Dr. Johnson was the foremost man of letters of his generation, "it is not for his scholarship or his writings, but rather for his pluck and his patriotism, his humor and his oddities, his blunt common-sense and his large humanity, and above all for the expression of these qualities in his talk, that he is best loved and remembered. For to appreciate Johnson's talk one need not be literary: it is enough to be English."

—Volume II. of the Centennial History of Illinois bears, for specific title, "The Frontier State," and deals with the period 1818-1848. A large octavo of 475 pages, with a number of illustrations, an excellent bibliography, and a good index, the work appears to merit a renewal of the commendation very generally bestowed on the initial volume. The prominence, in the

present volume, of such national characters as Lincoln and Douglas makes an appeal to the general reader as differentiated from the citizen of the State specifically under discussion. From the standpoint of religious impartiality, a cursory examination of its pages indicates that the author, Mr. Theodore Calvin Pease, is content with giving an objective account of the activities of the different denominations, and that he has sought Catholic sources for his statements concerning Catholic topics. Published by the Illinois Centennial Commission, Springfield, Ill.

—Catholic readers are now indebted to Miss Isabel C. Clarke for as many as eight novels, all of which have won well-deserved popularity; but we feel sure the latest of the lot, "The Elstones," will be considered among the very best. It is a capital story, full of interest and charm, besides being frankly Catholic. But, as we have more than once remarked, Miss Clarke never "drags in religion": she is a true artist and violates no canons of literary art. Catholicity has the place in her fiction that it has in real life,—only that, but always that. We are hoping that "The Elstones" will have a host of readers, and procure many additional ones for "The Secret Citadel," "Children of Eve," etc. Benzigers.

—A new version of "Von dem Jungsten Tage," a popular German poem of the thirteenth century, edited with Introduction and notes by Mr. L. A. Willoughby, has just been issued by the Oxford University Press. The subject of the work is the Last Judgment, beginning with a recital of the "signs" as set forth in the Gospels, and ending with the condemnation of the wicked and the welcome given by Christ to the just. Before the scene of the final Judgment, some two hundred lines are devoted to a dialogue between the soul and body, during which the soul, already in torment, points out to the body what it has to expect. "The pains of hell are depicted in horrifying colors; cardinals and bishops, priests and nuns, princes and dukes, must all undergo the same torments, together with evil-doers of a commoner clay,—drunkards and gamblers, thieves and slanderers." As for the literary quality of the poem, this must be judged by the purpose for which it was intended, which was to summon simple souls to repentance by a very vivid and direct appeal. For this purpose it must have been admirably adapted. At the same time, the great regularity of the verse

and the purity of the rhymes show that whoever wrote it was a master of the poetic craft. Mr. Willoughby thinks the author must have been a Franciscan or Dominican friar.

—A correspondent of the *London Universe* having inquired whether any book is in preparation describing "the doings, sayings, and feelings of Catholic soldiers in the Great War," Father Charles Plater, S. J., announces that he has been asked to edit a report which will cover at least some of the ground. The scope of the proposed volume is mainly "the faith and conduct of our Catholic soldiers"; and the material is being supplied by Catholic chaplains, officers (commissioned and non-commissioned), and privates. The reverend editor hopes that, besides being a standing record of the fine religious spirit shown by multitudes of Catholic soldiers during the war, the work may also help non-Catholics to realize the powerful influence, in difficult circumstances, of definite religious teaching. As for this last point, there is no doubt that the non-Catholic soldiers of England, the United States, and every other belligerent Power were deeply impressed during the past four years with the tremendous difference between the Catholic and the non-Catholic immediate preparation for death, and recognized that the priest was an efficient specialist where the parson proved to be hardly more than an incompetent amateur.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no book-seller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "The Elstones." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.35.
- "Essays in Occultism, Spiritism, and Demonology." Dean W. R. Harris. \$1.
- "Patriotism in Washington's Time." P. J. Byrne, M. D. \$1.50.
- "Life of Pius X." F. A. Forbes. \$1.35.
- "Marriage Legislation in the New Code of Canon Law." Very Rev. H. A. Ayrinhac, S. S., D. D. \$2.
- "Letter to Catholic Priests." Pope Pius X. 50 cts.
- "Spiritual Exercises for Monthly and Annual Retreats." Rev. P. Dunoyer. \$2.35.

- "The Sad Years." Dora Sigerson. \$1.25.
- "The Parables of Jesus." Rev. P. Coghlan, C. P. \$1.10.
- "A Handbook of Moral Theology." Rev. A. Koch, D. D.—Mr. Arthur Preuss. \$1.50.
- "The Bedrock of Belief." Rev. William Robison, S. J. \$1.25.
- "Ireland: Its Saints and Scholars." J. M. Flood. 90 cts.
- "The Hand of God." Rev. Martin Scott, S. J. \$1, postage extra.
- "Pastor Haloft." \$1.50.
- "In the Soldier's Service." Mary Dexter. \$1.50.
- "The World Problem." Rev. Joseph Husslein, S. J. \$1.35.
- "Foch the Man." Clara E. Laughlin. \$1.
- "Outline Meditations." Madame Cecilia. \$1.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Arthur Clark, of the archdiocese of Dubuque; Rev. J. A. Talbot, archdiocese of New York; Rt. Rev. James Duffy and Rev. Francis Treaghan, diocese of Albany; Rev. William Hoffend, S. J.; and Rev. Vincent Trost, O. F. M.

Sister Emalite, of the Sisters of Charity; Sister M. Joseph, Sisters of St. Dominic; Sister M. Ludwina, Sisters I. H. M.; and Sister M. Philomena, Sisters of Mercy.

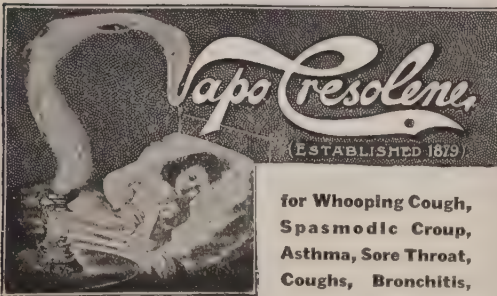
Mr. Paul Young, Mr. P. W. Wendel, Jr., Mrs. Edward Palmer, Mr. Philip Sanders, Mrs. Anna Kennedy, Mr. Edward Kenrick, Miss Madeline Condon, Mr. James Regan, Mr. Edward Mallan, Mr. Edward Brown, Miss C. C. Gentry, Mr. William O'Connell, Mr. John L. Smith, Mr. E. H. Cannon, Miss Anna Gerlach, Mr. William Harrington, Mr. A. J. Herald, Mr. Howard Kavanagh, Miss M. C. Heller, Mr. John Keppler, Miss M. F. McDevitt, Mrs. Bridget O'Brien, Miss Anna Stephens, Mr. F. J. Hahn, Mr. Patrick Rafferty, Miss Catherine Rafferty, Miss Louisa Schmidt, Mrs. Katharine Osterman, Mr. Thomas Clark, and Mr. J. H. Simpson.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

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Contains many useful suggestions for those who are interested in the education of the young.—*Fordham Monthly*.

It should be in the hands of everyone to whom is committed the grave responsibility of the religious training of Catholic youth.—*Cork Examiner*.

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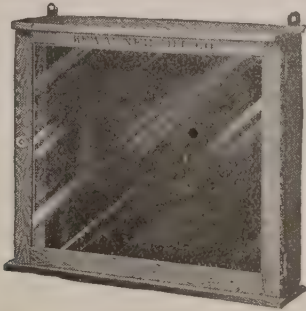
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PUBLISHED WEEKLY

Entered as second-class matter at Notre Dame, Indiana. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on June 25, 1918.
American News Co.; Gill & Son; Burns and Oates; Catholic Book Depot, Fort, Bombay;
Sydney, N. S. W., Louis Gille & Co.; Melbourne, Australia, William P. Linehan.

FOREIGN

\$3 (12s 6d)

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS. viii 34

SATURDAY, 12.—St. Julius I., P. C. St. Zeno, B. M.	Magnus, M.
SUNDAY, 13.— Palm Sunday . St. Hermenegild, M.	THURSDAY, 17.— Holy Thursday . St. Anicetus, P. M. St. Stephen, C.
MONDAY, 14.—St. Justin, M.	FRIDAY, 18.— Good Friday . St. Amadeus, C.
TUESDAY, 15.—St. Peter Gonzales, C.	SATURDAY, 19.— Holy Saturday . St. Elphege, B. M.
WEDNESDAY, 16.—St. Benedict Labre, C. St.	

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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. IX. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 12, 1919.

NO. 15

[Published every Saturday. Copyright, 1919: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

"Consummatum Est."

FROM THE FLEMISH OF GUIDO GEZELLE,
BY G. M. HORT.

BESIDE the father's dying bed the children
still are found:
In solemn vigil there they meet, and kneel upon
the ground.
Even so, to-day, in church, in house, men kneel,
and watch and wait:
With one accord they dumbly pray—as pray the
desolate.
For Death claims *Him!* 'Tis God Himself be-
comes the spoiler's prey.
How shall men live? How dare to face the horror
of this day?
No word have they to make reply. There hangs
their Lord, heart-rent;
Close to His Cross they creep, and pray—as pray
the penitent.

The School of Calvary.¹

MOUNT CALVARY is a marvel-
lous scaffold, where the chiefest
Monarch of all the world loseth
His life to restore our salvation
which was lost; and where He makes the
sun to be eclipsed over His head, and
stones to be cloven under His feet, to teach
us by insensible creatures the feeling which
we should have of His sufferings.

This is the school where Jesus teacheth
that great lesson, which is the way to do
well: and we can not better learn it than
by His examples, since He was pleased to
make Himself passible and mortal to over-

come our passions, and to be the author
of our immortality.

The qualities of a good death may be
reduced to three points; of which the first
is to have a right conformity to the will
of God, for the manner, the hour and cir-
cumstances of our death. The second is to
forsake as well the affections as the
presence of all creatures of this base world.
The third is to unite ourselves to God by
the practice of great virtues, which will
serve as steps to glory. Now, these three
conditions are to be seen in the death of
the Prince of Glory upon Mount Calvary,
which we will take as the purest ideas
whereby to regulate our passage out of
this world.

1. Consider in the first place that every
man living hath a natural inclination to
life, because it hath some kind of divinity
in it. We love it when it smileth upon us,
as if it were a paradise; and if it be
troublesome, yet we strive to retain it,
though it be accompanied with very great
miseries; and if we must need forsake this
miserable body, we then desire to leave
it by some gentle and easy death. This
maketh us plainly see the generosity of our
Saviour, who, being Master of life and
death, and having it in His power to choose
that manner of death which would be least
hideous (being of itself full enough of
horror), yet nevertheless, to conform Him-
self to the will of His Heavenly Father,
and to confound our delicacies, He would
needs leave this mortal life by the most

¹ From "Entertainments for Lent." Written in French
by R. F. N. Causin, S. J. Translated into English ("in the
solitude of a prison") by Sir Basil Brook. 1755.

dolourous and ignominious which was to be found amongst all the deaths of the whole world.

The cross amongst the Gentiles was a punishment for slaves and the most desperate persons of the whole world. The cross amongst the Hebrews was accursed: it was the ordinary curse which the most incapable and most malicious mouths did pronounce against their greatest enemies. The death of a crucified man was the most continual languishing and tearing of a soul from the body, with most excessive violence and agony; and yet the Eternal Wisdom chose this kind of punishment, and drank all the sorrows of a cup so bitter. He should have died upon some trophy, and breathed out His last amongst flowers, and left His soul in a monument; and if He must needs have felt death, to have had the least sense of it that might be; but He would try the rigour of all greatest sufferings; He would fall to the bottom of dishonor: and (having spared from Himself all the pleasures of this life), in order to make His death more complete, He would spare none of those infinite dolours.

The devout Simon of Cassia addresses our Saviour going toward Mount Calvary, saying: O Lord, whither go You with the extreme weight of this dry and barren piece of wood? Whither do You carry it, and why? Where do You mean to set it? Upon Mount Calvary? That place is most wild and stony: how will You plant it? Who shall water it? Jesus answers: I bear upon My shoulders a piece of wood that must conquer Him who must make a far greater conquest by the same piece of wood: I carry it to Mount Calvary, to plant it by My death, and water it by My blood. This wood which I bear must bear Me, to bear the salvation of all the world, and to draw all after Me. And then, O faithful soul, wilt thou not suffer some confusion at thy own delicacies? To be so fearful of death by an ordinary disease in a down bed, among such necessary services, such favourable helps, consolations

and kindnesses of friends so sensible of thy condition! We bemoan and complain ourselves of heat, cold, distaste, of disquiet, of grief: let us allow some of this to nature; yet must it be confest that we lament ourselves very much, because we have never known how we should lament Jesus Christ Crucified. Let us die as it shall please Divine Providence. If death come when we are old, it is a heaven; if in youth, it is a direct benefit antedated; if by sickness, it is the nature of our bodies; if by eternal violence, it is yet always the decree of Heaven. It is no matter how many deaths there are, we are sure there can be but one for us.

2. Consider further the second condition of a good death, which consists in the forsaking of all creatures, and you shall find it most punctually observed by our Saviour at the time of His death. Ferrara, a great divine, who had written a book of the hidden word, toucheth twelve things abandoned by our Saviour: 1. His apparel, leaving Himself naked; 2. The marks of His dignity; 3. The college of His apostles; 4. The sweetness of all comforts; 5. His own proper will; 6. The authority of virtues; 7. The power of angels; 8. The perfect joys of His soul; 9. The proper clarity of His body; 10. The honours due to Him; 11. His own flesh; 12. All His blood.

Now, do but consider His abandoning the principal of those things, how bitter it was. First, the abandoning of nearest and most faithful friends is able to afflict any heart: behold Him forsaken by all His so well-beloved disciples, of whom He had made choice among all mortal men to be the depositaries of His doctrine, of His life, of His blood. If Judas be at the mystery of His Passion, it is to betray Him; if St. Peter be there assisting, it is to deny Him; if His sorrowful Mother stand at the foot of the cross, it is to encrease the grief of her Son, and, after He had been so ill handled by His cruel executioners, to crucify Him again by the hands of love. The courageous Mother,

to triumph over herself by a magnanimous constancy, was present at the execution of her dear Son. She fixed her eyes upon all His wounds, to engrave them deep in her heart. She opened her soul wide to receive that sharp-piercing sword with which she was threatened by that venerable old Simeon at her purification. And Jesus, who saw her so afflicted for His sake, felt Himself doubly crucified,—upon the wood of the cross, and the heart of His dear Mother.

We know it by experience, that when we love one tenderly, his afflictions and disgraces will trouble us more than our own, because, he living in us by an affectionate life, we live in him by a life of reason and election. Jesus lived and reposed in the heart of His Blessed Mother as upon a throne of love, and as within a paradise of His most holy delights. This heart was before a bed covered with flowers; but this same heart, on the day of His Passion, became like a scaffold hung with mourning, whereupon our Saviour entered to be tormented and crucified upon the cross of love, which was the cross of His Mother. This admirable Merchant, who descended from heaven to accomplish the business of all ages, who took upon Him our miseries to give us felicities, was plunged within a sea of blood; and in this so precious shipwreck there remained only one inestimable pearl, which was His divine Mother; and yet He abandons her, and gives her into the hands of His disciple. After He had forsaken those nearest to Him, see what He does with His body: Jesus did so abandon it, a little before His death, that, not being content only to deliver it as a prey to sorrow, He suffered it to be exposed naked to the view of the world. And amongst His sharpest dolours, after He had been refused the drink which they gave to malefactors to strengthen them in their torments, He took for Himself vinegar and gall.

O what a spectacle was it to see a body torn in pieces, which rested itself upon its own wounds; which was dying every

moment, but could not die, because that life distilled by drops! What martyr did ever endure in a body so sensible and delicate (having an imagination so lively) such piercing dolours mixt with so few comforts? And what martyr did suffer for all the sins of the whole world as He did, proportioning His torments according to the fruits which were to proceed from His cross? Perhaps, O faithful soul, thou lookest for a man's body in thy Jesus; but thou findest nothing but the appearance of one, crusted over with gore blood. Thou seekest for limbs, and findest nothing but wounds. Thou lookest for a Jesus who appeared glorious upon Mount Thabor as upon a throne of majesty, with all the ensigns of His glory, and thou findest only flesh all bloody, fastened to a cross between two thieves. And if the consideration of this can not bring drops of blood from thy heart, it must be more insensible than a diamond.

3. To conclude, observe the third quality of a good death, which will declare itself by the exercise of great and heroic virtues. Consider that incomparable mildness which hath astonished all ages, hath encouraged all virtues, hath condemned all revenges, hath instructed all schools, and crowned all good actions. He was raised upon the cross when His dolours were more sharp and piercing; when His wounds did open on all sides; when His precious blood shed upon the earth, and moistened it in great abundance; when He saw His poor cloaths torn in pieces, and yet bloody in the hands of those who crucified Him. He considered the extream malice of that cruel people,—how those who could not wound Him with iron pierced Him with the points of their accursed tongues. He could quickly have made fire come down from heaven upon those rebellious heads; and yet, forgetting all His pains to remember His mercies, He opened His mouth, and the first word He spake was in favour of His enemies,—to negotiate their reconciliation before His soul departed. The learned Cardinal Hugues, admiring this excessive charity

of our Saviour toward His enemies, applies excellent well that which is spoken of the sun in Ecclesiasticus. He brings news to all the world at his rising, and at noonday he burns the earth, and heats those furnaces of nature which make her produce all her fruits.

So Jesus, the sun of the intelligible world, did manifest Himself at His nativity as in the morning; but the cross was His bed at noon, from whence came those burning streams of love which inflame the hearts of all blessed persons, who are like furnaces of that eternal fire which burns in Sion.

On the one side, admire that great magnanimity which held Him so long upon the cross as upon a throne of honour and power, when He bestowed paradise upon a man that was His companion in suffering. I can not tell whether in this action we should more admire the good fortune of the good thief or the greatness of Jesus,—the happiness of the good thief, who is drawn from a cutthroat to prison, from prison to the judgment-hall, from thence to the cross, and thence goes to paradise, without needing any other gate but the Heart of Jesus.

On the other side, what can be more admirable than to see a man crucified to do that act which must be performed by the living God when the world shall end? To save some, to make others reprobate, and to judge from the height of the cross, as if He sat upon the chiefest throne of all monarchs.

But we must needs affirm that the virtue of patience in this holds a chief place, and teaches very admirable lessons. Jesus endures the torments of the body and the pains of the spirit, in all the faculties of His soul, in all the parts of His virgin flesh; and by the cruelty and multiplicity of His wounds, they all become one only wound, from the sole of His foot to the top of His head.

His delicate body suffers most innocently, and all by the most ingrate and hypocritical persons, who would colour

their vengeance with an appearance of holiness. He suffers without any comfort at all; and, which is more, without bemoaning Himself; He suffers whatsoever they would or could lay upon Him to the last gasp of His life. Heaven wears mourning upon the cross; all the citizens of heaven weep over His torments; the earth quakes, the stones rend themselves, sepulchres open, the dead arise; only Jesus dies unmovable upon His throne of patience.

To conclude, who would not be astonished at the tranquillity of His spirit, and amongst those great convulsions of the world which moved round about the cross, amongst such bloody dolours, insolent cries, and insupportable blasphemies? How He remained upon the cross, as in a sanctuary at the foot of an altar, bleeding, weeping, praying, to mingle His prayers with His blood and tears! I do now understand why the Wise Man said He planted isles within the abyss, since that in so great a gulf of affliction He shewed such a serenity of the spirit; thereby making a paradise for His Father, amongst so great pains, by the sweet perfume of His virtues. After He had prayed for His enemies, given a promise of paradise to the good thief, and recommended His Mother to His disciple, He shut up His eyes from all human things, entertaining Himself only with prayers and sighs to His Heavenly Father. O that at the time of our deaths we could imitate the death of Jesus, and then we should be sure to find the streams of eternal life!

WHAT an overwhelming horror it must have been for the Blessed Mary to witness the Passion and the Crucifixion of her Son! If Our Lord Himself could not bear the prospect of what was before Him, and was covered in the thought of it with a bloody sweat—His soul thus acting upon His body,—does not this show how great mental pain can be? And would it have been wonderful though Mary's head and heart had given way as she stood under His Cross?—*Newman.*

Search-Lights.

BY VALENTINE PARAISSO.

XIX.



T three o'clock, the bank clerk looking out of the window over the gilt-lettered screen, saw the returned Sydney Verreker going by with Daisy Spaggot. All along West Street the news grew and grew. The "lady-postman" spread it; and it was carried farther by the girl bill-sticker—almost in man's attire, with her ladder, pail, and brush. All Fuzley had it in the evening that Mr. Verreker had come back and was going to be married to the Colonel's daughter. The conductress in heavy cloth uniform at the back of the tram-car, had even more exciting news. The handsome Mr. Verreker was killed, and the plain one that went for a Tommy had come in for all the money, and was married that day at "the tin church." Lots of people saw them coming out and all the *confetti* being thrown. Why, of course they were married. What else would folks go into a church on a weekday for, except for a wedding?

The village gossip was far from the truth. All that had happened was that the two had understood each other at a glance; and they had sauntered up West Street arm in arm, regardless of the neighbors. At the old house on the High-road, the Colonel had rejoiced like a schoolboy; and Pepper, as Daisy said, had "nearly barked his woolly head off." The rest of the day was a family holiday, with no appointments, no clocks, no time, no cares. It was the old, old story with a different beginning; and the words chosen long ago summed up best the supreme cause for rejoicing: 'he that was dead was come to life again; he that was lost was found.'

"You see, that is my poor brother's name," the soldier said, when all three bent over the chaplain's letter. "There it is—'Ralph Verreker . . . one of those

for whom . . . not a disaster but a grace . . . most generous.' Poor fellow!"

Sydney straightened himself up, with a sigh, leaving the grey and the golden head still bent above the flimsy sheet of cramped pencilling. He had known all it contained; the chaplain's account of that sudden crowning grace had been the best joy of his life. He had his own theory. He had heard something about Ralph's impulsive goodness to a community who begged for their poor in Johannesburg. There was a good deal to find out; but when any one asked questions, Ralph almost swore, and told people not to talk "rot"⁷ and to "shut up," according to his polite way when he was irritated.

"Of course you have got the money now, my boy?" said the Colonel. He was in the habit of realizing the material side of life.

"No, sir. Why—hang the money! Who cares for that?" said Sydney. "My brother often wanted me to take half, but it seemed too like getting round the dead man's will."

"And who has it? The wife?"

"There was no wife, sir. My brother found that out when he was going abroad. That March Hare actress was not free. There is a note against the record now in the registrar's book."

There was a pause.

"A nice world!" said the Colonel, bitterly.

"It is, sir."

Sydney kept his ceremonious habit of saying "sir"; he could not lose it, even in the most affectionate welcome. As an officer, when he got his training he would say it still even to the man on the step above him; and though promoted a few days ago, he was only "Private Verreker" yet. He stood straight; he held up his head; his buttons shone with his own polishing; there was not a thread of his uniform out of place; and he said "sir" as naturally as he saluted with raised right hand every officer in the street.

"My brother could have had but a broken life, sir."

"But how on earth did we make such a mistake?" the Colonel asked. "That child just cried her heart out, and then ran off to your religion. Do you know, Verreker, she has turned Papist? She won't go near Mr. Kells, nor even the rector's wife."

Daisy was blushing at this revelation of her tears. She knew that Sydney was looking at her with compassion and gratitude, and she could not raise her eyes from the letter on the table.

"I know how we made the mistake, papa. We read, 'Really, Verreker'; 'R-a-l-p-h' does look like 'really.'"

"I believe he had a good heart," said the Colonel, making a sort of mental apology to the rich man who had "died of wounds" for his country. Colonel Spaggot had said many a hard thing of Ralph Verreker once. "As you say, he would have had but a broken life. The chances of war are strange. *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori!* He made a grand finish."

"He made a grand beginning, sir," said Sydney. It was one of his flashes of eloquence when his heart asserted its power to speak, and he found the right word.

In the summer-house looking down from the wall, the windows were shaken suddenly that night. A few flakes of plaster fell from the ceiling.

The returned soldier looked at Colonel Spaggot, with a question in his eyes, but without a word.

"By Jove, they have come!" said the Colonel, springing to his feet.

After chatting in the twilight, they had drawn dark curtains and lighted the lamp. And the hour had grown late unnoticed; Sydney had to keep reminding himself that he had to get back to town, and then out to the training camp. Daisy was exquisitely happy in the unspoken understanding that was between them now; for he had not only come back to life, but the joy of the meeting had shown that they loved each other.

Her eyes turned to her father. Who had come? How those army lorries shook the house!

There was no traffic passing on the road now; and yet the windows of the summer-house shuddered again, and a sound came from remotest distance. It was a strange noise, heavy—ininitely far off. Again and again it was repeated, while the wooden house trembled, and white flakes drifted from the ceiling. That was no thunder. It was short, with a horrible decision. Something weird and awful was happening somewhere, many a mile away.

"That *must* be a Zeppelin," Daisy's eyes were big with wonder. She held the base of the lamp, for it had shaken on the table. All three were standing now. The girl was looking from the Colonel, who had heard for the first time the sound of this war, to the lad in khaki, who had been living for months among the thunder of the guns. Her face blanched; then the color came back. "Do let us go out and look for the Zeppelin, papa! I've been wanting ever so long to see one."

"You are not afraid, Daisy?" The young soldier had slipped his arm through hers, as if he could possibly be her defence.

She shook back the stray curls off her forehead, and looked up at him.

"Yes, I am afraid! but I can get over that. Do come along! I want to be able to say I have seen a Zeppelin."

She darted over to the middle window and peeped round the edge of the curtain.

"The search-lights are beautiful, papa!"

"My dear child, you don't know what you are saying. Wanting to go out! There are Government orders that people are not to be in the streets."

"But nobody would know, if I just went to the door in the wall and put my head out."

She came back from another reconnaissance behind the curtain, and did not know why Sydney and her father were laughing.

"She can't help it, sir. Soldier's daughter!" Sydney said; and they both

laughed again; and the Colonel said, "By Jove!" and put his pipe away on the rack by the door.

"It was miles away, anyhow." This was from Sydney Verreker, after they had listened for a while, hearing nothing but the passing of cars on the road.

"That's true, my boy; but," said the Colonel, "these gentry are like the man in 'Killaloo'—you never know what they'll be up to next. So I think the house will be a safer place for Daisy. We know so little about speed and manœuvres in the air."

The wooden structure on the wall was certainly too light to stand even the shaking of a near bombardment. They put out the lamp, and went down the ladder-like steps into the garden. The clear-cut radiance of a search-light was sweeping the sky; and wherever one looked, fainter crystal rays in the distance pointed towards the zenith.

"Now, Daisy, what about the cellar?" asked the Colonel. "The newspapers say that's the safest place."

"No, papa dear! I'll never go to the cellar. When Mrs. Moran was here, she went down and saw a big black beetle."

The Colonel laughed aloud.

"All right! You see, she prefers the risk of bombs to the certainty of black beetles. That is the true feminine temperament, Sydney. A woman will buck up to see a Zeppelin, but she won't face spiders and things."

"Now, don't laugh at me, papa! You wouldn't like them either."

"Why? What is the matter with them?"

"Oh, I don't know! They have got too many legs."

After crossing the lawn, the Colonel opened the door, and the dog came with an uproar of delight from some back region where he had been keeping watch. There was no one in the dark, echoing house. The daily girl, Betty, had not yet gone to make munitions like all her predecessors; but she had finished her work long ago and departed. When the hall lamp was

lighted, and they had listened for a while and heard nothing, Sydney Verreker looked at his watch, and saw that for him, too, it was time to go. Everything was silent outside. He would go up to Chestnut Corner and wait for a car. Perhaps in town he would hear news; but the vast size of London made it unlikely that one end of the great city would know to-night what was happening at the other.

At the parting, the Colonel had noticed a momentary look that made Verreker's eyes eloquent, when Daisy said good-night. He went into the room he called his library, at the right-hand side of the hall, and drew thick curtains carefully, before lighting the gas. He always took a last read of a favorite book here at the end of the day, and a last smoke. Daisy found his book for him.

"Let me see you, child. Rosy cheeks to-night. Eyes wide awake—eh? Well, that *was* a surprise."

"What was? The bombs, papa?"

"What do *you* care about bombs?" he said, smiling, and taking the light from her for the last smoke. "I was thinking of Verreker coming back alive. He is a fine lad, and they did well to promote him from the ranks. I wonder how long he will be training? He has seen service: perhaps he will only get a month or six weeks. He must come here whenever he can; I told him so. This must be his home when he gets a day off."

Daisy's face glowed with pleasure.

"Where did you meet him, child?"

"In our church, papa."

"And what did you say?"

"I don't know. I nearly fell down on the floor."

The Colonel leaned back in his chair, and took a puff from his pipe, and smiled.

"So you are a rank little Papist already, Daisy? And go to their church!"

"I go in often, papa. I love it. But Sydney told me, coming up the street, that one has to know all about it and to be received."

After a pause, the Colonel said:

"I expect Verreker got a bit of a shock when he found you *dans cette galère*—eh?"

Daisy on the footstool at his feet, with an arm on her father's knee, looked up.

"I think Sydney was more glad to find me there than I was to see him alive. He said such things when we were coming up the street!"

"I expect he did," replied the Colonel, with a perplexed face and a jaw inclined to drop; for he was far from understanding the system of weights and measures by which a man like Verreker reckoned cause for rejoicing. "And I won't come between you, child. I remember my old Uncle Jeremiah wanted to stop *my* romance, and when I married your mother he told us something about 'bread-and-cheese and kisses.' He sent us as a hint that silver trefoil cheese-dish that's in the dining-room. Old Jeremiah left me his money, after all; and you and the lad shall have it. But all I want you to promise me, Daisy, is not to get engaged till he is out of this war. When the war is over, it will be time enough. He didn't ask you yet, Daisy?"

She looked up. "Oh, no, papa!"

"Did he say nothing while I was seeing Bulger about the hospital flower-show? Why, I thought any impulsive lad would have got his say said, when you two were up in that Gazabo, and I couldn't get away from Bulger on the lawn."

Daisy was laughing.

"We were talking about Catholics, and how the 'boys' over in France like the chaplains and get the sacraments before they go into battle; and the other men want to be the same, and get rosaries and crosses."

The Colonel was infinitely relieved, and somewhat puzzled. These Romanists like Verreker were strangely keen about the other world.

"He seems to think all that sort of thing is the first thing that matters," said the Colonel, a little impatiently.

"That's just what Sydney says, papa," answered the girl at his feet, with perfect content.

The Colonel had never heard of such an idea. Religion had been only an adornment to respectability in his young days. He cogitated deeply. New ideas were coming into the world with the war. At last he knocked the ashes out of his pipe and put it away.

"Well, my dear, we have heard a Zeppelin, or I am not John Spaggot. The tram-car drivers may bring some news to Chestnut Corner to-morrow. There will be no more alarms to-night. And you had better go to bed, my darling! Your bright eyes begin to look tired. And don't be too happy to go to sleep." He kissed her forehead, and they stood up. "Oh, by-the-by, I was forgetting to tell you the flower-show will take place, after all, at Morton Court! I thought it was given up forever. We shall have a show to get funds for the Red Cross. Same marquees, but refreshments in one this time, instead of the tea-fight in the house. Same band engaged. Everything the same—except that poor old Lady Verreker is gone."

"And Ralph," murmured Daisy, sadly,—
"poor Ralph!"

In the hospital wards at Morton Court, when all was silent for the night, there had been a strange sound audible from somewhere very far off; and all the windows of the old mansion slightly shook again and yet again.

Some of the "boys" had their own opinion about it. But there was a theory among the nurses that the noises had been only the shutting up of the motor garage: "Some of the men do bang the doors so!" A few poor fellows, half paralyzed from shell-shock, were soothed by this theory. There was a joke going round among the cheerful cases: "Oh, that's all right, Sister! They've found out our address. Thought we was getting lonely without 'em. Doors, is it? Oh,

yes! They were always banging the stable door where we were over in France!"

There was no word of an air raid in the morning papers. During the day rumors spread to Furzley. The news of London came in war time very much as tidings of battle were brought in those remote days when there were no telegraph wires, no railways, and no daily press.

People came to Furzley who had seen the ruins. They had seen—a number of miles away in the labyrinth of London—a street corner with shop-fronts closed by boards; the fragments of many broken windows had been swept from the streets like a sea of glass at dawn of morning. They had seen also the crowd pressing round an open crater in the road, where the police had stretched an encircling rope so that the most curious could not approach the edge. Elsewhere the end of a side-street was barricaded. One poor little house was down; the bodies had been dug out from under the miserable heap of bricks and dust. The neighboring dwellings had the front wall cleft away; one saw the floors, the furniture, the pictures hanging in their place. There was a mattress and bedding perched giddily on a roof, flung aloft by the force of the explosion. Daisy wept at the details of that raid, but the Colonel growled defiance. Yes, ghastly tragedies had happened, while they were talking lightly and facing possibilities.

Many people had achieved Daisy's ambition, and seen the Zeppelin. At an incalculable height, it had floated like a great silver fish, or stood perfectly still, poised in the beam of the search-light. Raids on the coast had been heard of before, but now the capital was startled. With the shock of the visitation, the spirit of defiance rose. Something should be done. London was going to set up a strong defence of its seven millions. The English capital has a claim upon its citizens that outsiders can hardly understand; they are proud of its unimaginable extent, its immemorial history, its place in litera-

ture, its multitudinous life. It is inconceivable to a stranger how the dweller in London becomes attached in a few years to his world of a city. So the problem of defence was taken up keenly. Violent resistance on a large scale should be opposed to violent attack. The anti-aircraft guns should be more efficient. The vast territory should be girdled at need with a wall of fire. Even at that early stage, a few of the faint-hearted fled; but the great majority stood to their homes, and listened with a kind of brave excitement for the sound of the guns. Who could ever have dreamt it? London from this time forth was well within the war zone.

The little things of life soon made people forget the possible danger. This year—nineteen hundred and fifteen—there was summer heat for a Morton Court flower-show in September. Again the brass music was pulsating under the trees in the distance. The crowd was about the band-stand and the two long tents; but this time the red and gold of autumn was on the background of trees. Morton Court was a military hospital now, and the show was for the funds. Sydney Verreker was there—almost as a stranger.

(To be continued.)

ONE may hear of people being swept off their feet by a sudden single wave of love, hate, grief, or fear. To the onlooker the sweeping may have appeared sudden, overwhelming in its violence; to the person involved it was probably the outcome of mature reflection, of calm deliberation. For was it not always there—this possibility amid the vast and complicated array of human possibilities,—this little seed germinating in the soul? The reaping was the inevitable result of its treatment: the discipline to which it had been subjected, whether of encouragement or repression. Between the first bud of the blossom and the ripened fruit how many changes, how many perils, how delicate and gradual an evolution!—*Isabel Clarke.*

The Wounds of My Lord.

BY R. O'K.

THEY crushed the wheat upon the wood;
 And forth there issued heavenly wine.
 I tasted it: oh, it was good,—
 The juice of Eden's promised Vine!

That wheat, as ancient seers have told,
 Is meat of God's elect, we know;
 The wine doth virgin spirits mould,
 And seraph fires light here below.

When thoughts of death weave gloom around,
 Though holy Simeon be nigh,
 On Christ's left foot I kiss the wound,
 And pray, like Simeon, to die.

"The axe unto the root is laid,"
 I've heard the Baptist thunder near;
 The right foot then I've kissed, and prayed:
 "O God, give me Thy holy fear!"

Two bleeding hands I see alway;
 And meek St. Joseph stands by me;
 He bids me kiss the left, and pray
 That I have true humility.

Our sweetest Lady takes my hand;
 I kiss the right hand tenderly.
 She whispers of a golden land,
 If I had angels' purity.

The riven side,—O "holy ground"!
 O heav'n below as heav'n above!
 With heart and soul I kiss the wound,
 And beg for love, for love, for love!

The tortured head and livid back,
 That thorns and lash and rood-tree bore,
 The swelling wounds and blood-red track,
 I prostrate cast myself before.

The wheat, as ancient seers foretold,
 Is meat of God's elect, we know;
 The wine doth virgin spirits mould,
 And seraph fires light here below.

With fruit of corn and oil and wine
 Thou makest, Lord, our souls divine.

The Journey Home.

BY THE REV. RAYMOND LAWRENCE.

IX.

IN the fall of 1910 I entered the General Theological Seminary in New York, an institution which in its long history has sheltered many who afterwards found their way into the Church. The thought of being in the seminary, and the attractiveness of the life there took up my attention completely for the first few weeks. Mr. S. was also there.

The life of the seminary was quite delightful in every way. If I had found peace of heart and mind, the situation would have been almost ideal. "Holy Communion" was celebrated daily at seven o'clock. The Offices of morning and evening prayer were sung by the seminarians in choir, and the music was Plain Chant. There was an air of devotion about the services and the life generally. It seems to have been the policy of those in authority to leave the young men a good deal to themselves as to forming and directing their life. Apart from attendance at chapel and at the lectures (which was of course required of them), they were left almost entirely alone to regulate their life as they chose. Such a system has great disadvantages, since it fails to teach the one great lesson so necessary in the ministry,—the lesson of obedience; but with those whose character is already formed and established, it tends to develop a certain manly dignity and a sense of responsibility which are admirable. The seminarians carried themselves not as boys but as men.

There was a noticeable earnestness and a desire to co-operate with the faculty and to get the best out of all that was done for us, which was very beautiful and inspiring. I began to know and to admire my companions and to make friendships, which, I felt sure, would be all the stronger for the unity of purpose which had brought

WE never lose those whom we love in Him whom we can never lose.—*St. Augustine.*

us together. No friendships are so strong as those which have their basis in religion; and I remember thinking that I should always look back upon these years in the seminary, and the associations made there, as being among the best things that life had brought to me. With this feeling I determined to enter into the life as heartily as possible. It was a joy to me to be there. I felt a real enthusiasm, and had for the time being turned my back upon my troubles.

Mr. S. was not so enthusiastic. He entered into the life, but I felt that he was a bit sceptical about it all. Soon I found that he was still far from a settled state of mind, and so our controversy began again more fiercely than ever. In my arguments with him, which were almost daily affairs, I seemed to prevail less and less; and finally we stopped arguing altogether, feeling that we gained nothing by it, and that there was no hope of agreement. And then, at the end of the half-year, he left the seminary and made his submission to Rome.

It was a great blow to me at first, for he was my most intimate friend; and I felt that I could not follow him, and that our ways would henceforth be along different paths. But, more than that, it gave me a kind of shock that one whom I had known so intimately should have fought out that never-ending battle and have gone. Instead of tempting me to follow him, it rather drove me further from it. I felt in a sense that I had used my best arguments in the controversy—arguments to which I was clinging for dear life,—and that they had failed. Moreover, a little pride made me somewhat chagrined that I should have effected so little when, as I felt, I had argued so well.

The seminary year ended, and I was still making a struggle to keep my back turned upon my doubts. Now and then something would occur to remind me of them, and that the old troubles were all there; but I succeeded pretty well

in ignoring them. And, even almost until the day when I left the Anglican Church, I had a strange confidence that somehow, somewhere, I should always find a solution of my difficulties which would allow me to remain where I was.

During the summer vacation I had charge of two small missions in the country, which were too poor to support a resident clergyman. I obtained a license from the bishop to conduct services in these missions, consisting of a few prayers and psalms from the Book of Common Prayer and a short address. In order to reach these places on Sunday, I had to start the night before; and I usually spent Saturday night in a nearby town, that I might get to the Holy Communion service in an Episcopal church there, to be present at which on Sundays I considered a matter of obligation. If I so considered it, it was plain that the rector of that parish did not; for I found the church closed altogether on a few Sundays towards the end of the summer, and learned that the rector was taking his vacation and had gone camping. It was a little thing in a way, but it helped to remind me again of the old troubles; and I went on down the street to a Catholic church, which I found packed to the doors, and heard Mass with possibly more satisfaction than devotion.

My experience in these missions was not without a certain influence in connection with my old doubts. They were in remote country villages, and were as free from any influence of the "Catholic revival" in the Anglican Church as if it had never occurred. The people were thoroughly Protestant-minded, and the very satisfaction and complacency which they took in being so could not but force itself upon me. I felt as strangely out of place among them as I would have felt in a Methodist pulpit. I realized how far away all my beliefs and ideas were from what they considered their religion to be. I felt how difficult it would be to convince them that they were "Catholics." I was

distressed, not because I was afraid to face such a difficulty; but I could not help being impressed with the weakness of my position in the face of so determined a Protestantism.

Upon what authority could I go to them with the Catholic religion (supposing I were ordained), and expect them to accept it? They had been Episcopalians all their lives, and knew what they had been taught. I could give them elaborate arguments about the Catholicity of the Prayer Book, but they could point to the Protestantism of the bishops and of the clergy generally. If I told them that there were many bishops and many of the clergy who held Catholic doctrines, they could very reasonably reply that there were others that did not, and that they were followers of them. And so what did it all amount to but that I should be teaching them the Catholic religion upon the authority of my own *ipse dixit*? And who was I that I should presume to tell these people what was the eternal Truth? Unless I could speak to them with authority as the messenger of God and His Church, I felt that it was better to keep silent. Of course at this time I had no special responsibility towards their souls, as I should have felt I had if I had been ordained; so the situation troubled me less than it would have done under other circumstances. But the time was coming when it would be different, and I would then have to face the situation. The thought did not afford me any comfort.

It was during this time, and while such thoughts were in my mind, that a certain friend of mine—an Episcopalian and one who was not in sympathy with the High Church movement—said to me quite unexpectedly one day: "If I were you and believed as you do, I would not remain in the Episcopal Church: I would become a Roman Catholic." I heard the words with something of a shock. I suppose that they came just at a time when I was in a state of mind to be struck by them. As a matter of fact, I was not in

any position where I could have become a Catholic at the time. I had much to learn yet before that could be; but the incident made me feel that possibly I was really more of an alien where I was than I had realized.

X.

In the autumn of 1911 I began my second year in the seminary. It commenced quietly enough, and I was happy in the seminary life. The course consists of three years spent in the study of theology, and this was my "middle year." I began to see ordination drawing near. The thought that I should soon be going out to teach others aroused a feeling of uneasiness within me. My old distress began to assert itself at times, and I could not altogether put it out of my mind. My doubts and perplexities were the background of all my thoughts and actions, and were with me waking and sleeping. Occasionally some incident or something said in the classroom would greatly increase the tension. I recall one such incident especially.

In the Anglican Church it is customary to give the chalice to the laity in administering Holy Communion. It is one of the things which the Reformation brought back into use. And since modern scientific research has revealed to us the great hidden world of germ life, and people have become enthusiastic about new methods taken to prevent the spread of disease, naturally this practice has met with a good deal of opposition. High Churchmen said that the danger from the chalice was greatly exaggerated, and that people should have faith enough to overcome their timidity. Others were active in opposing the methods then in use. It was as the result of this controversy that the rector of a certain city parish sent the remnants of the "consecrated element" in the chalice, left over after the Communion service, to a chemist to be chemically tested in order to prove just the amount of danger that the practice involved. It can be imagined with what

horror High Churchmen, who believed in the Real Presence, heard of this act. And the deed was done without protest from those in authority, so far as I could hear. And the Church over which these men ruled was supposed to be the guardian of the Blessed Sacrament! It is not necessary to say that all this was a source of great distress to me, and that it made me question the authority of a Church which could permit such a "sacrilege."

During this same year it was my privilege, with the other members of my class, to pay a visit to one of the great institutional churches in the city, and to examine all the various branches of work carried on for the uplifting and helping of the poor of the parish. It was a very interesting and inspiring sight. The value and merit of the work done could not be over-estimated. But before we made our tour of inspection, the rector of the great parish and director of all these works of charity gave us—callow seminarians as we were—a little talk on the meaning and ideals of the ministry, and the aims that we should have. I have since read a report in the *New York Sun* (Dec. 10, 1915) of an address made by him upon the same subject, and so exactly recalling his words at that time that I may very well insert it here as a true record of what we were told:

"... We should make every opportunity to unite with *other* Protestant communions in the interests of spiritual common-sense, efficiency, and economy at home and in the mission fields; and not until we achieve far more unity than we have to-day shall we receive the recognition of that great and growing congregation now outside of the churches. Christ came to make human life 'more abundant' than it had ever been,—not to establish a sacerdotal sect, imposing features of faith and practice as foreign to the spirit of His sublime teaching as were the stiff-necked ritualists of His own day, whom He roundly condemned."

The effect of this singular little talk

was much the same as that of many other things that I was daily seeing and hearing. It sounded in my ears as the voice of Anglicanism interpreting for me the true character of my Anglican mother. If it were not her voice at least it was one of the many clamoring tongues which were daily growing louder, and which she was absolutely powerless to silence.

There were other things also which forced the situation in the Anglican Church upon my notice. In the seminary the prevailing tendencies among the authorities were High Church, but there were men among them who were of quite different views. Some members of the faculty were said to be, and apparently were, admirers to some extent of the German rationalistic criticism—"Dutch heresy," as we called it; and one man was even said to have doubts as to the Resurrection of Our Lord. There were nearly as many theological views represented in the seminary as there were professors; and the students, too, were all divided up into groups—High, Low, and Broad—according to their various opinions. It reminded one of that old rhyme, more remarkable for its rhythm than for its thought:

The brave old Duke of York
Had thirty thousand men,
And he marched them bravely up the hill
And he marched them down again.

And when they were up, they were up;
And when they were down, they were down;
And when they were only halfway up,
They were neither up nor down.

The whole situation was a kind of epitome of the entire Episcopal Church, and one which, in my estimation, favored it rather than otherwise; for High Church views predominated.

It is easy to imagine what a trial of faith such a situation was. Now and then there would be a statement made in the lecture room which would be in direct opposition to all that we who held Catholic views believed. Again and again we heard in the seminary chapel, from various prominent representative clergymen of New York, sermons which were, to us,

filled with heresy from beginning to end. Towards the spring of 1912, when my own feelings had reached their height and the stress and strain were becoming too great to bear, there was given in the chapel, by one of the most prominent clergymen in New York, a series of lectures which seemed to my mind to contain in one form or another nearly every heresy which had ever devastated Christendom. I suppose they were not so bad as that; but, coming as they did at a time when I had already been tried to desperation, they seemed like a direct attack upon the fundamental dogmas of the Faith, as I conceived it. The lecturer was a man highly favored in the Episcopal Church, the rector of one of the oldest parishes in New York, and of most excellent standing. Night after night the lectures continued, subtly worded and brilliant in style. It came to be more than I could endure to listen to them; and, after the first two or three, I absented myself from the chapel; and I remember staying alone in my room in the twilight, in complete distress of mind, and saying the Rosary.

These lectures seemed, in a way, to be the culmination of the year's experiences. It was as if Anglicanism had forced me to realize what was its true nature, and this last experience was the crowning event in the series. I was forced to admit that the Anglican Church presented a sort of miniature picture of all Christendom. All forms of belief were tolerated, however contradictory of one another,—from Papal Infallibility, or something very like it, at one end of the line to what was practically Unitarianism at the other, with all the manifold varieties and shades of belief in between. All views could find a place in her fold, and the defenders of each could be in equally good standing. The bishops were in no way different from the rest, and were quite as much divided and quite as bitterly opposed to one another. The differences that separated men were not matters which were unessential and therefore possibly disputable,

but the most vital dogmas of the Christian religion, the very foundations of faith. The whole was a sea of confusion, a house divided through and through against itself. And Our Lord had said "a house divided against itself shall not stand." A clergyman could change his views from the most extreme High Church position to the most up-to-date Modernism and be in equally good standing throughout. If he happened to have a bishop who was opposed to his views in either case, he might suffer some sort of mild persecution; but he could easily find another bishop of his own views who would gladly accept his services, and so the difficulty could be avoided.

Men talked of the wonderful inclusiveness of the Anglican Church and prided themselves upon it, but I wanted something quite different. Christ came into the world to bring "grace and truth," and those were the things which my soul craved. He had promised salvation to those that "believe." I did not want to make up a religion for myself. I did not want to be told that I could believe what I liked. I felt utterly incompetent to pick and choose a religion upon which to risk the eternal salvation of my soul. Out of all the wild, whirling currents of religious thought and opinion I could make no system for myself and be satisfied with it. I wanted the Truth which Christ had brought,—the old, age-tried dogmas of the Christian Faith. I wanted to be told authoritatively by one whom He had commissioned what I must believe and do. I did not want the freedom that means libertinism and lawlessness. I wanted to be made to obey and to be brought under the restraining influence of the sweet yoke of Christ.

I had become an Anglican because I sincerely believed the Anglican Church to be a part of the Catholic Church. As I have already said, so long as I could see the Catholic Church in Anglicanism, I was satisfied with it. I had believed that High Church views were the real doctrines of

the Anglican Church. Now I knew that they were but one phase of it, tolerated like the others, but nothing more. When I began to realize this, my faith in the Anglican Church had gone. I did not any longer even feel bitterly towards those whom I had so often before denounced as heretics. I began to look upon them more charitably. They had as much right in the Anglican Church as any others. The whole situation was changed. We were all simply Protestants, holding our own individualistic views on the basis of our own private judgment, and appealing for authority to a Church which was powerless, even if she would, to interfere in the controversy.

I had never been a Protestant at heart from the time when I first began to think of religion seriously at all. Protestantism has always seemed to me to be altogether unreasonable. There were doubtless many things that needed reforming in the sixteenth century; but the movement as a whole, I believe, was a step back towards paganism. Its ultimate trend is surely towards atheism. It is the logical consequence of the rejection of the principle of authority in matters of faith. Individuals, however, are not so logical, and many are satisfied with the remnants of truth that have been saved to them out of the wreckage. To condemn the system is not to speak harshly of those who remain in it and have not been aroused to see its defects. I should wish to be the last to condemn others for not seeing what has been granted to me. I should rather pray that we may all be loyal to the truth in so far as we know it, and that God will keep us humble.

To say that I had lost faith in Anglicanism, however, does not mean that I had ceased to believe in those Catholic doctrines which I had learned as an Anglican. On the contrary, it was my very faith in those doctrines which had been the source of all my difficulties. I had learned those doctrines, believing that it was the Anglican Church which imposed them upon

me; but afterwards I had found that she was powerless to defend them when they were being attacked and denied by her own children; and that when I looked to her for guidance, she constantly pointed me to another. Whether I would or no, more and more, as I accepted what I believed to be her teaching, I was forced to see her weaknesses and the corresponding strength of Rome. It was not that I was critical and looking for faults. Rather, it was my sincere desire to find in the Anglican Church all that the religion which I had learned from her demanded that had caused my difficulty.

And so, as time went on, and I began to realize little by little that I was really of a different spirit from those whom I saw around me, I came also to a gradual realization that my real sympathies were with the Roman Catholic Church. There was not a doctrine of hers that I did not already believe whole-heartedly and sincerely. I was in doubt only as to her great fundamental claim to be the whole Church and as to the divine right of supremacy in the Holy See. And yet, strange to say, all along, my standard of what was right and true had been unconsciously that which Rome taught and did. It was a conviction as to the *theory* of the Catholic Church that I lacked rather than faith in the Catholic Church herself. And when I say that I lacked conviction, I speak exactly; for I had no positive convictions *against* the claims of Rome. It was merely that I had not seen them yet in such a light that I could say *Credo*. And so during all this year—my last year in the Anglican Church—there was a constant growth in the direction of Rome parallel with my waning faith in Anglicanism. It remains but to tell how my growing faith in the Church became complete.

(To be continued.)

THE crucifix preaches as no mortal tongue can do of the divine nature of that forgiveness so hard for human hearts to practise.—*Christian Reid*.

Terry O'Connor.

BY THE VERY REV. FRANCIS GONNE, M. A.

IT is a study in the character of race to watch the strange metamorphosis of beliefs and legends, especially Christ legends, as they spread from country to country and from generation to generation. According to these stories, Mary and her Divine Son travelled far beyond the bounds of Egypt. They came, for instance, to Cornwall; and a cynical judge of race characteristics will note that they voyaged to England with Joseph of Arimathea when the latter was journeying on some commercial enterprise. In the Hebrides legends are current which are fairylike and nebulous, and not lacking in a pagan touch. On the West Coast of Ireland, Mary still wanders, with her Infant in her arms; but it is the Mary not merely of ancient but of modern faith, very human, very understanding,—one of themselves infinitely glorified. She and her Child are present here and now in the midst of each generation. The twelve stars about her head and the moon beneath her feet are not scarfed with the mists of antiquity: they are the stars of last night and the rising sickle of this evening.

It is not merely so in their legends: it is so in their talk. Mary of the Graces lives and moves about their surroundings; she listens to the women, chides and approves, whilst her Son plays with the little children.

Now, it is quite clear that a schoolmaster can never be a boy. He can no more escape his desk than a bishop can his throne. His doom is to be forever a man. But there are moments when he may shake off his shackles,—rare moments and under certain conditions. And first he must be among boys who do not know that he is a schoolmaster, and next he must be on holiday. And then, ah, how full of knowledge and understanding he is! So much so that the close fellowship

opens to receive him,—the magic circle is pierced.

The boys of the village did not know me as a schoolmaster in a college in Manchester: they knew me only as a fellow-curate of Father Tom's at St. Patrick's. And so, like the prince disguised as a beggar, I had free right of entry into the charmed enclosure of their world. That is why I was invited to take part in the Passion Play,—a privilege that never would have been extended to Father Tom. They divined I had the right, because they knew that, unlike grown-ups, I understood things, though they didn't know why.

And what better game, seeing that it was a holyday of obligation, than to play Maundy Thursday and Good Friday? Wasn't the story alive in their hearts from the cradle, with their fathers and mothers telling them nearly every night, and the Sisters at school nearly every morning, and Father Tom most Sundays of the year? And so we all walked off in the sunshine, while the girls stayed at home and helped their mothers, as little girls should do when they are not learning their lessons.

We made our way to a shadowy glen where the unscorched grass was tender and green, where the profane world was warded off by straight shafts of giant rock which stood round like sentinels. They held their heads so high that the eagles circling their tops looked no bigger than curlews.

With relentless justice, our parts were apportioned to us by Paddy Byrne. I was to be a Roman centurion keeping the rabble in order. The central figure was taken by Terry O'Connor, who was blind from birth, and who used to be led about the village with rough kindness by the other boys. Paddy himself was the high priest; and Shauneen O'Hara, who was gentle as a girl, was John; and Patsy Meehan, who could fight any boy his own size in all the neighboring parishes, was Peter; and swarthy-faced Jerry McCarthy was Pilate; and—oh, the cruel justice!—

Jimmy O'Donohue, who once told a lie to Father Tom, was Judas.

The arrest in the garden was a tumultuous affair, and Roman law was on the point of intervening when to its great relief Terry, his hands bound behind his back, was led off to the high priest. And only now I began to realize that it was not merely a noisy, if reverent, boys' game. There was no element of pretence. The idea, the reality, had gripped each performer, even the smallest youngsters who formed the outer fringe of the mob. They were translating into action the story they knew so well by heart, and had imagined with the vivid imagination of boyhood times without number when saying the Holy Rosary or "going the rounds of the Stations."

And so I became a mere onlooker, deliberately holding back, though strongly tempted to intervene when the play became very realistic, which it did as the action expanded and reached towards the climax. There was, too, an expression on the blind boy's face,—a look of utter patience and meekness as the others roughly handled him, dragging him before Pilate, scourging him, laying a heavy bough of a tree on his shoulders for the cross; finally leading him up a steep mound and binding him to a tree trunk, against which he leaned with arms outstretched, till at long intervals he had repeated the "Seven Last Words."

As the closing scenes were enacted, I breathed more freely, and rejoiced at the resurrection as though it were Easter morning. From first to last there had been no outrage on my feelings. It was intensely real, that was all; but no look, no word, no gesture had marred the reverence of any one of the performers. All the same, I had a quiet word with Paddy Bryne. He was astonished when I suggested that they had been too hard with poor blind Terry O'Connor.

"But, Father," he exclaimed, "it's his fault! He makes us do it properly,—hurt him, I mean."

I did not pursue the subject, fearing lest my reputation for being one of themselves would suffer. But when they dispersed, I walked home with Terry. He was very quiet at first, and seemed completely exhausted.

"Don't you think, Terry," I asked after we had gone a little way, "that all this play is too much for you?"

"I get tired at the end," he answered simply. He paused a moment; then as he continued I felt that the glow of feeling denied his sightless eyes had passed into his words: "But isn't it fine for me? You see, Father" (he was almost whispering), "it's not hard for me to suffer as others do and as Our Lord did. People are all so kind to me because I am blind. The Sisters tell me stories because I can't read, and I have all the easy work to do in the fields, and I get rides along the roads when the other boys have to walk for miles. And nobody hurts me, and I wouldn't know what pain was like if— if they didn't do to me what was done to Our Lord. And, oh, it's grand suffering with Him! Do you know, Father, it's not true that I can't see at all." (His voice sank still lower.) "I see Him all the time we are playing. And when the boys are lashing me, I see the soldiers scourging Him. And when it hurts very much, He smiles at me with such a beautiful look! And when I carry the branch of the tree, He goes on ahead with His cross. And when I want to give up, He turns and looks at me, and—and I must go on."

I gazed down at him. Tears were starting from his blind eyes and running fitfully down his pale face. He had altogether forgotten me. He was seeing again the vision; and, in the company of this little saint and mystic, I walked a silent and humbled man.

We were nearing the mud cabin where Terry lived with his mother when he suddenly spoke again:

"Sometimes, Father, when the other boys leave me, He comes and plays with

me. I see Him come, you understand? He comes out of the church and walks through the village, and I nearly cry out at the sight of Him. He is only a boy then, no bigger than myself, like they tell me He was with the wise doctors in the Temple."

"What does He talk about, Terry?" I asked, assuming as natural a tone as I could.

"Oh, He talks about His Blessed Mother and St. Joseph, and His home and the toys and things they made Him to play with. And sometimes He tells me about the martyrs and the missionaries, and what they said and did when they were working and dying. It is all so beautiful,—so very beautiful!"

By this time we had reached the humble cabin. I entered with Terry, calling out cheerily to his mother:

"Mrs. O'Connor, I have brought your boy home!"

The good woman overwhelmed me with thanks.

"One never knows what he may be at, and he blind!" she exclaimed. "But the Mother of Graces I do be asking every day to look after him, and send her own Son to be company with him; and never harm befell him yet, thanks be to God! She understands."

As I walked home to Father Tom's, I thought of the Cornish Christ legends, and the Breton legends, and the legends of the western islands of Scotland; but, somehow, their poetry had chilled and their charm had fled.

Love is Dying.

BY EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ, S. J.

LOVE is bleeding, Love is dying,
On the Cross in anguish dying;
Deep to deep is mournful calling,
While the Sacred Blood is falling,—
Mournful calling, sad replying,
"Love is dying!"

A Lenten Saint.

THERE 'is a religious Order in the Church, the Minims, whose members observe a perpetual Lent. All the year round they eat but one meal a day, and never touch meat or food containing eggs or milk, except in case of sickness. Their founder, St. Francis of Paola, led a most austere life: his daily repast, which he never took until after sunset, usually consisted of bread and water. Yet he reached the advanced age of ninety-one. He was gifted with the spirit of prophecy, and worked many miracles.

St. Francis was born of humble parents at Paola, a town near Naples, in the year 1416. Shortly after his birth, this child of many prayers was dedicated to St. Francis of Assisi. When he grew up he was sent for a year to a Franciscan monastery; and, though only thirteen years of age, surpassed all the friars in his strict observance of the rule. Afterward he went with his parents on a pilgrimage in honor of his patron, visiting Assisi, the Portiuncula, and Rome. On his return he shut himself up in a cave near the sea-coast, leading the life of a hermit for five years. Other holy men afterward built cells near him; and, drawn by the love of his neighbor, he came out from his retreat and lived with them a community life. In addition to the usual monastic vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, they bound themselves by a fourth vow to observe a perpetual Lent. He called them Minims, to signify that they were the least and lowliest in the Church of God.

This holy man foretold in 1447 that Constantinople would be taken by the Turks in 1453. He also foretold, three months before the event, that Otranto, one of the most important places of the kingdom of Naples, would fall into the hands of the same infidels; he promised success to the Christians in the following year, when they recovered that city, and drove the Turks out of Italy. These and

many other wondrous predictions were verified by the authentic depositions of unexceptionable witnesses. A nephew having died, St. Francis restored him to life, and he afterwards became one of the saint's most distinguished followers.

The weak and unscrupulous Louis XI., when attacked by a lingering but fatal malady, sent for St. Francis to come and cure him, promising that he would shower great favors upon him and his Order. St. Francis, not heeding his request, Louis entreated the King of Naples to send him; but the saint replied that he could not tempt God by undertaking a voyage of a thousand miles for the purpose of trying to work a miracle which was sought from merely human motives. But Louis having appealed to Sixtus IV., St. Francis, at the command of that Pontiff, immediately set out for France. The King was in his Castle of Plessis-les-Tours, near the city of Tours, where jesters, buffoons, and dancers were employed to divert his melancholy.

Hearing that St. Francis had arrived at Tours, the King went out to meet him with all his court. Falling on his knees, he begged of the saint to obtain from God that his life might be prolonged. The saint told him that God's decrees are unchangeable: kings must die at the appointed time as well as the least of their subjects. By his prayers and exhortations, St. Francis effected a change in the King's heart: at the end of the year he died in the saint's arms, perfectly resigned. Louis' successors, Charles VIII. and Louis XII., would not suffer St. Francis to leave the kingdom, and treated him with the greatest honor and distinction. He remained in France for twenty years. The last three months of his life were passed in his cell, in preparation for death. On Palm Sunday, in the year 1507, he fell ill of a fever, and rapidly grew worse. On Maundy Thursday he communicated barefoot, with a cord about his neck, as is the custom of the Order; and on Good Friday departed for Paradise.

A Peculiarly Christian Virtue.

FEW Christian precepts are so distinctly antagonistic to the trend of human nature as that brief command of Christianity's Founder: "Love your enemies." Human reason, it is true, recognized thousands of years ago the beauty of clemency; but it was reserved for the God-Man to introduce upon earth a practice and institute a precept so sublime that reason could never have soared to its conception.

There is one point in this law of love that merits particular attention—the forgiveness of injuries. It is a decidedly practical subject, not only because all have frequent opportunities of exercising this virtue, but because not a few good-living Christians seem to entertain most erroneous opinions as to the nature and extent of the obligation to exercise it.

To pardon our enemies, no matter how grievously they have offended, no matter how considerably they have injured us, is for us Christians a sacrifice that is absolutely necessary. The proof lies in a multitude of passages scattered through the Gospels. "Therefore," says Our Lord Himself, "if thou offerest thy gift at the altar, and there shalt remember that thy brother hath anything against thee, . . . first go to be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." What does this mean, if not that God has the accomplishment of this precept so much at heart that He rejects every sacrifice that is not accompanied by mercy? It means that we may pray and fast and give alms and render worship and frequent the Sacraments,—aye, may suffer martyrdom; but if we are not reconciled to our enemy, it is all in vain. Why? Because we are wanting in an essential point of the law; because we have not the virtue of charity; and without charity we, like St. Paul, are nothing.

He, says St. John, who flatters himself that he loves God while he holds

his neighbor in hatred or aversion is a liar and a hypocrite unworthy the name of Christian. It follows that the forgiveness of injuries is an indispensable duty on the part of a practical Catholic. Men and women who lead otherwise a regular life, who frequent the Sacraments, do good works, give good example, and nevertheless preserve in their inmost hearts a feeling of resentment, a germ of hatred, a desire for revenge, a disposition secretly to rejoice over the humiliation or downfall of their enemies,—such persons are sterile of merit before God.

To contend that it is impossible to forgive even one's most inveterate enemy is exaggerated nonsense. God never commands impossibilities, and He does most expressly and emphatically command this forgiveness. It is difficult, of course; and this is just why our conduct becomes more noble, more magnanimous, more worthy of Christians. It is difficult, but it is well to remember that heaven is not promised to cowards; and he whom innate malice or human respect prevents from struggling with, conquering, and utterly routing the demon of hatred that lodges in his heart, is nothing else than an abject coward, who should blush to call himself a soldier of Jesus Christ.

Are we, then, really obliged actually to love those who detest us and who lose no opportunity of injuring us in our fortune or our good name? Most assuredly we are, for Christ expressly ordains it. "I say to you, love your enemies; do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you." We are not bound to love them with the confidential love, the affectionate regard, which we entertain for our best friends; but we owe them at least a patient love, devoid of all rancor; we should suffer their defects, excuse them, and refrain from making them public. We owe them a benevolent love, praying for them, and rendering them good service when the occasion presents itself.

Is it thus that we act in our normal everyday life? Alas! how many delusions about this matter do we not cherish! "I forgive him; but I have a good memory, and I shall never forget what he has done."—"I do not bear him any ill-will, but let him go his road and I'll go mine. I don't want to have anything more to do with him. I can't bear the sight of him." But it is not enough to bear him no ill-will: we must wish him well, love him as ourselves; be afflicted when injury is done to him, prevent it when we can. If, instead of feeling and acting thus, we keep spite in our hearts, nourish projects of revenge, are pleased when evil is spoken of or done to our enemy, cherish a purpose of retaliating upon him, we lack the charity which God exacts from us, and deliberately lock ourselves outside the portals of divine forgiveness.

Deplorable, in very truth, is the lot of the vindictive man, since he renders himself absolutely incapable of receiving God's pardon for his own transgressions. "Forgive and you will be forgiven," says the Gospel. Refuse your pardon and God will refuse His. Of what avail is prayer to him who preserves enmity and rancor in his heart? "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us," runs the most excellent of all prayers. "As we forgive,"—does not the vindictive Christian who uses this formula call down God's anathema upon himself?

It may be that the individual who injures us is one whom we have many times befriended—one who imposes upon our virtue and generosity, desiring only to bring us down to a level with himself; and, failing in this, leaves no measure untried to blacken our character, disturb our peace of soul, and make our existence as miserable as his own. Nevertheless, we must be patient and forgiving, humbly committing our cause to God, the best of fathers, who will take a tender care of us and dispose of all things for our greater good.

Notes and Remarks.

One has read so much of late months of the multifarious activities of the Knights of Columbus that it is something of a relief to be asked to consider what we may perhaps be permitted to call one of their "passivities." Sixteen years ago, Mgr. O'Reilly, of Cleveland, inaugurated a Lenten retreat for the Knights of his city, and since that time the practice of holding such spiritual exercises has been common throughout Ohio. It is being adopted also in many other States of the Union. Needless to say, the idea is an excellent one, as is the plan of laymen's retreats at any period of the year. The more energetic and active Knights or other men show themselves in the ordinary walks of life, the greater the reason why at times they should spend a few days in more or less complete separation from the hurly-burly of business or professional cares. The unanimous verdict of such laymen as have attended retreats of this nature is that they are eminently worth while; and proof that such is the case is the fact that no one who has been a participant in one such series of exercises fails to avail himself of the privilege of attending the next series. Retreats are admirable methods of making better Catholics; and the better the Catholic, the better the Knight.

At its best a league of nations is an ideal, at its worst a chimera, according to M. Johannet, the latest critic of the theory of nationality, the complement of which, doubtless, would be such a league. It is as a chimera that he regards a society of nations. He thinks it is putting the cart before the horse to try to regulate procedure before having a code; and a code of nations is for him a mirage. There is unquestionable truth in M. Johannet's remark that the nations are being driven towards a league by the conviction that nothing else will guarantee

their existence and preserve them from Bolshevism. But he doubts very much if their confidence will be justified. His belief is that the legal force at the disposal of the proposed League will never be anything more than a reflection of existing force, and will therefore be only a fresh consecration of the right of the strongest. Law, he reminds us, deters crime by its punctuality much more than by its severity; and punctuality is the very last thing to be expected from a body like the League of Nations.

Exceedingly disconcerting truth is all this, but truth nevertheless. Law and the authority to enforce it are now in abeyance the world over.

Many of our readers, we fancy, will share the surprise with which we learned of the recent action of the publishers of the London *Lancet*, a periodical which we have been accustomed to consider one of the most reputable and authoritative medical journals printed in English. Father Woodlock, S. J., has been lecturing in London on Our Lady's famous shrine in the Pyrenees, in connection with the Soldiers' Pilgrimage, of which we have given some account in these columns. The *Universe*, thinking that it might be of interest to medical men in London to have the opportunity of hearing the specific lecture, " Lourdes and Modern Miracles of Healing," sent to the *Lancet*, for insertion at the usual rates, an advertisement worded so as to make clear of what type the lecture really was. The advertisement—and here is the cause of our surprise—was returned with word that the medical journal's manager did not "think it advisable to insert it." Inquiry elicited the information that the mere mention of "miracles" disqualified the advertisement for admission to the columns of the *Lancet*. "You know the medical profession does not believe in miracles," said the manager. To begin with, that statement is altogether too general; very many members, and distinctly eminent members, of the profes-

sion *do* believe in miracles. In the second place, a refusal to announce such a lecture in its advertising columns will strike the average man as a confession of fear to hear the case for miracles even stated,—a rather humiliating position to be taken by a reputable scientific journal.

The *Universe*, commenting on the matter, well says: "Our contemporary, and those whom it may represent, are quite at liberty to take that line if they like. But they must not be surprised if ordinary people draw conclusions unfavorable to the reputation for open-mindedness which scientific men are supposed to possess. They must not be surprised if ordinary people smile the smile of incredulity when 'tall talk' reaches their ears of the disinterested pursuit of truth for truth's sake, on the part of people who deliberately turn their backs upon a whole department of human experience, and upon a whole class of explanations offered in solution of some of its perplexities. The *Lancet* may fancy that it is upholding the dignity of the medical profession in trying to make believe that there is no such place as Lourdes and no such thing as a miracle of healing. But plain people will rather interpret its action as that of the ostrich hiding its head in the sand—though without the excuse of that blameless bird, whose Creator has not endowed it with the advantages and responsibilities of the reasoning faculty."

A timely and welcome restatement of the Roman Question has been made by the *Osservatore Romano*, as follows:

The Roman Question exists, and will exist until the Holy See is assured of that normal situation which is its due by right divine, and which it can not renounce without committing suicide. It is certainly true that the idea of the Vatican "is to render the Church independent of Italian civil power." That is where the Roman Question lies. If this liberty and independence were to be lacking with the acquiescence of the Holy See, not only in reality but also in appearance, and the people of the world were to be persuaded that the Pope was dependent upon any civil power, the Church would disintegrate

into so many national Churches,—that is to say, it would cease to exist. Governments would rightly refuse to tolerate in their States the action of Pontifical power that was dependent upon a political authority.

The *Osservatore* takes occasion to quote the memorable words of Disraeli, spoken in the House of Commons on May 8, 1862. He then declared that it was of the utmost importance that the Pope, who, as a spiritual Prince, exercised great power in every country, and was represented in every country by an organized intellectual body, "should not be placed in a situation where he should be subject to the undue influence of any other European Power."

It is plain that the Roman Question will be settled only when the liberty and independence of the Pope are recognized and safeguarded. The war showed clearly enough that Benedict XV. was not independent of Italy; and the Peace Conference may show no less clearly that it would be for the best interests of Italy to settle the Roman Question.

In his allocution at the Secret Consistory held on the 10th of March, the Holy Father expressed his anxiety in regard to the future of the Church in Palestine, where great efforts are being made to accomplish what has been everywhere attempted. Said his Holiness:

"But there is one matter on which We are most specially anxious, and that is the fate of the Holy Places, on account of the special dignity and importance for which they are so venerated by every Christian. Who can ever tell the full story of all the efforts of Our predecessors to free them from the dominion of infidels, the heroic deeds and the blood shed by the Christians of the West through the centuries? And now that, amid the rejoicing of all good men, they have finally returned into the hands of the Christians, Our anxiety is most keen as to the decisions which the Peace Congress at Paris is soon to take concerning them. For surely it

would be a terrible grief for Us and for all the Christian faithful if infidels were placed in a privileged and prominent position; much more, if those most holy sanctuaries of the Christian religion were given into the charge of non-Christians.

"We learn, too, that non-Catholic foreigners, furnished with abundant means, and profiting by the great misery and ruin that the war has brought on Palestine, are there spreading their errors. Truly harrowing indeed is the thought that souls should be losing their faith and hastening to damnation on that very spot where Jesus Christ our Lord gained for them life eternal at the cost of His Blood. Helpless, deprived of all they have, those poor souls are stretching out to us suppliant arms, imploring not only food and clothing but the rebuilding of their churches, the reopening of their schools, the restoration of their missions. To this end We have, for Our part, already set aside a certain sum; and most willingly would We give more if the present poverty of the Holy See allowed. But it is Our intention to excite the interest of the bishops of the whole Catholic world, that they may take to heart so noble and holy a cause,—arousing among all the faithful that sense of active charity which their ancestors always showed towards their brethren of the Orient."

The greatest calamity that could possibly befall Palestine would be its turning over to the infidel Government of France; and that calamity is to be feared as one of the decisions of the Peace Conference. The Pope's anxiety is well grounded.

California is naturally up in arms against land grants to Japan by Mexico. It would increase the danger of an invasion of California by the Japanese, and create a base of supplies for them on our borders. Perhaps the whole country would also be up in arms if a little incident of his recent trip across the water, related by Congressman Fuller, of Massachusetts, were more generally known. "I found among my

fellow-passengers," he said, "a most delightful person, who was no other than M. Delanney, the French Ambassador to Japan. I took occasion to ask him if, as a result of his observation, the Japanese were sincerely pro-Ally. To this inquiry the Ambassador replied very definitely, 'No, sir,' and inquired, 'Who in the world thought they *were* sincerely pro-Ally?' He stated to me that the Japanese intended to support Germany; but after their Commission visited here and saw how whole-heartedly we were going into the war, they were afraid to do so. Ambassador Delanney stated that he sailed from Japan to Vancouver; and when the party arrived and learned the news that Austria had surrendered, the Japanese members of the party were visibly disappointed. He likened the Emperor and the military caste of Japan to that of Germany. He declared that their methods and ideas and ideals were identical with those of Germany."

We have always held that Japan would bear considerable watching by the United States Government, and this incident goes to prove our contention. The Japanese may now be preparing for another war. If so, they are very unlikely to announce the fact, or to show themselves accommodating enough to delay action until their enemy is all ready for them.

The culpable imprudence of attaching one's signature to a business document the terms of which one does not thoroughly understand, or the full purport of which is not seriously weighed, has been so often denounced in theory and so often disastrously verified in practice, that most people are on their guard in the matter. When there is question of signing joint notes, mortgages, bills of sale, deeds, insurance policies, or other contracts, none save the obviously incompetent forego an attentive reading of the paper to which they are to affix their names. In the matter of petitions, however—petitions for any one of a hundred different

purposes,—less care is given to the tenor of the document presented for signature; and very often the great majority of the names affixed to a given petition appear there for no stronger reason than that the document had already been signed by some individuals of ability and repute. A student of a military school in Kausas, desirous of testing this psychological principle, recently secured the signatures of fifty fellow-students to a petition which actually contained this clause, "We request that we, the undersigned, be conducted to the rear of the gymnasium and be there noisily decapitated."

This is, of course, an extreme case; but, in an endless variety of instances in everyday life, petitions for this or that purpose—the pardon of a criminal, the removal of an official, the passage of one statute or the annulling of another, the promotion of a social, educational, commercial, or economic project, etc.—contain the statement of principles and the commendation of theories of which a goodly number of the signatories assuredly do not approve. "People do not read petitions," says a modern satirist: "they sign them"; and most of them sign for the same reason that the majority of a flock of sheep jump over a fence,—they, impulsively rather than thoughtfully, follow their leader.

The many friends and admirers of Mr. George L. Duval, of New York city, have been gratified by the bestowal upon him of the Lætare Medal—"the Golden Rose of the New World"—by the University of Notre Dame. Eminently deserving as were all the recipients of this distinction, it has never been more fittingly bestowed than in this case. Apart from sterling personal worth—nobility of character, blameless life, ardent though modest devotion to the cause of our holy religion,—Mr. Duval is distinguished for princely benevolence, always exercised where the need seemed most urgent and the likeli-

hood of publicity most remote. And—not less beautiful—his benefactions have invariably been in honor of the Blessed Virgin, to whom he is singularly devoted, and of whom he has proved himself a true knight. At White Plains, N. Y., there is a home for crippled children, under the care of the Sisters of St. Francis, where daily prayers ascend for its beloved founder and generous friend. In the petition that a life so beneficent and exemplary as that of Mr. Duval may long be preserved his coreligionists everywhere will heartily join.

The first number of a new periodical, to be issued on the 15th of each month in Paris, London, and New York, will aim at effecting an economic, literary, social, and political *rapprochement* between the Allied Nations. It will, of course, identify the cause of civilization with that of the Entente. As a Protestant country, allied with Mussulman Turkey, little sympathy will be manifested for Germany. The projectors of the new monthly, for reasons best known to themselves, do not remind prospective readers that Freemasonry is opposed in Germany; but we notice that M. René Viviani, ex-Premier of France, is announced as a contributor to this new periodical.

A firm of publishers in London advertises a collection of fourteen books, by English and American authors, "that will help you to devout and happy conclusions concerning our life beyond the veil." One of these volumes is in the 124th (maybe a typographical error for 24th) edition. The advertisement has for headlines, "The Life of the World to Come—Do you Know All there is to Know?" The Man in the Street who occasionally reads his Bible would probably answer with promptness, "Yes—that 'the wicked shall go into everlasting punishment; but the just, into life everlasting.'" And this is all that need be known.



Flowers and Thorns.

BY FRANCIS V. LAKE.

WHEN Jesus was a little child,
His Mother, it is said,
Wove blossoms of the purest white
And placed them on His head.

And when He wearied of His play,
She set the wreath aside;
And there it lay through many nights,
And not a blossom died.

But what was Mary's bitter grief
When she beheld one morn
That every lovely snow-white bloom
Was changed into a thorn!

Ah! then she knew that these sweet flowers
Which were so fair e'er now,
Were but a figure of the thorns
That soon should pierce His brow.

She understood that all our joys
Are but the sweet refrain
Of sorrows that our hearts must bear,—
The image of our pain.

Buddy.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XV.—THE VOICE OF THE WATCH.

"NEVER too late." Buddy's words seemed to strike only dully on Hans' ear, as he sat before the smouldering fire, his big, heavy head resting on his hands, his eyes moody and sullen, until out of the shadow crept something that made them lift and brighten. It was a lank, mangy, half-starved dog that came up to Hans from a dark corner of the forge, and laid its head upon his knee.

"Why, Hans," exclaimed his young

visitor, startled, "I didn't know you had a dog!"

"I didn't until three days ago," answered Hans, his grimy hand patting the mangy head. "Then—I found him by the roadside. He was too sick to stand. Some man-devil maybe had turned him out to die. But I know all about dogs; and I took him up under my arm and brought him home. I am curing him all right. Soon he will be well and strong,—will you not, my dog? You will be well and strong very soon."

"Oh, he doesn't look it!" said Buddy. "He is the mangiest dog I ever saw, Hans."

"I cure him," repeated Hans, confidently, still smoothing the roughened head. "Already he can stand on his legs and eat. He knows that I cure him; that is why he licks my hand."

"Well, maybe you can," said Buddy; "but he is certainly a bad-looking dog, just now."

"Bah! what is that?" asked Hans, scornfully. "Soon he will be smooth as your own pony, little boy; and he will stay with me, and follow wherever I go; for that is the dog's way. They are not like men: they never forget."

"No, they don't," agreed Buddy. "A dog makes a fine friend; and it's right lonely for you here at the forge. What is his name, Hans?"

"I do not know," replied Hans. "What use is there in a name? I whistle and he comes."

"Oh, but every dog ought to have a name!" said Buddy, decidedly.

"Give him one, then," agreed Hans, still stroking the rough head that lay trustingly on his knee, while a softer light crept into his moody eyes.

"He is a tough-looking customer," said Buddy; "so we can't call him anything

very stylish, like 'Rex' or 'Max.' There's 'Tracy' and 'Trusty,' but they don't seem to suit him either; and Fritz wouldn't do at all these days. How about 'Shag'? That seems to fit his looks just now."

"It is good enough," answered Hans, indifferently.

And so the matter was concluded for the present; and "Shag," lifting dull, bleary eyes when Buddy called him by the name some dozen times to impress it on his mind, seemed to accept the situation.

Then, turning to business, Buddy told Hans of the various "odd jobs" awaiting him at Maplewood. But, to his surprise, his offer failed to arouse any interest.

"I might come," Hans answered, doubtfully; "but I'm not sure. I'm very busy now."

"Oh, are you, Hans? I am so glad!" was the innocent answer. "Of course Ben and Jim can do our work themselves, but mamma thought it would be nice to give it to you."

"I am very busy," repeated Hans, stolidly. "I make money all that I want. Soon I will go away and buy a farm."

"O Hans, that will be fine for you; though I will be sorry to see you go! I shall miss you very much. But" (Buddy cast a glance around the dark silent forge) "there is nothing to keep you here. Where will you go, Hans?"

"I can not tell yet," was the cautious answer; "but far away, where land is cheap, and there will be none to know me,—where all will be strange and new."

"Poor Hans!" said his young visitor, softly. "People have not been very good to you here. I do not wonder you want to go away."

"I will have my little house, my little garden," continued Hans, his slow, brooding fancy kindling at Buddy's boyish sympathy; "my horse and my dog."

"Shag will be in luck, after all," said Buddy, cheerily.

"Perhaps I will marry," went on Hans, his dreams brightening as he gave them voice. "I will have a wife with rosy

cheeks, and little yellow-haired children."

"Why, that will be splendid, Hans!" replied his visitor, heartily. "I am so glad you are making money so fast. Mamma will be glad, too."

"No, no, no!" said Hans. "Do not tell her,—I mean—I mean—" he stammered hurriedly,—"I do not want people to hear, to know. They might come and rob me in the dark."

"Oh, I don't believe they would!" said Buddy. "And yet there are lots of strangers around,—that peddler, for instance. I wouldn't trust him very far, and the forge is mighty lonely. You ought to put your money in the bank, where it would be safe, Hans."

"The bank! With that Judge Jameson!" Hans burst into a fury of foreign terms that his hearer luckily could not understand; but Judge Jameson and the rusty nail for which he had defamed Hans was the gist of it, Buddy knew.

"Oh, well, well!" soothed Buddy. "I forgot you and the Judge were not friends, Hans; but that doesn't hurt his bank. Still, if you won't go there, you *won't*. And I'll keep dark about your money, especially when there are stragglers like that peddler around. You'd better not let him hear anything about it," counselled Buddy, little guessing that most of Hans' boasted fortune had come to him from that same mysterious peddler's hands this very afternoon.

For Hans—dull, heavy tool that he was—was being worked by evil plotters for all that he was worth. Every night found him burrowing like a mole beneath the earth, delving and digging noiselessly under the direction given by crafty, keen-eyed employers, who kept close watch over his movements. Sometimes he rebelled in dull, fierce terror, as he had been doing when Buddy came upon him to-day. But he had given himself up to masters who knew how to hold, to frighten, to bribe, to buy him, body and soul; and he kept on at the "devil's work" he did not dare to stop.

There were hours, however, when the chains that bound him chafed, when the blackness of the deed he was doing appalled him. It was in such a dark hour that Buddy had burst in like a ray of sunshine, making poor Hans forget for a moment all but the wild dreams of a golden future, which he had unconsciously betrayed to his young visitor. Now he dimly realized he had said too much. Buddy's innocent chatter might set people to wondering, suspecting his sudden fortune.

"Then you will say nothing, little boy," he pleaded nervously,—"nothing about the money? For you are my little friend, and would not do me harm that might come to me if people knew. You promise me, my little boy?"

"Oh, I promise, Hans!" was the cheery answer. "Just let me tell mamma not to worry about you, for you've got all the work you want; and I'll be mum about all the rest,—mum as old Shag here."

And, having thus settled things to his satisfaction, Buddy remounted his waiting pony and was soon cantering gaily on his homeward way, all unconscious of the dark depths of evil into which he had been so lightly venturing.

"What was it I said?" muttered Hans to himself, in a troubled voice, as he watched the jaunty young rider out of sight. "What was it that I was fool enough to say to the little boy that is so good and kind? I forgot—I forgot what I am—what I do. But soon it will be done and then I go—to be rich, great, free ever after. I go far away and forget all."

He turned back into the forge, fastening the heavy door behind him. The one window was already closed; only the dull glow of the dying fire lit the darkness. Hans blew the embers into brighter flame, that he might see to open the battered old trunk with a key he wore around his neck on a twisted cord. As he lifted the lid, a touch on his sleeve made him turn with a fierce oath. But it was only Shag, who had crept out of his corner to lay his nose on his master's arm.

"Fool dog!" muttered Hans. "You will make me shoot you yet."

And, with a breath of relief, he drew from his pocket a roll of notes, counted them carefully, and added them to a pile already folded in a leathern wallet that lay beside the one other treasure in the old trunk,—the red morocco case holding the Liberty Watch. So very red and shiny was the case that it caught the glow of the dying fire, and seemed to color the dingy wallet beside it with the hue of blood; while the low "tick-tick" startled Hans like an accusing voice.

"Himmel!" he gasped, "it is talking, telling! I must not leave it here." And he snatched the case from the trunk and hastily dropped and locked the lid. "If I do not wind it, it will go dead and still,—my little boy's watch; but it must not talk there!" And, trembling with guilty terror, he sank back in a broken chair, Buddy's gift in his shaking hand. "Tick-tick-tick" went the watch, as he took it from its case and stared at it with the wonder it always brought to his dull eyes. "I saw, I know," the little voice seemed to say. "There's five hundred dollars in that old wallet, Hans,—five hundred dollars blood-money. And you're working every night to make more and more blood-money, Hans,—*blood-money!* What would the little boy say if he knew,—the little boy that gave me to you, Hans? Tick-tick-tick-tick."

"Mein Gott!" Hans turned the shining gift over and over in his hand. His slow fancy quickened by guilty fear, he recalled all Buddy had told him of its glittering ornaments.

"Tick-tick-tick," went on the little voice he did not know how to hush. "Look at me, Hans,—look at Liberty holding up her light to welcome the strangers coming into this New World to be happy and free. You came, Hans,—came with your father and mother when you were a little boy. You had only black bread to eat in your own country; your mother had to drag the plough through the

fields: here she sat in her chair and grew rosy and fat. You are working to put out the light that led you to this free land,—working for men who hate to see it shine. Tick-tick-tick-tick,” the watch seemed to go on. “Look at the flag I bear, Hans,—the flag of the country you once swore to call your own,—the country you asked to count you its son. It is the same flag that is waving over the Camp. What sort of work are you doing where that beautiful flag waves, Hans,—the flag of the happy and free? Tick-tick-tick. You can not hush me, Hans; for I am the watch the little boy gave you,—the little boy who is so good to you,—the little boy you love. O Hans, wicked Hans, cruel Hans, remember what he said to you this evening: it is not too late to turn from your evil-doing,—to turn from wrong to-night; it is not too late, Hans,—*not too late.*”

And so the watch ticked on, while Hans sat listening, his heavy head bent on his breast, and Shag licking the grimy hand resting on his knee.

There was company on the rose-wreathed porch when Buddy cantered through the pillared gate of Maplewood, and hurriedly reined up Dandy. He was not very presentable, for he had stopped on his homeward road to wade into Gunner's Creek and investigate Judge Jameson's new “duck blinds,” which were guaranteed by their builder to fool the wariest wild duck that was ever hatched. Buddy had dismounted from Dandy and ploughed through mud and mire up to his knees, to wade out into water that went still higher, to inspect the blind with a hunter's interest.

But his researches had left him in rather bad trim to meet his mother's guests; so he turned from the carriage drive into the back road, that, screened by high hedges of century-old box, led to the kitchen-garden and stables. Some one was there before him. Half crouching in a break of the hedge was the peddler from whom he

had parted at the forge not two hours before.

“Why, halloo!” said the young Master of Maplewood, all unconscious that the fierce glare behind the shell-rimmed glasses was that of a wild beast at bay. “You're up here with your horse salve, eh? Did Ben buy anything from you?”

“No, my little gentleman,—no, I have not been to your stables. Those long years in the cold countries left me with trouble in my head,—vertigo the books call it. When it comes upon me I have to stop somewhere and rest, as I am doing now.” And the speaker seemed to gasp for breath.

“Can't I get you something from the house?” asked Buddy, who had been hospitably trained from his cradle. “A glass of wine or milk perhaps would do you good.”

The glasses glared up at Buddy curiously. This was a new species of boy to the peddler: a little muddy-legged princeling who hobnobbed with a blacksmith one moment, and played the host so graciously to the stranger at his gates the next.

“You are very kind, little gentleman,” was the panting answer. “I never touch wine, but a glass of milk would help me to go on my way. These spells leave me very weak.”

“I'll bring it out here to you,” said Buddy, feeling it would not be wise to venture a meeting between this intruder and Mammy Lindy. And he kept on to the stables, where he left Dandy in Ben's care and hurried on to the house.

But keen old eyes were watching for him. Mammy Lindy seized him at the kitchen door.

“I knowed it,—I knowed you'd be coming back like dis, you miscreditable boy, all muddy and miry, and wet up to de middle, wif your Uncle Kent and your Aunt Rebecca, and all de grandest folks in your fambly, a-sotting waiting on de porch! I suttinly am glad you had sense 'nough not to let 'em see you looking dirty and low-down white trashy like dis. Dey would have mouty poor 'pinion 'bout de raising you're gitting from me and

your ma. Kite 'long upstairs now and jump in de bath I's got ready for you. Put on dat white wool suit and de silk stockings I's laid out for you, and make yo'self decent and 'spectable, like de boy of a pa and a ma like yourn orter look."

"Oh, but Mammy Lindy," said Buddy, "I've got to run down the road first! I promised to take a poor sick man a glass of milk."

"What you doing fatching milk to sick men on de road?" demanded Mammy Lindy in fierce anxiety. "Fust thing I know you'll be tuk down with yaller fever or smallpox. I'll see to dat ar sick man, and you go 'long and git into dem clean clothes, and make yo'self look right."

And, as from this ruling Buddy did not know how to make appeal, there was nothing to do but hurry up to his room and dress, while Mammy Lindy stalked off down the road, to find no sick man in sight, far and near. For the peddler had forgotten his vertigo and discreetly disappeared.

(To be continued.)

The Doves of Iona.

THE student of words takes many a pleasant journey impossible to him who does not care to trace their origin; and this pursuit is a constant source of interest and happiness. Take, for instance, the Latin word *columba*, a collective term applied to the dove family, and see where it will lead you. From it comes the name *columbine*, whose flowers are shaped like the beak of a dove; and *columbarium*, a sepulchre containing niches for the dead which resemble the openings in a pigeon-house. Then, to go farther afield, was not the name of Columbus singularly appropriate to one who sent before him hopes and prayers over the wild waste of waters, as Noah of old sent the dove?

But most apt and eminent of all examples is that of the Saint whom men have termed the Dove of Iona, otherwise Columba; best loved, perhaps, of all that

devoted band who won the north of Britain for the Cross. The story of his life is like a romance; and we love to read how, when a young deacon, he had for his companion in school him who was afterward St. Kieran, but who was then only the boy Kieran, son of a carpenter.

God selects His own material when He wishes to make a saint; and often those who in after-life reach up to great heights of perfection are just merry boys like these two who—one of them a scion of a royal house, the other the offspring of an humble artisan—studied side by side at Clonard.

There the scholars toiled, not only for their own support, but to earn money for the house; and there was no immunity from the inexorable law that he who ate and studied must work. When Columba, the fair young prince, arrived, there was much curiosity as to the employment which would be allotted to him. It proved to be the sifting of corn; and so well did he perform this simple duty that his fellow-students were often amazed, and declared that he must have been helped by his angel.

But there was much friction. Columba was mortal and of high lineage; Kieran was also mortal, but of ignoble birth. The prince expected homage and deference; the plebeian refused to show them. Then, according to the old legend, one of those beneficent angels who were such frequent visitors in the Age of Faith appeared to Kieran, and, laying before him a set of carpenter's tools, said: "These only hast thou renounced—Columba has forsaken a royal sceptre." Kieran profited by the rebuke, and he and his friend never again quarrelled.

Kieran achieved great things, but it is the name of Columba which is familiarly known and revered to this day in England on account of his connection with Iona, once the chief seat of learning of all the Western world.

Having incurred the displeasure of one of the Irish kings, Columba and twelve

companions, in a wicker boat covered with skins, crossed the Channel on their mission to the Northern Picts, and landed at a spot marked to this day by a heap of great conical boulders. He was granted an island which had been occupied by the Druids; and on it founded an establishment whose influence extended far and wide—as many as three hundred religious houses owning it for their mother.

From Iona flew in every direction the heroic and learned “doves,” as they were called, carrying the Gospel wherever they went; and, chief of all, most zealous of all, was their leader. He taught, he tilled the soil, he copied manuscripts, he preached—there was no end and apparently no beginning to his labors. The amount of work he accomplished was the marvel of his friends, it was so astounding. And in this he was seconded by his brethren. They taught the people everything from the sharpening of a plough to the singing of the Gregorian chant.

The extreme frugality and simplicity of those early missionaries seemed to impress the common people, and it was for that reason they accomplished such wonders in civilizing the uncouth peasantry. It is pleasant to read the words of the Venerable Bede, who, speaking of their simple fare, says:

“And for that reason the religious habit was held in great veneration. Whenever any monk appeared, he was joyfully received as God’s servant; and if men chanced to meet him on the way, they ran to him bowing, glad to be signed by his hand and blessed by his mouth. And when a priest came to any village, the inhabitants immediately flocked to hear from him the Word of Life; for he went about on no other account than to preach, baptize, and visit the sick.”

Such was a picture of the ages men are now wont to term “dark.” Well would it be for us if we possessed the simple faith which inspired the people when the doves of Iona flew from their nest with a message of love to all who would hear.

A Shrewd and Eccentric Artist.

AN amusing and characteristic anecdote is related of the painter Meissonier. When he had just become famous he was patronized by a wealthy but penurious Parisian gentleman, who had a great liking for posing as a friend to rising genius. One day Meissonier was breakfasting with this person, and expressed his admiration of the exquisite damask cloth which covered the table.

“It is like satin,” he said. “I believe I could draw upon it.”

Suiting the action to the word he took a pencil from his pocket and immediately went to work. A few minutes later there appeared on the fine linen the head of a man.

After he had gone, the host, improving the opportunity to secure the work of a master at a trifling cost, cut out the hastily drawn picture, and had it framed. He felicitated himself on his good fortune, and gave the work a conspicuous place in his drawing-room, which in reality it well deserved.

Soon after this Meissonier was again invited to breakfast with his patron, and found beside his plate a nice assortment of crayons and other suitable materials for drawing,—among them a penknife, well sharpened. At the conclusion of the repast, while the other guests were chatting over their coffee, the host cast his eyes toward the eccentric artist, who, he observed with much delight, was busily engaged with the utensils he had so thoughtfully furnished. He could hardly wait to bow his guests out. But at last, all having departed, he hurried toward the place where Meissonier had sat. Alas! the economy of the rich man was matched by that of his distinguished visitor. Meissonier had made a fine picture, to be sure; but he had also made good use of his host’s penknife, and the decorated corner of the beautiful tablecloth was safe in his pocket several miles away!

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Messrs. Chatto & Windus' announcements include "John Ayscough: Letters to His Mother," written while the author was serving in France as chaplain to the British troops.

—A new book by Mr. G. G. Coulton, "Christ, St. Francis, and To-day," is announced. He is the author of "Social Life in Britain from the Conquest to the Reformation." Mr. Coulton urges that "now or never is the time to test our ultimate beliefs."

—"St. Teresa's Book-Mark," by the Rev. Father Luke of St. Joseph, Discalced Carmelite, a twelvemo of some 140 pages, is styled by its author "a meditative commentary" on the well-known lines:

Let nothing trouble thee,
Let nothing affright thee, etc.

While thorough appreciation of the little volume can be enjoyed by those only who have had considerable practice in the activities of the interior life, the general reader will find much to edify him in its chapters, as also in the maxims and poems added thereto. Published by the Carmel, St. Louis, Mo.

—"Man's Great Concern: The Management of Life," by the Rev. Ernest R. Hull, S. J.—a brochure of 152 pages,—is neither a didactic essay nor a religious disquisition, but rather a catechism of moral instruction, with no further insistence on theological truths than is involved in such fundamental notions about God as are common to all enlightened creeds. Written for the specific purpose of supplying a need in the educational system of India, the book will be found of general interest to Catholics and non-Catholics as well. Father Hull displays in every chapter the sanity, lucidity, and convincingness which characterize all his work as editor and author. Bombay: The Examiner Press. For sale in the United States by P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

—One of the Religious of Our Lady of Charity, Buffalo, N. Y., has translated, from the French of Father Joseph Mary Ory, a work of considerable interest—"The Origin of the Order of Our Lady of Charity; or, Its History from Its Foundation Until the Revolution." A large octavo of 680 pages, the volume consists of two parts. Part I. contains, besides some prefatory matter and a biographical sketch of Blessed John Eudes, the story of the Order's origin. Part II. details in forty-two chapters the history of the Order from the death of Father Eudes to the Revolution (1680-1796). While the devout Catholic

will find instruction and edification in this work, he will probably feel that the story of the Order's later development, and especially of its activities in the United States, would prove still more interesting. Published by the Religious of Our Lady of Charity, Buffalo, N. Y.

—No. 295 of the Australian Catholic Truth Society's penny pamphlets is an exceptionally interesting and valuable paper by the Most Rev. Patrick Phelan, Bishop of Sale,—*"Refutation of Protestant Calumnies."* The calumnies refuted were uttered by Dr. Cranswick, Protestant Bishop of Gippsland, in a synodal address and in various sermons; and the refutation is quite as able and complete as the most devoted Catholic could desire.

—Yet another volume from the busy pen of Charles V. H. Roberts is "The Great Conspiracy," described as an epic drama in nine scenes, written in prose and verse (New York and Cedar Rapids, Iowa: The Torch Press). The first act and the first scene are laid in hell; the intervening ones, in Potsdam, Brussels, etc. The characters comprise such immortals as Satan, Beelzebub, Moloch, and the spirits of Nero, Marc Antony, Attila, Richard III., Bismarck, and Cleopatra; while among the mortals figure the "All-Highest," General Von Hofen, Captain Harrach, Sir John Steele, Edith Vernon, etc. As will be surmised, the drama is one concerning the Great War. Its structure and its poetic quality are neither better nor worse than the previous work of the author would lead one to anticipate.

—In an extended notice of the English version, by Dr. Louise Ropes Loomis, of the first part of the "Liber Pontificalis"—that which precedes the Pontificate of Gregory the Great,—a writer in the *London Times Literary Supplement* remarks: "If the question is asked whether fact or fiction predominates in the collection of early Papal biographies known as the 'Liber Pontificalis,' no honest and intelligent person can hesitate as to his answer; and to the recognition of this state of things was doubtless due the neglect with which for a long period the book was treated. By parity of reasoning, we may conclude that, since in our generation two scholars of the eminence of Duchesne and Mommsen have independently devoted their time and trouble to the production of an edition, there must be that about the book which makes it worth studying, after all. . . . No other Church in Christendom has preserved a similar document of a date anything like as early as these

records of the Church of Rome—whether the first composition be placed with Mommsen in the seventh century, or with Duchesne a century earlier. Even where we can not claim for the story the merit of an accurate reproduction of the facts, it may, and often does, possess value of another kind." Dr. Loomis' translation—not a perfect one—is published by the Columbia University Press.

—The late Dr. Wilfrid Ward foresaw a great combination against Christian ethics as well as against Christian doctrine, and his aim was to combine all Christians against it. He dwelt more on the points where Protestants agree with Catholics than on those where they differ, and was strongly of opinion that inter-denominational controversy was to little purpose. The idea is clearly expressed in his essay on "Men and Matters." He writes:

Real, but at present unconscious, points of agreement will, it is to be hoped, come more clearly to light under the growing influence of a common zeal against the revival of pagan ethics and the destruction of faith in the unseen, which now threatens the modern world. If the attention and energy of all Christians are concentrated against those movements which threaten all religious belief and principle, the force and heat of religious zeal will gradually be transferred more and more to this common crusade. . . .

Yet, as everyone knows, Dr. Ward could be very determined and very combative in defence of Catholic doctrine when occasion called for its championship.

Some Recent Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "The Elstones." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.35.
 "Essays in Occultism, Spiritism, and Demonology." Dean W. R. Harris. \$1.
 "Patriotism in Washington's Time." P. J. Byrne, M. D. \$1.50.
 "Life of Pius X." F. A. Forbes. \$1.35.
 "Marriage Legislation in the New Code of Canon Law." Very Rev. H. A. Ayrinhac, S. S., D. D. \$2.
 "Letter to Catholic Priests." Pope Pius X. 50 cts.
 "Spiritual Exercises for Monthly and Annual Retreats." Rev. P. Dunoyer. \$2.35.

- "The Sad Years." Dora Sigerson. \$1.25.
 "The Parables of Jesus." Rev. P. Coghlan, C. P. \$1.10.
 "A Handbook of Moral Theology." Rev. A. Koch, D. D.—Mr. Arthur Preuss. \$1.50.
 "The Bedrock of Belief." Rev. William Robison, S. J. \$1.25.
 "Ireland: Its Saints and Scholars." J. M. Flood. 90 cts.
 "The Hand of God." Rev. Martin Scott, S. J. \$1, postage extra.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bonds.—HEB., xiii., 3.

Rev. Edward Clark, of the diocese of Denver; Rev. Francis Burns, diocese of Cleveland; and Rev. Charles Wray, O. S. B.
 Brother Matthew, C. F. X.

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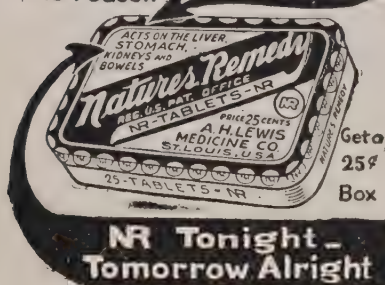
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PUBLISHED WEEKLY

Entered as second-class matter at Notre Dame, Indiana. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on June 25, 1908.
American News Co.; Gill & Son; Burns and Oates; Catholic Book Depot, Fort, Bombay;
Sydney, N. S. W., Louis Gille & Co.; Melbourne, Australia, William P. Linehan.

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS. viii 34

SATURDAY, 19.— Holy Saturday. St. Elphege, B. M.	WEDNESDAY, 23.—St. George, M. St. Adelbert B. M.
SUNDAY, 20.— Easter Sunday. St. James, C. St. Agnes of Pulciano, V.	THURSDAY, 24.—St. Fidelis, M. St. Mellitus, B. C. St. Egbert, C.
MONDAY, 21.—St. Anselm, B. C. D. St. Beuno, C.	FRIDAY, 25.—St. Mark, Evg.
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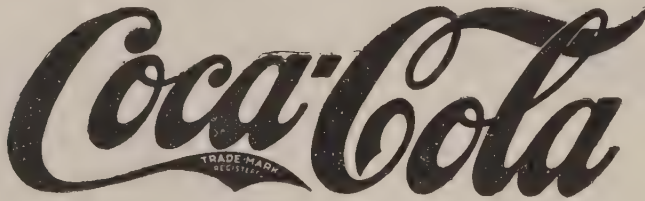
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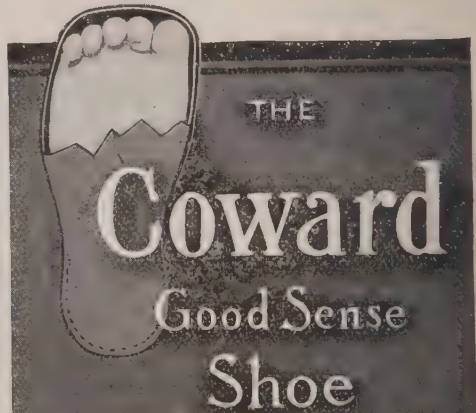
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VOL. IX. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 19, 1919.

NO. 16

[Published every Saturday. Copyright, 1919: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

On Easter Morning.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

RING, ring, ye Easter bells!
And while your music swells,
Heaven greets, this smiling morn,
A world, a world newborn.

Sing, sing, ye angel choirs!
Burn, ye celestial fires,
Above the homes of men
Shining in joy again.

Haste, haste, O eager feet,
Though His have been more fleet
To burst His three days' prison;
For Christ, our Lord, is risen!

The Feast of Joy.



ASTER SUNDAY is one of the happiest days in the whole ecclesiastical cycle. It commemorates the Resurrection of Christ, His double triumph over corporal and spiritual death,—corporal in Himself, spiritual in us through sin. And Christ triumphed over our bodily death, too; for His Resurrection is a sure pledge of our own resurrection, body and soul, on that day when we shall all stand before the Lamb. The very season of the year harmonizes sweetly with the mystical sentiment of the Church on this day. Nature begins to smile again; the fresh green of the fields greets our sight. The flowers put forth their blossoms, and the sun shines bright and warm.

How consentaneous to the life of the Church in these days! The long winter of her suffering with Jesus is over. Her forty days' hungering and thirsting with Him; her cold, nightly vigils; her Holy Week of unutterable woe while He suffers and dies, have passed away, and He has arisen. The Sun of Eternal Justice smiles once more; and this accords with the notion of our childhood's days, that the rising sun on Easter morn dances for very joy. Even to ourselves, adults in years, and in our concomitant trials, tribulations, afflictions, and struggles with the stern realities of life, the sun seems to dance on Easter morn; for the spirit of our rejoicing mother the Church has entered into us, making us glad; showing everything to us—life, death, and an ultimate resurrection—in a light of glittering, happy brightness.

The Church has from the beginning celebrated Easter on a Sunday; and, in accordance with the Apostolic tradition, this Sunday must be the first after the fourteenth day of the March moon. The formal decree regulating this observance comes to us from Pope St. Pius (A. D. 158–167). St. Leo the Great writes that such was the practice of St. Peter, and that St. Mark left the same tradition in Egypt. St. John the Evangelist also establishes the day of Easter in the Apocalypse, when he "was in the spirit on the Lord's Day."

The learned Cardinal Baronius writes that in the year 418 the Festival of Easter was not celebrated on the proper day, through an error in the calculation

of time. But it pleased God to rectify the mistake by a miracle, which St. Paschasius describes in a letter to St. Leo the Great. He says that in a certain church the baptismal font used to fill up of itself on Easter night; and that after the baptism of the catechumens, the water disappeared, though the font did not communicate with any conduit. In the year mentioned above, Easter was celebrated on the 25th of March. But the water did not appear in the vase until the 22d of April, which was proved by subsequent calculations to be the proper day. Cassiodorus has recorded a similar miracle.

The reader will observe in the Missal that the Mass proper to this day is prefaced by this observation: *Statio ad Sanctam Mariam Majorem*.—"Station at St. Mary Major." Not without a particular mystery was the station of Easter given to this sumptuous basilica, dedicated to the Mother of God. In the first place, to her, according to an established tradition, Our Lord first appeared after His Resurrection. Hence the Church jubilant apostrophizes her on this day, *Regina celi lætare!* Another singular reason is also assigned in the life of St. Gregory the Great. It is narrated that one Easter, as he was celebrating Mass in this church, when he had pronounced the words, *Pax Domini sit semper vobiscum*, the voice of an angel, clear and bugle-like, was heard responding, *Et cum spiritu tuo*. Hence to this day no response is made to the Pope on Easter when he pronounces those words.

The procession which takes place in the churches before the Easter Mass (in many churches, especially in Germany, this procession is made on Holy Saturday evening) has also a significance of its own. We gather it from the Gospel, wherein it is written, "Go, tell the disciples that He will go before you into Galilee." So the procession refers to the going of the Apostles and disciples into Galilee; and this means *transmigration*, or the

leaving of the Jews for the Gentiles. This procession also means that we are to pass from vice to virtue, and from virtue to higher virtue, in order to behold one day the face of the Lord.

In Catholic countries the ancient custom of blessing the fields and houses on this day with holy water is still observed. In Italy not only the houses but also the food to be consumed on Easter day—the lamb, the eggs, the bread and the vegetables,—are blessed by the priest. This pious usage is attributed to St. Gregory. In his "Dialogues" he says that on this sacred occasion no food should be eaten which has not been blessed by the priest, and that the Sign of the Cross should be made over it immediately before eating,—all to remind us how much we are indebted to our Redeemer.

In olden times, when the Pope lived at the Quirinal Palace in Rome, it was the custom for him to vest himself with the pontifical robes, as far as the dalmatic, in the Chapel of St. Lawrence, called *Sancta Sanctorum*. The image of Our Lord was then uncovered, and he kissed the feet thereof, singing thrice: *Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro, alleluia!* The attendants answered: *Qui pro nobis pendit in ligno, alleluia!* This being done, he retired to his throne, whence he gave the *pax* to the archdeacon and deacons, saying: *Surrexit Dominus vere,*—"The Lord has arisen indeed." They answered: *Et apparuit Simoni,*—"And has appeared to Simon." When this ceremony had been performed in turn by all the attendants, the Pope put on the white chasuble, the pallium and the mitre, and, descending the staircase of the palace, mounted a snow-white horse, richly caparisoned, and rode in solemn procession to the Church of St. Mary Major. There he sang Mass.

In modern times, until recent years, the Pope pontificates in St. Peter's, and afterward imparts a solemn benediction from the great balcony of the basilica

to the thousands of people assembled in the piazza below. In the afternoon a procession, called "Of the Three Marys," takes place in the church. On this day the great "pharo" of St. Peter's is suspended over the tomb of the Holy Apostles, and illuminated. It was constructed by order of Pope Adrian I. (771-795), is of solid silver, cruciform, and carries thirteen hundred and sixty tapers.

A plenary indulgence is always granted to the faithful who attend the solemn services in any one of the patriarchal basilicas of Rome, in Santa Maria degli Angeli, or in the churches of Saints Praxedes and Pudentiana. This indulgence probably takes its origin from the custom which obtained with the early Christian emperors of liberating on Easter Sunday all prisoners who were not accused of enormous crimes. The same pious usage was observed by the emperors of the East. Theodosius gave it the sanction of a law.

The usages in other churches are equally interesting. In the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem the deacon of the Mass points with his finger to the sepulchre of Our Lord when he reads in the Gospel, *Surrexit non est hic*. In the church at Angers a curious ceremony obtains. After the third lesson of Matins the altar is arranged in the form of a sepulchre and covered with a white pall. Two priests in white copes seat themselves at either side, in representation of the angels that sat at the tomb of the Saviour. Then from the sacristy emerge two clerics in the alb and white dalmatic. The amict is arranged on the head after the fashion of an Oriental veil, and fastened with a red band which passes across the forehead. These represent the two Marys. When they arrive at the altar the choir sings: *Quem quæritis in sepulchro?*—"Whom seek ye in the sepulchre?" They answer: *Jesum Nazarenum crucifixum*,—"Jesus of Nazareth crucified." The angels reply: *Non est hic, surrexit sicut prædixit. Venite et videte*

locum ubi positus erat Dominus,—"He is not here: He has arisen as He predicted. Come and see the place where the Lord was laid." The clerics then enter the sepulchre, kiss the altar and incense it, the priests without singing meanwhile: *Ite, nuntiate discipulis ejus, quia surrexit*,—"Go and announce to His disciples that He has arisen." The two clerics then go into the choir and give the *pax* to the bishop, whispering in his ear: *Surrexit Dominus, alleluia!* He answers: *Deo gratias, alleluia!* The canons go through the same ceremony, and finally the *Te Deum* is sung.

In the Western Church no hymn is sung on Easter Sunday. We only sing the *Alleluia* thrice, to express our hope in a glorious resurrection. We sing it three times, as we also sing three psalms, says Durandus, to show that by the power of the Most Holy Trinity, in whom is all perfection, the Resurrection has been effected. In some Churches, however—as for instance, the Ambrosian at Milan,—the customary hymn is sung according to the usage of the ancient Oriental liturgy.

The hymn, or ecclesiastical canticle—which, according to the Greek word, signifies praise,—was first composed and used by Moses. The Church has imitated his example, introducing the singing of hymns into the choirs. St. Ephrem of Syria wrote beautiful hymns, especially in honor of the Blessed Virgin. Saints Gregory of Nazianzen and Apollinaris, likewise, were celebrated as poets of the Church. Apropos of Easter, the erudite Baronius writes that after the celebration of the Pasch, the Jews used to sing the psalm, *In exitu Israel de Egypto*, with six other psalms, each of which began with *Alleluia*. All these were called the *Magnum Alleluia*.

The great hymnist of the Greek Church was Hyerotheus. With us St. Hilarius has been imitated with great elegance by St. Ambrose. The *Te Deum*, the most glorious and expressive pæan of praise

that was ever written, is his composition. St. Ambrose, too, had an imitator; and this brings me back to Easter Sunday. I said that in the Western churches no hymn was sung. I referred to the Vesper service, in which the *Regina Cæli* alone is sung. That is simply the jubilant exclamation of the Church to the Blessed Virgin on the happiest day of her life—that on which her Divine Son triumphed forever over death, and appeared to her forever glorified and beyond the pale of suffering. It was first used by St. Gregory the Great.

But would you read an Easter hymn—one that worthily honors the day, fills your soul with sacred enthusiasm, while it invests the poet with epic interest, even as the hymns of St. Thomas on Corpus Christi day? Take up your Missal anew, patient reader; read the *Hæc Dies* in the Gradual of the Mass, and admire the poetic as well as theological genius of the great St. Augustine. Pause at that *Quid vidisti, Maria, in via?*—"What didst thou see, Mary, by the way?"—and pray that you and I, and all who believe in the Resurrection, may one day hear from Him, in the same voice of love, the salutation which He addressed to her that Easter morn—*Ave!*

D. P.

READINESS to oblige is the small coin in the treasury of happiness, and it is within reach of the poorest amongst us. It is the cheerful compliance with which one grants a request, receives a visit, or puts up with an annoyance. It is the amiability of expression, the pleasant smile which is so universally attractive. It is a trifling service promptly and gladly rendered, or perhaps requested with unassuming simplicity. Sometimes it is thanks gracefully paid, or a cordial word of encouragement to a disheartened fellow-laborer. All these appear small matters, but do not on that account neglect them. God will repay you for them abundantly.—*Anon.*

Search-Lights.

BY VALENTINE PARAISO.

XX.

IT was a new sort of crowd at Morton Court. Wounded soldiers were there in blue linen uniforms, with brilliant necktie knots of peony-red silk.

Crippled men in this garb of honor talked with the Furzley folk, and smoked and joked on the seats near the old mansion. There had always been a hundred cases under care since the hospital was opened. The Red Cross ambulances had been seen coming in long succession up Blackberry Lane. It was war, and even Furzley knew it.

Old Lady Verreker and her pomp and style seemed now to belong to a time as remote as Queen Anne. Colonel Spaggot's fine optimistic speech had been wrong,—utterly wrong. Here was the visible wreckage of battle; conscription was coming to rend home-life asunder; London streets were full of khaki. War was come, to stay for years.

The Colonel was at Morton Court again, active on the committee. He had no orchid in his buttonhole, and the smooth top-hat was gone, with many other conventionalities. He was gallantly optimistic still, saying that this advance now was the "great push," and later on when America came in—"by Jove!"—we should be over the Rhine. Even if the States stood neutral, Italy was enough to bring victory to the Allies; and Italy had joined.

Another person who had been there last year was Kitty Bulger. The Colonel's daughter thought her own new frock the centre of life's interest then, and was almost reduced to tears by the thought that poor Kitty might wear the same color in cheaper stuff. What a small world it was then! And now Daisy Spaggot realized without envy that she was quite second best and far below the builder's daughter; for Kitty Bulger was a guest at

Morton Court, just back from France, where she had worked at a base hospital, close within sound of the guns. Daisy had learned to love her long ago. The friendship began at the V. A. D. lecture, and it deepened when the two brothers fell in battle. The best V. A. D. of Furzley was promoted, for the efficiency of her help at the village hospital, to go and work with the legion of devoted women behind the lines.

Daisy thought it was a great honor; she kissed and congratulated her friend when the V. A. D. came to say good-bye. Those womanly hands were going to do all sorts of fearless service for the suffering, the maimed, the dying, and even for the heroic dead. It took Daisy's breath away to look up from that depth of admiration. There was more space in life now, and a wider vision; she was not thinking—morning, noon, and night—of her pretty little self any more. There was a difference of several years between them; and a greater difference in social position. But the influence of the war was democratic. The builder's daughter was by this time the nearest thing to a girl friend Daisy had ever known. There had been outpourings of heart in letters to France; Daisy had exalted Kitty to be her heroine.

A little figure in white, with a pale blue sash tied high in the manner of those days, and roses tucked into her belt and under her straw hat,—that was Daisy on the flower-show day, when she went down the brick-paved path beyond the great box hedge, thinking of the day when she walked there with Sydney long ago. She was the same Daisy—and not the same. It was natural to her to want to look nice,—as natural as to breathe. There was some one who liked to see her in white, and she had to make a tremendous effort for the flower-show day. It was impossible to get work done: even the laundry hands had gone to make munitions. So Daisy had some weary hours in the Gazabo kitchen the day before; and when her embroidered cambric was all dry and

ironed on the deal table, she was too hot and tired to think of the pleasure of wearing it. Truly it was a great change since the garden party of last year. Yet this was the day that would be worth remembering. It was a harder life now.

That was not her first acquaintance with the Gazabo kitchen; for she spent many days there, and did so many unwonted household tasks that she climbed the stairs tired at night, and slept the moment her head touched the pillow. She was one of the girls who became supremely useful, without being anything so conspicuous as a "lady postman" or even a Government clerk. There were at least two men who were glad all the girls did not want to work away from home. One of the two was the Colonel, and the other was a poor lad who wore the King's uniform, and who had few joys in the visible world, and before him the uncertain fate of a soldier.

So Daisy went along the bricked pathway, among tangles of flowering bushes,—cactus-dahlias of the late year, all fire and light; and hollyhock spires, saffron and red. How thankless she had been that other day, how critical and cold, when he gave her a rose, and it did not match her dress! The roses here were scattered, withered and broken. And she had told him she would faint at the sight of blood, when he scratched his hand! She would have laughed now at that too great sensitiveness. The women were honored who could face human misery and heal it. The war had wrought that change, too—and so had those wrecks that one saw in the streets. One could not be a coward: one had to get used to the sight of suffering, like all the other realities.

Thinking of these things, Daisy reached the end of the bricked path, crossed a gravelled space, and went into the orchard, just because it had been the farthest point of that thoughtless walk with Sydney. A girl was there wheeling a barrow of baskets,—a girl in a V. A. D. coat, with a grey cotton dress, and the

familiar black hat with a white-edged ribbon.

"Kitty!" Daisy called, and she turned round. "You ought to be resting."

"I am only getting apples." Kitty would never have called that work.

She waited for Daisy under one of the trees,—a veteran apple tree, with heavy gnarled boughs supported by props driven into the ground. This old giant of the orchard was still laden with fruit; and a ladder was against it,—a fruit-gatherer's ladder, wide in the lower rungs and narrowing as it disappeared among the branches. The tufted grass below was soft and shady. Daisy insisted that her friend should sit down; and Kitty Bulger was forced to rest under the tree, in her cool grey frock and apron, using the brim of the black hat as a fan.

"There now!" Daisy was triumphant. "There is not much I can do, but I can pick up apples." She tossed her gloves into Kitty's lap, and set to work merrily among the "windfalls" that lay thickly in the grass.

When the first basket was half full, her energy collapsed. She sank down in a white-and-blue heap against Kitty. Contact with the grey cotton sleeve tilted her own straw hat unconsciously to a most coquettish angle, without displacing the real rose she had tucked under it. She took the other flower out of her belt, and began caressing it with idle fingers.

"Smell it!" she said. "Isn't it lovely? Oh, what's the good of doing anything? One oughtn't to do anything on such a heavenly day."

After a little while Kitty said quietly:

"But it's not heaven. If everybody stops doing things, we shall soon be hungry. I must go and get the apples, Daisy."

"No, no, you shan't stir! I'll get them presently."

"If we don't," answered the other, "the boys will have no pie to-night."

"That would be what happened to the

three little kittens in the nursery rhyme," said the frivolous Daisy. "I'll shake myself up in a moment,—I will really. Don't you stir... Oh, that startled me!"

The other told her demurely she had not got over the Zeppelins yet. It was such a nice apple Daisy wanted to eat it, but the other could not be induced to have the first bite. There was a great deal of the child in Daisy Spaggot; perhaps that was one of her charms.

"Let us make one great effort and get up," she said. "Something might pop on one's head any minute here."

"I have been at the Front, and I know," replied Kitty's deep, leisurely tones. "The chances are always against being shot."

After a sleepy interval, Daisy heard her speak again:

"I wonder did the famous apple 'pop' onto Sir Isaac Newton's head, or did he only see it fall?"

"Who?" asked Daisy, vaguely. "Oh, yes, I remember! Sir Somebody-Something. And that was the way he discovered—what did he discover?"

"America," put in the other, wickedly.

"No, he didn't, Kitty. I know that much. I think it was that the earth went round the sun, and not the sun round the earth... What's that? There must be an owl or something up this tree. Something grunted. What a lovely old tree it is! And so thick! What heaps of apples!"

Daisy listened to the rhythmic pulse of the far-off music and the murmur of the crowd, somewhere beyond the chirping of birds and the hum of a bee. They were really great friends—these two. It was a pleasure to talk of Sydney Verreker to so faithful a confidante.

"We're not really engaged," she said. "Papa is against it till Sydney is safe out of the war; but this is just the same. I'll tell you, Kitty: I sometimes wish he was more—more—romantic—not my papa, but Sydney. Perhaps if we were engaged, he would say things like they say in the novels." (An apple fell beyond her feet.) "Come along, Kitty! We shall be shot."

"All the chances are against it," said the deep voice reassuringly.

"What was I saying, Kitty? Oh, yes! If this is the real thing, it is quite different from what I used to read about. Have you ever been engaged? Do tell me!"

"No,"—with a laugh: "I am much too busy."

"But you can imagine," the younger girl ran on, "one likes a little romance. He is an angel, but—oh, look at the apples coming down!"

"Three!" laughed Kitty. "It is rather a bombardment. So you want poetry? You are very exacting; you ought not be so hard to please."

"It's just a little disappointing," said Daisy, standing up and finding her rolled pair of gloves. "We must go away out of this. What I mean is that I thought when somebody liked one it was like the songs; and I wish it was. Men's ideas are so different from ours! My papa, when I tried to play the 'Songs without Words,' said he liked chops without music. And there's no one in the world nicer than my papa. And Sydney is just the same. He says in town: 'Now, where can we go for something to eat without chewing in time to an orchestra?' I thought being in love was like the Venetian gondola song—don't you know?—'The world, my own, doth hold but you and me!'"

The quotation ended in a scream, even from Kitty, who picked up her hat and coat and fled from the windfalls.

"Look!—look!" exclaimed Daisy, aghast. "There's somebody up in the tree!"

And here was a figure in khaki scrambling through the branches, and coming down the ladder. Sydney Verreker!

"I did my best," he shouted. "I assure you I heard very little."

"You fired several rounds, Mr. Verreker." Kitty was perfectly calm.

"What else," he asked, "could a fellow do, *tired* like that?"

He always hated crowds; and perhaps he was tired with recognitions and questions. He had wandered into the orchard,

his boyhood's playground, and found the ladder against the tree that the two brothers used to call their castle long ago. He was thinking of Ralph, when some one came trundling a barrow of baskets, and then the voices began below. Now he wanted to fill the baskets, and wheel the barrow back to the kitchen for Daisy's friend, the V. A. D. But first he would send down some better fruit. He was up the ladder "like a lamplighter," and a brisk game began. The V. A. D. caught the apples as a conjurer catches balls. But the girl in white danced about, losing courage when she saw an apple coming, and dodging with a shriek. One or two went over the white straw hat, and were back-stopped by Kitty, amid peals of laughter.

"I think two could play at this game better than three," said the V. A. D. suddenly. "I am going to pour out tea for the men. Don't forget they are waiting for the apples in the cook-house." And, in spite of protests, she was gone.

The soldier in khaki came down the ladder.

"So I want chops, and you want the Venetian gondola! It's very sad, Daisy."

The girl did not know whether to laugh or to cry.

"No: it was my papa I said wanted chops; and you know what a darling he is," she said diplomatically. "I wouldn't have him a bit different for anything."

"I suppose it's all right," poor Verreker said, stumbling in a search for words. "I mean it isn't half right. It's hard lines. I have no claim on you, Daisy, that I could try to speak. I always think a man has no right to speak all that's in his heart until he has the right to marry; and I have not got that. But if you want to hear me say for once how much I care, Daisy"—then came one of his moments of eloquence,—"I can only say I love every hair of your head, and every thread of your little frock because it's yours; and I want you to be the best in the world, and to have everything that's best. And

I'd gladly give my life any day rather than you came to harm. If that's not love, Daisy, I don't know what it is!"

Half an hour after, an orderly came from the cook-house and assisted in gathering those apples, and trundled away the barrowful of baskets. He noticed that Mr. Verreker and the young lady in white were in no hurry following him along the bricked path through the garden. And they were not talking about the apples or the war that day in the orchard.

"Perhaps you could be received at Christmas," Mr. Verreker said. "I think you will be happier than you can imagine now. But I won't promise that. No, no: don't think about being happy. That would be a poor reason. That's not the main thing."

If that was love-making, the orderly with the barrow did not agree with Mr. Verreker. Courtship was different in Furzley, and he was a Furzley man before he worked at Morton Court. The young gentleman had lost his fortune, and now he was going the right way to lose the lady.

The two found Colonel Spaggot, and picked up the wandering sheep-dog making new friends in the region of the storeroom and the kitchen. A white-haired man, stooping and hardly to be recognized as the builder, piloted them all to a private tea-room, where the committee was to be fed without a scramble. Afterwards "young Mr. Verreker" explored the house. He lingered on the oaken staircase by the stained-glass window; and even looked into the Queen Anne boudoir, where the portraits of the two boys used to hang. Everything was gone,—sea-green furniture and all; and there were glass-fronted cabinets of drugs round the walls of the room. After all, he was well content. The old house had come to a noble use.

The last leave of Lieutenant Verreker was cancelled. The parting was "good-bye" after the Morton Court flower-show, and they little thought it then. Daisy Spaggot looked out upon the lonely search-

lights wheeling in immense majesty across the night sky. "I did not know what love was," she thought; "but I know now. It is not poetry; it is not what they say in the songs; it is not fairy tales: it is just real—real—real!"

On moonless nights the search-lights now were marvellous. From every direction the crystal beams sprang upward, steadily abiding, or crossing other shafts of light, or with immeasurable length sweeping the darkness. Mysterious ovals went wandering, like reflections of a moving mirror cast to an infinite height. When the first frost of winter began, the sky assumed a southern splendor. Planets burned like lamps detached from a background of darkness. Great constellations stood out, poised midway between the lower world and a universe alive with points of light. With the darkening of the streets, Londoners saw the stars at last. They could look up from Fleet Street, Strand or Piccadilly, and see Orion striding the heavens, holding up a jewelled arm; the Pleiades sparkling and blazing in a diamond cluster; the path of the Milky Way broader than ever, strewn with a dust of glory.

The darkening of windows and the blackening of street lamps harassed the Londoner till he provided his house with Zeppelin curtains, and himself with an electric torch, producing a circle of illumination at the touch of a spring. No lamp of any sort could shine in the windows of the little shops of Furzley; so they wisely closed early, and left West Street a pit of darkness. A policeman summoned Daisy's serving woman at the Gazabo, and ordered the fanlight over the hall door to be curtained or painted.

"I don't want to get Colonel Spaggot into the court," he said to the anxious Betty. "Dab it with the washing blue bag; make it like the beautiful sky in summer. There's an airplane been over and spotted the ray on the grass. If you lived at the other end of London, Miss, they wouldn't wait for us to come round.

When there's a ray of light there, the lady next door puts half a brick through your window."

The fogs came and London was in Egyptian darkness. It was in the first fog that Colonel Spaggot's daughter thought she could find her way as far as Chestnut Corner, and save a post for the letter over which she had spent a happy afternoon. But, outside, the fog muffled her in silence and a pitch-black atmosphere. One put out a hand to feel along the wall, and stood still at the approach of footsteps. The illumined circle was no better than a glowworm's light. The crossing of the road was a long struggle through a smoky void; and then an electric car with a ghostly glimmer came filling the darkness with thunder, and ringing a signal bell furiously. The road seemed twice as wide as it used to be; but a voice called:

"Here—here is the footway!"

And she fell over the curb into the arms of her friend, the V. A. D.

"O Daisy, you should not be out! They have blacked the lamp here badly. But this must be the inn."

A hoarse voice spoke: "Chestnut Corner!"

"Thank you!" she called out. "There is a policeman somewhere. Where are we getting to, officer?"

He told them the way to the post office, next the Salutation Inn:

"Bear to the left; and mind the tubs with the trees in 'em; and don't knock again' the pump and the horse-trough."

(To be continued.)

Magdalen.

BY SHANE LESLIE.

OUT of the core of lust the halo of Heaven!

Out of the dregs of dust the Magdalen's lard!
White as the Saint rose white from the clutch of
the Seven,

Rise, O soul, from thy body unstricken, un-
marred!

The Journey Home.

BY THE REV. RAYMOND LAWRENCE.

XI.

ONE of the subjects that, more than any other perhaps, have filled the minds of Christians during the past few years, has been the question of unity. Men have looked out upon the Christian world with all its contradictions, and have been dismayed at the prospect which they beheld. They have realized the great disadvantage that has arisen from all their multiform beliefs and opinions, and how greatly the difficulty of carrying forward any real missionary work among those who did not believe in Christ was increased by their divisions. If all the forces that are supposed to be allied with Christ could present a solid front against the mighty powers of evil in the world, so vast in their organization and their equipment, how greatly would the cause of righteousness be furthered! Indeed, the difficulty of presenting a divided and disorganized Christianity to the unbelieving world can not be overestimated. It is not surprising that the unbelievers should say, "Set your own house in order and show us some sort of agreement among yourselves before you ask us to listen to your teaching."

And so men everywhere who call themselves by the name of Christian have begun to desire some sort of reunion of the scattered forces of Christianity. Anglicans have realized, many of them, that such a return to unity must come about upon a Catholic basis, and so they have been forced to think much about the question of their relations with Rome. Not many of them, however, have come to see that the cure for the evils which separation from the center of Christian unity, the Holy See, brought about must be through returning by the way whence they went out. While maintaining that in some strange way they are

not in schism, and that unity with the Church has not been lost, on the other hand, they talk frequently about "our unhappy divisions,"—meaning those divisions that constitute the separation of the "three branches" of their theoretical Church one from another. They talk constantly as if the other "branches" of that Church held the Branch Theory also.

It was an Anglican of such views who wrote a letter during the winter of 1911-12 to the *Lamp* in the interest of the cause of Christian unity, and used this well-worn phrase, saying that it was his prayer that "the unhappy divisions in the Catholic Church might soon be brought to an end." In reply, the editor kindly reminded the writer that there were no divisions in the Catholic Church: that she was one in doctrine and discipline, as she had been from the beginning; and that while there was no cause dearer to the heart of all Catholics, and especially to the Holy See, than that of the unity of all Christians, such unity could be brought about only by a return of all non-Catholics to the Catholic Church.

This reply, though it contained nothing that I did not know, made me see, as I had not seen before, how utterly Rome rejected our theory of the Catholic Church. It reminded me of the state of things before the Reformation, when my own ancestors and those of all the divided, contentious Protestant world were sharers in the unity of the Catholic Church. And it also made me see that same Church going on with the same unvarying, unyielding claim to be "a city at unity with itself" after three centuries of Protestantism, and despite the loss of half of the Christian world. It was a thought to ponder upon, and it had its influence upon my mind. It made me look at Rome afterwards more from Rome's point of view and less from the standpoint of the Branch Theory.

During that winter there was offered in the seminary an optional course in the study of the Eastern Churches separated

from Rome. High Church Anglicans have for a long time been trying to come into friendly relations with the so-called Orthodox Church, many of them because it seemed to them to offer a valuable means of strengthening their own claim to Catholicity and of opposing Rome. The course promised to be interesting, and turned out to be so. But the one thing that I learned from it was that the Eastern Churches, the third "branch" in the theory, were in a state as deplorable in many ways as that existing in the Anglican Church itself. Though, doubtless owing to the unchangeableness of the Oriental mind, the Eastern Churches had become less disfigured by modern heresies than other bodies that had since thrown off the yoke of Rome, yet they had exchanged the Papacy for the most disgraceful Erastianism, for internal quarrels and dissensions, and a widespread decay and inertia. Everywhere they were tied and bound by the civil power, and what was supposed to be the "Kingdom of God" was enslaved and degraded by the kingdoms of this world. The existing conditions were, therefore, certainly no argument in behalf of separation from Rome. As a result of my studies, my respect for the Three Branch Theory was not increasing.

In rummaging through the shelves of the seminary library one day, I came upon a book called "The Truth of the Papal Claims," by Cardinal Merry del Val. It was written especially with a view to showing the reasonableness of Papal Infallibility. I read its pages with the greatest interest; and realized, as I read, that most of the ideas of Papal Infallibility combated by Anglican controversialists were quite different from what the Church really teaches upon the subject. It also showed me what the relation between the Episcopate and the Papacy really was, and that the doctrine of the Infallibility of the Pope by no means entailed the loss of all dignity and authority on the part of the Episcopate. I ob-

tained a view of the doctrine which was new to me, and which made it seem altogether reasonable and possible to accept. The book is a valuable treatise upon the subject.

Perhaps the greatest step in the direction of acceptance of the claims of the Roman Church was made when I came to have a new and fuller understanding of the principle of authority. During the year a remark made in one of the lectures at the seminary gave me suddenly a new insight into the meaning of the word itself. The lecturer was speaking of the way in which much of our information about the world comes to us. He said that, first of all, there are two ways of learning a fact: either by personal observation or by taking the word of others who have so learned it.

"For example, neither you nor I have ever seen that country which on the map is represented by a pink space and called Africa. Yet we believe it to exist on the authority of the geographers and travelers who tell us that they have been there and seen it. Our trust in the truthfulness of their statement is based upon our belief in their honesty. There are a thousand things in life which we accept without the slightest doubt, although we have no personal knowledge to assure us that we are not deceived. Our experience of the trustworthiness of men in general, and particularly of our friends, leads us to accept what they tell us without fear or even a thought of deception. Faith in the person takes the place of observation of those things for which he vouches. The fuller our trust in his veracity and his ability to judge and to testify as to facts, the more complete is our acceptance of all that he tells us. So it is with the Church. We satisfy ourselves, first, that there is a Church, and that her claim to teach is justified; and then we at once accept all that she teaches without question. We do not even ask her to prove every statement before we will accept it; for our confidence in her makes that unnecessary, even though we know that she would

have abundant proofs, if they were asked."

How the professor who taught us this lesson could be satisfied with the way in which his principles work out in Anglicanism, I do not know; but his words remained in my mind, and served to show me that what was necessary for me was not to trouble about this and that doctrine of Rome, but to satisfy myself as to her *authority*.

It may seem strange that I had not seen this more clearly before; but when one has lived for a long time in an atmosphere of inconsistency, as I had done, it is difficult to be logical at all. Any new and more logical view of things is something of a triumph. I had had no example of a real exercise of authority to go by. The Anglican Church certainly furnished me with a poor enough illustration. It was impossible for me, therefore, to gain any real understanding of what the idea of authority signified, except by thinking it out for myself. A child brought up in a household where obedience and order were unknown would be in exactly my position. The word "obedience" would mean little to him; and he could easily be excused for not realizing at once all that consistency would demand of him, even after he came to see that obedience was a virtue worth striving for, and had earnestly set himself to acquire it.

As an Anglican I had talked much about "what the Church teaches"; but it was always either the Church in the early ages that I had in mind, or else one of those theoretical conceptions of the Church which my imagination, or that of certain Anglicans with whom I sympathized, had constructed, and upon which we tried to hang those doctrines of whose truth we had convinced ourselves by our own private judgment. It was never a living Voice such as is heard and obeyed in the Catholic Church, speaking with firmness and assurance, and lasting on age after age to define further, and explain even its own former definitions, if need be. High Churchmen and others who

were agreed in their theory as to what bodies constituted "the Church" often did not agree at all as to what that Church taught, and spent much weary time in writing pamphlets to prove that this or that doctrine was *de fide*. And so, after all, they knew little of a real exercise of authority; for "the Church" let them all talk on and did not interfere. What they held was really adopted upon the basis of their own private judgment; though they claimed that they rejected that principle altogether, and supposed that their faith rested upon the principle of authority.

Towards the spring of 1912, when I was beginning to realize how serious the situation was becoming for me, I happened to come into possession of a book which did more to help me solve my difficulties than any other. It was at a time when one event after another had increased my distress to such an extent that I knew not where to turn. I had already come to see how impossible it would be to think of continuing in the seminary for another year and of going on into the ministry. How could I teach others when I was so unsettled myself? My faith in Anglicanism was daily growing weaker, and I could not yet see with certainty that I should be able to become a Catholic, despite the fact that I felt more than ever of one mind and spirit with the Roman Catholic Church. It was in this state of mind therefore that I read Father Maturin's "Price of Unity."

If ever there was a man who knew thoroughly the workings of the human mind and understood the motives that actuate the human heart, it was Father Maturin. His book was like a canvas, whereon I saw portrayed all that I had thought and felt and agonized over during the past four years. It showed me thoughts and feelings which had been hidden so deep within me that I had never suspected them to exist; but, as his sketching brought them into light, I knew and recognized them as my own. The book went so deeply into the whole

question of the Anglican difficulties, weighing every detail so calmly and fairly, and treating it with such abundant charity, that I was at once much affected by it. It took up the controversy and carried it to the point where I had already fought it out in my own heart; and led me on deeper into it, showing me all that was involved in its furthest reaches. It said for me a hundred things which were already in my mind, but which I could scarcely formulate and put into speech. It was like a teacher who comes at the point where one is wearied and worn out with a problem, and feeling that he has done his best to solve it, yet without success; and at once with a few skilful strokes from the master-hand the problem is solved.

What gave such weight in my estimation to all that the book said was the fact that it was written by a convert from the Anglican Church,—one who had been through the struggle and who knew every step of the way, and could appreciate all the mental suffering, the sense of helplessness, and the terrible suspense which it involved. Here also was a writer who had already taught me much through his spiritual writings, and whose assertions I trusted completely. He had been a Catholic for fifteen years, and was one to whom I could listen with confidence.

I learned one great lesson from Father Maturin, and it was this: he made me see, as I had not seen before, how truly essential is the Papacy to the life of the Church and to the fulfilment of her mission in the world. And he taught me that lesson by interpreting for me all that my experiences in the Anglican Church implied. I had believed from the first that Our Lord had founded a Church, and that He had given to that Church the mission of preserving and teaching to all men a definite body of truth,—the truths of revelation which He had brought into the world. With that mission went full authority, and the consequent obli-

gation, on the part of all men, who sought for salvation, to hear and obey all that was taught by such authority. Throughout the ages Christ's Church would teach one and the same doctrine, and would guard that doctrine from change or decay. I had submitted myself to the Anglican Church, sincerely believing that in so doing I was conforming to the will of Christ, and I desired only to be taught the truths which He committed to His Church. But what had I found? In the Anglican Church there was no authority, and throughout the whole system there reigned only chaos and confusion. Those who were in the places of authority were powerless either to defend Catholic doctrine or to prevent heresy from being taught.

And in contrast to this chaotic condition, there was ever before my eyes the unity and the undeniable authority in the Roman Church. Whatever men might say about her, no one could deny that she spoke with one voice, and that she was capable and fearless in the defence and assertion of the doctrines which she taught. So had she been from the beginning. So was it during all those centuries when the Anglican Church recognized her authority and was guided by her directing hand. So had there been unity of doctrine and authority in the Anglican Church herself up to the very day when she, at the will of a sin-loving and rebellious monarch, had cast aside the yoke of Rome. And what was the obvious lesson but that either there must be submission to that yoke or else chaos would reign? Looking back over the three centuries that have elapsed since England rejected the authority of the Holy See, there is but one lesson that is apparent: that with the departure of Rome's power there departed from the Church of England all authority and all unity; and in their place, in spite of all else that was preserved of the ancient dignity and glory, there reigned confusion.

(Conclusion next week.)

An Easter Rondel.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

REJOICE, O Heaven's Queen!
 Thy night of woe is o'er;
 Exult as ne'er before:
 Thy Jesus has been seen,
 Has vanquished Death terrene,
 And lives for evermore.
 Rejoice, O Heaven's Queen!
 Thy night of woe is o'er.
 All glorified His mien
 Which late such anguish wore,
 Each wound is now a door
 Whence flows supernal sheen:
 Rejoice, O Heaven's Queen!
 Thy night of woe is o'er.

The "Cake Merchant" of Manhattan.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

IT had been Cornelia Van Horne's constant practice—since as a child she had first gone with her nurse—to visit a little shop at the foot of Wall Street, hard by the Water Gate, where bread and a variety of little cakes were sold. The proprietor was very old; his snow-white locks hung loose upon the shoulders of his dull brown surtout; but eyes of bright blue shone out from his deeply-lined face.

He was a mysterious personage, about whom, obscure as he was, there were many rumors. Some were even heard to declare that he was uncanny. At the marketplace, where, according to the orders of his Excellency the Governor, a market was held every Saturday from sunrise to sundown, gossip about him was rife, when there was no more exciting topic under discussion. None knew anything of his origin or under what circumstances he had come to New York. Remembering that legend of Rip Van Winkle which hung in fragmentary fashion about the Catskills, some of the more superstitious

were disposed to believe that he, too, might have lived in some far-off time, when the Colony was young. Even his speech was strange to many of his hearers, and he used words and phrases that none could understand. His very name being unintelligible, he was generally known by a Dutch term that signified the "cake merchant."

To Cornelia Van Horne there was a peculiar fascination about the quaint old man and his dwelling, quite apart from his delightful little cakes of every shape and size, which had a special flavor of their own. The dwelling was but a one-story house, with a pine wood floor, and a single counter, at which the wares were sold. There was an air of immaculate cleanliness about the place that made it most inviting. The old man, who had given his name to Cornelia as Padraic, sat erect, in a straight, high-backed chair; and, when not busy with his sales, his eyes were fixed upon the waters of the Bay, and seemed as if striving to pierce illimitable distance. In the mild weather, the salt air came in through the open door to play with his white locks. He roused himself as it were from a reverie whenever customers entered, and attended to their needs with prompt and cheerful civility.

His chief interest had come to be in the visits of Cornelia Van Horne, to whom he talked, in a phraseology which she but half understood, about that country beyond the waves from which his pilgrim steps had turned long ago, in the days of youth, but which he had never forgotten. He described to that ever-interested listener, whom he first remembered as a toddling child, the fresh green of the glens and valleys, the glow on the misty mountains where the sun burst over their summits, the beauty of the lakes and streams,—all of which the imagination of that lonely exile had gilded with "the light that never was on land or sea." He called that far country of his by divers poetic names; so that it was some time before even the grown-up

Cornelia understood that he was speaking all the while of Ireland. To the listener it had been hitherto chiefly an appanage of the English Crown, which, according to her geography, lay across the Irish Sea from England.

Though the young girl both by temperament and training was as far apart as the poles from this humble friend, yet her mind was so receptive and her nature so sympathetic that she gradually learned to love the bits of fairy lore, the poetic myths, with which Padraic clothed his native hills and enriched the glens and valleys. Cornelia, in appearance, belied her Dutch ancestry. She had very black hair, and eyes of darkest brown that lent a certain fire and animation to her colorless skin. "*Ma colleen dhu*," or "my dark girl," the old man called her.

Never had the "cake merchant" spoken directly of that which is dear to the heart of the Celt whithersoever he wanders—religion. It would have been both unwise and dangerous to do so, and, as Padraic supposed, difficult to make his young visitor understand. For, as he was aware, her knowledge of the ancient Faith was simply that it was a proscribed and hated creed, which had been gradually banished from the Colony till scarce a trace thereof remained.

So, quite unsuspecting, Cornelia had continued her childish friendship with that dreamer of dreams and seer of visions, whom, because her heart was pure and her life innocent, she could so readily understand. Sometimes Padraic forgot her presence altogether, and talked in that strange tongue which she had learned to call Gaelic. Once or twice she had surprised him with what looked like a string of pebbles, but which he instantly hid away in some recess of his surtout, and declined to allow her to examine or handle. It pleased the old man to teach her some Gaelic words or phrases, such as "Health and happiness be yours!" and "The Son of Mary bless you!" But the latter he never translated for her.

It was a beautiful morning, cool as yet; for Winter was yielding reluctantly to Spring. But in the bright sun it was warm; the wavelets that came upon the shore were tipped every one with gold, and there was a promise in the air of warmth and luxuriance to come. Cornelia Van Horne came tripping along Pearl Street, dressed in a linsey-woolsey of bright crimson, which harmonized well with her dark hair and eyes; and as she drew near that portion of the town contiguous to the Fort, she was not indifferent to the admiring glance of the young officers, who, in scarlet and gold, were strolling about the neighborhood.

She paused at one point to look out to where, in the offing, lay a brigantine, of which just then the Colony at large was talking. For beside it were the two prizes—French privateers—which the gallant captain of the "Triton" had captured. Cornelia gave a long look of interest at that inspiring spectacle, and watched the vessels, two of which were badly damaged (for they had not surrendered without a struggle), rocking on the dancing waves. Nor did any foreknowledge come to disturb her, nor the idea of any possible connection between her and them.

"Men say it was a gallant fight," observed Cornelia, addressing her Negro maid Cynthia, who walked behind. For it was not the custom for young damsels of quality to go forth unattended.

Cynthia cordially agreed; adding her own graphic, if fragmentary, account of the struggle, as some of the household Negroes had heard it from the sailors, until the two reached the hovel near the Water Gate. Cornelia opened the door and stepped lightly into the shop; while Cynthia sat down on a bench near the door, carrying the small basket in which she was to take home whatever purchases her young mistress might make, and literally basking in the sunshine.

When Cornelia entered the shop, she was astonished to find that the straight-backed chair behind the counter was

empty. It seemed mutely to suggest that something was wrong. The young girl, passing quickly inwards, stood upon the threshold of a low door leading to an inner room. A single glance sufficed to show Padraic stretched upon a low couch, dressed as she had always seen him. Even to the inexperienced eyes that looked, it was evident that the extreme whiteness of his face was more than the pallor of old age: that it was really the pallor of death.

Cornelia, dropping on her knees beside the bed, saw the faint smile that crossed the old man's wasted face at sight of her.

"*Ma colleen dhu!*" he muttered weakly. "'Tis the end. The hand of Death has struck me. And listen hither." He raised and stretched towards her his fleshless, bony hands, clasped as if in supplication. "I am old, old," he cried, "and I have fought with Death this many a year, hoping always that a priest might be here to assoil me,—a Catholic priest, my lady! O sweet Saviour, I can not die without one!"

The word "priest" filled Cornelia with horror; and the knowledge that this old man, whom she had so long known and so constantly befriended, was a Papist came with the force of a shock. Momentarily forgetting all else, she stood regarding Padraic with dilated eyes and an inclination to hurry from the spot and leave him in his extremity. For was he not one of the accursed sect from which, it had been believed, the burgh of Manhattan was delivered? And was he not calling now—in tones of anguish that, despite all her prejudices, pierced her heart—for one of those Romish priests whom she had been taught to hold as ministers of Satan?

"There is no priest," she murmured in answer to that haunting look of pain in the fast-dimming eyes. "There is no priest on the Island of Manhattan."

"I can not die without one," the old man repeated, in feeble, wavering tones. "All these years I've prayed to the blessed Son of Mary that a priest might be at

my dying bed. O lady, *O ma colleen*, O my child, seek one, as you hope for mercy at the last!"

"I will go," said Cornelia resolutely, hastening out through the door to where Cynthia still basked in the sunshine, and played with a stray kitten that had chanced to pass that way. With startling suddenness, the young mistress informed her that the "cake merchant" was dying; also that he was a Papist and was crying for a priest.

"A Popish priest!" the Negro exclaimed in affright. "There be none of those wicked folk in these Colonies. And a good thing, too, dear mistress; since they have power, as men say, to turn their enemies into snakes or toads."

Cornelia made an impatient gesture. Such risks as that she was quite prepared to take, in the very anguish of pity for her old friend. Moreover, she was convinced, as by some intuitive process of reasoning, that a priest whom Padraic so ardently desired could not be the miscreant that he and all his kind were represented to be. And she had been impressed by that wonderful faith which had caused the old man to exclaim that the minister of God would surely be found in answer to his prayers. But where to look? In what direction could she turn?

"If there were only some Papists here of whom I might inquire!" she said aloud.

Cynthia, who fully enjoyed the confidence of her mistress, and was eager to serve her at any cost, declared in an awestricken whisper:

"There be one Papist here in this town, dear Mistress Cornelia."

It was clear that she believed the topic to be a fearsome one; and she looked all around, as if she dreaded to see in the very gold of the sunshine some spectre evoked by the mention of such accursed folk, or an officer of the law prepared to clap them both into the dungeon for their treasonable discourse.

But Cornelia caught eagerly at the suggestion:

"A Papist, say you? Quick Cynthia,—quick! Where is he to be found?"

The Negro, though inwardly affrighted, had nevertheless within her the spirit of adventure. It would be, she thought, such a wondrous thing to see and speak with a Papist,—perhaps even to cross the threshold of his house. So she answered promptly:

"It is one Master Leary, who has his abode on Cortlandt Street."

"He that keeps a livery?" Cornelia demanded hastily.

"Even he," Cynthia assented; and her mistress answered:

"We will go thither at once. Perchance he can throw light upon this matter of a priest."

The Negro gasped, and rolled her eyes in a terror that was mingled with enjoyment. She followed her mistress, carrying the still empty basket; for poor Padraic's wares lay unheeded on the shelves.

The trepidation which, under other circumstances, Cornelia would have felt when embarking on such an expedition was overmastered by her desire to serve her humble friend in his last extremity. Forgetting the legal consequences that might be involved in her acts, she made all haste to seek out that person whom the Negro maid knew to be the only avowed Catholic on the Island of Manhattan. She had a vague hope that he might be enabled to find a priest for the dying man.

When, a little later, confronted with the strong and sturdy figure of the first of his religion to whom she had ever consciously spoken, the girl wasted no time in formalities.

"Are you in truth a Papist?" she asked.

Master Leary looked at her in a blank surprise that was not unmingled with displeasure and suspicion. Evidently she had made a mistake.

"I am a Catholic, mistress, if that be your meaning," he replied curtly.

Cornelia, unheeding his tone, explained in a few breathless words the condition

of the "cake merchant" and his intense desire for the ministrations of a priest,—though, as she was careful to explain, she herself was of the Lutheran faith. Her story awakened the sympathy and interest of the Irishman to a degree that astonished the young girl.

"It is long since there has been a priest in these parts!" he said, in a tone so troubled that it might have been the welfare of his own soul that was at stake. "I never knew," he murmured in an aside, "that the 'cake merchant' was one of us; though nathless I might, if I had been at the pains to question him." He stood a moment in deep thought; then, as if struck by a sudden inspiration, he exclaimed: "There is only a single chance! But we must haste. There is not an instant to be lost."

The time was about the middle of the eighteenth century, when, according to Dr. Shea, one Leary was almost the only avowed Catholic in New York. Cornelia marvelled that this strong, full-blooded man, in the prime of life, should have the same intense anxiety for the presence of a priest at a deathbed as the aged and feeble "cake merchant." She was also surprised at the confidence she felt in this new acquaintance, who, at considerable risk to himself, was willing to serve an unknown fellow-creature. Accompanied by the faithful, if terrified, Cynthia, she followed as he led the way downwards to the Water Gate. He stopped a moment at the hovel, to be certain that the dying man was still alive, and to whisper to him divers reassuring words. Then, without more ado, he took his way to the shore, and peremptorily signalled to an oyster fisher who was plying his craft at no great distance. Putting a piece of gold into the man's hand, he bade him lose no time in taking three passengers to their destination.

With scarcely an instant's hesitation, Cornelia obeyed Master Leary's imperative gesture and seated herself, with Cynthia, in the boat. To her surprise, she soon saw

that they were heading directly for the brigantine which she had that morning admired, and of which the whole town was talking.

The master of the vessel was pacing the deck. He stopped to survey those approaching in the boat. His keen eyes of steel-blue caught the upward glance of Cornelia's brown ones, which were full of a wistful appeal. At the same moment Master Leary whispered in the girl's ear:

"Men say that the skipper is an Irishman, and with him a lady will have the best chance of success."

It was he himself, however, who first took the word, telling the captain that the three desired to come aboard for a purpose which should presently be explained. The privateersman, considerably astonished, might have refused but for that appeal in the brown eyes. He gave the required permission; and no sooner had the visitors reached the deck than Cornelia, mindful of Master Leary's hint, addressed the young sailor in one or two of those Gaelic phrases which the "cake merchant" had taught her. For she supposed that Gaelic was the common language of all Irishmen. In this particular instance her surmise was correct; for the captain had a slight knowledge of the ancient language of his people. To her greetings, "Health and happiness be yours!" and "May the Son of Mary bless you!" he responded by a few Gaelic words which Cornelia did not understand. Then he continued in English, with a laugh so frank and pleasant that it instantly attracted at least his feminine listeners.

"Lady, whoever you be, speaking Gaelic, you have of a surety found the way to an Irishman's heart."

The color crept up into Cornelia's face, while Master Leary somewhat hastily interposed:

"The lady has come thither to ask of you a favor."

"Let her speak," answered the officer; "and if the favor be such as a privateers-

man can grant on his own deck, it is already accorded."

But Cornelia turned in some bewilderment to Master Leary, not knowing in what form to put her request.

"It is," said the elder man, "a matter which brooks no delay. I believe you are one of us?"

He added a few words in a low tone, to which the skipper answered by a nod.

"The lady, though not of the ancient Faith," Master Leary explained, "is desirous to bring the consolations of religion to a poor man who is dying yonder."

Cornelia was again surprised, as she had been in the case of Master Leary, to note the quick look of interest which flashed into the face of the young skipper, as though here were a matter that indeed demanded immediate attention.

"There is no priest in the Colony," Master Leary continued, "and it has been whispered that amongst the prisoners taken from the French privateersmen is a Catholic cleric."

"Yes, though he is no prisoner," the captain replied. "I have detained him here for his own safety, considering the conditions ashore."

"It is well done," agreed Master Leary; "though we have been deprived of the ministrations of the clergy for many years, save when it is possible to leave these Colonies."

"I had been told," remarked the other, with a laugh, "that no trace of Popery lingered here. And there was much rejoicing at the fact. But I will send for the Father, explaining to him clearly the risk which he runs in performing his duties ashore."

"You and I know full well," declared Leary, with some sternness, "that he will count the peril as naught where there is question of a soul's weal."

"In truth I know it," assented the sailor, who dispatched a messenger at once to bring the priest from the captain's cabin, which had been placed at his disposal.

Cornelia meanwhile stood by, marvelling

at all she heard, and at the good understanding which had been established between these two who were so dissimilar. Her fancy was captivated by the bearing and manner of this young mariner, whose intrepidity, skill and daring had taken the people of Manhattan by storm. While they waited for the priest, he said to her:

"If this be the favor you ask, young Mistress, I would that it were a greater one, since my Catholic duty would have forced me in any event to accede to this. But perchance there may be some future occasion in which I can serve you."

Cornelia gave him one look of fervent gratitude, and a smile which completed the favorable impression already made upon his fine, manly nature by the heroic girl, who had taken such trouble, even the risk of prosecution, for the sake of a poor exile, alien to her in creed and race.

Almost instantaneously there stood at the head of the companion ladder a venerable French ecclesiastic, whose appearance at once commended him to the Dutch maiden,—though not to Cynthia, who, standing behind her young mistress, uttered ejaculations of horror and dismay, and the half-articulate words:

"Good Mistress, he will enchant us! He will turn us into reptiles, suah!"

The priest scarcely waited to hear the explanation which the captain felt bound to make, begging that there might be no delay in sending him ashore. At the ship's side lay the pinnace, which the skipper had ordered out to convey the party to their destination. And as he assisted Cornelia over the vessel's side he whispered:

"I would fain hope for some future meeting—"

"In which I can better express my gratitude," Cornelia agreed; adding, with a laugh: "Though it will not be in the Gaelic tongue, since I have well-nigh exhausted those phrases which poor Padraic has taught me."

As the pinnace danced gaily over the water, Cynthia shrank, cowering and terrified, with eyes that rolled wildly in

the direction of the priest, whose aspect, on the other hand, had charmed Cornelia. In his presence, the foolish and idle calumnies she had heard seemed to melt as the morning mist before the sun. She had noted with admiration how, calmly and smilingly, he had waved aside the mention of personal danger, and had asked only to be brought as speedily as possible to the dying man.

All other thoughts, however, were presently swallowed up in the absorbing one of the "cake merchant." The girl fairly trembled with excitement and anxiety as she stepped ashore and approached the familiar door, through which she hastily entered, followed closely by the priest and Master Leary. Cynthia lingered, outside upon the bench, in the sunshine that was flooding the Breukelen shore, the East River, and the Bay.

Padraic lay apparently asleep. Stray sunbeams played over his white locks and his aged face, that in its deadly pallor caused Cornelia's heart to sink; for she feared that all her efforts had been in vain. The priest, advancing quickly, took the old man's hand, felt his pulse, and laid a hand upon his heart. He murmured but two words, which Cornelia did not understand: "*Deo gratias!*" Then, bending low, he said in English, in a clear, distinct tone:

"My friend!"

Padraic instantly opened his eyes, and Cornelia's heart gave a leap; for, despite her training and her past prejudices, she could feel the thrill of the moment, and its deep significance to the two who stood with her beside that bed of death. The interest and anxiety on the face of Master Leary, and the more than fatherly solicitude of the priest for that poor man, affected her profoundly.

Padraic at first seemed utterly bewildered; but, his scattered senses returning, he smiled faintly. Then slowly his dimmed eyes fixed themselves an instant upon the venerable figure that was bending over him; and, with unmistakable pleasure

at sight of Cornelia, he asked in a low, faint voice:

"Is it dreaming I am?"

When the priest took his hand, a sudden access of energy seized upon the wasted frame, and he cried out, with an accent of indescribable joy and relief:

"A priest,—a priest! Oh, then, Father, a hundred thousand welcomes!"

Tears streamed down Cornelia's cheeks, and even the sturdy Irishman was visibly moved.

"These many years I've prayed," the voice continued, "that a priest might be with me at the end. And now I'm ready to go, when God pleases. 'Twill soon be the blessed Easter time, I'm thinking."

The priest made a sign to Master Leary; and the latter drew the young girl away into the outer room, where the high-backed chair behind the counter stood vacant for evermore, and the wares lay unheeded on the shelves.

"We must leave them alone together," Master Leary said, "while yonder poor sinner confesses his sins."

The young girl wondered more than ever at the power of this strange religion, which could bind together the most casual acquaintances, and which had such mysterious rites and ceremonies. She found the cold emptiness of the little shop inexpressibly sad, as she looked out through the open door, as the eyes of Padraic, soon to be closed in death, had looked for so many years; yearning, as he had once told her, for his lost Innisfail.

When they returned to the inner room, they saw that Padraic's sunken eyes were shining with a light brighter than the reflection of the sun upon his pale face. Master Leary fell upon his knees; and, after a moment's hesitation, Cornelia did likewise. She always said afterwards that she had really become a Catholic at that moment, though it was some weeks later that she was received into the Church.

Padraic was left undisturbed for a few moments; while the priest, outside in the

shop, shook Master Leary warmly by the hand, thanking him for what he had done.

"And you, most worthy lady," he continued, in his foreign-sounding English, turning to Cornelia,—“you have been made the instrument of Providence in bringing hither the minister of God, in answer to the prayer of faith. Be assured that this charitable act will call down a blessing on your life.”

Cynthia, who had remained without during that last act in the drama of the “cake merchant’s” life, gazed in horror, through the open door, at the priest in close converse with her mistress. She feared that he was uttering over her some wicked incantation.

It was a moment of intense emotion for Cornelia when, with streaming eyes, she knelt beside the bed where Padraic was making his last appearance on life’s stage. The old man, his face shining with happiness, thanked her in broken words for the sunshine which her constant kindness had brought into his lonely life.

“But most of all, *ma colleen dhu*,” he said, laying his hand upon her head as if in blessing, “I thank you for the help you have given in my last extremity. I pray that your charity may bring great happiness into your life. And may the Son of Mary lead you into His blessed kingdom!” The feeble voice ceased, to be heard no more on earth, save in murmured words of supplication. The wasted hand fell powerless on the coverlet, and the priest began the prayers for the dying. Padraic’s soul had peacefully departed before their conclusion.

A few weeks later Cornelia Van Horne was formally received into the Church, at the house of Master Leary, by the French ecclesiastic, who had come to New York as a nominal prisoner on board the “Triton.” Great was the horror and dismay of the young girl’s parents when they were informed of what she had done. But she was an idolized only child, and they could say or do nothing in public without making her and all

concerned amenable to the unjust and persecuting laws then in force.

The conversion partially prepared them for another happening, which formed the topic of conversation at many a rout and tea-drinking. The captain of the “Triton” who, as a popular hero, was entertained at most of the leading Colonial houses, especially amongst the hospitable Dutch—had from the first meeting devoted himself to Cornelia, and made no secret of his over-growing attachment. That courtship, which had begun under such strange and romantic circumstances, was at first frowned upon by Cornelia’s parents, but finally approved.

It was arranged that, owing to the restrictive laws which on shore prevented a priest from officiating, the marriage should take place on board the brigantine on Easter Sunday. It was all very quiet,—the wedding party consisting only of the bride elect’s parents, Master Leary, and the faithful Cynthia. As it passed by the deserted hovel near the Water Gate, Cornelia breathed a fervent prayer for her humble friend through whom such great things had been wrought in her life. And the shining of the sun on that deserted dwelling seemed like the benediction of the Son of Mary, which the “cake merchant” had so often invoked.

As the bride stood beside the gallant captain on board the “Triton,” and heard the solemn words that united them until death, the prophetic wish of the “cake merchant,” that into her life should come some great happiness, seemed to ring in her ears. For from his death had come to her life, as the resurrection of winter follows spring; and the resurrection of happiness, the dissolution of the just.

IN the joy of the Resurrection we shall see the countenance of the Friend who has loved us, sorrowed for us, died for us; the countenance of Christ fixed upon each one of us; His voice speaking to us as He spoke to Mary at the sepulchre, calling us each one by name.—*Manning*.

The Season of Joy.

THE joy of Easter is as salutary to the soul as the contrition and penance of Lent. It intensifies the hope of immortality, and is a foretaste of endless rejoicing. If we walk henceforth "in the newness of life," as the Apostle exhorts us, our Easters will be perpetuated even here in our exile. "Grant to Thy servants, O God," prays the Church, "that they may keep up, by their manner of living, the mystery they have received by their believing!"

The great liturgist of the twelfth century, Rupert, Abbot of Deutz, quoted by Dom Guéranger, thus speaks of the pious artifice used by the Church to infuse the spirit of Easter into all: "There are certain carnal minds that seem unable to open their eyes to spiritual things, unless roused by some unusual excitement; and for this reason, the Church makes use of such means. Thus, the Lenten fast, which we offer up to God as our yearly tithe, goes on till the most sacred night of Easter; then follow fifty days without so much as one single fast. . . . Thus, the sacred solemnity is sweet to all, and dear to all, and desired by all, as a fount of living water is to them that thirst."

The rites peculiar to Easter in the present discipline of the Church are two—the unceasing repetition of the *Alleluia*, that glorious cry of heaven; and the color of the vestments—white. This color is especially appropriate to the Resurrection, it being the mystery of Eternal Light, which knows neither spot nor shadow. Even in the refractory Churches of the Orient, Easter is still "the Great Day," and they keep up many beautiful customs of an early time.

On the night preceding Easter Day, the Russian churches are densely thronged with the attendants, standing in darkness, holding unlighted candles, silent, expectant. When the midnight hour has struck, a plaintive strain of music is heard from far away outside the church,

and then a thrill goes through the assembly; the music approaches, waxes louder, sounding more joyous. The great western doors roll back, and light appears flowing into the church, attended by jubilant song. The procession of choir and clergy is entering with light and incense, in gorgeous robes, a train of light and color, of music and fragrance. Instantly the light is caught from the entering tapers, and runs in sparks through the church, flying from candle to candle, and every worshipper stands with his candle burning, so that the gloomy interior is turned into a place of glory. At the same moment each turns to his neighbor, exclaiming, "Christ is risen!" and greets him with a kiss. Joy is shed abroad.

Science Under Indictment.

TWO or three decades ago it would have been considered the climax of ignorantism to question the merits of science, and especially the beneficent effects of applied science on the well-being and happiness of humanity. Nowadays, scientists themselves are beginning to doubt whether the triumphant pæans which a grateful world has been voicing in honor of their goddess—Science with a capital S—are really as well deserved as we have been wont to think. One doubter, Prof. Patrick, of Iowa University, discusses the matter in the *Scientific Monthly*, and expresses a number of opinions which the average reader will probably consider novel. Inventions and discoveries, the Professor states, have made the world easier to live in; but mere ease of living is scarcely beneficial. "Possibly science should never have been applied," he suggests, "to making man comfortable, but to making him perfect. It may be that there is great danger in comfort. The biologist holds it in grave suspicion. Degeneracy is its sequel."

Labor-saving devices have been multiplied, but labor is necessary to our well-being. "Just why," asks the Professor, "has it been assumed that labor-saving

devices are a benefit? Work, and indeed physical work, is a blessing, not a curse. During the past history of man . . . Nature has said to him, 'You must work or die.'"

As for the time-saving devices with which science has supplied us, he says: "With all these devices it is not quite apparent that we have any more time than formerly. Sometimes it seems as if we have less." Moreover, a notable increase of leisure is anything but an unmixed blessing. As a matter of ascertainable fact, the superabundant leisure of many persons is a distinct danger, not merely to themselves but to the society in which they move. Now, as always, "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

Even as regards the work of science in protecting us from the ravages of disease, Prof. Patrick is sceptical. What we need, in his opinion, is to be built up so as to resist disease, rather than to be protected against it. The desideratum, he suggests, is a really healthy people, not a weakened race artificially protected. Even on the score of protection, indeed, applied science is not in a position to talk at all boastfully. Medical scientists have, it is true, made considerable headway against typhus and malaria and tuberculosis; but, on the other hand, it has quite failed to check the increase of cancer and diseases of the heart and the arteries, of the digestive organs and the nervous system.

A neat rejoinder to a probable reply to the Professor's strictures is contained in this passage: "To all such arguments as the above it will be replied that science has nevertheless made the world a decent and comfortable place to live in; that there has never been so much happiness in the world as at present. But for the last four years Europe has not been a comfortable place to live in, nor has there been general happiness; although Germany excelled in its development of science, and in the application of science to the mechanical arts." A good civilization must insure some degree of stability."

Notes and Remarks.

Perhaps it is because so many different meanings are given to "Bolshevism" that statements about it are so frequently at variance. One prominent American citizen declares that 'it is somewhere between impossible and incredible that Bolshevism should have any attraction for Americans.' Another eminent publicist holds that "we are facing the gravest crisis in all our history. The fight is on between Constitutional government—law and order—and Bolshevism. We ourselves have sown the seeds of it." Evidently these two gentlemen have quite different ideas as to what Bolshevism means. But, then, the Bolsheviks themselves are not agreed. Some do not resent being called revolutionists, while others regard themselves as reformers. Both are convinced, however, that the safeguards which the Fathers of the Constitution provided have broken down largely in practice, and that the average American has become a mere cog wheel in a political machine, which is nothing if not oligarchical. Just how much or how little truth there may be in this contention it would be hard to say. It goes to show, however, that the most important business Uncle Sam could engage in would be the restoration and reinforcement of those safeguards. As Lincoln once said, 'Of course you can't mend eggs that have been broken; but you oughtn't to forget that the longer the breaking goes on, the fewer unbroken eggs you will have left.'

Gov. Harrison's announcement that the act of Congress, granting independence to the Filipinos, is only a formality to be complied with, naturally brought fixed smiles to the faces of the delegates from the Philippine Legislature now visiting the United States. Secretary Baker urged them to visit many of our cities 'to see and know what Americans are thinking

and doing, and to let *them* see what manner of men the Islands had selected for so important a mission.' The delegates were further charged to 'carry home word that the American people loved liberty too much to deny it to other people. A letter from President Wilson was also read, in which he says: "Not the least important labor of the Conference which now requires my attention is that of making the pathway of the weaker people of the world less perilous."

Fine! Let us hope that "the weaker people of the world" does not exclude the Irish, whose pathway is particularly perilous just at present.

It is always well, in any discussion, to have the real point at issue stated with unmistakable clearness; and so the *London Daily Chronicle* is to be commended for its plain statement of what is really meant by the reunion of the Anglican and the Catholic Churches. "Are the High Churchmen," it asks, "prepared to accept the doctrine of Papal Supremacy? Do they 'mean business'? If reunion is anything more than a theme for rhetorical divines to prattle about, it means that the Anglican Church is to be incorporated under the Holy See. If it does not mean that, it means nothing at all."

Just so. Our Anglican friends must accept the supremacy in spiritual matters of Christ's Vicar on earth, or languish forever without the pale of the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church, of which they would fain persuade themselves they are even now a branch.

No student of Irish history, be his opinion of contemporary political conditions in Ireland what it may, will for a moment question the pertinence and importance of the following paragraph from the Lenten Pastoral of his Eminence Cardinal Logue:

There is another danger against which I think it necessary to give a solemn warning. When a country is in a disturbed state, designing

men often avail themselves of the disorder to introduce secret societies. Such societies, exposing their members to the proximate danger of crime, are against the law of God and are solemnly banned by the Church. The past experience of them in this country should be, of itself, a sufficient deterrent. They are seldom without a paid spy among their members: sometimes they are organized by the paid agent himself, in order that he may secure unholy gain by betraying his dupes.

The special odium which attaches, in Ireland, to the term "informer"—an odium known not only to those who are familiar with Irish life but even to the readers of Irish novels—is eloquent of the baneful effects of the secret societies against which the Cardinal utters his warning, and of the misery and woe which so often resulted from the betrayal of their purposes and plans.

Those persons who are not sure that they know exactly how the World War began, and have not made up their minds—and closed them—as to all its causes, will be interested in some extracts from letters written in the ex-Kaiser's own hand, addressed to Dr. Theodor Schiemann, of the University of Berlin, and cabled to the *Chicago Daily News* by Mr. Gordon Stiles, who declares that these letters were shown to him in a long interview with Dr. Schiemann, which took place on the 19th of March in his home in the west end of Berlin. "He did not tell me who was transmitting the correspondence between himself and his friend at Amerongen," says Mr. Stiles; "but the letters, which were written on plain blue-tinted paper, obviously had come by messenger. They bore neither stamp nor postmark." Mr. Stiles' special cable was by courier to London, March 28.

Dr. Schiemann claims that as yet only fragments of the diplomatic documents have been published; and that these have been selected largely for definite purposes, so that they give a one-sided picture, which can not possibly serve as material for the final verdict. According to the ex-Kaiser, Freemasonry caused the World War. The

whole affair [the downfall of the Hohen-zollern and Hapsburg Houses], he says, was engineered by the Grand Lodge of the Orient.' In a letter of recent date he writes: "I have only now read Roland Usher's pamphlet, published in 1913 by order of the State Department, in which the coming world war was foretold. I had been reading the history of Freemasonry on which Karl Hesse's book called 'Freemasonry in the Entente and World War' was based. The revelations are surprising. Other books, with which I have occupied my time are the secret memoirs of Count Hayashi and the problems of Japan."

* * *

In reference to his religious faith, William writes: "To trust in God and keep one's faith is now more than ever the right thing to do. He has allowed these monstrous happenings which we each may be sure serve His purpose. He will assuredly raise up again His poor, bleeding world, and the Germans with the rest, when they have become chastened; and they will find their way to Him praying for help."

"There you have the Emperor in reality," remarked Dr. Schiemann, in pointing out this passage. To those who have already judged him—"Judge not"—as a monster of iniquity, it will be, of course, conclusive proof that he is a hypocrite as well as a Hun.

The editor of the paper, with whose permission we have quoted from Mr. Stiles' dispatch, does not endorse his statements, nor, of course, do we.

There will be rejoicing—not open rejoicing, of course—in Japan over the assurance of independence for the Filipinos. How long they will enjoy it remains to be seen. If the Japanese, in the near future, were to announce their intention of "benevolently assimilating" the Islands, who could prevent it? Surely not the Filipinos themselves. That Japan has long coveted the "Pearls of the Orient" there can be no question. "Geographically speaking, the archipelago belongs to us,

you know," an eminent "Jap" was once heard to remark. Personally, we shall sincerely regret to hear of the lowering of the Stars and Stripes in the Philippines. The secret societies are likely to have their innings before a stable government is established there. No country in the world is now any more immune from anarchy than from influenza.

It would appear that there are some grounds for doubting that even nationwide Prohibition will prove an effective check to poverty and crime, nine-tenths of which evils in this country, according to the reiterated declaration of Prohibitionists, should be imputed to alcoholic drinks generally and to the American saloon in particular. "By their fruits you shall know them" has been quoted so often against the saloons that there is some excuse for the opponents—not of drastic regulation of the drink traffic, but of the total suppression of that traffic—who bring forward some concrete fruits of Prohibition itself. In New Jersey, it appears, there are localities in which local Prohibition has been enforced for several decades, and the criminal record of these localities is—well, not especially to be commended. A New York paper of recent date says of the record in question, as investigated by Mr. Handley, Clerk of the House of Assembly:

Handley began a careful study of Prohibition as it existed in Ocean Grove, Asbury Park, Bradley Beach, Avon, and other Monmouth County cities within a mile limit of Bradley, the camp-meeting town. As a result of his survey, Handley asserted that eighty-seven per cent of the crime committed in Monmouth County occurred in the area where Prohibition has been in force for upward of forty years, and that seven out of every ten murders that have occurred in the county have taken place within the district where Prohibition holds.

To the flippant person who rejects as an absurdity any direct relation between Prohibition and crime, it is permissible to suggest that the absence of liquor very frequently means the presence of drugs;

and that, as a potential criminal, the drug-addict is even worse than the habitual drunkard.

A new story—new to us at least—illustrating Lincoln's magnanimity, we find in some random reminiscences of him by E. W. Andrews, A. M., who during the Civil War was chief of staff to Gen. Morris, U. S. A., commanding the defences at Baltimore. When the Presidential campaign of 1864 opened, Mr. Andrews, who had been a lifelong Democrat, favored the election of Gen. McClellan, the candidate of his party, and was once prevailed upon to make a little speech advocating his claims. As soon as Secretary Stanton heard of this, he issued an order directing Andrews to be mustered out of the service. A Republican member of Congress, a personal friend of his, took up the case with President Lincoln, who, after patiently listening to the facts, said in his characteristic way:

"Andrews has as good a right to hold on to his Democracy, if he chooses, as Stanton had to throw *his* overboard. If I should muster out all my generals who avow themselves Democrats, there would be a sad thinning out of commanding officers in the Army. No!" he continued. "When the *military* duties of a soldier are fully and faithfully performed, he can manage his politics in his own way; we've no more to do with *them* than with his religion. Tell this officer he can return to his post; and if there is no other or better reason for the order of Stanton than the one he suspects, it shall do him no harm; the commission he holds will remain as good as new. Supporting McClellan for the Presidency is no violation of Army regulations; and as a question of taste of choosing between him and me, well, I know I'm a good deal longer; but he's far better-looking."

It speaks well for the future of the Church in Texas that the first pastoral letter of the new bishop of Galveston

should deal with what he terms the supreme need of the State,—a native-born clergy. He declares that there are very few native Texan priests in his diocese; "and not a single priest in this diocese of a million souls and fifty thousand square miles is the son of *native* Texans." Discussing the question in a number of its most practical aspects, Bishop Byrne thus plainly, yet briefly, asserts his purpose:

Therefore, I have set myself, after prayer and study, to the task of developing vocations among the youth of my diocese. By God's grace I hope to succeed. When I come to yield up the government of this diocese into the hands of another bishop, I trust that native Texans will be occupying the pulpits, will be teaching in the schools, will be nursing our sick. As my body is laid to rest in the cathedral of Galveston beside that of my sainted predecessor, I desire—with ardent desire—that the clergy and Sisters assembled for the funeral may be largely native Texans, whom I have led on to consecration in God's service. And in saying this I take not away one bit of praise from those laboring here so earnestly to-day.

In view of such Bolshevik activities as have recently attracted attention in various parts of the country, there will be among judicious citizens considerable sympathy with Mayor Hylan, of New York, who asks that a ban be put upon alien assemblies or meetings in which "the proceedings are conducted in a foreign language for the abuse of our Government." Mr. Hylan thinks it imprudent to allow such flagrant abuse of our hospitality as is evidenced in the acts of immigrants who, while not citizens and not long enough residents in the country to learn our language, nevertheless endeavor to incite anarchy. As he succinctly phrases it: "The Constitution gives our citizens the right to assemble and speak freely, but I do not believe it was intended to protect aliens in an effort to tear down the Stars and Stripes."

Hardly. And why, it may be asked, should we tolerate abuse of our Government on our own soil in any language, from any source whatever?



Easter Joy.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

SKIMMING the dew as you pass,
Chirp, little bird, through the grass.
Was it ever so green,
Had it ever such sheen
As on this Easter morning?
Soar, little bird, through the air,
Over the hilltops fair!
Purple sea, blooming land,—
Were they ever so grand
As on this Easter morning?
Sing, little bird, in the sky,
To heaven's pearly gates nigh!
Were clouds ever so bright,
Were hearts ever so light
As on an Easter morning?
Passed are the sorrow and gloom,
Open the door of the tomb.
Hark to all Nature's voice:
"Jesus is risen! Rejoice
On this glad Easter morning!"

Buddy.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XVI.—VISITORS AT MAPLEWOOD.

THERE was grand company indeed gathered this afternoon on the rose-wreathed porch: Grandaunt Rebecca, a stately old lady with high-rolled grey hair, who looked every inch the Society queen she had been for nearly half a century; Granduncle Kent, her equally stately brother, in the full colonel's uniform demanded by the official position he had been called to in Washington; pretty Cousin Enid, who always seemed to Buddy like one of the lilies on Our Lady's altar, she was so slender and fair

and sweet; last, but by no means least, there was Jack,—Jack who was just Buddy's age, and who had "holidayed" gleefully at his grandfather's country home until the fortunes of war had made Kentwood the headquarters for the neighboring camp.

This last summer had not been a very happy one for Jack. He had spent most of it with his mother and sisters at fashionable hotels, where boys had to keep their hair and shoes brushed, and dress for dinner. No one quite realized the situation until Cousin Enid came to the hotel for a week's end, and Jack had confided to her (as everybody confided to Cousin Enid) that, in spite of three kinds of ice-cream every day, and a brass band playing on the porch every evening, he was having the 'rottenest time' of his life. It was then that Cousin Enid suggested to Jack's family that she was going down with Uncle Kent and Aunt Rebecca for a short visit to Maplewood, and would be glad to take her boy cousin with her.

So Jack had come; and, perched on the porch rail, was listening dutifully to the wise conversation of his elders, when Buddy, his toilette completed according to Mammy Lindy's orders, appeared, to shake hands all around and evidently meet the high approval of his visitors.

"My dearest May, what a beautiful boy!" said Rebecca in a low voice.

"George! you're turning out a lot of fine chaps from Maplewood, little lady!" boomed Uncle Kent, in his deep-throated tone.

"How like his brother!" said Cousin Enid, with a little catch in her sweet voice. "You're not getting too big to kiss me, are you, Buddy?"

"No, indeed!" replied Buddy, heartily suiting the action to the word. "I'll never be too big to kiss you, Cousin Enid."

And in the laugh that followed this announcement, Buddy and Jack met with grinning delight.

"Gee! this is great!" exclaimed Buddy, gleefully. "How long are you going to stay with us?"

"Don't know," replied Jack. "A week maybe. I say, Bud, you don't have to keep fixed up like that down here always, do you?"

"No-o-o!" was the decided answer. "You ought to have seen me when I came in a little while ago—mud up to my knees! Judge Jameson has set up some new duck blinds, and I had been out looking at them. Mammy Lindy made me fix up like this for company, you know."

"Yes, I know," said Jack. "I've had to be fixed up for company all summer. It's fierce. But I sneaked some old togs in my bag to wear down here. We'll have a good time together."

The two boys had swung themselves over the porch rail now, and were off down the box-bordered path.

"Things are right lively at St. Ronald's, granddad says. You've got a camp and all sorts of doings."

"Yes," answered Buddy. "Nothing dull about us down here now. New bridge across the river, movie theatre at Falcon Cove, Sunday morning breakfast to the soldiers at St. Anne's. St. Ronald's is going some, you bet!"

"It is for sure!" agreed Jack. "And I don't believe it's going all right either."

"Why?" asked Buddy. "What's wrong with us down here?"

"Oh, there's nothing wrong with *you*!" responded Jack. "But granddad had a twinge of the gout yesterday that kept him in his room, and I took up his mail and telegrams to him; and when he read them he blazed out (you know how fierce he gets with the gout) just awfully: all about fools and spies, and he'd look into things himself, if he had to be carried down here on a stretcher."

"Carried down here on a stretcher!" echoed Buddy, wonderingly.

"That's what he said when the gout had him. But he got better last night, and came down straight up to-day, with Aunt Rebecca and the rest of us. But he isn't here for fun, I know that," said Jack, nodding. "He has got some notion that there's mischief brewing."

"What sort of mischief?" asked Buddy, staring indignantly at the speaker.

"Oh, I don't know!" answered Jack. "That's all I heard granddad say,—that if there was any mischief (and he put a lot of cuss words to it) brewing down here, he'd get to the bottom of it. But, you see, the gout had him yesterday and he was in a pretty fierce humor. And the Germans have spies everywhere. There were two at our hotel this summer,—bell boys, telephoning in cipher to a wireless station down the beach. All of a sudden they bolted, and we found the Secret Service had caught on to their tricks and were after them. And the Ellises had a governess that was opening all their letters, and giving away to the Germans everything she could find out."

"Oh, we haven't any people like that down here!" said Buddy, confidently.

"How do you know?" asked Jack.

"Oh, because—because I *do*!" was the assured reply. "Everybody at St. Ronald's is all right,—working for the Red Cross, and knitting, and making bandages; and Father Bennett has breakfast for the soldiers every Sunday morning, and we sing a hymn for them in church; and there's not a German anywhere around—except poor old Hans," added Buddy, with truthful second-thought; "and he has lived here so long he doesn't count."

"That smutty-faced blacksmith? Is he hanging around yet?" asked Jack. "I thought the place at Denhams' had put him out of business long ago."

"It has," said Buddy: "no one takes horses there now except me. But he has other work, mending wheels and wagons and things. And I'm sticking to him. I wouldn't let any one else touch Dandy. Hans and I are old friends. I've been

going there ever since I had a pony. And a little while ago I stumbled into a swamp-hole and hurt my leg so I couldn't walk, and he carried me on his back all the way from the old mill."

"That *was* a pull!" laughed Jack. "Well, you may like the old grouch, but I never had much use for him, Bud. I'm glad to get here, anyhow; and we'll have one good week together, you bet."

And the week that followed justified all Jack's expectations. With Uncle Kent, Aunt Rebecca, and lovely Miss Enid as guests, Maplewood, that had been rather sad these war times, woke to all its olden life. Carriages, automobiles, riding horses dashed up to its gates; visitors old and young, grave and gay, filled the wide rooms and gathered on the rose-wreathed porch; friends came from far and near; for Aunt Rebecca, though she had been the elegant Mrs. Boyd Barrington for nearly fifty years, was still remembered in her girlhood home as the beautiful Becky Kent; while Cousin Enid held a younger court all her own. Aunt Milly and Aunt Rachel, Letty, Vinny, Rosanna, were kept busy serving dinners, luncheons, and suppers; while Mammy Lindy was here, there, and everywhere, her keen old eyes watching and directing all.

So, with the grown-ups thus preoccupied, the boys were left to have a fine time of their own, undisturbed by supervision. With Rick's roan mare at Jack's disposal, and the new boat ready to skim the blue waters of river and bay, it was a glad holiday week for the young master of Maplewood and his guest. They rowed and fished and hunted, visited the camp, the lighthouse,—Colonel Kent's party having passes that admitted them to all the busy scenes that were thrilling the quiet shores of St. Ronald's into strange, new life.

They took in the new show at Falcon Cove, paid an afternoon visit to old Captain Sol, and, hidden in Judge Jameson's new blinds, played at duck shooting. After the long, slow summer at a fashion-

able hotel, Jack found the glad freedom of St. Ronald's ways such unmixed delight that he kept Buddy in a breathless hunt for new adventures.

Altogether, it was so exciting a week, that Buddy had quite forgotten his late perplexities about his friend Hans, when, in returning from a ride that terminated in rather a reckless race with Jack down Sandy Spit and over the Ford, he found Dandy limping sadly.

"He has lost a shoe, and I'm afraid there's something in his foot. I'll have to stop at the forge and let Hans see it."

"Oh, but we can't!" was Jack's answer. "We'll be late for supper, and I'm hungry as a bear. Besides, there's going to be some sort of a big 'blow out' at your house to-night. Can't Dandy's foot wait until to-morrow?"

"No," said Buddy. "He had a bad foot once before by getting a stone in it. Hans told me I must always have him attended to right away. You ride on home and tell mother where I am and what is keeping me."

"Gee! but you're soft on that pony of yours!" retorted Jack. "Well, I'll go on, if you say so. I've got an aching void under my jacket that is calling for supper."

And the boys parted company,—Jack cantering briskly down the main river road; while Buddy turned into the darker way that led to the forge, guiding the limping Dandy gently and slowly through the gathering shadows. As he neared his blacksmith friend's abode, a sudden outcry came through the afternoon stillness. The wild yap, yap of a tormented dog mingled with shrill shouts of boyish glee.

"Hold him, can't you? Hold him fast while I tie the string! Light the twigs in the can when you get it fixed. Golly! won't he screech and run!"

"It will burn him up."

"Who cares if it does,—a mangy cur like this?"

And then Buddy reined Dandy up on the scene, his blue eyes flaming with righteous indignation. For it was poor

Shag whom one of the West River team (who always came over to the rival shore primed for mischief) was holding in a merciless grip, while his companion tied to his tail a tin can full of dried grass and twigs, with a box of matches at hand ready for immediate lighting. All the blood of the courtly Kents and Reeves boiled up in Buddy's veins at the cruel sight.

"What are you doing to that dog?" he blazed out.

"None of your business, Candy Kid!" It was Watt Grimes, who had a standing grudge against Buddy, that growled out the rough answer. "'Tain't your dog, is it?"

"No, and he isn't yours either," said Buddy, sternly. "He belongs to Hans the blacksmith, and you haven't any right to hurt him."

"We don't ask no right,—do we, Watt?" said the can-tier. "We found him loose here in the road, nearly dead with the mange. And if we want to have fun with him, it ain't nothing to nobody."

"It *is* something!" Buddy's eyes were flashing now. "You're mean, cruel cowards to hurt a poor sick dog, and I am going to call Hans out here to stop you."

"Call!" scoffed Watt Grimes, as Buddy urged Dandy forward. "There ain't nobody to hear you. Hans ain't there. They've skeered him off, I guess, with all this talk about Hun spies. The forge is shut up and locked and barred. There now, Joe: the can is fast; he can't shake it. Light the stuff and set him off."

"You shan't!" said Buddy, springing from Dandy's back at the words; while poor Shag's yap, yap made the woods ring.

"Who says we shan't?" asked Watt, scratching the match defiantly.

"I say so," answered Buddy, with a kick that sent the flaming light from the cruel hand.

"Oh, that's your game, is it?" snarled Watt, who was a big, stocky fellow of thirteen. "Well, I'm in it with you. Here, hold the dog tight, Joe, while I fix up this

Candy Kid meddler. Hold him tight."

And, springing forward at the word, he struck out fiercely at Buddy. But Master Roger Kent Reeves, whose brother had trained him in the use of boxing gloves, gave it back in kind, and for a while the dark old path that led to the forge resounded with the din of battle. In spite of Watt's heavier weight, Buddy, with his more skilful training, was getting the better of his antagonist. He had him down under his knee.

"Will you let the dog go now,—will you—you—*will* you?" he asked.

"Y-e-e-s!" spluttered Watt through the blood that was flowing from his nose.

But the West River crowd were "big bluffs," as Ted had written to his brother. Even as Buddy, with chivalric trust in his foe's surrender, relaxed his hold, Watt sprang quickly to his feet and dealt his victor a fierce, unlooked-for blow that sent Buddy to the ground, stunned into momentary unconsciousness.

(To be continued.)

Lore and Legends of Church Bells.



IN Medieval times bells enjoyed a peculiar esteem, seeming almost like voices which gave utterance when they were rung to the inscriptions engraved upon them. These were usually pious petitions, such as "Jesus of Nazareth, have mercy upon us!" or "Hail Mary, full of grace, pray for us!" Indeed, up to the time people are accustomed to call the Reformation, the name of our Blessed Mother was oftenest seen upon those faithful sentinels which warned all hearers that a soul had passed, that Holy Mass was soon to be celebrated, or that it was time to pray or adore the uplifted Host.

Monasteries were often bell foundries on a small scale, and ecclesiastics did not disdain to take part in the manufacture; for we read that Sir William Carvehill, "priest of the service of Our Lady," was an expert in testing the condition of

the metal. One whole window in York Cathedral is devoted to the representation of industries connected with bells, such as casting, tuning, and mounting. The crosses upon ancient bells indicated the sacred use for which they were intended, and the coats-of-arms were probably the heraldic signs of the noble, generous donors.

When Henry VIII. began the destruction of the church property of England, he seemed to have a real spite against consecrated bells, and ordered them to be melted down as fast as his emissaries could lay hands upon them. It is a curious fact that a curse seemed to attend all who aided the King in this impious act. According to the new theory, bells were of use only after they were melted, and they were shipped as mere metal to other countries in large quantities. Many of the ships carrying this desecrated cargo foundered at sea; notably a ship carrying fourteen entire bells, which was wrecked at the very entrance of the harbor of St. Malo.

On the coast of Cornwall stood, and stands, the town of Bottreux, whose inhabitants determined to have a peal of bells as fine as those of their neighbors, the people of Tintagel. So they sent an order to London, and the bells were made and shipped. When within sight of the Cornish coast, the bells of Tintagel began to ring. The pilot, who was a Tintagel man and a pious one, knelt to give God thanks for their safe journey and nearness to home. "Thank the good ship, you fool!" said the captain. "There will be plenty of chance to thank God after you are on land."—"Nay," answered the pilot, "we should thank God always and everywhere."—"I tell you you are a fool!" shouted the angry captain. "Thank yourself, a stout ship, and a steady helm, I say." That night a great sea struck the ship, and she went down, bells and all; only the pious pilot was saved.

On the site of old St. Andrew's Church at

Romford, in England, the bells were said to be heard every year on the feast of that saint, although the church was pulled down more than four hundred and fifty years before.

At the beginning of the last century, when Napoleon was at the height of his successful career, the inhabitants of a town in Austria awoke to see eighteen thousand French advancing. It was Easter morning, but their joy was turned to alarm. Should they give up the keys of the city? Should they fight? One course would seem weak, the other would surely be madness. Then a wise old man arose and said reverently: "We are powerless without the help of Almighty God. Let us keep the feast and trust to Him." So they rang the church bells with their strong and willing arms; and the French, hearing the sound, and thinking that it signified that reinforcements had arrived at the town, retreated, and the village was saved.

A beautiful inscription, translated from the Latin original and found on a bell cast in the Middle Ages, will fitly close these random jottings:

I praise the true God, I summon the people;
I assemble the clergy, I mourn the dead;
I put the plague to flight, I grace the feast;
I wail at the funeral, I abate the lightning;
I proclaim the Sabbath, I arouse the indolent;
I disperse the winds, I appease the revengeful.

Blessing the Fields.

A beautiful custom, of ancient origin, called the "Blessing of Fields," is practised in Brittany. On the first pleasant day after Easter, the village priests and their parishioners march in procession through the wide stretches of arable land, reciting prayers and singing hymns. An uplifted cross borne by some tall boy, accompanied by thurifers, who keep little clouds of incense floating in the air, leads the procession, the object of which is to invoke the blessing of Almighty God on the fields and crops.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The collected poems of Lord Alfred Douglas, in one volume, have just been issued. Discriminating readers do not need to be told that there are gems in this collection.

—Now that slavery in this country has been dead and buried for half a century, it is just a little surprising to learn that a story born of slavery and entirely concerned therewith should preserve any degree of popularity. Yet it appears that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is not only the most popular book in a public library of New York, but was recently cited as one of the six most popular volumes in a library in Texas. Verily, there would seem to be a New South.

—While a knowledge of orthoepy, or the art of pronouncing words correctly, would seem on the face of it to be more essential to speakers than to writers, a lack of such knowledge often proves disastrous to one class of writers—poets, or versifiers. A strict law of English rhyme, for instance, is that rhyming syllables must be accented syllables; hence when "alway" is made to rhyme with "delay" or "unto" with "undo," the rule is obviously violated. Legitimate rhymes for the given words would be "alway-hallway," "unto-won to." Few books are so necessary to writers of verse as a pronouncing dictionary.

—In reply to a correspondent, the "Lexicographer" in the *Literary Digest* says: "Reverend, abbreviated *Rev.* as a title, should, like *Honorable*, be preceded by the definite article, the phrase being adjectival; as, 'The Reverend Thomas Jones'; or, if the first name is not used, 'The Reverend Mr. Jones'; but 'Rev. Jones' is harsh, if not rude." We have more than once in these columns commented on the boorishness of the locution "Reverend Hogan" for "Father Hogan," found occasionally in even Catholic papers; but even that ill-mannered expression has been eclipsed by a Catholic periodical (and an educational one, if you please) in which we saw not long ago one of the American hierarchy referred to as "Rt. Rev. Blank!"

—It is to be hoped that when the American Catholic daily, about which so much has been said and written, is finally started, some decidedly frank recommendations of the Blessed Curé, of Ars to a Catholic gentleman who was about to establish a newspaper in France will be recalled. The saintly Curé is reported to have said: "You must have no false charity. Tell the truth, regardless of persons. There is a whole heap of falsehoods that you should sweep

away, irrespective of those who stand before the broom. You must combat error even among Christians, for they have still less reason than others to profess it. Love your adversaries; pray for them; but don't pay them compliments. Do not seek to please everybody: endeavor to please God."

—Taking advantage of the well-merited vogue acquired by Mr. Philip Gibbs as war correspondent and lecturer, Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. are republishing that author's "The Street of Adventure," a novel first brought out in this country about a decade ago. It is a story of newspaper life in London.

—"Man's Great Concern: the Management of Life," and "That Arch-Liar Froude," by the Rev. Ernest R. Hull, S. J.—brochures of 152 and 170 pages respectively,—are recent additions to that excellent series of apologetic and ethical works, "Examiner Reprints." Of the first of these brochures we said an appreciative word while it was appearing serially in the *Examiner*; and we cordially recommend it to all our readers, clerical and lay. The second, dealing with the English historian, will remind elderly Catholics of the series of lectures, in the early seventies of the last century, in which Father Tom Burke, O. P., proved to the American public that Froude was, in very deed, an "arch-liar," at least on the question of Irish history.

—René Bazin's "The Barrier" is a good, if not a great, Catholic novel. Its heroine is a charming French girl, whose religion is as vital as it is practical. The hero is an English officer in the Indian Service, whose doubts as to the truth and authority of the Church of England entail the anger of his father and the loss of his home. The setting of the story shifts from an English watering-place to Paris, and then to Rome. There is an admirable and vivid picture of the nominal French Catholic, and an equally graphic sketch of genuine French Catholicism externalized in works of mercy and in worship at Montmartre. The average novel-reader will probably declare that the narrative demands a sequel, if only to bring about the happy ending which is left problematical in the present book. While it may seem finical or meticulous to question the utility of any incident in the work of so good a Catholic and so consummate an artist as M. Bazin, it must be said that the episode of the Indian missionary priest is regrettable. What is true in fact may readily be false in suggestion; and to treat the exceptional and

abnormal as though it were normal and typical is neither good psychology nor good art. Published by Benziger Brothers.

—Any Catholic who has seen one of the old prayer-books issued by William Caxton, the Father of English Printing, must wish that they could be reprinted, they contain so many eloquent and unctuous prayers, with which few modern prayers are worthy to be compared. Witness, for instance, the beauty and quaintness of these appeals—one to the Blessed Virgin, the other to our Guardian Angel:

O Blessed Lady, Moder of Jesu and Vergyne Immaculate, thou art wel of comforte and Moder of Mercy, singular helper of all who trust to thee; be now, gracious Lady, medyatryce and meane unto thy Blessed Sone, our Savyour Jesu, for me; that by thy intercessions I may opteyne my desyres, ever to be thy servaunt in all humilite. And by the helpe and socour of al holy sayntes, hereafter in perpetuell joy ever to live with thee. Amen.

O glorious Angell, to whom our Blessed Lord, of His most merciful grace, hath taken me to kepe, to thee I, sinful creature, crye, and calle with hertely minde; beseeching thee ever to be singular comforte to me in all my nede. Suffer me never to be overcome wyth temptacyon or synfull dede, but helpe me that by grace I may ever in virtuous living procede. At the hour of my deth be present, that my ghostly enemy in me have no power. And after bryng me to blisse, where ever wyth thee I may live and prayse our Savyour. Amen.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no book-seller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "The Elstones." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.35.
- "Essays in Occultism, Spiritism, and Demonology." Dean W. R. Harris. \$1.
- "Patriotism in Washington's Time." P. J. Byrne, M. D. \$1.50.
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- "Marriage Legislation in the New Code of Canon Law." Very Rev. H. A. Ayrinhac, S. S., D. D. \$2.
- "Letter to Catholic Priests." Pope Pius X. 50 cts.
- "Spiritual Exercises for Monthly and Annual Retreats." Rev. P. Dunoyer. \$2.35.
- "The Parables of Jesus." Rev. P. Coghlan, C. P. \$1.10.
- "A Handbook of Moral Theology." Rev. A. Koch, D. D.—Mr. Arthur Preuss. \$1.50.

- "The Sad Years." Dora Sigerson. \$1.25.
- "The Bedrock of Belief." Rev. William Robison S. J. \$1.25.
- "Ireland: Its Saints and Scholars." J. M. Flood. 90 cts.
- "The Hand of God." Rev. Martin Scott, S. J. \$1, postage extra.
- "War Mothers." Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S. J. 65 cts.
- "A Manual of the History of Dogmas." Rev. Bernard J. Otten, S. J.: Vol. II. \$2.50.
- "To the Heart of the Child." Josephine Van Dyke Brownson. \$1.
- "Pastor Halloft." \$1.50.
- "Armenia and the War." A. P. Hacobian. 50 cts.
- "The Future Life." Rev. Joseph C. Sasia, S. J. \$2.50.
- "His Luckiest Year." Rev. Francis Finn, S. J. \$1.
- "His Only Son." Rev. William F. Robison, S. J. \$1.25.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HAB., xiii, 3.

Very Rev. Henry Davies, of the archdiocese of Birmingham; Rev. Thomas Kenna, diocese of Hartford; and Rev. Leonard Heckman, O. F. M.

Sister M. Demetria, of the Sisters of Loretto; Sister Anastasia and Sister Eugenia, Sisters of Charity.

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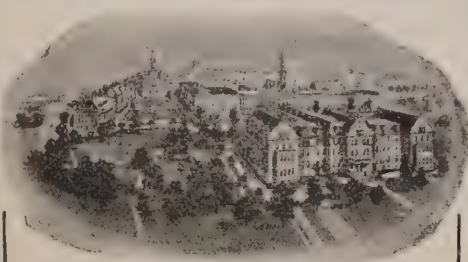
Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates—PROVERBS viii 34

SATURDAY, 26.—Our Lady of Good Counsel. SS. Cletus and Marcellinus, MM.
SUNDAY, 27.—*Low Sunday*. Bl. Peter Canisius, C. St. Zita, V. St. Maughold, B. C.
MONDAY, 28.—St. Paul of the Cross, C. St. Vitalis, M.
TUESDAY, 29.—St. Peter, M.
WEDNESDAY, 30.—St. Catherine of Siena, V.

St. Erkenwald, B. C. St. Robert, C. St. Hugh, C.

May.

THURSDAY, 1.—SS. Philip and James, Aps.
FRIDAY, 2.—St. Athanasius, B. C. D.
SATURDAY, 3.—*Finding of the Holy Cross*. St. Alexander, M.

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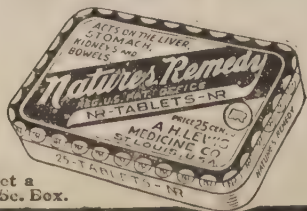
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VOL. IX. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 26, 1919.

NO. 17

[Published every Saturday. Copyright, 1919: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C.S.C.]

Hail Mary!

BY JEANNE MARIE.

HAIL, Mary, Maiden pure and Mother sweet,
The rarest pearls of God's most precious grace
Thy soul adorn, a beauteous dwelling-place
In which He takes delight, a temple meet.
Thou art a mortal, yet with grace replete.
With rev'rence close to worship, on thy face
Angelic choirs gaze, and through the space
Of heaven's courts lay homage at thy feet.

O Mary, lily Maid and Mother fair,
Thine erring ones who in their weakness tread
This vale of tears, a Mother's loving care
In mercy grant; and when the summons dread
Will call us to account for word and deed,
O help us, Mother, in that hour of need!

Irish Legends of Easter.

BY JULIUS PATTEN.



HEREVER the Irish language has been allowed to die out, such old legends as were interwoven with it have necessarily perished, too. It is, therefore, not surprising that, even in Ireland, only a comparatively few would be able to explain the meaning of a design representing a cock crowing in a pot,—such as was found, for instance, many years ago, sculptured on a tombstone in the churchyard of Kilrea. It was there as a symbol of the Resurrection. How it came to be used in such a sense was told by a then famous *shanachie*, or story-teller,

to a tourist in Donegal. The *shanachie* spoke Irish; and, as the tourist understood that language, he was able to take the story down, word for word, from the speaker's lips, and translate it into English as he wrote.

"It was at the time when our Saviour was in the grave, and that the soldiers who were set to watch the tomb were sitting round a fire they had lighted," said the *shanachie*. "They had killed a cock, and put it in a pot on the fire to boil for their supper; and, as they sat around, they spoke together of the story that was told,—how He that was in the tomb they were guarding had prophesied that before three days were passed He would rise again from the dead. And one of the men said in mockery: 'He will rise as sure as the cock that is in that boiling water will crow again!' No sooner were the words spoken than the lid of the pot burst open: the cock flew on the edge, flapped his wings, sprinkling the soldiers with the boiling water; then crowed three times, and what he said each time was: '*Moc an o-o-o-ye, slaun! Moc an o-o-o-ye, slaun!*'—that is, 'Son of the Virgin, hail!' And ever since that hour this is what the cock crows," concluded the *shanachie*. "It is what *we* hear him say; and if you listen, you, too, can hear the very same words: '*Moc an o-o-o-ye, slaun!*'"

This, however, is only the phonetic spelling of the Irish phrase, *Mac an òig slán*, which, when uttered by a native speaker, with a due prolonging of the *o-o-o*, sounds, especially when heard at a certain distance, exactly like the crowing

of a cock. In the legend, as will have been seen, the cock confounded the Roman blasphemer by crowing three times in honor of the Resurrection. But whether it was or was not supposed to be the very cock that crew after St. Peter's triple denial of our Divine Lord is not stated. The only thing that seems certain is that it made its confession of faith in the Irish language, as if it had been favored with a foreknowledge of the important part the people of Ireland were destined to play in the spreading of the Gospel of Christ. At all events, although the cock may say "Cock-a-doodle-do," or something equally meaningless, in England or other countries, in Ireland it says, and will say to the end of time: *Moc an o-o-o-ye, sláun!*—"Son of the Virgin, hail!"

Why the poor cock, according to an old English custom, should have been singled out for persecution, and especially at Shrovetide, it would be hard to say,—unless there was supposed to be some fitting connection between the torturing of a cock and the Lenten season, in the course of which, and before the crowing of one of their tribe, our Saviour was three times denied. King Henry II. did all he could to encourage cock-fighting in his dominions, and it was with his royal sanction that it became a recognized sport to be held annually in public schools,—Shrove Tuesday being the day chosen for the cruel spectacle; the masters receiving a regular tax from the boys for the occasion. The slang term "cock-shy" is a survival of the barbarous custom, once common in England, of throwing sticks at cocks fastened alive to stakes,—Shrove Tuesday being the day selected for this cruel "sport," also.

There may be some slender analogy between St. Patrick's banishing of the serpents from Ireland after he had enkindled the Paschal fire at Slane, and the Easter vigil kept by the disciples of St. Brandon, the Irish navigator, on the back of the "Jasconiusis," which they mistook for an island, but which turned out to be a

monster—probably a sea serpent—of such enormous length that, in spite of every effort, it could never succeed in "joining its head with its tail." As the legend runs, when St. Brandon and his fellow-monks were making that marvellous voyage which led eventually to their discovery of America, in mid-ocean they fell short of provisions, and were miraculously supplied with a basket of bread and a jar of water "that would last them till Pentecost," as well as with all that would be needed for the becoming celebration of the approaching feast of Easter,—including a snow-white lamb taken from a verdant island covered with sheep that were "larger than oxen."

In accordance with the heavenly instructions conveyed to them, the Irishmen were to cook their Easter meal upon a neighboring island, where they were to remain till "the sixth hour of the following day," and then betake themselves to an island called the "Paradise of Birds," where they were to remain till the Octave of Whit-Sunday. Now, St. Brandon had a foreknowledge as to the real nature of the first of the islands indicated; but as he feared perhaps, if he spoke, to frighten his companions into disobeying the celestial orders, he kept the secret to himself. As the ship approached the island, the monks declared that never in their lives had they seen anything so forbidding or so dreary. There were neither trees nor shrubs upon its slippery surface, nor any sand whatever on its desolate margin, round which the sea roared angrily; nor was there a vestige of a harbor to be seen. In order to land at all, the monks were obliged to get into the water, and drag the ship to shore by means of stout cables.

Next morning, while his companions transported the provisions to the seeming island, St. Brandon remained on deck, singing hymns of praise. All went well till the monks lit the fire they had prepared on the supposed land, and placed their caldrons of food upon it; then the "island" heaved like an earthquake, and rolled and

floundered about in an alarming manner. Frightened out of their wits, the monks ran screaming to the ships, imploring of St. Brandon to save them. He bade them be of good heart, and, stretching forth his hand, pulled them one by one up the sides of the vessel. And as they stood there wondering, lo! the "island" sank, with caldrons, food, fire, and everything they had brought to it.

"Brothers," said St. Brandon, "have you been astonished at what has become of that island?"

"Indeed, Father," the monks made answer, "we greatly wonder, and an awful trembling hath seized on us."

"My dear children, be not thus terrified," remonstrated their saintly superior; "for the Almighty revealed to me the meaning of this mystery. You were not standing on an island, but on a fish, the largest of all swimming in the ocean; and 'Jasconius' is the name he bears."

The next stoppage was made at the "Island of the Singing Birds," or "Paradise of the Birds." It was so called because of the number of beautiful white birds that perched on the branches of the wide-spreading tree that grew beside a fountain there. Indeed, they covered it so thickly that its leaves were almost completely hidden by their snowy feathers. In answer to St. Brandon's prayer to be enlightened as to the meaning of what he saw, one of the birds flew from the tree to the ship, the motion of its wings sounding like the clinking of little cymbals, and alighted on the prow of the vessel, whence, with wings extended in token of joy, it regarded the saint "with a pleased look."

Having finished its inspection, the bird said: "We birds are of that ruin caused by the old enemy; yet not by sinning nor by full consent have we fallen; but where we have been created, owing to the fall of that wicked one with his satellites, our ruin has happened. But the Omnipotent God, who is just and true in His decrees, hath sent us to this place. We do not endure

pains. In part we enjoy the presence of God; He has, however, separated us from the companionship of those who remained faithful. We wander through different parts of this world—through air, earth, space—as other spirits do. But on all Sundays and festive days we receive such bodies as you behold us in; and, through Almighty dispensation, here we dwell and praise our Creator. You and your brethren have now journeyed a year, while six years yet remain for your course. And where to-day you have celebrated Easter, there every other year you shall observe it." Or, as the Anglo-Norman *trouvères'* version has it:

"But ye have much," said he, "to do
And bear, ere Paradise ye view;
And six years' toils must suffer still,
Rocked by the winds and waves at will;
And aye each year your Pasch shall keep
Upon some monster of the deep."

Having finished speaking, the bird flew back to its companions, leaving St. Brandon much consoled and comforted; for he had now no doubt that his voyage was blessed by Heaven and destined to have a happy ending. When the evening shadows were deepening over the island, the monks were startled by the sudden clapping of the wings of every bird upon the tree, so that the air was filled with music similar to what would have been raised by the clinking of myriad tiny cymbals; while at the same time, and as if with one voice, the whole multitude of feathered songsters burst into Latin praises of the Lord, chanting melodiously: "*Te decet hymnus Deus in Sion, et tibi reddetur votum in Jerusalem.*"

When, as was their custom, St. Brandon and his monks rose in the middle of the night to pray, and chanted, "*Domine, labia mea aperies,*" the crowd of little birds joyfully responded: "*Laudate Dominum omnes Angeli ejus; laudate eum omnes Virtutes ejus.*" And thus, while the monks remained on the island, and whether at Vespers, Sext, or None, the birds joined in all the devotions, singing the praises of

their Creator to the musical accompaniment produced by the beating of their snow-white wings.

When the voyagers returned next Easter to where they had seen the "Jasconiusis" disappear, they were greatly astonished to see it there again; and, still more, to find the caldrons, they had supposed were at the bottom of the sea, standing ready for use upon its back. The same thing happened to them as on the preceding Easter vigil; though when the monster began to heave and roll about at the lighting of the fire, they were naturally much less frightened than on the first occasion; and we may presume that by the time the seventh and last Easter came round they had grown quite used to the adventure. It was probably their old acquaintance, the "Jasconiusis," that, no longer in the form of a peaceful island, but in its true shape, came rushing at the pilgrims of the deep one day; and, being overcome, was, at the suggestion of St. Brandon, made to serve as their food.

We are told furthermore that when they paid their second visit to the "Paradise of the Birds," the Irish monks were informed that, before their pilgrimage was over, they would have to visit four different places for the celebration of four different feasts: namely, the Nativity, the Purification, Holy Thursday, and Easter. And the account of the celebration of these festivals on the various islands at which they anchored is one of the principal attractions of the Legend of St. Brandon.

WHAT a strange collection that would be if we could gather together the cast-off garments which the soul has worn!—the vestures of old hopes, joys, longings, which clothed us once, but have been clutched away by the iron-strong fingers of Fate, or rent by the thorn of Disappointment, or have fallen from us piecemeal as the years went on. Ah, how we should weep to meet them again, and handle their tattered shreds, and remember how brave they once were!—*Anon.*

Search-Lights.

BY VALENTINE PARAISO

XXI.

"PRISONERS' parcels!" said the post-man, an old man loading a bicycle in the light at the post-office door.

The letter to Salonika had been put in the slit with the aid of the electric lantern. The V. A. D. had asked anxiously how *could* the man cycle on such a night.

"Prisoners' parcels. I am wheeling the bike. We must get them up to the District Office." That was at the other end of Blackberry Lane.

"But you have got it so loaded!"

"I've not got them all, then, Miss. There's one prisoner must wait for his parcel."

The word went to Daisy's heart.

"Could not we carry it, Kitty,—you and I?"

She should not be out at all on this dreadful night, the V. A. D. friend told her; but perhaps Kitty Bulger could take it herself, when Daisy was safe home out of the fog.

"And maybe they won't let me have it. They carry parcels free, you know, for the prisoners; but they won't give them to any one over the counter."

"Oh, but the poor prisoner! He would have to wait another day."

Now, when Daisy got an idea into her head, it was not easy to get it out again. The two girls felt their way to the Gazabo; and then the Colonel heard the story, and kindled with sympathy at once. He would go himself that moment. No, no: Kitty was not to think of it.

"I don't want the electric light, Daisy child; it would be a queer fog I couldn't get through."

After two hours he returned, when poor Daisy was stuck inside the library "Zep-pelin curtain," praying her heart out to all her new friends in heaven. Whenever the curtain stirred and showed light behind

her, the reflection of her own face was close opposite in the opaque darkness; and the slow creaking of cars, shouts, and the beat of signal bells, sounded from the road. At last came the opening of the garden door, the footstep on the gravel, the bark of old Pepper scrambling along the hall.

"Take care!" her father said, drawing back from Daisy's arms. "I have brought you some of the Blackberry Lane stream. I have been right in. No, don't be sorry. I'll soon kick off my boots. The water is 'squelching' about in them. That was a heavy parcel: Kitty Bulger could not have carried it. Your prisoner is going to have a fine feed, Daisy; he will be able to give a party."

There was an unfenced ditch along the side of the Lane beyond the brewery, and it was there the Colonel had come to grief, and slid down.

"I kept the provisions safe," he said, "no matter what happened to the convoy. I held up the parcel, and shot it on to the bank, and went bang in! Then I recaptured the goods, and charged at the double, seeing a clear bit and the light of the door. Just caught the mail; the van was starting. Well, little girl, now I must change at once, and then we shall have the 'soup, curried bone, and kickshaws.' You have made one poor prisoner happy."

"My papa, you must let me hug you,—I don't care if I get wet! There's no one like you in the whole world."

"By Jove, I'll tell the Lieutenant you said that, and he won't want to come home! . . . No, no: there's no use in trying to darn your cobwebs!"

"Ah, don't tease me, papa! Nobody is quite like the other; and you are just your own dear self."

"Well, well, was there ever a postman so repaid?"

And still the war went on. All day there was a sense of waiting for something that never came. War was the atmosphere of existence; people were becoming horribly

used to it. Men and women took their breakfast with the coffee-pot propping up the ghastly news of cities bombed, seas sown with death, and hiding the murder of the helpless; both sides relying on the starvation of whole nations to win the war; and there was ever the assurance of the prodigious slaughter of the enemy. Agonizing accounts of prison misery came from abroad; people forgot to have pity also for the enemy prisoner who had no one on earth, since wife and children were crushed under ruins of home when the Cossacks rode into Gallicia.

It was a world reeking with blood; and the press used everything that came to hand as fuel for the bonfires of hate. Some said it was a "holy war" of sacrifice and high purpose; some saw a plague spreading,—a devil's carnival. The resurrection of men's souls went on; the war became a mighty "mission" peopling earth with stronger men, and heaven with new legions. But there was another side to the picture. Lawlessness increased for multitudes who saw no hour of visitation. More and more it became a debatable question whether the trend of the war was to make the obstinate world better or worse. It certainly meant *religio depopulata*, and the outlook was overclouded.

So the strain of war dragged on from month to month. Time passed. Sydney Verreker was still in Salonika. His letters were certainly not romantic. There was "nothing doing." The heat was "pretty stiff,—damp and muggy"; the flies went into the marmalade, and up one's sleeves, and down one's collar, and into one's eyes; the men were always grouching at the biscuit and the stew. These were not the letters a girl wanted. Daisy suppressed the desire for a little romance. Had she not told herself that love was "real"—not made of many words,—and that Sydney was one of the best—the very best—devoted to her? Still she was disappointed when she read the pencilling to the end, and heard only of the flies, the grouching, and the marmalade.

Home life became harder. In a thousand homes of those days people themselves cooked the dinner, or brought it from the central kitchen. Colonel Spaggot's daughter had sometimes help, and sometimes, to the desolation of the Colonel, was trying to "run the Gazabo" alone and tired.

Such was the state of things very early in the year 1917, when the change of fortune came and Daisy's father brought in the great news:

"We are rich. We are going to be millionaires. And you are an heiress, my girl!"

Daisy had run from the Gazabo kitchen to the hall to welcome her father. She had on a sort of blue pinafore, and she put up her face for a kiss, spreading at safe distance a pair of hands like floury starfishes. Another successor of Betty had gone to make munitions, and she was trying valiantly to cook the dinner. Pepper watched her efforts, with his paws on the edge of the kitchen table and his tongue hanging out admiringly.

"Are you all alone, Daisy? That's rough luck, child. Did not your latest treasure come? Never mind! You are going to have a *chef*, and a butler if you like; and we shall see if money can't get as many maids as the house will hold." He strode about the kitchen, excitedly, with a cigar in his hand. "We are rich. We are going to be millionaires. You are going to be an heiress, my girl!"

Daisy got over the shock, and took in the explanation, in pauses between the rolling of pastry and the rescue of pots and pans from boiling too fast, and sudden raids to peep into the oven. The armored car had succeeded, so the Colonel said. Did she remember Tom Moran? Why, of course! How could she ever forget Tom and her "dear Morey"? Well, the War Office was not having anything to say to it yet, but the Colonel was in touch with the head of the firm that he put young Moran into long ago,—the firm of Locksley & Brown.

"Joel Locksley himself has taken it

up," he went on,—“the most pushing man in England. I have seen him. I have got to know him. He is the most extraordinary man, Daisy,—all ideas and life and energy. There's a sort of magnetic attraction about him. He has everybody under his hands, like so many electric buttons. Wonderful power,—the sort of stuff Bonaparte was made of, I should think. What he wants done, gets done slick, I can tell you. And he says there is a big fortune in my invention—Daisy, my girl, there is a pot going into insurrection behind you on the stove! There goes another! Rebellion spreading!"

The Zeppelin curtains were almost forgotten. It was hard to eat dinner, though the Colonel usually enjoyed with pride and pleasure any dish Daisy prepared. He could think of nothing that night but the coming fortune.

Joel Locksley had an idea that the same invention could be applied to a vast number of uses. It was to be introduced into the structure of armor plating. It would apply to the petrol tanks of aeroplanes, and to the strengthening of ships, and even the making of trench fortifications.

"I suggested the very thing to Tom Moran," said the Colonel. "I said to him: 'Moran my lad, look here! We have got a big thing. When you are working Moran & Company, this thing I've hit upon will be in common use. Everybody will see it. It will go into everything where they want a bomb-proof or bullet-proof surface. All nations will take it up when the war is over. But—do you know Daisy?—Tom never understood that. There was the point where he, having only a lad's mind, failed. He said it was all right as I put it in the car; but he had a lot of reasons—cost of production and all sorts of objections—that made him say it wouldn't do for anything on a large scale. You see, Tom was full of ideas, just as Locksley is; but boys, after all, are only boys, though Tom Moran was a very clever boy. Now Locksley himself sprang at the idea of applying it to

everything. And there it is,—one of the great discoveries that come now and again and revolutionize engineering. He is going to pay a round sum into my bank for the plans of the armored car; and I am to retain shares, and a commission that will come to a huge fortune on all further applications of the principle. Daisy child, we shall have to go and stay at his country-house. I told him you were my whole family, and he wants us both. You must go to town to-morrow, and buy gowns and gloves and hats, and any gimcrackery you fancy. You will want them all. Have a roaring day, shopping."

He took from his breast pocket a bundle of notes, and told his daughter not to light the fire with them, and not to let them fly away between this and Bond Street. She opened and counted them with wonder.

"That's only to begin with. In a few days, I must give Locksley a lunch, or a restaurant supper at the best place in town. He will be introduced to you, and after that I expect we shall have to go down to see his place in Surrey. I believe he has a princely sort of bungalow, and he stays half his time at the Ritz or the Carlton. He will be in Parliament one of these days; I heard him say long ago he wants to go in the Labor Party, and no other way. He is a fine man."

The Colonel was enthusiastic about his new friend.

"Oh, my pastry, my pastry!" cried Daisy. "I smell something burning."

She pushed aside the heap of paper money, and fled to the kitchen. Even if she was going to be a millionaire's daughter, she would not have the pie crust burned.

When England went to war, there was an impression that war meant the stopping of industry and trade; and that poverty would soon become general, and bread-riots possible. The reverse happened. The war was not long going on, before the working population came in for an abun-

dance of treasury notes, and were in a state of affluence such as they had never known when gold coinage was current. Poverty was not to be seen in the streets. Those who had been ragged and ill-shod a little while before, now walked in fur-trimmed coats and short fashionable skirts, displaying silk stockings and high-heeled shoes, or the long boot against which the law had at last to take action because it consumed an extravagant amount of leather. The costly coat, entirely of fur, began to be called by a new name, it was so beloved of the class that had sprung into riches: it was now smiled at as a "munition maker's overall." There were venturesome men with a handful of money, in Birmingham or Coventry, who secured Government contracts and were making fortunes; they hardly knew how to play one money-lender against the other yesterday, and to-day they were running factories and writing sums of six figures in their ledgers. All the trades that minister to war were now sources of vast income to the enterprising or the unscrupulous.

Meanwhile the people had seen the Continental principle of conscription become a reality for the first time in the history of England. Separation allowances to soldiers' wives multiplied to millions of cases; casualty pensions to hundreds of thousands. Armies of Government employees overflowed the public offices, and took possession of other buildings—hotels and clubs, as well as a city of huts in the Park. The new clerks were mostly fresh from girls' schools, and carried to their public duties *chic* hats, open-necked frocks, and powder-puffs. It was a vexed question whether the majority of the war-workers were moved by patriotism or by the lure of money. Colonel Spaggot suspected that the mainspring was a sordid one. He had a blunt way of calling a spade a spade, when once he recognized a fact.

"These people have got the chance of their lives," he would say; and he instanced his visit to a family in London

close to the Arabian Nights' City,—a suburban cheap bazaar and evening concert-ground in times of peace. He went to see if his handy man, who was past fighting age, could do some carpentering at the Gazabo. He found the whole family living upon munitions, and flaunting their independence. The father was out earning several pounds a week; so was the undersized oldest son, as well as daughters, "like steps of stairs." The baby, sickly and diminutive, was in the care of pale, precocious, elfin children. The disorder of the place was squalid; there was mud enough on the staircase to qualify it for a potato allotment. But when the Colonel reached the top, he was shown into a shut-up state parlor of intolerable atmosphere, where there was a new piano and a gramophone, and the best clothes of all the family were spread around upon the furniture. "Mother" was out all night, making tents at the Arabian Nights' City; mother was gone to sleep now; "she said four hours' sleep was enough." So the child-nurse in ragged finery explained. The small group told the Colonel their lists of grand names, prompting each other when memory failed. The baby had no name yet. "No, sir: mother didn't have time to get him christened; but father is going to call him Kitchener."

It was these people who had a wedding in their family not long after, and sent Colonel Spaggot an invitation card, printed in silver, with silver edges to the envelope. "I can't go to that," said the honest Colonel: "I have got no silver edges." It was at such moments he groaned, and said: "Money—money—money!" Daisy was greatly puzzled to think that she had never heard of those fashionable people before.

The working of conscription for the men drew the women out of the ordinary grooves of life. There was a social upheaval with many causes—duty, money, excitement, adventure. Legions of girls, in khaki dresses and "putties," went into the service of the army. Others donned a

rustic masculine attire, including the Old-World smock-frock, and went "on to the land" to learn farming and even to guide the plough. At the railway stations in London, the passenger had to drag his own luggage about, unless he liked to see women in blue overalls trundling his load on a truck. The old order had changed. Women in war-time had taken up almost every job belonging to man, and were praised for their enterprise. But there were some who doubted whether the present gain would not mean great loss in the long run.

Colonel Spaggot had been entirely devoted to his country in the first steps of his invention; but he found himself carried on by mixed motives. He was joining the forward march of fortune-makers. And as for Daisy, the attraction to war work caught her like the strong current of a stream, when her father's success brought her into contact with the rich world, outside of Furzley. For love of her father, she set about following the fashion, and taking the part Colonel Spaggot's friends expected of his daughter. If he knew important people, she should be "in the swim"; and the swim was war work and war entertainments; the whole of England was seething with the one purpose in a thousand forms. So the name of Daisy Spaggot appeared on the list of members of a ladies' association that sewed and knitted at the Countess of Cheriton's, a palatial house in Grosvenor Square. She met royalties at the opening of a Red Cross exhibition in Bond Street. She spoke a few words to the "Bernice" Jayby in the *foyer* of the Opera; and then she walked on, with a little bow and a toss of her golden head, between the Colonel and a voluble and handsome man whom the seer of Queen's Gate did not know.

It was a very long time since Daisy Spaggot had enjoyed a dance. But in that first winter of the Colonel's coming fortune, she had a real dance on a ballroom floor. Nor was there any pricking of

conscience at such revelling in war time: the dance was "for the soldiers." That magic word covered a multitude of gaieties. The floor, on which Daisy swung about like a veritable fairy for two rapturous hours, was at the Bungalow, Joel Locksley's place at Soggett, in Surrey.

Towards the end of the evening, she accepted the great man himself for a partner; but presently she found they were sitting out the dance.

"I wonder you are not tired," he said, "you have been working so hard for us all day." He was opposite to her, and he had taken her fan to flutter it gently below her face.

It was true that Daisy had worked hard; but since she was a little thing—at the Christmas hotel party or the children's Mansion House Ball in the old Jayby-Jones days—she had always moved with the grace and life of a born dancer; and lately she had no chance of her favorite girlish pleasure. It had been easy to work with the prospect of such an evening. The Bungalow was an ideal place. Its owner had unlimited ground when he was designing his bachelor "cottage"; and it was his fancy to have one of the rooms immense in size, stretching along the greatest length of the house, with polished floor and raftered ceiling. There was an arch for the wood fire on the red-tiled hearth; and diffused light came from behind the wooden cornice at the top of the walls, where hidden electric lamps were fed by the current from the private dynamo of that luxurious cottage. A pillared veranda at the sunny western side made an outdoor lounge for summer afternoons.

Before the war, Joel Locksley had week-end parties there of men friends. He had told Daisy before now how they were all gone,—wounded and far off, or buried in Flanders. He himself was just over military age when the war began. One could never have guessed it; for his looks and ways were all young, as well as his quickness of thought, his impulsiveness,

his strange, magnetic influence. He was one of the vast population that lived in London hotels since the war. His country Bungalow was full of convalescent young officers. There was an army of those splendid boys, reckoned sometimes by four and five hundred a day in the casualty lists. They returned to the Front in all possible cases, after resting for a while in "Old Blighty."

There was an idea among society women that the sons of rich houses, home on leave from the trenches, always wanted a dance. Those who were sound were given little rest between theatres, suppers, and extempore dancing. Even at afternoon tea in many a London pair of drawing-rooms, the furniture was pushed aside, and, if there was enough khaki to justify it, an impromptu ball began. So it occurred to the ladies in this corner of Surrey that most of the convalescents at the Bungalow could, would, and should dance. They arranged amusements for those who (as one hostess put it) might prefer not to be shaken up. The neighborhood contributed cakes and ices, fruit and game. A volunteer party of decorators arrived to garland the great room with laurel wreaths, and make a rampart of flowers from Joel Locksley's hothouse along by the windows where thick curtains would have to be drawn. The revel should send no ray straying out upon the snowy garden.

(To be continued.)

"THY will be done." That means obedience, not partial but full and complete. It is taking the word of God into our heart and conforming our whole life to it. It is accepting God's way always, cheerfully, quietly, with love and faith. This is not easy. Sometimes it is like driving a ploughshare through our life's fair garden. It cuts into our plans and destroys our expectations. Still, whatever this will may require, whatever it may crush, we know it is ever preparing us for the heavenly life.—*J. R. Miller.*

First Love.

BY MARION MUIR.

THE one love that has not failed me
 With the passing of the years,
 When the winds of woe assailed me
 Or when Friendship left in tears,
 Is the joy that comes together
 With the springing of the green,
 When the blue of April weather
 Shines with silver mist between.
 And a glory fills the morning
 With the promise of perfume;
 For the long, gray hill's adorning
 Is a crest of snowy bloom.

The Journey Home.

BY THE REV. RAYMOND LAWRENCE.

XII.

I CAN not do better than to make use here of Father Maturin's own words: ". . . Whatever else was done at the Reformation—and much no doubt was done in the heat of the struggle that, as a whole, the English Church regrets and has tried to mend,—there is one thing that she did deliberately, and professes that she has never regretted, and has never desired to mend, and that is her emancipation from the authority of Rome, and the assertion of her independence. But her independence has brought its revenges, and has let loose in her midst the turbulent forces of discord and rebellion,—forces with which she has, so far, found herself incompetent to deal. The seat and fountain of all her troubles is just the loss of that authority which she bartered to gain what she calls her freedom: like the prodigal who left his father's house in search of liberty, and found only a more hopeless slavery. Whatever good things she may have to teach, she can neither insist upon their being taught nor enforce them as a condition of communion. Her

children are free to take them or leave them as they please.

"It seems to me that this is the cardinal point. Controversialists may press this subject or that—the question of Orders, the doctrinal orthodoxy of her formularies, and so on,—and such questions will call forth answers that may satisfy some and irritate others. But upon this point, at any rate, there can be no two opinions; those in the heart of the movement feel it most. Since the Breach with Rome, nothing hitherto has been found to take her place. While she held the reins, authority was felt throughout the whole Church of England; the people were taught the same Faith throughout the length and breadth of the land. Her formularies and her teaching were in perfect accord. Since then, a controlling authority holding the whole body in one is gone, and discord and divisions reign in its place.

"Does it not look as if Divine Providence were constantly calling attention to the Nemesis that has followed upon this assertion of independence? 'Look,' it seems to say, 'at the result! It is Rome or chaos. What you tried to put in her place won't work. The Church needs a divinely constituted authority at her head. To secure a unity in doctrine and discipline, the episcopate must be under an authority that can keep it in order, and at one with itself; and this can be nothing else than an authority that it knows to have been constituted by Our Lord Himself. The theory of an independent episcopate has been tried and found wanting.'

"And if it be urged that the Roman system is hard, rigid, intolerant; that Rome represses thought and crushes mercilessly those who would let in light and air; that she maintains the faith she teaches, at the expense of intellectual emasculation and the liberty of her children,—one who has begun to realize the sacredness of divine truth, and the dangers to which it is exposed here on earth, may answer: 'Even if this be so, what is the alternative? I have tried it and found it

wanting. If I have to choose between an over-straitened authoritative system and the one which offers such liberty, I can not hesitate. The choice seems to me—if indeed I am driven to such a choice—to lie between rigidity and license. I have to take what is given me, or I have to choose my faith for myself; and, knowing myself, I prefer the former. Perchance I may find that its narrowness and intolerance look somewhat exaggerated to those who are used to the ways of unbridled liberty.”

Thus it was that Father Maturin showed me the significance of all my experiences in the Anglican Church. It was, as he said, Rome or chaos,—the Rome that I already believed in so sincerely or the chaos of Anglicanism, in which I had already lost all faith. And, when I looked once more at the Papal claims and all that is to be found in the New Testament regarding the special prerogatives of St. Peter, I saw the whole situation in a new light. “Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church. . . . I will give to thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven. . . . Behold, Satan hath desired to have you [all], that he may sift you as wheat. But I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.” “Feed My lambs; . . . feed My sheep.”

These were words that had for me a new meaning. My experience taught me, what my reason hitherto had but dimly revealed, that the Church was indeed founded upon the Rock of Peter; that all those good things which I had seen in her, and which had so clearly and unmistakably revealed her to me as alone the true witness of Christ upon earth,—all were the result of that solid foundation laid by the hands of her Lord. And it was indeed Peter who, in the person of his successors, was strengthening his brethren. It was the Holy See that was now, and had been throughout the centuries, the bulwark of Divine Truth, the protector of the Christian Faith, and the hope of all who believe in Christ. The

prayers of Christ are ever efficacious; and it was to Peter that He said: “I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.” And the answer to that prayer has never failed.

As I lifted my eyes now to look at the Church, I saw her as I had not seen her before. She was transfigured and made beautiful in the light of the fulness of my faith. I looked straight into her eyes and knew her for my Mother. I realized what had happened. God’s gift was complete. Before, I had seen “men as trees walking”: now I saw with fulness of vision, as in the light of the morning sun. Or, just as in my dream, some years before, the Blessed Mother of God had drawn aside her blue mantle that I might see the face of her Child nestling in the shelter of her arm, so now had the veil of doubt and misunderstanding been drawn away, and I beheld Christ’s mystical body, the Catholic Church; and, beholding, believed.

Submission to Rome was now no longer a matter of mere possibility: it was a necessity. No thought of the pain involved in cutting away close ties, of the loss of old and dear friends, of the possible catastrophe in the spiritual life of any one who had based his faith to any extent upon my confidence in Anglicanism and who would now feel that I had deserted him,—none of these things were of sufficient importance to permit me to hesitate longer. All such things must be left to God. My very loyalty to my friends, to myself, and to God demanded my submission to The Church.

During the four years in which the matter had been almost constantly before my mind, I had always believed that no one should make his submission until an absolute conviction that Rome was the one true Church made it a necessity for him to do so. I had never allowed her attractions to influence me,—those innumerable ways in which she satisfies every need and longing of the human heart. I had, indeed, longed for the unity and

authority which I had seen in her; and seeing these marks in her had drawn me to her; but the desire for these things was not reprehensible: it is a God-given desire. Unity is not a luxury. It is not what Anglicans might speak of as one of the "comforts of Rome." It is an essential of the true religion; and to hope to find it in that system where one finds oneself, or to be drawn to another that possesses it, is natural and right. I had confined myself to one question: 'What and where is the Catholic Church?' However much those who knew nothing of what had been going on within my mind might misjudge my motives, I was certain in my own heart that I was acting in accordance with the dictates of conscience. My duty was plain, and it remained only to accomplish it.

And here it may be well to say a word in regard to my silence about my difficulties until I had determined what I should do. Throughout the whole course of my doubts I had said very little about them, except to one or two intimate friends. It seems to me that this is natural. There were alternating periods of doubt and confidence for a long time, and such an experience makes one feel that he does not know his own mind very well. And so what is the good to be gained from distressing others? In spite of my doubts, somehow it was not until within a very short time of my becoming a Catholic that I really believed that I should not somewhere find a solution that would give me peace of mind and allow me to remain in the Anglican Church. And as time went by I found it more and more difficult to speak about the matter, feeling that the disapproval which I was sure to meet was more than I could bear in the state of mind in which I then found myself. This was doubtless a weakness; but those who have been through such an experience know how difficult it is to see clearly (or to do it, even if one does see) just what is highest and best in every matter.

I said very little to my confessor also,

and the reason was that I grew to feel that he could help me less than I had at first thought. I felt that I knew exactly all that he would say. I had sounded him again and again in an impersonal way; and, moreover, I had heard his remarks to another person whom he knew to be on the verge of submission to Rome. Instead of answering arguments or treating the matter calmly, he had retailed various stories about converts to Rome who had—in his opinion—lost "their morals" since their conversion, or tales about the want of good breeding or lack of Christian charity in certain Catholics. All this seemed so entirely aside from the real question, and showed such an underlying bitterness, that I felt it would be useless to look for any aid from him.

I might, indeed, have gone to other clergymen; but I felt certain that little would be gained by it. Anything which they would say, kind as their intentions might be, was already, I felt, an old story, and so would throw no new light upon the matter. To most of them the thought of submission to Rome was simply inconceivable; and in the place of what they considered reasons for so regarding it, I saw that there were often only the old misconceptions and the ancient prejudices. All their lives they had never for a moment thought of it as even possible. And so, little was to be expected from them in the way of counsel and advice. There were others who would have been more able to sympathize, but none from whom I felt that I should gain anything. I had already travelled far upon a road that was unknown to them, and they could do little for me.

For a long time I had felt that it was presumptuous for me to think of having any views of my own upon so tremendous a matter, realizing how incapable I was of judging about many things that seemed to be involved. I knew so many men who were much better able to deal with the question, and how could I think of differing from them! I spoke of this one day to a certain friend in the seminary, and received

the reply that, after all, my convictions must be my own and not those of another man, and that in this question great minds could not be our guide. Newman had left the Anglican Church, while Pusey had remained in it. It was not a question of scholarship, but of following one's own conscience and being true to one's convictions. It was my own salvation that mattered first; and that my convictions were different from those of others wiser and better than I mattered not at all. It was by my loyalty to Truth as I saw it that I must stand or fall. When I really came to have the conviction that made it necessary for me to leave the Anglican Church, I realized that these words were true.

XIII.

The rest is easy to tell, though it was full of pain in its happening. I left the seminary and at once began to take instructions preparatory to my reception into the Church. Although for so many years I had thought of little else than the Catholic religion, I began, just as every convert does, at the very beginning. I was given a little Catechism such as the children use in Sunday-school, and prepared and recited my lessons day after day. In every way I was treated as a beginner. I believe this is always the case with those who are preparing to become Catholics. In the eyes of the Church every member is simply a learner. The Church is not a club for experts: it is a great school in which everyone is day by day trying to learn a little. To a Protestant, this would possibly seem like a humiliation; but one who has received the precious gift of divine faith remembers the words of Him from whom the gift has come: "Whoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a child, shall not enter into it." To our Mother the Church, every member is a little child; and so it is that the convert must come to her, no matter who he may be,—simply as one who would sit at her feet and learn.

Within a short time I was conditionally baptized and received into the Church.

Until I had decided what I should do, I had not spoken with a single priest, and I had never come under the influence of any Catholic. During the preceding Lent, Monsignor Benson had been preaching in New York, and I had had an opportunity of hearing him and of meeting him personally. Something kept me from taking advantage of it, and perhaps it was just as well; for now I knew that I had not been unduly affected in any way by the personal influence of any one.

So true is it that it seems almost superfluous to declare that I have found in the Church the peace that I sought. Soon after I became a Catholic some one remarked to me: "You once thought the Anglican Church to be in the right. How do you know that you may not soon find the Catholic Church as unsatisfactory as you found the other to be?" Of course the answer is plain. The Catholic Church is completely satisfying and fulfils all her promises. I shall soon have been a Catholic as long as I was an Anglican, and every day of the years that have passed has found me growing more and more happy and thankful for the gift which God has so graciously bestowed upon me. It was the attempt to be loyal to those truths which I was taught in Anglicanism that opened my eyes to the great defects of the system, and led me to the one true Church. And to any who, in whatever system, have doubts as to their position, I would say, 'Be true to what you have, in so far as you are able; and constantly ask God for light to know His will. There is some truth in all systems, and the way to find all truth is by being loyal to that which you already know.'

It is never by throwing aside what God has already given us that we can come to have more. He will not be slow to bless those who try to be faithful. Any system that of itself arouses doubts and fails to fulfil what it promises must lead those who find themselves within it to suspect its authority. But the Catholic Church satisfies all who come to her in humility; and

in the continual experience of that peace and satisfaction, their faith daily deepens and increases. She proves herself to be true a thousand times in every side of her life. She speaks with one voice and teaches one Faith. She possesses the mind of Christ and rules with His authority. She ministers to souls with His tenderness. She is unswerving and awful in her condemnation of sin; yet she is, like Him, most tender and compassionate towards the sinner. She knows all things, and is the ark of safety for all ages. Her wisdom and her knowledge of souls and of their needs and possibilities are all-sufficient.

There is no perfection of art or of science which does not come to its own fullest self-realization under the care and patronage of the Catholic Church. She is always old and yet ever new. To every age she teaches a lesson suited to its own needs. She smiles at the world and its devotion to the ever-changing *Zeitgeist*. She waits patiently until men tire of the sophistries of human wisdom, and then she invites them to come to her and learn what all along she has had in store for them—the lessons of Eternal Truth. Only those who have tasted of her treasures can know her sweetness. The world observes her,—now admiring her, now condemning her; wondering at her splendid life, and at the obedience which she receives from her children; hating her persistent reiteration of her one Faith and her confidence in herself; criticising and sometimes patronizing her; and yet, after all is said and done, never really knowing her.

She waits patiently for men to seek her, ever ready and desirous to bestow upon them her choicest gifts. She says, like her Master, to those who ask of her the place of her secret dwelling, "Come and see." And when they have seen, ravished by her delights, comforted by her solaces, inflamed and overcome by her sweetness, they remain with her. Her children are human, weak, wayward, faltering; but she is divine. She bears with our littleness and is patient with our miserable weak-

ness; and she takes us, one by one, by the hand and leads us on. Everyone is a little child to her, and to everyone she is the gentle mother. No matter how many times her children fall, she is always there with her mother's kiss, which heals and soothes. She wipes away their tears, and with her words of courage sets their feet again in the path and orders their goings. And when night comes, it is she who sings them to sleep with her *Subvenite*, and they go to rest in her arms.

And so it was that I found my true home in the arms of such a mother. It was to a share in all these good things that God had brought me. How could one fail to be thankful to Him for such a blessing! How far away from it I was in the beginning, and how marvellously He led me, through strange ways and over stony and tortuous paths; yet, though I little knew it, straight on to His own dwelling!

Deo et Beatæ Matri suæ gratias!

(The End.)

The Unknown Architect.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

I.

SIX centuries ago there were brought to the famous city of Cologne, beside the Rhine, the bones of the Three Wise Men (or Magi, as we call them), who came from the East to Bethlehem. These relics had been brought to Milan by certain Italian gentlemen who had taken part in the First Crusade. When the Lombard capital was levelled with the dust, they had been saved, and Frederick Barbarossa presented them to the city of Cologne.

Now, there was no cathedral church in Cologne at that time. But the Archbishop Conrad, of Hocksteden, and the Municipal Council of the city conferred together and determined to erect for this precious treasure a shrine that should eclipse every other sacred edifice in Europe.

This was the proposition which the Archbishop made in the Stadthouse of Cologne, and the town councillors had unanimously agreed. The city had then reached a period of great prosperity, and these worthy burghers were determined to surpass all other cities. "We will have the finest cathedral in the world!" said the Archbishop in his peroration, and they had cheered him to the echo.

And yet it was not till the year 1880 that the Archbishop's promise was fulfilled. In the autumn of that year, the old Emperor William, with a host of princes and prelates, celebrated at Cologne the completion of the most magnificent Gothic building in Germany. To-day no incomplete fragment mars the stupendous proportions laid down by the ancient and nameless architect.

Six hundred years have passed, however, since it was first designed, and since the stone to build it was first brought, with immense labor, from the towering rocks of the Drachenfels. And the reason is this, according to the legend.

When Conrad took counsel with the burghers, he offered a magnificent reward for a plan of a cathedral that should be worthy of the bones of the Three Kings. A year was allowed for the preparation of the designs, which were opened to public competition. Heralds were sent to all the great towns of Europe to announce the prize in store for the successful architect.

It chanced, however, that there lived in Cologne itself an architect who resolved, as soon as he heard the proclamation, to make his name forever famous as the designer of this magnificent building. Day after day he wandered the country round, eating next to nothing, sleeping hardly at all, haunted all the while by the vision of a grand and stately cathedral, vaulted and crowded with clustered columns, perfect in proportion, in design, as well as in ornamentation.

Day after day he awoke from his dreams and locked himself up for hours, beating his brains to reproduce the magnificent

ideas that occurred to him in his sleep. For ten months he labored hard, and at the end of that time tore up all his drawings. It seemed to him that all his toil had been vain; and yet he felt assured that, could he but seize the gorgeous imaginings of his dreams and transfer them to paper, his edifice would be the most splendid in the wide world.

In his despair he fancied that his brain was giving way. He fled from Cologne to the famous Siebengebirge, and, settling himself in humble lodgings, determined to see his fellowmen no more until the competition was over. He had failed, he told himself; there was no time now; nothing was left to him but to forget his ambition.

On the third day of his sojourn in the neighborhood of the Siebengebirge he had wandered far, oppressed with the gloomiest thoughts, when he was caught in a sudden and violent thunderstorm. In the distraction of his mind, he had plunged into the forest without taking thought of his steps. He roamed up and down, drenched to the skin by the rain, which fell in torrents, and at length found himself near a magnificent old oak tree.

He was passing it when a rent glared between the black clouds, and a white light blazed all about the tree, showing up every leaf. The thunderclap which followed it seemed to shake the very earth beneath the architect's feet. A second flash came quick on the heels of the thunder; and, at that moment he saw, under the branches, the figure of a man standing where no man had stood before. The stranger was wrapped in a scarlet mantle and wore a slouching red hat with a scarlet feather. His face was pale and handsome, with a pointed, coal-black beard, eyebrows the arch of which was pointed sharply, and a pair of dark, inscrutable eyes. As the architect's glance fell on those eyes, the stranger bowed and advanced from under the oak.

"Dom Architect," said he, "you have kept me long waiting in some of the most accursed weather within my experience."

The architect stared at the title given to him.

"Sir," he stammered, "pardon me if I was quite unaware that I had made any appointment with you. Indeed, this is the first time I ever saw you; nor do I know the least in the world who or what you may be. It astonishes me that you should know my profession, or, rather, my aspirations in that profession."

The stranger smiled curiously and shook the raindrops from his scarlet cloak.

"I am well aware of those aspirations, nevertheless; and I believe that you are just now in despair of seeing them realized. It was to be of some service to you that I waited your coming under the oak. You wish to win in the approaching competition of designs for the Cathedral of Cologne, is it not so?"

"This is the case. But I have decided not to enter. I have torn up my designs; and, even were I inspired, there is now no time left in which to make new ones."

The stranger thrust his hand within the breast of his doublet and drew forth a parchment roll, which he unwound. As he did so, a smaller piece of parchment dropped out from inside the roll and fluttered upon the ground. The architect stooped and picked it up.

"Oh, you may hold that in your hand for a minute! We will concern ourselves with it presently. In the meantime will you give a look at this?"

He spread out the large parchment. The architect looked at it, and drew back with a cry; half of delight and half of amazement and terror.

He saw before him the plans and elevation of a cathedral such as even his most splendid dreams had never shown him. And yet he recognized, here and there, many details that those dreams had suggested to him. It was the perfect and glorified whole, of which his visions had been but fragments. He clutched it with hands that trembled violently.

"This must be the devil's work!" he gasped.

"What matter whose work it is?" answered the stranger. "The point is that it may become yours."

"Mine?"

"Yes, yours—for a consideration."

The architect was ready to faint.

"Do you mean that I may sign my name to this incomparable design—that I may have the honor of building the grandest temple on earth?"

"That is precisely what I mean."

"The conditions—quick! Let me know the conditions!"

"There is but one, the simplest in the world. 'Tis but this—that before you set your name to this design, which I need hardly assure you will be easily victorious in the competition, you sign your name at the foot of the scrap of parchment which you hold in your hand."

The architect opened the scrap and read it.

"But this means that I sell you my soul!" he cried.

"You are decidedly intelligent. Yes, that is the condition—the only one."

"That at the end of my natural life I am yours to do as you please with me?"

The stranger bowed.

"I can not!" The architect hid his face in his hands.

"Very well. Then I have wasted my time,—that's all." And the stranger at once began to roll up the design.

At the sound of the crackling parchment, the other took his hands from his face and stretched them out.

"No, no! I can not let it go. Give it to me. I will sign at once."

The other smiled.

"Now I thought you were about to behave rashly." He put his hand within his doublet again. "Here is a pen; but I regret to say I carry no ink with me. Extend your arm here for a moment—so—thank you!"

Quickly, and almost painlessly, with the point of the pen, he punctured the architect's wrist. A red drop oozed, and then another. The stranger dipped the pen in

this blood, picked up the small parchment again, and handed it to his companion.

"Sign, and be forever famous."

The architect dropped on one knee, and, spreading the parchment on the other, signed his name.

The storm was over by this time, and the birds beginning to sing again. A bright drop, like a diamond, jewelled every leaf and every blade of grass. The stranger's cloak shone like flame in the sunlight as he waited and slowly caressed his coal-black beard.

"You must not allow yourself to think for a moment that, because the building which you are to erect will be dedicated to the greater glory of God and St. Peter, you have any chance of slipping out of your bargain. It is for your own honor and glory that you have sold me your soul, remember."

"Demon! give me the design!" cried the architect; and, snatching it and hugging it to his breast, he turned and ran away through the forest for his life.

II.

A year later the great foundations of the cathedral were laid, and an army of masons swarmed around and above them, thick as flies. Among the workmen, here, there, and everywhere—directing, controlling, exhorting, giving now a rebuke, now a word of approbation—moved the Dom Architect, the greatest man in Cologne. His feet never rested, his eyes never slumbered. Late at night he lingered about the stupendous works, and dawn found him in his place before the earliest mason. Nay, often at midnight he would start up from the bed where he found no rest, and sally out under the moon to feed his eyes on the structure, as if he could see it growing.

He fell away in flesh, as was natural. Men, noting his feverish eye, whispered that the great architect suffered from the madness that so often afflicts genius. The work was killing him by inches, as if he cemented the cathedral stones with his heart's blood. Still they looked up to him

with wonder and reverence. The masons, as he passed to and fro among them, hung on his slightest word. Certainly there was never such an architect since the world began.

The scores of pillars rose quickly upon their bases, the thick wall grew to the height of a man's eyes, and then a gigantic festival was held. All Cologne and the country round assembled to witness the fixing in this wall of a huge brazen tablet bearing the architect's name and recounting his virtues. The Archbishop made a speech, in which he spoke of this man as inspired by God. It was the proudest day of his life, and—the most miserable.

For the trouble that dogged him day and night was not, as men suspected, this anxiety about his work, but terror for the sin he had committed, and apprehension of the doom that waited for him. It wore him to a shadow. He could neither eat nor drink. To his horror, he found he could not pray. He, whom the Archbishop believed to be inspired by God, was sold for all eternity to Satan.

It was only when he had swooned once or twice in the midst of his workmen, that he consented to rest for a month, and retired to fastnesses of the Eiffel Mountains. As he climbed among them one day, driven along by the scourge of his fears, he heard a voice hailing him; and, looking up, perceived a rude hut perched on a rock above the path, and a white-bearded hermit standing at the doorway.

"God be with you, my son!" said the holy man. "Whither are you hurrying so fast?"

The architect groaned.

"I travel to find peace," he said, "and I seek it vainly; for God is not with me, nor ever will be."

"God is everywhere, my son; and therefore He stands beside you, if your eyes could see Him."

"They are darkened with fear and remorse. Father, tell me what to do; for my soul is lost forever."

He knelt at the hermit's feet.

"Hear my confession," he cried. "I have sold my soul to Satan." And with sobs and cries he told the hermit his story.

"My son," said the old man, sighing deeply, when the tale was told, "your sin is terrible; yet there is hope. God is always merciful, and will allow you even now to choose between Him and your own vainglory. Which will you: to be famous and lose your soul, or to be forgotten and possess the unspeakable love of God?"

"Let me be forgotten!" cried the architect. "Let my name be clean blotted out from among men, if only I may possess my soul."

"Then, my son, you shall share this hut with me, nor go back to the city. No man shall find you here. People will wonder, and speak your praises, and in a little while forget you. The great cathedral will rise and be completed after many generations; for God will not miss His honor. But it shall be done without you. You shall attain heaven at this price, but at no other. Do you consent?"

"I consent with all my heart."

He turned aside into the hut, and there the hermit absolved him. Cologne expected him back, but the weeks passed, then months, and the building was resumed without him. Men agreed that he had fallen from some precipice among the mountains, or had become a victim to the robbers that infested the country. They regretted the loss of such a genius to the world, and in a while forgot all about him. Only the brazen plate remained to tell his name and what manner of man he was.

Up in the Eiffel Mountains, the man they missed spent his days in prayer and fasting and penitence. The old hermit died, and he closed his eyes and buried him on the mountain-side; then went back and inhabited the hut alone.

Long before his own death he knew himself pardoned; but the final sign of it was not given till the very night he expired. While in the heights the spirit of this man ascended to his Maker, a furious storm swept down towards the Rhine, and tore

the brazen tablet from the wall of the unfinished tower. It was never replaced, and in time was lost. Then, when it occurred to some one, marvelling at the gigantic cathedral, to ask the builder's name, nobody could give an answer. Nobody knows it to this day, and nobody will ever know.

Beethoven's Last Concert.

THE last days of Beethoven, as of many other men of genius, were clouded and unhappy. For twenty-five years before he died he had been deaf—a double calamity for a musician; and toward the end of his life his savings were almost gone and his genius remained unappreciated. In consequence, his temper became irritable and few sought his company. There was one person, however, whom he dearly loved—a reckless young nephew, who, in his own wild fashion, fully returned his uncle's affection.

In 1827 this nephew wrote to Beethoven from Vienna, saying that he had got into trouble with the police, and begging his uncle to come post-haste and extricate him. The old musician started at once; but after travelling part of the distance his money was exhausted and he had to continue the journey on foot. He had arrived within three miles of Vienna when his strength failed him utterly, and he was forced one evening to ask hospitality at a humble cottage. The occupants received the travel-stained, gruff-voiced, exhausted old man with cordiality; and, asking no questions, shared their meagre supper with him and offered him a snug seat by the fire.

When the supper-table was cleared, the head of the family opened the piano, the sons brought forth their instruments, and the mother and daughters took up their knitting. But the music had hardly begun when the knitting stopped. The eyes of the performers were moist, and tears coursed freely down the cheeks of

the women. Their guest alone seemed unaffected, for he could not hear the sweet strains that moved them to their inmost being. He could only gaze with yearning on the emotion of his new-found friends.

When the music was ended Beethoven held out his hand for a sheet of the music, saying: "I could not hear you, friends, but I would like to know who wrote this piece which has so stirred your hearts." It proved to be the "Allegretto" from Beethoven's Symphony in A. It was now the stranger's turn to weep. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "I wrote it! I am Beethoven. Come, let us finish the piece!" In a moment the strength of his youth seemed to have returned to him. He went to the piano, and far into the night he played and improvised to the delight of his humble admirers.

It was his last performance. The next morning Beethoven was unable to rise from his bed, and a few days later he passed peacefully away.

The Marquis of Worcester.

Edward Somerset, Marquis of Worcester, was a fervent Catholic, as well as a distinguished scientist. Contemporaries refer to him as a man of the highest honor and courage. He was so loyal that he made every sacrifice in his power in favor of Charles I. His Castle of Ragland, in Monmouthshire, is said to have been the last fortress that was surrendered to the rebels.

He was famous for his pithy and pleasant conversation, too little of which has been recorded. He was always inclined to put charitable constructions on other people's conduct, and was never at a loss for some excuse to palliate their imperfections. "Alas! gentlemen," said he to some of his friends, who spoke freely of one who was vain and ostentatious, yet had considerable merit; "would you have corn without any chaff, or pleasant wines without any dregs?"

On Taking Oneself too Seriously.

IF there is one petition which, less than another, the average mortal need address to Heaven, it is probably the prayer attributed to a naïve Scotch dominie: "O Lord, gie us a good conceit o' oursellis." Undue modesty, genuine diffidence as to one's ability, exaggerated self-depreciation,—these are qualities considerably rarer than is that extravagant sense of self-importance which induced the immortal tailors of Tooley Street to begin their petition with, "We, the people of England." It is a very human error, as well as a very common mistake, to consider oneself a much more important factor in the effective control and smooth running of the world in general and one's own town, city, or State in particular, than is really the case; and the mistake becomes more or less disastrous when, not content with secretly cherishing this erroneous belief, one publicly proclaims it by one's words and acts and general conduct. To entertain the belief at all is to be lacking in humility; to act on the belief is to take oneself too seriously, to make oneself ridiculous.

An especially flagrant instance of this exaggerated self-importance is the individual who, having attained a certain degree of eminence in one department of knowledge or in one sphere of industrial activity, forthwith arrives at the conclusion that he is thoroughly competent to advise the world on every conceivable subject of thought and in all fields of human endeavor. A successful business man, skilled no doubt in matters of finance and commerce, deems himself entitled to speak with authority on scientific topics of which he knows no more than the immature schoolboy; and a famous inventor, a "wizard" in electricity or aeronautics, feels no compunction whatever in delivering authoritative decisions on various philosophical or theological points, of the elementary principles of which he is,

more likely than not, crassly ignorant.

Nowhere else perhaps is this error of taking oneself too seriously so conspicuous as in the field of criticism—of literature, painting, sculpture, music, or any other of the fine arts. To mention only the first of these: literary critics of our day, or a considerable number of them, apparently dissent from the view of Pope,

Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well;
and accept as truth what Byron meant for satire,

A man must serve his time to every trade
Save censure—critics all are ready-made.

"It is ridiculous," says Addison, "for any man to criticise the works of another if he has not distinguished himself by his own performances." And Hazlitt adds, "The severest critics are always those who have either never attempted or who have failed in original composition."

There is, no doubt, some exaggeration in these quotations. It is possible to have a fine taste without possessing the power of execution; but what the everyday critic needs to bear in mind is the fact that the fineness or coarseness of his taste is a matter to be judged by others than himself or a little coterie of affectionate admirers. Before posing as a censor whose opinions are worth taking into account, the self-appointed literary critic should show his credentials,—should be able to point to the grounds or warrant on which he claims any credit or authority. As between an author who has given hostages to fortune in the shape of published volumes and a comparatively unknown critic who has avoided rejoicing his enemy by failing to write a book, the world at large is apt to decide that it is the latter who is taking himself too seriously.

On the whole, while it needs true humility to judge of one's veritable merits, ordinary common-sense should suffice to prevent one from exposing oneself to merited ridicule by manifesting exaggerated self-conceit.

Notes and Remarks.

Among other pundits who have thought it incumbent upon them to expound to an unobservant world the mistakes of the Pope during the recent world-conflict—in much the same vein as Ingersoll explained the mistakes of Moses—is the Rev. Alfred Fawkes, who contributes to the *Contemporary Review* a pretentious paper on "The Papacy and the War." With the bulk of his article we are not particularly concerned; but one of his conclusions calls for a word of comment. Citing a French critic who thinks that the war spells the fall of Christianity, and who opines that Russian Orthodoxy, German Lutheranism, and "the preachers of Geneva" are very sick, Mr. Fawkes writes: "Yet this sickness, it may be, 'is not unto death.' The Reformed Churches—perhaps Russian Orthodoxy—have a power of recovery of which Latin Christianity has deprived itself. They 'have erred'; but for them reform is not, as it is for Rome, suicide."

Is not this reverend gentleman taking himself a little too seriously? As he is fond of quotations from other languages, may we not suggest to him that St. Augustine's *Securus judicat orbis terrarum* is quite apposite in a discussion concerning the rôles played by the different Churches during the war? The world's judgment in the matter, proclaimed by representative officers and men from all parts of the globe, is that, alone among religions, Catholicism during the war successfully stood the test of efficiency; or, as the man in the ranks puts it, alone "made good." Perhaps an English historian is better authority to this English clergyman than a Latin saint. Here is Macaulay's opinion on the probability of the Church's sickness unto death: "Four times since the Church of Rome was established in Western Christendom has the human intellect risen up against her yoke. Twice that Church remained completely victorious. Twice

she came forth from the conflict bearing the marks of cruel wounds, but with the principle of life still strong within her. When we reflect on the tremendous assaults which she has survived, we find it difficult to conceive in what way she is to perish." And the coming historian, who, writing of the World War as long after its end as Macaulay wrote before its beginning, will be able to assert of the Church, "Again doomed to death, the milk-white hind was still fated not to die."

The late Mr. Marion Crawford, whose vocation as a novelist required him to be a keen observer of men and tendencies, expressed satisfaction at "the decline of scientific atheism." The characteristic note of our time, according to Mr. Crawford, is the truce between religion and science,—the mutual understanding that neither will disturb the other. Some of his particular observations are of special interest; for instance: "Darwin . . . was already beyond the limitations of 'scientific atheism' when he wrote his 'Earthworms.' So was Helmholtz in his later days. A man who is now a leader in scientific discovery, and who was once his assistant, told me many years ago something that showed the bent of his [Helmholtz's] thoughts. He was much given to explaining a vast number of phenomena by the 'vortex.' 'But,' the assistant asked one day, 'what made the vortex?' The man of genius looked at his young companion for a moment. 'God made the vortex,' he answered gravely."

Rarely, if ever, in the history of the Church, at least in the modern era, has an official act of the Roman Pontiff elicited such world-wide acclamations as have greeted the announcement that Benedict XV. has canonized France's best-loved heroine, the Warrior Maid of Orleans, henceforth to be known forever as St. Joan of Arc. That the Catholic world should rejoice in the addition of yet another name to the magnificent muster-

roll of the Church's approved heroic children is natural enough; but the joy occasioned by the Sovereign Pontiff's solemn act is not confined to Catholics. Millions of hearts that rarely beat in sympathy with Rome or Rome's adherents have long cherished a romantic devotion to that outstanding figure among the soldiers of all time, the virgin-warrior who saved her king and her country, and received for such service only the reward of a martyr's death.

It is noteworthy that the paying of this supreme tribute to the deliverer of France in the fifteenth century synchronizes with France's assured preservation from an equally threatening danger five hundred years later; and it is not too much to say that the memory of the Maid of Domremy and the inspiration of her valorous heroism played no insignificant part in stimulating the courage and preserving the morale of millions of her fellow-countrymen in the war just ended. Let us hope that the increased devotion to that memory, and the intensified intercession which will follow her enshrinement on the Church's altars, may avail to win for France another victory—that of faith over infidelity in the high places of the country's rulers.

Impassioned appeals for a vigorous campaign against flies have already been sent out by the Committee on Pollution and Sewerage of the Merchants' Association and the United States Public Health Service. 'There are reasons to fear that flies will be especially numerous and dangerous this year. No fewer than twenty-two are said to have been seen in one house in our vicinity as early as the 3d inst.; and under a magnifying glass their heads were not unlike those of the Russian Bolsheviki. Flies, as everyone knows, or should know, are carriers of disease, typhoid fever and dysentery being their specialty. And, besides flies, the Public Health Service warns against "Anopheles mosquitoes, which carry

malaria; *Aedes* mosquitoes, which carry yellow fever; lice (with military training), which carry trench fever; lice (with or without military training), which carry typhus fever; fleas, which carry Bubonic Plague; and hookworm, which is very much attached to man."

The waggy of the official organ of the U. S. P. H. S. is the best feature of it, in our opinion. But, for those whose sense of humor is dull, there should be a strong recommendation to guard against the mental condition, akin to monomania, which is caused by dread of 'bugs that'll get you if you don't watch out.' Millions of people who never heard of the deadly germs of which so many are nowadays in mortal terror, lived longer, enjoyed better health, and certainly had more peace of mind than Metchnikoff himself, who, with all his scientific precautions, was able to prolong his life only one year beyond the Scriptural threescore and ten. What a time he must have had of it,—that is, after he grew up and became learned! He would never eat fruit of any kind unless it was cooked in some way. The thick skin of a banana was no assurance to him of its lodging no microbes. He always had at hand boiling water, in which to dip bananas and strawberries before eating them. Knives and forks were always passed through a Bunsen burner before being used. The water he drank was filtered, then boiled; and so on. Scientific, of course; but a little neurotic, nevertheless.

Though refuted many years ago by so reliable an authority as the Rev. Dr. Jessopp, the notion still prevails that the magnificent Mediæval churches of England were built by the great, land-lords. "I hold that to be an utter and mischievous delusion," wrote Dr. Jessopp. "Everything goes to show that the immense majority of our old churches were built not by the great men, but by the small people, with the clergy at their head. Where some great noble or county

magnate did build a church, there you may always find his mark: his coat armor is sure to be carved upon every available stone or beam; it tells its own tale."

There is no ground for any such delusion regarding the churches built in our own time. Such as they are—generally more costly than beautiful or substantial,—they have been erected for the most part by the poor, who also pay for entrance to them, and for seats in them.

Dr. Jessopp's researches have afforded many surprises to his readers—and not a few shocks. In the same article from which we have quoted he refers to the parish priests of pre-Reformation times as 'quiet, devout, and conscientious men, doing their duty day by day among their people'; intimates that nowadays there is much going abroad, to the neglect of duty at home; and also chides the clergy for notoriety-seeking, remarking that "unless a clergyman is actually bent on advertising himself, the less notorious he is, the better."

Dr. Jessopp is a little hard on the "cloth" perhaps; but as it is the business of clergymen to admonish others, they ought to be able to accept with good grace admonitions addressed to themselves by one of their confrères.

Mgr. Shanahan, Prefect-Apostolic of the Lower Niger territories (Western Africa), has furnished the *Missions Catholiques* with a double list of religious statistics for that portion of the Lord's vineyard entrusted to his care,—one for the year 1912, the other for 1917. In both years the number of priests was the same—seventeen; but the number of Brothers had fallen from ten to six. On the other hand, the number of catechists had increased from one hundred and twenty-four to five hundred and six; the five thousand Catholics of 1912 had become ten thousand in 1917; while the catechumens had increased more than sixfold,—from five to thirty-two thousand. This last notable augmentation is explained by

the multiplication of schools: where there were only forty-six in 1912, there were two hundred and eighty in 1917.

As our Lyons contemporary well says, these figures speak eloquently, especially to those who understand the difficulties which the war occasioned everywhere to our devoted missionaries. Mgr. Shanahan is a member of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, whose record in the field of the Foreign Missions is a glorious and an inspiring one.

In a farewell message to the American people, published in the *New York Times*, Mr. Philip Gibbs, the distinguished English war correspondent, says:

I have heard a lot about the Americans being a hard, practical people, exclusively engaged in the chase of the Almighty Dollar, and quite selfish in the exploitation of their own material interests. My reading of them is entirely different. So far from being hard and material, they seem to me the greatest idealists in the world at the present time, and to be emotional almost to the point of sentimentality. In any public gathering, at any private dinner table, the idealist takes all the applause, finds it easy to put a spell over his company, and can express his own sentiment with a simplicity and emotion which would cause a smile or an ironical shrug in the sophisticated circles of England or France.

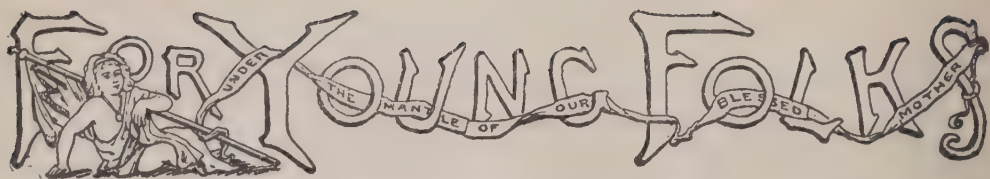
It wasn't for us to declare that we are "the greatest idealists in the world," but it was lovely of Mr. Gibbs to do so. Now we are obliged to believe that our English cousins really do care for us very much. Still, they might have known that we are idealists. If our associates on the other side of the Channel would only stop shrugging their shoulders and saying that our civilization hasn't advanced beyond the stage of lectures and statistics, we should be happy.

Comparatively brief as has been the period that has elapsed since the promulgation of the New Code of Canon Law, commentaries on it have already been published in such numbers as to suggest the thought that all persons

affected by the different decrees may readily discover the extent of the obligations to which they are held by the strict letter of the law. It is to be hoped, however, that the majority of Catholics, especially members of religious communities, will manifest a disposition to act in accordance with the spirit rather than the letter of the ordinances affecting their specific cases.

The decree, for instance, which limits the tenure of office by a local superior in a religious house to a term of three years, with the privilege in an exceptional case of re-election for a second period of three years, is doubtless capable of sundry interpretations,—whether the decree is retroactive, whether the first three-year term may not be computed from this present year, whether a mere shifting of superiors from one house to another is not all that the Church has in view, etc., etc. It is permissible to believe, however, that the mind of the Church is better understood by those who claim that the spirit of the decree in question calls for the reduction, to the ranks, of the local superiors who have already served three, and *a fortiori* six, years.

One especially good deed—especially good because excessively rare on the part of modern rulers—done by the late Col. Roosevelt should not be 'interred with his bones.' At his instance, our country remitted to China more than half the amount originally owed under the Boxer indemnity agreement. In 1907 China was still owing us \$14,000,000 of the total amount; \$11,000,000 damages having been paid to American missionaries and for the expenses of the American troops who took part in the expedition to Peking. On the ground that any more indemnity would be "downright extortion," as the Colonel expressed it, the remainder was "written off." And all the world wondered, the Chinese in particular. They were not accustomed to any such treatment at the hands of civilized Powers.



My Garden.

BY PAUL WOODMAN.

THERE is a garden in my heart
Where God has planted seeds,
And there the fairest blooms will grow
If I but hoe the weeds:
The lily white—God's purest flower;
The red rose—charity;
The crimson poppies—little deeds
Of penance done by me.
The garden is my heart, of course;
The gardener am I;
And if I fail to tend it well,
The fairest blooms will die.
So every morning when I rise
I seek these flowers fair;
And long before the sun is up
I water them with prayer.
And when the evening comes at last,
To cool the heat of day,
That God may send refreshing dew
Once more I kneel and pray.

Buddy.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XVII.—AN EVENING AT MAPLEWOOD.

THERE was a moment of blackness, for Buddy's head had come down pretty hard on the root of an old tree; then he roused to a thunderous roar of wrathful expletives. Hans had suddenly appeared on the scene, and no two-headed giant of a fairy tale could have put Buddy's late antagonists to more rapid rout. They vanished in hot haste, leaving Shag quivering at his master's feet, and Shag's defender bleeding in Hans' grimy arms.

"The devils, devils, devils! *Ach Himmel!* they have killed him,—my little boy, my little boy!"

"No, they haven't!" disclaimed Buddy, who was recovering mind and sight. "I'm not killed at all, Hans. But, gee! that Watt Grimes is a mean, dirty sneak, to give up fair and square; for I had him knocked down and out, and then he came back with such a foul on me!"

"I'd like to break his neck for it all," muttered Hans, savagely. "Wait now till I get a cloth from the forge and bind up your head. *Ach!* how it bleeds, my little boy! What will the lady mother say to this?"

What indeed? Buddy was too dizzy as yet to think. He could only lie still on the mossy stretch where Hans had put him; the panting, trembling Shag at his side; Dandy munching the boughs behind him,—Dandy whose lost shoe had brought him into this scrape.

Always there was Hans to save and help him,—good old Hans, his strong, true friend. He was glad he had fought for Shag, who might have been flying, a mad, burning dog, through the woods, if he had not come in time to stop those mean cowards. Rick and Ted would have fought, too, if either had been in his place. And he had won; for Watt Grimes did not know how to fight right as a gentleman should. A glow of satisfaction came over the vanquished victor as he considered the late battle. Rick and Ted would have approved of it all, he knew.

Then Hans came hurrying back with a cracked pitcher full of clear, cool water, and a bandage of white linen that he had torn from his best Sunday shirt for Buddy's head. Hand and voice trembled while he rendered this clumsy first aid to the injured.

"It was for my dog you did it, little

boy,—for my dog you were so bad hurt. Only *you* have been good to me,—only you in all this black, cold world,—good to me and my dog. Never can I forget it, little boy,—never can I forget.”

Then Buddy's hurt, which was really not a bad cut for so fierce a battle, being properly dressed, Hans gave skilled attention to Dandy; all of which took time, so that the sun was down and the road dim with twilight when our wounded hero, not very much the worse for his late encounter, was ready to turn homeward. But after seeing him well seated on Dandy, Hans, still dully anxious about his little boy's safety, walked by the pony's side to guide the young rider through the darkening shadows of the forge road.

“You needn't come any farther, Hans,” said Buddy as they reached the highway. “You see, I'm all right now.”

“Your head might turn: I go with you to the gate,” was the stolid answer.

But as he spoke, he paused; for an automobile came speeding along the road, the two officers in uniform within evidently looking for the turn to the forge.

“Here's the place, Colonel—and, by George,” with a sharp glance at Hans, “here's the man!” called the younger.

“Halt there!” It was Uncle Kent's deep voice that boomed out through the shadows. “Schwartz, Hans Schwartz, if that is your name, we're looking for you. And, thunderation, who is that with you? Buddy! What the devil and Tom Walker are you doing with this nephew of mine, Schwartz?”

“He is bringing me home,” chirped out Buddy, with a quick consciousness that Hans was under suspicion he must disarm. “I got into a fight, Uncle Kent.”

“Oh, you did, you young rascal!” boomed Uncle Kent, approvingly.—“It's in the blood you see, Collins.—“And pretty banged up you seem about the head there.”

“Oh, Hans fixed it up for me! It doesn't hurt at all now. And he was afraid to let me come home alone, lest I might turn dizzy.”

“You and Hans seem to be pretty good friends,” said Uncle Kent, dryly.

“We are,” answered Buddy. “I've been friends with Hans all my life.”

“Now, what do you say about it, friend Hans?”

And, with his heart stirred to its dull depths by Buddy's late adventure, Hans answered:

“It is true; so much friends are we that I would die to save this little boy from hurt or harm.”

“That rings all right for doubtful metal,—doesn't it, Collins?” said Uncle Kent, his deep tone a trifle softened. “So, as Buddy's friend, I'll give you a word of warning, my man. You're a naturalized citizen, so we have no authority to drive you from your domicile here. But you haven't (save for my grandnephew) a very popular standing in this community, and I've heard rumors about you I don't like.”

“Rumors!” repeated Hans, hoarsely. “What is that? I do not understand—”

“Stories,” interpreted Buddy. “Uncle Kent means that people are telling stories about you that are not true. And it's doggone mean of them,” continued Buddy, addressing his uncle. “Hans may be a little gruff and grouchy, but he is fair and square, and shoes horses splendid, and never harmed anybody in his life,—did you, Hans?” concluded the speaker, indignantly.

Hans stared from Buddy to his uncle in terrified bewilderment.

“Yes, yes, 'tis as the little boy says,” he found voice to stammer. “Never yet have I harmed any one,—never in all my life.”

“We can't beat that record, Colonel,” laughed the young lieutenant at Uncle Kent's side.

“Perhaps not,” said the older man. “Still, this nephew of mine is rather a youthful witness, and—well, we will drop the matter for to-night, as Mrs. Reeves is waiting supper for us. Meantime, my friend Schwartz, remember that the Amer-

ican citizen who turns in any way against the land he has adopted, the Flag he has sworn to defend, is a traitor who can claim neither pity nor mercy."

And Uncle Kent's deep voice had a stern note in it that sent an icy chill into Hans' guilty heart.

Trembling with fear, he took his way back to the forge, while Buddy rode with Uncle Kent and his companion to Maplewood, where a little cool water and court-plaster enabled him to appear presentably at the supper table, at which the battle for Hans' mangy dog was laughingly discussed.

"The question is," said young Collins, who held a place of honor at Miss Enid's side, "is the mangy dog of a disreputable blacksmith worth a fight?"

"Yes," replied the lady, with soft decision.

"I think that is open to argument." Dr. Muller, who had come down from Baltimore this afternoon to look after Uncle Kent's gout, smiled across the table at the fair speaker.

"Everything that means suffering, torture, death to the weak and defenceless, is worth a fight," continued Miss Enid, her violet eyes kindling.

"Even setting a mouse-trap and baiting a fishhook with an earthworm?" questioned the Doctor.

There was a mocking note in his voice. Miss Enid did not like this new Doctor, in spite of the skill that had brought him patients, such as Uncle Kent, from far and near. He was from Sweden, and had "degrees" from some foreign university of note,—letters that had gained him entrance into the most exclusive social circles in the land. He spoke half a dozen languages, had practised at half a dozen Courts,—altogether he was a personage of consequence, whom all the ladies of Aunt Rebecca's set gladly welcomed to dinner or dance. But Miss Enid, whom he seemed to single out for especial attention, had not liked him from the first.

"I could never trap a mouse or bait a

fishhook, myself," she replied. "Still, I think those are extreme cases from which to argue."

"But logically, my dear young lady—"

"I am not logical," she interrupted. "Logic leads into mazes which I would not lightly venture. I prefer to follow beaten paths and long-tried guides."

"Such as—" He paused, with smiling question.

"Such as teach me my little cousin's battle was brave and right," she answered.

"We can be brave and right, we believe, yet sorely mistaken, my dear young lady. All history proves it, this World War especially. But I would not bring its horrors into this charming paradise, where even the clash of a boyish battle seems a discordant note."

"I don't know about that," said young Collins, a little gruffly. "There are a good many of us chaps in khaki around here, Doctor, and we don't stand for the pleasures of peace."

"Nor for the horrors of war either. I passed your camp on my way here this afternoon. The men were drilling. They seemed like boys at play."

"It will be play to some purpose in a month or two," said the young officer, grimly. "When Uncle Sam tackles a job he generally goes through with it pretty straight and quick. And we're going through this. We'll have the Kaiser howling for mercy before the year is out. All we chaps are afraid of is that we won't get over there quick enough to take a hand in the game."

And there was a curious gleam in the Doctor's eyes.

"There is that to fear indeed; for things may end sooner than we think," he replied, after a pause.

Then, supper being over, the company betook themselves to the porch. Though the sky was starlit overhead, a black line was creeping up from the horizon, and there was a hush in the maples that always preceded a storm. But to-morrow would be Holy Name Sunday, and Buddy was

the only "man" in the family now, and must keep up the Reeves' record at good St. Anne's.

So he slipped away from Jack, who, not being a Catholic, would not understand, and with a whispered word to mamma, who smiled tender approval, Buddy hurried off through the darkening shadows to church, to find it filled with khaki-clad penitents.

Father Bennett had been preaching the blessings of the Holy Name to his soldier hearers, and they had come in scores to swell its ranks. So, as men in uniform always were given first place at St. Anne's, it was late before Buddy got his turn at the confessional. He was kneeling at the altar rail, saying his penance, when Father Bennett tapped him on the shoulder and beckoned him into the sacristy.

"I want you to take a message to Miss Meredith, my boy. She has charge of the soldiers' breakfast to-morrow, as your mother, I know, has her house full of guests. Tell the good lady there will be fifty more than we expected, so she must prepare for that number; and I will order extra supplies by telephone to-night. And hurry up, Bud; for there is a storm coming up fast."

And Buddy hurried off as he was bidden; for an ominous mutter of thunder echoed Father Bennett's word, and Miss Meredith's home was a good ten minutes' sprint from the church, whose pastor evidently thought his leading altar boy had Dandy's four legs waiting to make time against the storm.

The Meredith place antedated Maplewood, but Time had touched it with rougher hand, perhaps because there had been no strong men to defy the grim old spoiler's power. It was a long, low stone house, one-half of which had given up the fight with Time and tumbled down hopelessly under its choking ivy. In the other half Miss Meredith—a tall, thin, pale lady who looked as if she ought to be comfortably arrayed in a veil and habit instead of struggling with the changing

fashions of a changing world—lived with an old aunt.

All the other Merediths were dead,—mother, father, sisters, and brothers. The graveyard at St. Anne's was full of them. Miss Meredith had given up all the years of her young life, and veil and habit as well, in a vain effort to keep them in the old home; but one by one they had gone from her. There was only Aunt Susan left,—Aunt Susan, who was cross-eyed and cross-tempered, and deaf as a post. Just why Aunt Susan had been left was one of the mysteries of Providence that no one could understand; though Father Bennett had an idea that it was to finish Miss Meredith completely into a saint, which deaf, cross-tempered old aunts can do sometimes more effectively than a hair-shirt.

One thing besides Aunt Susan had been left to Miss Meredith, and that was her flower garden, that kept St. Anne's altar abloom from May until November, and over which Aunt Susan's cross-eyes kept watch that made her a terror to all straggling trespassers in the neighborhood. The garden fence barred a short cut that had once been open in a friendly way to the river road; but now woe be to the luckless night dog, cat, or boy, that dared to jump it! It was spiked with broken bottles from end to end. But our Buddy, with the thunder of the coming storm in his ears, took it to-night, bottles and all, with a bound, and in a moment was pounding a lusty rat-tat with the old lion's-head knocker at Miss Meredith's front door.

Aunt Susan was alone; but even her closed ears sensed the intrusion. Her garden gate was locked: some lawless wretch must have broken in.

"Miss Meredith! Miss Meredith!" a boyish voice called through the darkness.

"There ain't no use in yer trying that door!" came the shrill, shaking answer to the unheard summons. "It's got two double locks and an oaken bar that stood agin the Injuns. And there ain't any

money in the house. Maria put her last dollar in Judge Jameson's bank this morning."

"Don't want money!" Buddy shouted back through the rising mutter of the storm. "I've got a message from Father Bennett to Miss Meredith."

There was no answer. Aunt Susan had stepped in to the kitchen, and was now laboriously climbing to the second story front room.

"Miss Meredith! Miss Meredith!" called Buddy, and again the door shook under the lion's-head knocker.

"Oh, you will have it, will ye?" came a cracked voice from the window above. "Then take that!"

And *that* was a flood of hot water, from which Father Bennett's young messenger saved himself only by a very swift side spring from the doorstep to the ground below.

(To be continued.)

Pierrot.

BY IDA M. UHLAND.

"O, I won't let you go there,—no, not to-day. I won't have it." "But why not, gran'ma? What can it matter?"

"Well, it is not nice for a little boy, just before his First Communion. On weekdays, it's well enough, but on a Sunday during Benediction to stroll about the beach to catch crabs and crawfishes—no, dear, I will not allow it."

Pierrot bends his head. He doesn't like to give up. "But to run at the beach,—that's no sin, gran'ma," argues the sturdy little fellow.

"No sin,—no sin," grumbles the old woman. How shall she explain to him that it is not right to crawl about the sea-coast instead of going to Benediction?

Far out on the beach of the coast of Brittany stands the poor little hut in which grandmother and grandson live together. The old woman has had many sorrows

in her life. One after another the ocean has bereft her of her dear ones,—first the father, then the husband, and finally also the son. The last, Pierrot's father, had been a sailor on one of the great trading ships. In a stormy night, in a far ocean, it sank, and all on board were lost.

So, at the age of seventy, she is left alone with the little boy; and hard enough it is for her to make a living for both of them. For three years they have been alone together,—since the boy's mother left for Paris; and they never had heard from her again. The old woman is working for a department store in a neighboring city. There is nobody who can knit better than she the thick, warm sweaters and socks which the sailors wear. They live on the plainest food, grandmother and the boy; but they are healthy, and the pure air that blows in from the sea seems to keep away disease. The little hut stands lonely, detached from the village at the border of heather-land; and away beyond it stretches the solitary beach.

Pierrot has a long way to school every morning; but he usually forgets that there is a highroad, and strolls along the beach, jumping from rock to rock. But recently he has become more serious; he feels already like a little man; and in two weeks when the festivity of First Communion is over, he can become a sailor boy like the others. It is his ardent desire to know far countries; and, coming back from a voyage, what fun to sit with his friends near the chimney, telling stories and adventures, as his father and grandfather did!

The clear blue eyes of the little chap speak of energy and courage. He is small for his ten years; but his limbs are strong, and tanned by the sun of Brittany; and his cheeks are fresh and ruddy from the salty sea air. The grandmother, robust for her age, is tall and thin, her skin like russet leather.

Pierrot has been thinking about the prohibition of his grandmother. Yesterday the old priest had spoken about obedience;

and Pierrot had taken the resolution to be good, whatever might come.

"Gran'ma, I have changed my mind. Don't worry any more. I will go to Benediction."

"You are a good boy; I knew you would." And she pressed him to her loving old heart.

And Pierrot has been to Benediction. He is coming home, and feels himself a very good boy indeed. He wears his Sunday coat. It is, however, already pretty well worn out, and short for his growing young body. But what matter? In two weeks, at the great feast-day, he will have a new suit like the other boys. His grandmother has already bought it in the town, and it is waiting for him.

He saunters along the beach—for now it is allowed,—and he may look to his heart's content for the crabs which lurk under the big stones and rocks left uncovered by the ebb tide. He knows the coast like his pocket. He thinks of a certain spot down near the sunken gate.

The gate is a grating of strong wooden stakes, worn and warped by time and the salt water. It closes the mouth of an underground channel, which leads inland for some distance to the estate of a gentleman, where it serves to let salt water into a fish pond. Just there, near the old gate, he knows there are quantities of crabs. Hours and hours he has spent there, while his grandmother's eyes would search anxiously for the little dark figure, scarcely to be distinguished from the black rocks.

When Pierrot arrives, the flood-tide already is coming in. Water covers the gate; but he does not mind that, he knows the beach so well. Quickly he takes off his shoes and socks, laying them with his prayer-book on a projecting cliff. Then, with trousers and sleeves rolled up, he wades into the water, trying to catch crabs with his hands. Carefully he approaches the gate. The water is rising. What can it matter? If it goes too

high, Pierrot will leap onto a cliff, and so reach the shore.

Pierrot is not alone on the beach. It being Sunday, many people have come out from the village, and they walk along the sands, cheerful and laughing. And Pierrot is not alone in hunting for crabs: other boys have followed his example, and paddle in the water. Pierrot has been lucky. He has knotted his handkerchief at the corners to serve him as a bag, and already it contains a goodly number of wriggling crabs.

Higher and higher rises the flood-tide; strand and cliffs disappear more and more under the water. Pierrot must go back now. He thinks a little of the reproaches which his grandmother will be sure to make when she finds his clothes so wet. She will forgive, as she always has forgiven. He turns back; but he must go very slowly, for the water has risen fast. Both of his arms must serve him as a balancing pole.

What was that? Pierrot stumbles suddenly, and plunges down until the water laps at his belt. He works himself up again. He is fighting something. He struggles with all his might. He tries to tear away from something that holds him fast under water. Then he screams. A terrible cry bursts from his lips,—a cry of distress and despair. He is caught in the gate! His left foot has slipped between the stakes. In vain he tries to pull it out.

Down on the beach they have heard that desperate cry. They stop and look. They begin to run hither and thither. Some jump from rock to rock to approach the poor boy, who holds out his arms imploringly. A number of the older boys reach him. They bend down in the water and strive to loosen his foot. Their efforts only bruise the flesh, and it swells, wedging the foot tighter and tighter in the terrible trap. The current of the entering tide is too strong. It sweeps them all back. The gate will not let go its victim. And the water is still rising,—rapidly now.

Crowds of people have flocked together

at the shore. They shout, they argue, some pray. The water rises,—it reaches Pierrot's chest now. One after another, the friends who wish to save him are driven back; even the friendly rocks have disappeared beneath the tide. Soon Pierrot will be alone, surrounded by the rising sea. In front of him—oh, so near!—is the shore which he can not reach. He understands that his end has come.

A sailor is staying with him,—the last of all. Pierrot turns to him.

"Tell the Father to come. I want to make my First Communion."

The sailor understands. He leaves the child, and over the rocks he quickly makes his way to the shore. With feverish haste, the villagers put out a boat. Strong sailors, bending to the oars with all their might, row out against the current to reach Pierrot. Only the lad's head and shoulders can now be seen.

The old priest in his white surplice stands upright in the boat, the ciborium in his hands.

On the shore are grouped all the people of the village. Most of them are on their knees, praying. They have brought the terrible news to the grandmother. She, too, is there, in front of all, kneeling with crossed arms, some women sustaining her. Prayers and litanies are said. Pierrot can hear the murmur.

Hurry, little boat! Make haste! It will soon be too late. Pierrot's strength is almost at an end.

Nearer and nearer comes the boat. Higher and higher rises the relentless tide. Only Pierrot's head now remains above the water. The boat stops. The sailors all take off their caps, while the old priest bends toward the child and lays the Sacred Host between his deathly pale lips. The eyes turned toward heaven, the little hands crossed on his breast underneath the water,—so Pierrot receives his First Communion. Slowly the head falls back and disappears. And over the wide sea the priest makes a solemn Sign of the Cross.

Food for Jesters.

IT is no new thing to make a jest concerning the honesty of a lawyer. As long ago as when Peter the Great was in England and visited Westminster Hall, he inquired: "What are all these people swarming around here for?"—"They are lawyers, your Majesty," some one replied. "Lawyers!" he exclaimed. "I don't think much of lawyers. I have only four in my whole kingdom, and I intend to hang two or three of them as soon as I get home."

A prisoner was once brought before Lord Mansfield charged with stealing a silver ladle, and was dealt with very severely by the counsel for the Crown. "My good fellow," said his Lordship, "don't be so severe. If the prisoner were a lawyer, he would probably have stolen the bowl as well as the ladle."

Notwithstanding these time-honored slurs upon the legal profession, we must remember that it is no crime to be laughed at, and that the best judges have usually been lawyers before they merited to wear the judicial ermine.

A Cure for Laziness.

THE Dutch, as everyone knows, are a hardworking people. They have little use for the man who is able to work and will not. Their cure for laziness, when the lazy one happens to be an able-bodied pauper who is disinclined to labor, is no less effective than amusing. First of all, it is determined whether the man is able to work; then if he is, he is placed in a cistern into which flows water from a pipe. A pump is provided, which is capable of removing exactly the same amount of water as enters by means of the pipe. The lazy person, for once in his life perhaps, is made aware of the merit of energetic effort, as it requires lively pumping to keep the water from rising over his head. There is no record of any able-bodied pauper having to swim.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Mr. Bernard Holland's "Memoir of Kenelm Henry Digby" will soon be published by Longmans, Green & Co.

—A volume of essays by Theodore Maynard, author of "Folly," etc., is among new publications of B. H. Blackwell, Oxford.

—"The Hostage" (L'Otage), by Paul Claudel, translated under the direction of Pierre Chavannes, with an Introduction by him, has just been issued from the Oxford Press.

—The late Edmund Bishop's scholarly papers on the liturgy and religious life of the Western Church ("Liturgia Historica") are now to be had in a single octavo volume. Humphrey Milford, publisher, London.

—Of "The Secret Life of the Crown Prince, by One who Knows It," the London *Athenæum* says: "One of the most vulgar and cheaply abusive of the many Teutonophobe accounts of 'Little Willie,' as the author calls his hero, illustrated with the usual stories, that are told in a style to challenge scepticism. The head of the Hohenzollerns, says the writer, 'is half criminal, half mad.' We do not admire the good taste of the pseudonymous author or of any one who has any responsibility for the publication of this sort of stuff." The tide of hate is evidently turning.

—In the early months of the war a number of French officers and privates were captured by the Germans and held as prisoners, first at Brandenburg and afterwards at Halle. To while away the all too tedious hours, the interned Frenchmen established a manuscript journal which they named *Le Petit Français*, declaring it to be "the authentic organ of the French officers in prison at Brandenburg and Halle." One hundred numbers of this unique periodical have been printed in large quarto form by Bloud & Gay, Paris. It is an illustrated work, and both the pictures and the text furnish amusement and incidental first-hand information on a number of matters of interest.

—"The Nemesis of Mediocrity," by Ralph Adams Cram (Boston: Marshall Jones Company), a twelvemo of 58 pages, is the third printing of an aggressive essay originally published something more than a year ago. The last half-dozen pages of the present edition are devoted to a postscript, dated Feb. 12, 1919, and the new matter is in part an apology for some of the old. Mr. Cram, whose main essay inveighs against the deplorable lack of leadership in the

world at large, acknowledges in his postscript that in one field at least real leadership has appeared,—the field of action. His message even now, however, is scarcely an optimistic one: it is still "an indictment of the obvious, and a denunciation of the axiomatic."

—"Le Drame de Senlis," by Baron A. de Maricourt (Paris: Bloud & Gay), is the journal of an eye-witness "before, during, and after" the period, August to December, 1914. A brochure of some 290 pages, it furnishes an interesting account of stirring events in one part of France during the early months of the war.

—"Musa Americana, Series I. Patriotic Songs in Latin with English Text," by Anthony F. Geyser, S. J., is intended for use in high schools and colleges. It was a felicitous as well as a patriotic inspiration to publish these twelve songs in Latin. They will remind the high school boy of the rhymes of bygone days; and while humming these spirited renditions of patriotic songs, his mind will become accustomed automatically to think in Latin of the meaning suggested by the words and the melody. We look with pleasure to the sequel of these renditions. Loyola University Press.

—One by one the mists that float before the popular mind, shutting it out from the real facts of history, disappear. The defeat of the Spanish Armada has always been regarded by most Protestants as a visible interposition of Providence on behalf of the "blessed Reformation," and as a punishment upon Spanish arrogance and intolerance. It is, therefore, specially pleasant to find from the "State Papers Relating to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada," edited by Mr. John Knox Laughton, that the idea of Spanish "arrogance" is an absurd misconception; that the English sailors who "rotted away in the dungeons of the Inquisition" were sent there not for heresy, but for thievery; and that the belief in the heaven-sent storm is the merest superstition. The facts so learnedly set forth by Mr. Laughton will eventually find their way into all textbooks,—eventually.

—In the crowded smoking car of a train on the C. B. and Q. railroad, two passengers were discussing the pronunciation of the word "Stough," which appeared over the door of a small station which had just been passed. They could not agree, so they submitted the question to a former school-teacher who was in the car. "Why," said he, "if r-o-u-g-h spells 'ruff,'

I should think s-t-o-u-g-h would spell 'stuff.'" —"What do you think about it?" said one of the disputants to Mr. W., a Board of Trade man.—"I should think it would be pronounced 'stew,'" said he; "you know t-h-r-o-u-g-h spells 'threw.'" At this juncture Mr. C., a paper manufacturer, came in, and the question was put to him. "Why," said he, "anybody ought to know that: t-h-o-u-g-h, 'tho'; s-t-o-u-g-h, 'sto,' of course." Then Mr. R. was asked for an opinion. "I should call it 'stoff,'" said he; "c-o-u-g-h spells 'coff,' and I don't see how s-t-o-u-g-h can spell anything but 'stoff.'" At this a gray-haired old gentleman who had been reading a newspaper turned around in his seat, and, with the manner of one who speaks from absolute knowledge, said: "It is pronounced with the sound 'ow'—'stow.'" —"Well," said one of the parties to the controversy, "what fool could have given such a name to a town, anyway?"—"It was named after me," said the gray-haired man; "I laid out that town; my name is Stough." For several minutes the clickity-click of the car wheels was the only sound that broke the stillness. The two disputants were meditating on the devious ways of English pronunciation.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "The Elstones." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.35.
 "Essays in Occultism, Spiritism, and Demonology." Dean W. R. Harris \$1.
 "Patriotism in Washington's Time." P. J. Byrne, M. D. \$1.50.
 "Life of Pius X." F. A. Forbes. \$1.35.
 "Marriage Legislation in the New Code of Canon Law." Very Rev. H. A. Ayrinhac, S. S., D. D. \$2.
 "Letter to Catholic Priests." Pope Pius X. 50 cts.
 "Spiritual Exercises for Monthly and Annual Retreats." Rev. P. Dunoyer. \$2.35.
 "The Sad Years." Dora Sigerson. \$1.25.
 "The Parables of Jesus." Rev. P. Coghlan, C. P. \$1.10.
 "A Handbook of Moral Theology." Rev. A. Koch, D. D.—Mr. Arthur Preuss. \$1.50.

- "The Bedrock of Belief." Rev. William Robison' S. J. \$1.25.
 "Ireland: Its Saints and Scholars." J. M. Flood. 90 cts.
 "The Hand of God." Rev. Martin Scott, S. J. \$1, postage extra.
 "Pastor Halloft." \$1.50.
 "In the Soldier's Service." Mary Dexter. \$1.50.
 "The World Problem." Rev. Joseph Husslein, S. J. \$1.35.
 "Foch the Man." Clara E. Laughlin. \$1.
 "War Mothers." Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S. J. 65 cts.
 "Outline Meditations." Madame Cecilia. \$1.50.
 "A Manual of the History of Dogmas." Rev. Bernard J. Otten, S. J. Vol. II. \$2.50.
 "To the Heart of the Child." Josephine Van Dyke Brownson. \$1.
 "Your Better Self." Humphrey J. Desmond. 50 cts.
 "Armenia and the War." A. P. Hacobian. 50 cts.
 "The Future Life." Rev. Joseph C. Sasia, S. J. \$2.50.
 "The Mystical Life." Dom S. Louismet, O. S. B. \$1.10, postage extra.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. James Healy, of the diocese of Trenton; and Rev. F. J. Sheridan, of the archdiocese of Milwaukee.

Sister Clare Francis, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister M. Regina and Sister M. Mercedes, of the Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. John Paro, Mr. William Gibbons, Miss Anita Bradford, Mr. Daniel Driscoll, Mrs. Johanna D. Buckley, Mr. Thomas Dodson, Mr. James Driscoll, Mrs. Bertha Hoffman, Mr. Frank Delany, Mr. John Kessler, Mr. Joseph Williams, Mrs. Mary Nelligan, Miss A. G. Bolton, Mr. T. Roberts, Mrs. M. Ryan, Mr. Arthur Ronaghan, Mr. W. G. Hill, Mr. George Diel, Mrs. J. D. Byrne, Mr. J. A. Jobst, Mrs. E. J. Shanahan, Mr. L. M. Bentley, and Mr. Philip Lunkenheimer.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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Entered as second class matter at Notre Dame, Indiana. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on June 25, 1918.
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS viii. 34.

SATURDAY, 3.— <i>Feeling of the Holy Cross.</i> St. Alexander, M.	WEDNESDAY, 7.— <i>Solemnity of St. Joseph.</i> St. Stanislaus B. M.
SUNDAY, 4.— <i>Second after Easter.</i> St. Monica, W.	THURSDAY, 8.— <i>Apparition of St. Michael.</i>
MONDAY, 5.—St. Pius V., P. C.	FRIDAY, 9.—St. Gregory Nazianzen, B. C. D.
TUESDAY, 6.—St. John before the Latin Gate.	SATURDAY, 10.—St. Antoninus, B. C.

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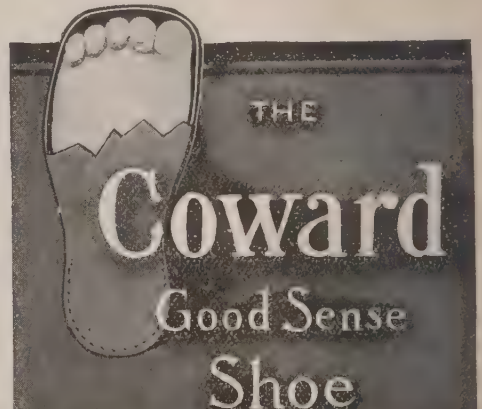
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VOL. IX. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 3, 1919.

NO. 13

[Published every Saturday. Copyright, 1919: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

Mane Mecum, Domine!

EASTER lilies fade and die,
Easter gladness hastens by,
Calvary's Cross is ever nigh,—
Mane mecum, Domine!

Let Thy light around me shine,
Make my weary spirit Thine;
Christ, my God, for Thee I pine,—
Mane mecum, Domine!

For the love of Mary blest,
Listen to her child's request:
Leave me not, O beauteous Guest,—
Mane mecum, Domine!

MARIE.

A School of Sanctity.

WHETHER we think of our Blessed Lady as the Immaculate Virgin, as the highly-favored Mother of Christ, or as the Woman of Sorrows standing beneath the Cross, in each and all of these characters we must regard her with equal admiration and veneration. For she is no ordinary saint, but the Mother of our Lord and Saviour, the greatest of all God's creatures, far surpassing all the saints and angels in grandeur and dignity. Mary depicted in the Gospels presents to us a lovely and attractive personality. One may well imagine the sight of her to have been beautiful indeed, filling one with rapture, inspiring one with holy thoughts. And not this alone: she is the model for our imitation in all the

different periods of her wondrous life; at all times, under every circumstance, her example affords us edification, instruction and encouragement.

I.

At the first mention of Mary by the Evangelist St. Luke, we behold her employed in the most sacred and exalted occupation in which a human being can engage. Tradition tells us that when the Angel Gabriel was sent from God to announce to the lowly Virgin the mystery of her divine maternity, he found her in a lonely chamber at prayer; for angels visit men at the hour of prayer. And no sooner has the Evangelist shown her to us holding intercourse with the celestial messenger than he proceeds to give an account of her visit to Elizabeth. Again we behold Our Lady in holy rapture, inspired by the spirit of devotion and prayer; we hear her exclaim in the words of that canticle of praise ever to be admired for its beauty and sublimity, "My soul doth magnify the Lord!"

Later on, when her Divine Infant was born, and the Shepherds and Wise Men came to worship Him, hear what is said of Mary: "But Mary kept all these words, pondering them in her heart."¹ That is to say, in tranquil contemplation she meditated upon them,—meditated upon the wonderful mysteries that were accomplished in her. Let us impress upon our minds the grand image here presented to us of the Blessed Virgin

¹ St. Luke. ii, 19.

as we behold her engaged in prayer, magnifying God, and meditating on the mysteries of religion; let us make her our model, and cultivate diligently the spirit of prayer, of praise, of recollection; for this is the great requisite for the Christian life. Nothing, one of the saints has said, enlightens the soul and beautifies it in God's sight more than the spirit of prayer.

The Blessed Virgin is also depicted by the Evangelist as the lowly, obedient handmaid of the Lord, ever submissive to the will of God. The Angel of the Most High promises her a dignity in which as much prospective suffering as honor is involved. Mary, acquiescing humbly in the divine decree, makes no other response than the memorable words, "Be it done unto me according to thy word." Again, when Elizabeth salutes her as "blessed among women," she immediately gives the praise to Him to whom alone all glory is due, the honor to Him who has regarded her lowliness. And after the birth of the world's Redeemer see how unflinchingly, with what exemplary resignation, she accepts the dolors Simeon predicts to be in store for her!

If we follow the life of Mary step by step, always and everywhere we shall observe in her the same characteristics. Whether she searches sorrowingly for the Child Jesus lost in Jerusalem; or whether Our Lord, when told that His Mother stands without, from higher, supernatural motives, pays no heed to her wish to see Him, she is ever the same,—the handmaid of the Lord, submissive to His divine will, accepting everything in silence and patience; until finally she stands beneath the Cross, the model for all Christians of pious resignation under the most painful circumstances, the most heart-rending afflictions. Here also we may learn of her,—learn to renounce our own will to follow in all things the will of God.

Again, in the narrative of the marriage

at Cana of Galilee, we may behold and admire another virtue which shines forth brightly in Mary—charity to her neighbor, her attribute as intercessor for the afflicted. This virtue, grand in itself, rich in blessings for man, which surrounds the name of Mary with a special halo, was first made conspicuous at that nuptial feast, when, the wine failing, she said to Our Lord, "They have no wine"; in those simple words interceding for the embarrassed hosts. Since that day the Blessed Virgin has never ceased to be the Refuge of the Afflicted, the Help of Christians; ready for God's sake to serve and help all mankind in their necessities. Learn of Mary not merely to pray for yourself, but to intercede for others; not merely to bear your own trials and sufferings with resignation, but lovingly to help others to endure their afflictions.

II.

How grand and glorious it was for our Blessed Lady to be the Mother of God may be gathered from the fact that this title contains in brief compass all the rich treasure of the Christian faith. Bourdaloue says that in the name of Mother of God the whole mystery of the Incarnation, the essential dogma of our religion, is comprised. By it we are reminded of the wondrous work of Redemption decreed from all eternity in the counsels of the Most High; and of the union of the divine and human nature in the person of Christ, with which dogma all other articles of faith are closely and inseparably connected. We are reminded of the charity, the condescension of the Eternal Father, who chose a woman to become the Mother of His Son, that the brethren and sisters of that lowly Virgin might be made the children of God. Listen to the words St. Cyril addressed to those who dared to call in question Mary's right to that exalted title: "When once the divine maternity of our Blessed Lady is denied, all that was done for our salvation

becomes worthless. Withdraw this one article of faith, and the whole fabric of our belief collapses; the cross, the salvation of the world, is dashed to the ground, and the faith of mankind is crushed in its fall."

Thus we see that the veneration paid to Mary as the Mother of God is of the utmost consequence not only to the Christian life, but to the Christian faith. And how exalted, how sublime is the dignity to which she is raised! It is true that God calls His saints His children; and the angels are termed His friends, His favorites, His sons; but the name of Mother of God, belongs exclusively to our Blessed Lady, and invests her with a dignity far above that of angels and archangels, of Cherubim and Seraphim. And yet Mary, conscious as she was of the unparalleled honor conferred upon her, of the immeasurable dignity she possessed, regarded herself only as "the handmaid of the Lord," and continued to the end of her life in obscurity and lowliness. "It was only just," remarks the great St. Bernard, "that she from being the last should become the first, because although she was the first she made herself the last."

Observe a singular circumstance connected with this dignity: that Mary's glory as the Mother of God did not unfold itself until after her death. While she lived on earth only a few devout souls honored her in this capacity. St. Elizabeth was the first to address her by the name, "the Mother of my Lord." Otherwise she met with little respect; on the contrary, much opprobrium fell to her lot, as when she stood beside her Divine Son, suffering on the Cross the death of a common malefactor. But, subsequently to her death, how signal the honors and distinctions which are the portion of the Mother of God, both in heaven and on earth! In the celestial courts she is crowned Queen of Angels; on earth below hymns and canticles are composed in her honor, churches

dedicated to her; she is venerated and loved by all the faithful; throughout the whole of Christendom her favor is implored, her intercession is invoked. True indeed has the prediction she uttered concerning herself been proved: "All generations shall call me blessed." O Christian, learn, of the Mother of God to condemn the honors of men! The destiny of the children of God is the exact reverse of that of the votaries of this world. The latter are honored in their lifetime and after death they are forgotten; whereas the former are often persecuted and despised by men while on earth, and afterward they are blessed for evermore.

III.

As we may learn many salutary lessons from our Blessed Lady's life, so we may also find her death a profitable subject for meditation. Let us place ourselves in spirit beside the deathbed of the Holy Virgin and imagine that we behold the scene as tradition depicts it. Around her bed stand the Apostles, summoned thither by the spirit of God, to hear the last words of charity and wisdom from her sacred lips. Her countenance is lighted up with heavenly radiance, as if already glorified; and with holy longing she stretches out her arms to embrace Him toward whom tend all the aspirations of her soul. Everything that usually makes death bitter and repugnant to man is absent; all here is sweet and pleasing. It is not so much a death that we are witnessing: it is a visible glorification.

Think who it is that is at the point of death; think what a life is now ending; a life superabounding in graces and in merits; think what a soul is now being loosed from her earthly bonds, and you will perceive that Mary's death is merely an upward flight to the presence of God, a child's return to its father's house, a passage from earth to the celestial marriage-feast. Surely it is the earnest desire of each one of us that

our death should be thus calm, thus happy; let us therefore take heed that our life be pure and holy; let us strive to be detached from the world and aspire to things above.

Think, too, how glorious was Mary's entry into the heavenly Jerusalem. Who can describe the triumphal reception that the angels and all the heavenly hosts—the Patriarchs and Prophets, the Virgins and Saints—prepared for their Queen? Who can form an idea of the joy that thrilled through Our Lady's heart when she beheld the Most Holy Trinity,—God the Father, of whom she is the daughter; God the Son, of whom she is the mother; God the Holy Ghost, of whom she is the spouse? St. Bernard exclaims in accents of rapture: "Who can conceive the splendor wherewith the assumption of the Most Blessed Virgin into heaven was celebrated; the glad welcome wherewith the heavenly hosts went forth to meet her, and to escort her with canticles of joy to the throne destined for her? If eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man what things God hath prepared for them that love Him, who can describe what He prepared for her who gave Him birth, for her who loved Him more than all the world beside? Blessed art thou, O Mary!—blessed above measure when thou didst receive the Redeemer at thy conception; blessed above measure when He received thee on thy assumption!"

Rejoice, O Christian! with the joy expressed by St. Bernard. And if you are filled with rapture at the thought of the bliss on which Mary entered, remember that a joyous entrance into heaven awaits you also at your death, provided that during your lifetime you have imitated her virtues, and for a season at least, have stood with her beneath the cross on Calvary.

BELIEF is difficult, but unbelief is still more difficult.—*Ernest Psichari.*

Search-Lights.

BY VALENTINE PARAISO.

XXII.

DAISY lived very much in the rich world now. That must have been a large advance given as a first taste of profits for the Colonel's invention; for he and his daughter had migrated from the poor old Gazabo to a hotel in Wessex Street, Strand. It was central for his work. There or at his club he was in touch with everything going on in town. Locksley voted for the Ritz or the Carlton; but the Colonel had a fancy for old-fashioned quarters between the Strand and the river. The builder's daughter, Kitty Bulger, was alone in the world now, and was looking after the Gazabo—and Pepper.

The Colonel had brightened up into something like a second youth under the excitement of success. He had a powerful friend; the great engineer had taken a personal fancy to the inventor—possibly inspired by a lively sense of inventions to come. Daisy felt grateful to the rich man who had wrought such a change in that dear life. "Papa" had been too long laid by in a suburban village; Mr. Locksley had discovered him, and now her father was going to be one of the most clever men in the world.

On the evening of the dance, the garlands were up, the floor was swept, and the diffused light shone from the hidden lamps upon a happy crowd. There were girls in simple muslin frocks far prettier than the ball-dresses of other days; and matrons, homely and familiar, bent on showing kindness to those boys in khaki, who were so strangely like absent sons.

Joel Locksley approached Colonel Spagot's daughter and reminded her of a promise, and they took a few steps together. Then, leading her to a place among the flowers by a curtained window, he

sank on the settee opposite her, and took hold of her fan. He had been watching her unobserved. Never had he come across so childlike a girl, all alive with enjoyment; she seemed to be brimming over with sympathies and affections. He wanted to study this new subject of human interest that had drifted into his life. He knew the world of engineering, and of business, and of men; he knew many things. But the sort of girl that a lad falls in love with, and wise men become fools for,—that was an entirely new thing, to be studied under his own roof.

He could not have danced many steps more with credit. He had never cared for the pastime. At the first tinge of a flush on her face, he had suggested that Miss Spaggot was perhaps tired; and really that fellow's playing was worth listening to. So here they were seated apart near the row of curtained windows and the rampart of flowers.

The Colonel—who stood near the crippled soldier, watching the skill of wrist and fingers—happened to glance towards the other end of the room. Beyond the whirling cloud of dancers, he saw Joel Locksley entirely occupied with Daisy, and her fan. A startling idea flashed into the Colonel's head. It almost took its breath away. There was a tremendous possibility, far greater than the success of the armored car. Locksley was a first-rate fellow; he was going to be one of the foremost men in England. He would be a "rattling good" comrade,—and more than a comrade. Daisy would have wealth enough for a princess. One hardly dared to think of it, the prospect was so brilliant. Locksley was, of course, many years older than Daisy; but her father was none the less pleased at that.

Joel Locksley began to study Colonel Spaggot's daughter. He first expressed an admiring wonder: she had danced all the evening, though she had been working so hard to get the room ready.

The bright eyes opened, and a smile came across the fluttering fan

"I am getting used to working; we all are."

Then came questions—an adroit mingling of politeness and curiosity—about her days, her occupations, the amusements she enjoyed. In every answer her father was mentioned. She showed a passionate attachment to him. The love of her father seemed to be the dominant power in her life. The lad that would win her should stand well with the Colonel.

Then it occurred to Joel Locksley, just for idle amusement, to find out if there was such a lad. But how was he to approach this delicate question? Was there any entanglement? She looked as if there was not, she was so fresh and gay; and there was no ring under the white glove on her left hand.

"You have no brothers at the Front,—no one to worry about?"

"No brothers, but we all have friends there."

"Ah! I hope your friends will be luckier than mine. Mine went down like ninepins—at Mons, at the Somme, at Loos, at Ypres. Are yours in the East or in Flanders?"

For a moment Daisy was troubled by a scrupulous sense of inaccuracy. "Not friends. I have a friend. There is only one of them—I mean one of him—in Salonika."

He had heard the history he wanted. Then he straightened himself, leaned back against the settee, and attended entirely to the music. "That wounded man plays beautifully, doesn't he? It's a pity there is dancing; there ought to be silence to listen to that." The violin ceased, and the room was full of piano "strumming" and the whirl of white frocks and khaki. Then he spoke again. The word he chose not only soothed a slight sense of vexation, but absolutely won her heart. "I think," he said, "your father is the most charming man I have ever met in my life."

Poor Daisy! Her citadel was taken; she was no match for his cleverness. She began at once to pour out her heart about

home and "papa." She told him what a gazabo was, and they made merry over the idea of the summer-house "sitting on the wall." He began to wonder if she was only sixteen. Then she was telling him what a grand time they were to have had only for this dreadful war; they were to travel—to Paris, Italy, Cairo, Japan, the States. Wouldn't it have been lovely! Who were going?

"Just my father and I."

"When the war is over," he said, "we must have that little run. It will be the Colonel and you and I."

She looked surprised and dubious. He thought of testing her about the friend in Salonika.

"Of course," he said, "you have the power of adding to the party. Shall we make our tour as a trio or as a quartette?"

"If we were a quartette, Mr. Locksley, you would be able to talk better to my 'papa'—all the time!"

There was a spice of coquetry in the remark. Who was to be the fourth? He now began to think her twenty and bewitching.

"Is not this the country dance beginning?" she said suddenly. "There is a khaki soldier somewhere with a little white patch on the side of his nose: I promised him the country dance."

"That's a pity!" said Joel, springing up. "I wish I was that khaki soldier with the little white patch on the side of his nose! Shall I look for him, and tell him where to find you?"

There was no need: the gallant partner was already nearing them,—a fair, slim boy, bowing to the girl, quite unconscious of his honorable blemish.

The country dance went gaily. Joel led a large dowager to the top of the two lines, with careful ceremony; he was a dutiful host to her ladyship of a neighboring house. But when he came springing and sliding down the middle and met Daisy for a moment on her rejoicing way, he said, "So here we are!" and flashed at every meeting a glance of welcome.

The Colonel was in the billiard room, with a lieutenant who had but one foot, and a captain who had been "gassed" and was beginning to breathe again, and a man who talked but could hardly see,—and half a dozen more.

The Colonel was in high spirits; so were the convalescent men. They smoked; they knocked the ivory balls about, and showed each other fancy strokes with the cue. The Colonel made brilliant strokes; he swayed and whistled softly to the tune of the music beyond the corridor. The young lieutenant suggested that he himself should go in and "take a turn."

"No, my dear boy: dancing is an undignified pastime for a man of my years. But that fellow Locksley is a shirker; he is in the twenties."

Then somebody gave a sigh, and flung away the end of a cigarette.

"Convalescent cases are not allowed to grouse or to groan," said the doctor; "it puts them back."

"I was just thinking of the boys 'over there' to-night—while we are here."

"By Jove, yes!" said the Colonel. "That's something to think of. There's deep snow at the Western Front."

Then somebody else wondered "every man Jack" of them had not shell-shock. It was the blinded man, who could talk; he told the Colonel and the country doctor a few words about it.

"It's not like the service in my time abroad," the Colonel admitted.

"No, sir!"—emphatically. "This is fair nerve-wrecking,—a ghastly job. And nerves are real things, as real as bones; eh, doctor?"

The grey head nodded; and the man who could talk went on:

"Let any of us just consider the state of things when a man is in a trench. It's a water-logged trench, perhaps, infested with rats. He can't get ten minutes' wink in the dugout without a chance of being bitten, nor put down his crust but it disappears. Well, there he is! If he raises his head above the parapet, a sniper's

bullet gets him. He has got to keep his head below; and there's nothing to do but listen. The roar of the guns is behind him; and the same, as if the world was being knocked down day and night, out in front of him,—deafening! The aeroplanes are always singing about above,—buzzing and roaring, and smashing each other, and shovelling down bombs; you can't tell which is which in all the pandemonium. Then there is the vapor that may creep up close—stifling, blinding. One can't always have the gas-mask on.

"Well, suppose they get the word to attack. Over the top he goes,—out of the trench into No Man's Land! There is no marching shoulder to shoulder: they have got to keep in open order, each man for himself. There he is; and he scuds across No Man's Land. It's slippery with slush and mud; or, if it's dry ground, it is all dug with shell-holes and pockmarked with bullets. He is right in the middle of the barrage,—the wall of fire that's coming down: high explosives, bombs, shrapnel. Or there might be a machine-gun spouting lead straight along, like water from a hose. Don't you wonder how they ever get out of that inferno alive? Or, if they come out, what's to be said about nerves and brain? Both sides have got lots of them raving mad; and others paralyzed, or thinking they can't move hand or foot; or not knowing what they are doing if they hear an enemy aeroplane fooling about, taking cock-shots in the dark. And it's no cowardice."

"Of course not," said the doctor. "Nerve injury. All physical, sir. The high-explosives brought out new weaknesses in the human machine."

There was a stir behind the Colonel. He never turned off his pretty little speech about the difference between all this and the courteous days, when the gentlemen of the Guard were invited to fire first. The stir behind him was made by Daisy pressing close to his arm, with a very white face. All the men stood up—even the boy in khaki who leaned upon one foot and a crutch. When had she come? How much

had she heard? And why was her face so white?

"Oh, do sit down—all of you—and be happy, please!" she said. "I want my papa to come and hear the reciting."

"Why, I have to begin that!" exclaimed the doctor with the grey beard. "Locksley put me first, because the others are all so shy." A twinkle shone into his pleasant eyes behind the glasses. "Come on, gentlemen,—come on."

There was a lull after the storm in the other room. The audience was already smiling. The twinkle was more noticeable in the reciter's eyes, as he stood in the middle space, adjusting the lapels of his coat. At Colonel Spaggot's side a voice asked softly:

"Papa, is it anything like what that gentleman was saying—in Salonika—in the trenches?"

There was a twinge of self-reproach in her heart. Had she been forgetting Sydney Verreker? But he would wish her to be happy; and she was trying to entertain the poor soldiers,—that was all. And she did enjoy a dance. Mr. Locksley was a delightful host; and he had said her father was the most charming man in the world. Of course that was all! She would pray very much for Sydney to-night.

Locksley found time to bring his pretty guest to the standing supper during some interval of playing the polite host to elderly neighbors. She had heard some of the women saying that the long room at the Bungalow was bigger than the ballroom at Cloop's; and she ventured to ask if her host knew the Cloop's place, and if it was very beautiful; it was a few miles from Soggett.

"Do you know them?" he asked prudently. "No? Then don't, Miss Spaggot,—don't. Awful bounders! The soda-water king! No," he said, "old Cloop's place is not much."

"What is a 'bounder'?" said Daisy.

He laughed heartily.

"Oh, you innocent! Take some chicken,—do! What! No 'champaign'? Well, a

'boulder' is the very opposite to the Colonel."

With the promise of a car, her father was induced to stay late. He could use petrol, the owner of the house said; this was all war work. Why, if he had soldier guests, he was surely free to use petrol. The Colonel wanted to go early by train and be patriotic, but his resistance collapsed. Joel Locksley could carry anything, from his own interpretation of war economy to a *coup d'état*. Daisy was becoming quite conscious of a sort of magnetism. Locksley had the strong personality by which the principal actor is said to "keep the stage." As suddenly as inflammable fuel springs to light at the touch of flame, he had fallen in love with "Spaggot's daughter."

He handed her into the motor car, and the Colonel stepped lightly in, and took the place by her side.

"Awfully good of you, Locksley!"

"Quite a pleasure to have the car for you, Colonel. Good-night!"

A cheer broke from the group of soldiers in the bright doorway, as the car began to move. As it sped along, the movement of the dance and the rhythm of the music still haunted Daisy.

"Well, how did you enjoy yourself?"

"Oh, it was lovely, papa! And—do you know?—Mr. Locksley says you are the most charming man in the world."

"Easy, easy, my daughter! Don't knock all the breath out of an old fellow."

"But he really did, papa! And I do like him—I was just near saying, I love him—for liking you."

Before they reached town, the girl was fast asleep with her head against his shoulder. Colonel Spaggot was well satisfied. It was going to be a very bright world for his darling, and for him a world of enterprise that made one young again. He remembered for a moment that there was a letter "On Active Service," which he had not yet given to Daisy. It had been forwarded from Furzley to the hotel.

(To be continued.)

In Primrose Time.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

IN primrose time the way is sweet,
With flowers nodding at our feet,—
Anemone and violet,
And johnny-jump-ups, dewy wet;
And where the grass grows lush and green,
The yellow cowslip may be seen.
In primrose time.

Howe'er conservative the tongue,
In primrose time all hearts grow young;
White dream-ships sail the meadow brook;
Sweet fancies lurk in every nook;
For Nature weaves her magic spell
'Round all who venture near the dell,
In primrose time.

A Lady of France.

BLESSED JEANNE MARIE DE MAILLÉ.

BY YMAL OSWIN.

THE life of the Baroness de Maillé, a Franciscan Tertiary of the fourteenth century, is too little known in these days, and was consigned to oblivion for many centuries after her death. Instinct with picturesque details of Mediæval life, and in touch with the great historical events, and many remarkable personages, from royalty to peasants, of her time, it has been graphically portrayed in the Latin "Vita" written by Friar Martin de Boisgaultier (a Franciscan friar of the town of Tours, where she spent most of her life), who was intimately acquainted with her, and was for some time her confessor.

To this chronicle, which had been fortunately preserved at Tours, I am indebted for the facts and details of her life; although I have also been aided by the charming descriptions and notes of her historical environment in the French Life published by Père Leopold de Cherancé (Poussielgue, Paris). In conformity

with the decree of Pope Urban VIII., any descriptions of miracles, visions, or the supernatural, are of course employed in a sense subject to the decision of the Church, which has already declared this humble Tertiary "Blessed."

I.

She was called "The Flower of the Touraine nobility," this great lady of the fourteenth century, who, casting aside her position and riches at the call of grace, passed her days in a humble Tertiary's cell; yet was there sought out both by the poor and even by royal princes.

Little Jeanne Marie was born on the 14th of April, 1332, in the Chateau of Roches-St.-Quentin. She was the daughter of Messire Hardouin de Maillé, and of Jeanne de Montbazon, his wife. She came of a line of Crusader heroes, and was her parents' fourth daughter. Nothing but the tower and ancient, ivy-covered ruins remain of her home,—a fine castle, once the centre of feudal society in that part of the country.

From the age of six, Jeanne, who possessed very good abilities, desired to learn all that she could; although the usual instruction for noble ladies included little more than sewing, weaving, embroidery, chess-playing, and the guitar, together with the preparation of ointments and simples, of which last-mentioned accomplishment she afterwards made good use. Then there was falconry, riding, and the reading of ancient chronicles. All-important was the instruction in her religion, in which the Franciscan chaplain of the castle doubtless aided her. She firmly refused, however, to read the poetical romances brought by her brothers and other knights to the castle, and so much in vogue at the time; while, on the other hand, she devoured all the Lives of the Saints she could find.

Her father died when she was eight years old; but her grandfather, Barthélemi de Montbazon, lost no time in arranging a marriage for the little girl, according to the custom of the period. Robert, the heir

of the Sieur de Sillé le Guillaume, was chosen, and was brought to the castle about 1340. The boy and girl grew up together, and, as in the case of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, they played and they studied together. There was always great affection between them; and when Robert, in a boyish prank, was nearly drowned in a large pond, his little fiancée, falling on her knees, prayed so earnestly to Heaven to rescue him that he was brought safe and sound to the shore.

But from an early age Jeanne felt herself called by invisible grace to a life of virginity; and what would become of Robert caused the little maid the greatest anxiety as she grew older. She wept and prayed in secret for an answer to this strange problem; for her attraction to the angelic virtue grew stronger than her love for Robert. The answer was not long in coming to her.

It was Christmas night in the beautiful castle chapel; the priest at the altar was uttering the angels' hymn, "Glory be to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good-will"; and Jeanne was on her knees before the Crib, wrapt in contemplation of the Child Jesus, begging His Holy Mother to grant her the grace she had so long desired—that of knowing her true vocation. Suddenly she felt herself surrounded by the divine presence, and an immense peace filled her, body and soul. "This state of ecstasy and joy, so novel for the angelic child, was prolonged for some time."¹

After a little interval, she had another experience, which made her destiny clear. "One night the Mother of God appeared to her, in the midst of dazzling light, holding the Child Jesus by one hand; in the other hand she carried a censer, which she swayed gently; and this censer was full of the blood which redeems the world, giving forth a mysterious perfume that filled the room."² In answer to her earnest prayers, Our Lady said to the child: "Accept the hand of Robert. Fear nothing;

¹ "Vita," c. i, 2.

² Ibid., c. i, 4

he will be thy protector and the guardian of thy virginity."¹ Every word that fell from those holy lips filled the maiden with ineffable consolation, and light about the value of virginity, the love of God, and the Passion of the Saviour, model and inspirer of the spirit of sacrifice. When Our Lady left, it seemed as if all the delights of paradise had charmed the child's soul. ~

Jeanne was then in her twelfth year, says her biographer. The mystery of her vocation was now clear,—a virgin marriage like that of our St. Edward and a few rare saints. But a year had hardly passed before she fell ill, and all but died of a grievous sickness; and her pious mother, in her anxiety, made a vow to St. James that if she were saved from death she would perform a great act of devotion, the secret of which is kept. The young girl recovered, and the castle's surgeon exclaimed, "Either this maiden has made some strange act of virtue or she will do something in the future,"—in which the wiseacre was not far wrong. The marriage took place when Jeanne Marie was sixteen.

The ceremony is a picture of marriage in true Mediæval style. The procession is formed from the steps of the castle to the parish church; musicians gaily dressed go before, playing viols, flutes and harps; all the vassals, in their white caps and best peasant dresses, are drawn up on each side of the way. Then the first part of the ceremony is performed in the porch; after which the bride, her hair bound with a golden fillet around her head and flowing over her silken robe, steps forth into the waiting crowd of poor and infirm; the nuptial vows are made at the altar; and the young couple on their knees, after the *Sanctus*, under a canopy upheld by four young barons, receive the priest's blessing. The bridegroom receives the kiss of peace at the altar, and, returning, gives it to the bride; then the same joyous procession returns to the castle.

Death followed swift, however, behind

¹ *Ibid.*, c. i, 2.

this gay pageant; for that evening, in the midst of the banquet, Barthélemi, the old grandfather, fell dead, to the consternation of the guests. None wept more sincerely for her grandfather and guardian than the bride. The assembled party did not break up till night was far advanced; then Jeanne Marie, alone for the first time with her young bridegroom, like a second Cecilia, told him her heart's secret,—of her vision at Christmas and the rewards of virginity. Like a second Valerian, Robert was persuaded by the sweet words of his beloved, and agreed to a compact, which the biographer tells us was kept to the end.

He was now in possession of the Chateau of Sillé le Guillaume, and thither he conducted his bride. It dominated a pretty little town, which climbed up on the side of the hill below it. The four towers and the dungeon-keep of this castle may still be seen, close above the little church. Here the young chatelaine's life was full of responsibilities; but the key to her duties was summed up by her in three words, "God, Robert, and the poor"; and during the sixteen years of their life together, the most complete unity of aims and occupations prevailed between them. She had to provide for the sustenance of the chaplains, *mèn-at-arms*, servants, and stores in case of wars, which were then so frequent; as also for the necessitous in the village, the poor and maimed, widows, orphans, and the sick,—at a time, too, when the Black Plague ravaged Europe (in 1348). Her knowledge of medicine and simples was constantly in demand; and she had to make from herbs, as well as prescribe, the various potions she administered. Robert aided Jeanne Marie in her charitable works. There was the same ardor in the service of God, the same generosity in the accomplishment of the duties of their state, the same compassionate and untiring zeal in the field of charity.

It is related that on one occasion the young Baron found three unknown little orphans, all about the same age, abandoned

by the roadside. He wrapped them in his cloak, and carried this burden in his arms up to the castle gaily, and presented them to Jeanne Marie, who was equally delighted with them. She covered them with kisses, and brought them up with the greatest care. The poor and unfortunate were, in fact, the large family of this holy couple. "One day," says their chronicler, "such a crowd of poor people besieged the castle that it would have been impossible to supply them with bread, even if there had been ten times as much. But they served out what they had. All were helped and satisfied, without the quantity seeming to be diminished. The miracle of the multiplication of bread was, in fact, renewed for the Lord and Lady of Sillé."¹ Thus was the castle transformed into a hospice, where every kind of misfortune found refuge, and only vice and blasphemy were banished.

Three severe sicknesses prostrated Jeanne, and she was nigh unto death; but the prayers of the poor obtained her cure. The times were troublous; the English, under the Black Prince, had conquered Aquitaine; and the Duke of Lancaster, Normandy. On the 19th of September, 1356, the battle of Poitiers took place against John II., King of France, under whose banner fought Robert de Sillé. Although five or six times superior in numbers, the French army was completely vanquished, and their King surrendered to the English. Robert was found among the wounded, with his leg broken, and was carried back to the Castle of Sillé.

Worse, however, was to come. In that same year one of the mercenary bands in the hire of the English army fell upon Sillé, took the castle by surprise, pillaged the little town, and massacred forty-six vassals of Baron Robert, who was driven from his castle. But the brigand chief, De La Chèze, was taken by the French and executed the summer afterwards; and the Castle of Sillé was restored to its lawful

owners. The English continued, however, to plunder and lay waste the land. Finally the town and Castle of Sillé fell into their hands; and the unfortunate Baron was carried off a prisoner by them, and thrown into the dungeon of the Castle of Gravelle.

The freebooting chief—of German origin, it is stated, in the pay of the English—vowed he would not set Robert at liberty without an immense ransom: more than 30,000 francs, an enormous sum at that time. The Baroness de Sillé, almost in despair at this terrible blow, offered for sale her lands, her jewels and diamonds, borrowed where she could, and begged help from all her noble relatives and friends. But in vain: so large a sum could not be raised. Exasperated at having to wait, the bandit chieftain threatened to starve his prisoner unless the money came by a fixed date. As it failed to do so, he refused all food and drink to the young Baron for nine days. But Robert had a saint for his wife; and her tears and prayers, together with his supplications, prevailed with Heaven. The Blessed Virgin appeared to the poor prisoner, consoled him, and renewed his strength, unloosed his chains, and opened his prison door. He was free!

Strong in his joy and gratitude, Robert boldly traversed the domains of his enemy; and a few days after, knocked at his own castle gate like another St. Peter, "to the great stupefaction of his people." From this hour, says the chronicler, the heroic Baron surpassed himself in liberality, rebuilding the ruins caused by the war, restoring the burned monasteries, and succoring the poor oppressed people.

Jeanne was happy, and proud of her husband's virtues, but the hour of sacrifice was near. She had, about this time, a vision of Calvary, and saw the Redeemer hanging from the Cross; and, with a look of infinite sweetness, He detached His right hand from the Cross, and, placing it on her left eye, He closed it. At the same time she was impressed with an inward

¹ "Vita," c. i, 7.

sense of the nothingness of all earthly things. On returning to herself, she understood that a great sacrifice was before her.

Hardly three years, indeed, after his miraculous delivery, in 1362, Robert breathed his last in the flower of his age, and his chivalrous soul passed to receive his reward. He was buried in the crypt of the church of Sillé, beside his ancestors; and perhaps the Age of Chivalry never produced a whiter soul.

No pen could describe the grief of the Baroness at the loss of her lifelong companion; for, like another St. Elizabeth of Hungary, she had truly lost all. Her fate was indeed very similar. The youngest brother of Robert at once installed himself in the castle; seized all the lands and inheritance without regard to the rights of the widow; reproached her cruelly with having scattered the seigniorial preserves; and, with the brutality of the age, "drove her from the castle she had sanctified by so many good works."

Whither could she go? Wrapped in her long widow's veil, she wandered about the streets of the little town, but every door was closed to her for fear of William de Sillé. At last she took refuge with an old servant, and remained for a short time in her humble dwelling. But she felt that her life at Sillé was over; and, having shed many tears, lying prostrate in the crypt on the tomb of her husband, Jeanne Marie departed on foot, and returned to the Chateau of Maillé, which, as a bride, she had left fourteen years before. She threw herself into her mother's arms, hoping to find peace and solitude once more at home.

(To be continued.)

KINDNESS is perhaps the easiest way of doing good and the safest:—a friendly word, a hearty greeting, an unfeigned interest in the pursuits and successes of our companions. We must be able to forget ourselves before we can expect to have a place in the hearts of others.

—Jowett.

The Empty Niche.

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.



IESOLE in May. The roses are running riot; they escape over the garden walls and hang in masses, tempting the passer-by; there is a delicate, clean scent of them in every breath of wind that blows. But more potent than the fragrance of the roses is the penetrant, intoxicating perfume of the orange blossoms, coming at intervals, as it were in waves of white. Dewdrops tremble still in leaf and flower cup. Snatches of bird song break out, trilling with gladness, or full-throated in passionate melody. May has come.

The studio in the midst of the garden is singularly quiet. The great sculptor is at work in complete absorption; in the smaller room, opening out from his, there is always silence. The girl has no visitors: she speaks very little. To-day even the curtain which serves for door is pushed back between the two studios, and yet you would not know that she was there.

Presently he calls her name, rather softly. And, in the same undertone, she answers. They have a way of conversing thus intimately, from modelling stand to modelling stand; and only when the subject grows intense do they come one to the other.

"You know, Giannina, I just wanted to tell you that if anybody comes here to see me from the Opera del Duomo, you will have to go out and speak to him, because I won't."

"Very well, father."

"You have no idea how they are annoying me. In seven weeks I have had eight letters from them. And last night Guzzoli—the director of the restorations, you know—stopped me on the piazza and virtually insulted me. I can't turn out a heroic statue like that, just to order. I have to have time, leisure, inspiration,—some lofty idea; that is the main thing.

And, meanwhile, I am forced to work upon a hundred other commissions at top-speed, every day, all day, like a journeyman; and harried so that I am ill over it. How can a man who is dog-tired conceive epic sculpture? They are killing me, and killing me as an artist,—that's the worst death."

"Don't let them worry you, father. It's all such a mistake! And you are much too sensitive to what they say. Nobody could work harder than you do."

"You see that yourself, Giannina. Up with the sun, coffee in the garden at five a. m. (now that the days are fair), and no rest or intermission until the light fails me to work by. Bertini says I am using up all my reserves, and that some fine day I shall drop. That will be the end of it."

"Is there nothing we could do to relieve you, Babbo? Couldn't I help you?"

"Child, I'm afraid I don't know how to let other people help me. That young man I had last year used to worry me to death. And even when you help me, I unconsciously knead out all the work you have done, good as it is, and do it over again."

"I know," she said rather sadly.

"You mustn't mind, Giannina. I am just built that way. But the Madonna for the façade of the cathedral,—how much I wish I could make that!"

"But, father, why don't you? Let the Turin memorial for soldiers go, and the monument for the Russian princess, and the two portraits of the mayor's children."

"Yes, and my lectures at the Academy, and my presidency of the Sculptors' Society, and so on and so forth!"

"One can't do everything: one has to choose."

"You say that because you are young, Giannina. The man who is under a cataract with volumes and volumes of water pouring down upon him, can not choose. If he escapes being submerged and drowned, he is fortunate. The world is pitiless, selfish, inconsiderate in a thousand ways. When I was a lad I thought if I could only have recognition, appreciation, a name,

I should ask nothing more. Now I have all these things."

"You are partly the victim of your own kindness, father. You never shut your door,—you never say 'No.' There is the bell! If that is a visitor, thirty or forty precious minutes will be lost from your work. And the same thing happens many times each day."

The studio boy lifted the curtain at the other end of the big room.

"Signor Professore, the Marchese Ammanati is asking for you."

Father and daughter glanced at each other.

"You see!" he said.

"Say you are busy," she answered.

"An old friend: how can I?"

She lifted her shoulders slightly.

"I can't do it, Giannina. He used to lend me money when I was a struggling youth."

Half an hour later, as he escorted his visitor to the door, two elderly women accosted him. In broken French, they asked to see the studio.

"I am sorry, ladies, but my work does not permit me to admit visitors this morning."

"We are Americans," one answered timidly, "and leave for home to-morrow."

Their refinement, their very bashfulness, and the delicate flush that covered the gray-haired woman's face as she spoke, troubled the sculptor.

"I will call my daughter," he said. "She will be glad to show you over the studio."

Twenty minutes later it was the girl came back to him.

"Father, they want to shake hands with you. They have known you and your work for years. You must come. They worship your name. It was to see you they made the long trip out here this morning."

It takes five or six minutes to scrub the clay from your hands if you are modeling. But he came. And the two gentle white-haired spinsters colored again with pleasure.

"This has been such a great day for us. We shall remember it all our lives. We are so grateful to you!" And the younger, bold with happiness, added: "May we pick a rose as we go down, for a souvenir?"

"There are so few flowers where we live," the older explained, "and no artists at all."

The sculptor himself gathered the roses for them,—an armful.

"Giannina," he observed when the two of them were alone again, "I wonder whether or not a man is wasting his time when he is making sunshine for others?"

"I think it depends," she answered judiciously, like the philosopher she was, "upon whether he should be making sunshine or making statues. I disturbed you myself, because I couldn't help doing it; yet I know very well that you should not be taken from your work. What did Guzzoli say to you last night, father?"

"He gave me the devil! He said that niche on the façade of the cathedral has now been empty for nearly two years; that I had promised to make the Madonna at once, and that I go ahead and do work for everybody else; that I have even accepted a commission for a fountain in Buenos Ayres (which is true; though how he knew it, I don't know); and that the only thing I don't do is the one thing I ought to do. Giannina, God, who knows my heart, knows that there is nothing in the world I want so much to do as the Madonna for the Duomo."

The girl had stopped working, her face clouded and dark. He had said this so often. Why didn't he make the Madonna? Why didn't he do it? It was true he worked hard; true he had many days of physical suffering that hampered him; but Guzzoli was, in great measure, right. Perhaps it was the genius in him that made him so full of enormous ambitions, of vast and luminous projects, and sometimes so inconsequent, so illogical in the failure to connect thought and will. She looked over at him as he toiled; and this that he was telling her, that hurt him so much, had made a

line across his forehead; and lines that kept coming more and more frequently of late—as of pain and bitterness—around his mouth. The hair had begun to turn white at the temples, and the face had no color in it. Bertini, the great physician, was right, like Guzzoli. Some day that beloved figure in the smock, grey like the smock, would fall, leaving the work unfinished on the stand. Her love and her pity for him grew immense. She left her own place and came over to him.

"Father dear, you look so tired!"

For a moment he raised startled eyes.

"I don't feel very well. This morning, as I was getting up, a curious darkness came over my sight. But it's nothing, Giannina,—nothing. It will pass."

Again, at the far end of the studio, the curtain swung, and this time the boy rushed in breathless.

"Professor, Professor! The Archbishop! His carriage has just driven up at the gate."

The sculptor raised his arms.

"The Archbishop! My faith! Giannina, come quickly!"

He was out of the door in an instant, and down the long walk bordered by roses. Two or three stone steps, and he was in time to place his hand under the arm of the venerable, aged figure alighting at the iron gate. Then he bent the knee and kissed the ring.

Under the broad-brimmed hat, the face that was like the face of a saint, white-haired and softly luminous, smiled slowly on him.

"This is a pleasure I have often promised myself. And so at last, you see, I am here."

"I am honored beyond words. My daughter, Monsignore!"

She had thrown off her smock, washed her hands, and stood there, straight and frightened, a slip of a girl in black. Then she remembered she must make a low obeisance and kiss his ring.

"Your assistant, I believe?" the Archbishop said gently, with his sweet smile.

"My colleague, Monsignore."

"All good gifts are from God. What a

lovely garden! And all these beautiful flowers,—what an inspiration! It is not hard to believe in heaven when May blossoms upon our hillsides, is it? Nay, nay, be seated both of you, I beg!"

They had ushered him into the main studio, and installed him ceremoniously upon the sofa, the place of honor, in their old-fashioned, simple scheme of manners; and both remained standing before him. He was obliged to ask them again to be seated. "

"I left Don Mario, my secretary, to say his Office in the carriage, because I wanted to be alone with you two. I have a favor to ask of you." (The sculptor protested inaudibly.) "In fact, I have an apology to make. It seems that Guzzoli, who is supervising the work at the cathedral, spoke rather hastily last night." (Again the sculptor protested.) "He came to me this morning and told me what he said. But, although Guzzoli is my right hand and full of zeal, I do not second the proposal which, I understand, he made to you: that this commission should be given elsewhere. You, Novali, and nobody else but you, shall make the Madonna for the front of the Duomo."

The man started as though he had been struck, and the sudden tears veiled his eyes.

"I—I—" he stammered.

The Archbishop laughed a little, pretending he did not notice.

"Of course I am not disinterested. If I thought anybody else could equal the 'Mother of the Dead Christ,' that man should have the commission. As it is, the author of the 'Mother of Sorrows' must also make the 'Maria Regina.' You have many orders, I know; but I thought perhaps if the Archbishop asked you, you might favor us a little."

"Monsignore, I wish I could thank your Excellency as I ought. And I wish I could explain. It is not through want of interest; it is not because I do not covet the honor; but I am so pressed, so tossed hither and thither, that I do not have the time. I

do not have the leisure to conceive an epic statue. Working as I have to work, the thing is impossible."

"I see your difficulty. But don't say 'impossible,' Novali, because that is a special invention of the enemy of mankind. Perhaps you expect too much of yourself; perhaps you wait for something no man can command."

"My 'Virgin of Sorrows,' that has made so many weep,—I waited three years for that, and then I dreamed it. It was not I who made that."

"It may be I do not speak as an artist," the Archbishop said; "but as ordinary men, living ordinary lives, would it be right for us to wait for such another experience? Would it not be wiser to push on with whatever power and talent God has given us? You see, we may wait too long, and never live to accomplish the task we set out to perform. That goal of the poet, to which we are all directed, is not so far removed for any one of us. I would advise you rather to pray to God and to the Blessed Virgin Mary herself to help you, and then do what you can."

Novali shook his head.

"It is not art," he said. "It is not inspiration."

"But look, my dear friend! All the men engaged upon the restorations of the Duomo are working busily. One does one thing, another the other thing, and they are all co-operating together and accomplishing their allotted portions. You, an artist so much greater than many of the others, must not hold back. They say you are employed upon other commissions. We gave you at the cathedral the highest commission that it was in our power to give. Just think of it, Novali,—think of it as an artist,—this magnificent opportunity! To set above the door of that monument, that boasts seven hundred years of splendor already, the figure of the most glorious Woman this earth of ours has ever borne! Does it not kindle you? It makes my heart beat only to say it. What work could you ever do that would raise your reputa-

tion higher, even as a sculptor? Your name will endure there as long as the Duomo endures, resting safe at the feet of Mary. How many would envy you your lot!"

"I see, Monsignore. I shall have to put aside everything, everything, and devote myself to this one labor alone. You say well that it is worthy of my most exalted efforts. But you have no idea how many models I made, and broke them, because they were not good enough."

"Think of her as a Woman who is living still—as she is, in the heavens of God; a Woman who is unspeakably beautiful and venerable; a Virgin, a Mother, a Queen; not an imaginary being but a reality. She lives, she hears, she sees, she thinks; she will reward."

"The reward is great enough, if I can only make her."

"Well, say to yourself that you will; that nothing shall interrupt you; that you are pledged to her service until it is done. Do it for the love of her, Novali! You know better than I do that the finest flower of our Italian art, in all ages, has been one vast votive offering laid at Our Lady's feet."

"Monsignore, you yourself speak like a great artist and like a true Italian. I will make the Madonna, I promise you,—for the love of her and for the love of you."

"*Nunc dimittis servum tuum, Domine!*" Then the Archbishop laughed. "I thank you for your kindness, Novali; but don't do anything for the love of me. Only make the Madonna,—make the Madonna! You don't know how that wish lies against my heart. You couldn't do anything in this world that would give me greater pleasure." And as he rose to take leave: "Now I go away happy. Giannina child, see that your chief and colleague keeps his word. I shall depend upon you."

They escorted him down the path, placed him deferentially in his carriage, and saw him drive away.

"Remember!" he ejaculated, raising his right hand in a gesture that was like a benediction; and the white face, luminous

as are the faces of those who walk with God, passed, leaving the garden darker.

Novali threw out his arms.

"Who wouldn't do it for him? Is it any wonder the poor adore him? This night, this very night, I make the drawing and begin to mount the clay model before I go to bed."

The girl did not answer, and he glanced over quickly.

"I am not going out to-night, am I, Giannina? This isn't the night I promised the French Ambassador?"

"I'm afraid it is."

"I wonder if I could break the engagement? Giannina, you take and finish this little head of the mayor's child. Don't let me see it again. But don't touch the hair. I want that left in the rough, just as it is. The Archbishop said to put all other tasks away."

"And the Ambassador?"

"No: I've got to go. It's to meet Rodin. But I will make the drawing when I come home."

"Babbo, there are still five hours of daylight before sundown."

"No, no, child, not now. This wouldn't be at all a good time. To-night, when the studio is quiet, and I am sure I shall not be interrupted. To-night is best."

She was awakened by feet crunching upon the gravel and the sound of voices. Now he would unlock the studio door. He often went in there first, and sometimes stayed there, working an hour or two before going upstairs to his bedroom. She knew his habits so well she could turn upon the pillow and go to sleep secure. To-night he would be drawing. He did it in pen and ink marvellously. Tomorrow she would see. Yet that was not his voice! She sat up suddenly. Strange hands were knocking at the door, strange voices called aloud. Fear stiffened her body; her heart alone pounded and clamored in the dark. Then the voice of the house servant answered; she heard feet running, and her own name uttered

amid cries. She sprang from bed, caught up a bath robe, and ran in her bare feet.

They had laid him upon a couch in the library. The men who had carried him stood there, looking at him; the house-keeper stood, crying. She pushed through, whiter than death and extraordinarily calm. She knelt. His heart was beating. She asked for the cordial he sometimes took; asked if a physician had been summoned; then waited a little, holding his hand. He opened his eyes once, turning his head. She was not sure if he saw her. She called him. No answer.

"Go for the priest at Fiesole, quickly!" she said.

The men went out, talking in whispers. Five minutes, ten minutes, fifteen minutes,—the physician came in, and she moved aside to make way for him. He, too, was a stranger. She noted his breathing as he proceeded, hastily and professionally, about his examination. The accelerated breathing of this strong, healthy man, who had come in a hurry, seemed to be the only thing alive in the room. He turned around, straightening himself, and his voice spoke aloud, in an absolutely commonplace tone.

"It's over!" he said.

In the great, empty studio, so much too large for her, the girl hovered like an unquiet ghost. She could not work. She moved listlessly, peering upon the shelves, opening old portfolios; in a drawer she had just found the long, lacquer box in which he kept his decorations. The box was full,—gold, silver, crosses, medals, ribbons of various colors. He was always pleased, like a child, when they came. Then he threw them in the lacquer box and forgot them, except when some public function, requiring full dress, reminded him he must don some miniature emblem or the button of some Order. The girl turned over the baubles with idle fingers. Everyone represented the name of some sovereign or foreign prince, and was a reward for work done. The whole civilized

world had contributed to the collection. What did it matter now? She closed the drawer and began to examine his tools. That little boxwood chisel with the curved tip was the one he liked best. She would keep that.

Just then the boy lifted the curtain:

"Signorina, two gentlemen on business of the Professor's."

"Let them come in."

They saw her standing, as it were at bay, against her father's modelling stand. Both bowed low.

"We beg your forgiveness for trespassing upon your mourning, Signorina! Deign to pardon our presumption, but you are the only person who can assist us. This is Duccio, the architect; and I am Guzzoli, of the cathedral works, at your service."

The name smote across the girl's soul with some intense, subtle agony of pain. Her breeding—of the old, fine, quiet Italian type—supported her.

"Pray be seated," she said, courteously.

The men saw the stab she had received.

"Do not think that we wish to trouble you in any way, or to increase your sorrow, which is great enough, God knows; but the idea has occurred to us that, as you finished the 'St. Francis' of your late honored father, perhaps, if it was agreeable to you—"

She waited, with great eyes dark and hollow in the colorless face. Her jaw had dropped. It began to dawn on her what the speaker was about to say.

"We thought that, perhaps, if agreeable to you, you might make the Madonna for the Duomo from your father's drawing."

The girl propped herself against the modelling stand, thinking that she was going to fall. The studio swam around her, and a sound as of water roared in her ears. The immensity of the privilege he had missed and of the privilege offered to her threatened to overwhelm her.

"There was," she heard her own voice saying strangely, as from far away,— "there was no drawing."

The horror fell upon the men, too.

"And no *bozzetto*?"

She moistened her lips.

"He made many—and broke them. They did not satisfy him." And then, brave suddenly to defend him: "It's the only thing for an artist to do. It's better that he should never have done it rather than that he should have turned out inferior work."

Across the silence the men looked at each other in distress and perplexity. Guzzoli stammered:

"Would—would you consider the possibility of submitting a model yourself?"

"I?"—her breath gone. "I, the 'Maria Regina' for the cathedral?"

"Yes, Signorina, you."

"Are there no men in the city, that you ask me?"

"You are Novali's daughter and pupil."

"My father did not believe that women could produce heroic sculpture. Neither do I."

"Yet you completed his 'St. Francis of Assisi.'"

"It was mere mechanical execution, from a finished model."

"You decline, then?"

"I must—for the honor of a national monument, the splendor of which means more to me than my own vanity."

Guzzoli shrugged his shoulders.

"One for one reason, and one for another," he muttered not too amiably.

"But, sir, I know my own weakness, and you do not. I have too much reverence for the Holy Mother of God to attempt this great work, especially in a temple dedicated to her honor."

Guzzoli was silent a moment, appreciating her religious spirit and the natural hesitancy of one trained in retirement and modesty. Then the old resentment, the reproach of that unfinished façade, broke over him.

"I understand," he said, his face reddened with dull anger. "He was too busy, and you are too timid, and so the portal will never be done,—at least not by Novali. Forgive me if I am brutal, but the chance

of your life—the chance of your life—is passing by! Too great aspirations in him, and too great aspirations in you, in different manners, paralyze you both. Oh, you artists! God gives you the stars to gaze upon. Would that He kept your feet to solid earth! What is the use of all your dreaming, all your idealizing, when the niches you ought to fill stay empty? Come, Duccio. It's useless, useless! Signorina, I bid you good-bye!"

The curtain dropped, and she stood, panting, her eyes enormously large. But, instead of being cowed, she breathed hard and fast,—deep breaths that shook her. Her heart was ablaze with some new, devouring fire. Like a living finger, a white flame of sunshine struck athwart the air and fell, burning, upon the abandoned modelling stand. She beheld it like a spiritual summons answering the irresistible desire of her own soul. She flung out under the heavy tapestry, past the door and down the narrow walk between the roses, running. Guzzoli was closing the iron gate behind him.

"Wait!" she cried. "Wait!" And, like one whom the torch of heaven has touched, transfiguring: "To-day I will make the model! To-day I make it! Her name is Hope!"

To see the good in people is not so much a matter of charity as of justice. Our judgments of others fail oftenest through lack of imagination. We fail to see all the facts: we see one or two very clearly, and at once form an opinion. To see the whole range of a human character involves an intellectual and spiritual quality which few of us possess. There is so little justice among us because we possess so little intelligence. I ought not to pronounce judgment on a fellow-creature until I know all that enters into his life; until I can measure all the forces of temptation and resistance; until I can give full weight to all the facts in the case. In other words, I am never in a position to judge another.—*Mabie.*

The Fifth Month.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay,

says one old rhyme; and another:

The haddocks are good
When dipped in May flood.

And yet another:

Mist in May, and heat in June,
Make the harvest right soon.

In spite, however, of poets, and the loveliness of hawthorn, with its "tufts of rosy-tinted snow"; in spite of the song of lark and nightingale, and the fascinating call of the cuckoo, May, at least in England, always remains more or less a cold, uncertain month.

The 1st of May was, from very early times, always kept as a day of rejoicing; bonfires were lighted on the hilltops, especially in Ireland, the Isle of Man, and the Western Highlands of Scotland; songs were sung; and, whilst England was still Our Lady's Dowry, the people used to go out early in the morning on this day, to gather flowers and branches of hawthorn, "which they brought home about sunrise, with all possible signs of joy."

True, this custom of "going a-Maying" was continued, in a modified and less simple-hearted form, long after the month had ceased to be associated with the Queen of Heaven; but it was before the so-called Reformation that we see these ceremonies in their most charming guise. Then, as a poet of the period expresses it, "each street [became] a park made green, and trimmed with trees."

See how
Devotion gives each house a bough;
Each porch, each door, ere this,
An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of whitethorn neatly interwove.

A curious custom prevailed in the parish of Eccles, near Manchester. This consisted in the singing of "May songs" by a party of singers called "Mayers." They started about the middle of April, or even earlier;

for the songs must be sung before the first day of May.

Stow tells us that, in his time, "every year, on May Day, in the morning, the Maypole was set up in the midst of the street, before the south door of the church of St. Andrew Undershaft [London]; which shaft [pole], when it was set on end, and fixed in the ground, was higher than the church steeple." London, it is said, boasted several Maypoles before the days of Puritanism; in truth, the different parishes vied with one another in the height and adornment of their poles; and the custom of painting them was very general. One old Gloucestershire Maypole was painted in vertical stripes of red, white, and blue. Others were ornamented with diagonal lines of black upon a yellow ground; and from old illustrations we gather that they sometimes had St. George's Red Cross banner affixed to them. Another, brought into the parish of Fenchurch, was, says an old writer,

A goodly Maypole as you have seene;
It was painted white and green.

It is most curious and interesting to find that in the illuminations which enrich the manuscript "Horæ" used by Anne of Brittany, the month of May has figures bearing garlands of flowers; and behind them a quaint Maypole, which is also decorated with colors on the shaft, and ornamented by garlands arranged on hoops, from which hang small gilded pendants. The pole is planted on a triple grass-covered mound, embanked and strengthened by timber-work. The date of these illuminations is about 1499.

May Day festivities were very general in France prior to the Revolution. In Holland May is known as "the Month of Flowers."

It will be noticed that, on or about May 20, there is generally a very high wind. This naturally turns our thoughts to the subject of "weathercocks," or vanes, which would seem to have been invented at an early date. Though the vane on sacred buildings has, as a general rule,

been in the form of a cock, whilst that on public buildings, towers, castles, etc., has consisted of a banner, pennon, or arrow,—nevertheless, quite a large number of churches have for a vane the emblem of the saints to whom they are dedicated. For instance, St. Laurence has a gridiron; whilst the ancient church of St. Laurence, Norwich, had, and may still have, the gridiron, with a representation of the martyr's body extended upon it. St. Peter's, London, has a key, recalling the fact of that power of the Keys with which the Prince of the Apostles was invested.

To return, however, to the May Day festivities, "when," sings an old minstrel, "fields and plants become green again, and everything living recovers virtue, beauty, and force; hills and vales resound with the sweet songs of birds; and the hearts of all people, for the beauty of the weather and the season, rise up and gladden themselves."

Authorities tell us that "the most renowned London Maypole, and the latest in existence, was that erected in the Strand immediately after the Restoration." We know that it was on his thirtieth birthday, May 29, 1660, that Charles II. made his triumphal entry into London as king, surrounded by "thousands of mounted gentlemen, brandishing their swords and shouting with irrepressible joy." The way was strewn with flowers, "the streets hung with tapestry, the bells wildly ringing; trumpets, music, and myriads of people flocking from as far even as Rochester, so that they were seven hours in passing the city."

In commemoration of this event there was for long, on the 29th of the month, a custom of decorating Maypoles, dancing round them, and going "a-Maying." But these May Day games had none of the sweet simplicity and pure-hearted gaiety which characterized the older May Day rejoicings, when youths and maidens delighted to usher in with innocent merry-making the fair Month of Mary, the ever-virgin Mother of Christ our Lord.

A Soldier's Gratitude.

GRATITUDE is not so common that any noteworthy manifestation of it can be disregarded. A remarkable instance was given by the Hon. Ambrose Kennedy, of Rhode Island, in his very interesting and informing speech before Congress, favoring the erection of a memorial in Washington to the memory and in honor of the Sisters who rendered such noble service during the Civil War.

'Grit and gratitude were characteristics deeply set in the personality of Thomas Trahey, of Detroit, a member of Company H, Sixteenth Michigan Volunteer Infantry. The former he displayed throughout the trying incidents of the war; and the latter, for many years after its termination. Wounded at Fredericksburg, he recovered; but after the Battle of Gettysburg he was stricken first with typhoid fever and immediately afterwards with smallpox. As he lay in the hospital at Frederick City, Sister Louise, a Sister of Charity, nursed him through the agonies of both these ravaging diseases. Upon recovering, he went back to the front, and again was wounded at White Oak Road, Va. Soon afterwards the war came to a close; and Trahey went home, impaired in health, but bearing with him most precious memories of the faithful Sister of Charity, to whose prayers and ministrations he was sure he owed his life.'

'A few years passed away before Trahey regained his strength, and then he resolved to locate this kind-hearted Sister, and convey to her his gratitude in person. Where to find her he did not know, so he wrote to the Mother House at Emmitsburg, only to be informed that two years after the war the faithful Sister had died. Her remains had been laid in Calvary Cemetery, in St. Louis. To this spot the battle-scarred veteran made an annual journey on Memorial Day. But a boundless gratitude like his must take a form of expression more tangible than the laying of flowers

annually upon the Sister's grave. Trahey decided to purchase a monument in the shape of a rustic stone cross, to be set over the grave,—little reckoning, however, that his plans were in conflict with the established rules of the cemetery. Meeting with the opposition of the Church authorities, he appealed to Sister Magdalena, the local superior of the Order, who, moved by the pathos of his story, interceded in behalf of the project. Now the simple monument stands over the grave, bearing humble testimony to the gratitude of a stout-hearted soldier for the deeds of heroism and devotion performed by this dark-robed Sister of Charity. Upon this monument, the only memorial of its kind in the country, the following inscription may be seen:

To Sister Regenia La Croix.
Died March, 1867, in this city.
Erected as a tribute of gratitude
From an old soldier.—T. T.

"Multiply this single instance of gratitude a hundred million times, thus comprehending the present population of the country," concluded Mr. Kennedy, "and that would scarcely represent the full measure of grateful recognition that is due the sisterhoods for the heroic services bestowed by them in the dark and trying days of the Civil War."

Mr. Kennedy took pains to collect for his speech a large amount of valuable information, which should be recast, amplified, and published in book-form. Too little is known even by Catholics of the services of Sisters during the Civil War. Some idea of the number of conversions which they were instrumental in effecting may be gained from the fact that one Sister of the Holy Cross baptized upwards of one thousand soldiers. As for the Catholics who were so fortunate as to be under the care of Sisters, hardly one died without the aids of religion.

Christians Rebuked by a Pagan.

WE have become so accustomed to divorce that it is only when statistics on the subject are published that we are startled by the enormity of the evil. Familiarity with what is wrong invariably blunts the sensibilities. But we are not used to being rebuked for immorality by Moslems, hence the shock of a paper by Muhammad Abdul Ghani, in the *International Journal of Ethics*. He frankly admits the ignorance of his own people; but observes that if Hindoos and Moslems do not enjoy the advantages afforded by our civilization, they are free from its vices, and what he considers "atrocious offences against humanity." The inconsistency of modern Christians does not escape the attention of this pagan critic, and he bluntly accuses us of lacking the spirit of religion. The facility for divorce that obtains among Protestants is a positive scandal to him; and he affirms that among Hindoos the practice is rare, and not at all common among the Moslems. Let us quote further:

"Mohammed distinctly and repeatedly said: 'God hates nothing more than divorce, and He loves nothing more than the freeing of a slave.' Can there be anything stronger than this dictum? The other aspect of our law is that it allows three distinct periods of separation before divorce actually takes place. In each of these periods the divorcing parties are enjoined to think deliberately over their differences, so that they may maintain rather than break the sacred tie that unites them. As these periods extend to three months, ample time and opportunities are given for the final decision. This clearly implies an intention of keeping the marriage tie unbroken as long as possible. Besides, it has the advantage of adaptability, which is entirely wanting in the Christian system of divorce. A wife can divorce her husband on the same grounds on which the husband can divorce

If we can't inherit a good name, at least we can do our best to leave one.

—Thackeray.

his wife. Thus it is manifest that the very elasticity of this law makes it all the more binding."

It is not always pleasurable to see ourselves as others see us; however, there are advantages to be derived from it. The evil wrought by the great revolt of the sixteenth century has been shown in many ways. There is no denying that divorce was among its principal fruits. But when a Moslem is constrained to denounce "the manifold evils permeating European communities despite their Christianity," the conviction forces itself upon us that a *genuine reformation* is sorely needed. The fact that the lives of many calling themselves Christians have become a stumbling-block to unbelievers would seem to be proof positive that the religion of Christ is making only slow progress in the world. "The Christian system of divorce" is an exceedingly hard and bitter phrase on the lips of a pagan. Truth to tell, the need of conversion is extreme among peoples who are supposed to be converting the rest of the world.

But there may be another Hildebrand in store for Christendom. It is a consoling fact that every pope has increased power and influence; and there is no telling what great things may be done toward the reformation of morals and the unification of God's children by the pontiffs of the twentieth century. The Vicar of Christ will be heard and heeded some day by all who glory in the Christian name; and it will be realized that, as Herbert Spencer once said, 'Bibles and bullets are not the proper weapons of Christian warfare.' Meantime let all who possess the full light of faith be persuaded that the best way, the only way indeed, to spread Christianity is to live up to its teachings. How truly and pointedly that illustrious French bishop, Mgr. Pie, said!—"To-day more than ever the principal strength of the wicked is the weakness of the good; and the power of the reign of Satan amongst us, the feebleness of Christianity in Christians."

Notes and Remarks.

One reason why public sympathy generally goes out to strikers is because it is so hard to understand why what is done by employers to end strikes is not done to prevent them. And when, as in the case of a recent strike in New England, it turns out that the employers were put to great expense to settle it, and that for several years past this company have been paying high dividends, the sympathy is naturally intensified. High dividends and inadequate compensation for work requiring the best efforts of those engaged in it was the secret, it seems, of all the trouble.

The avarice of employers and resentment of it on the part of employees accounts for most labor troubles. As a rule, they could be avoided by the same means taken to settle them. If the demands of employees are sometimes unreasonable, the exactions of employers are often quite as much so. Unfortunately, a strike won without resort to violence or disorder is an incentive to anarchy as well as a victory for Labor.

Something more than a quarter of a century ago, members of the organization first known as the "East London Mission," then as the "Christian Mission," and finally, in 1878, as the Salvation Army, were not a little gratified by a cordial tribute to their usefulness, paid to them by no less a personage than Cardinal Manning. Similar gratification is at present being manifested on this side of the Atlantic in consequence of another Cardinal's endorsement of the Salvation Army's Home Service Fund. His Eminence of Baltimore has been pleased to inform ex-Governor Whitman, of New York, that, in common with his fellow-American citizens, he rejoices in the splendid service which the Salvation Army rendered our soldier and sailor boys during the war. "I am the more happy," continues the Cardinal, "to commend this organization because it is free from sectarian bias. The

man in need of help is the object of their effort, with never a question of his creed or color." It is worth while remarking that it was this same catholicity of service—"Everybody welcome and everything free"—which endeared our own Knights of Columbus to thousands of non-Catholic soldiers and sailors.

Allowing that Mr. Bernard H. Berlyn, who afterwards became an officer in the British Army, was "the only Anglican chaplain led to join the Roman Communion by what he saw of the practical results of Anglicanism during the war," it is unquestionable that the admitted—admitted by many witnesses among its own members—failure of the Church of England to "make good" has had a remarkable effect on all classes of English non-Catholics. A priest who was in two campaigns (Gallipoli and Northern France) declares that, to his personal knowledge, a large number of officers and men became Catholics at the Front; and that in one hospital in France there were as many as five hundred converts, most of whom died. It is certain that anti-Catholic lecturers and writers will henceforth find their business more difficult in England. It will be hazardous for them to go on denouncing the Church before audiences that may include ex-soldiers whose lives have been saved by nuns in the ambulances and hospitals, and relatives of men who in their last hours received the consolations of religion from Catholic chaplains.

* * *

It was the contrast between the Church and the sects at the Front that caused Mr. Berlyn's conversion. He bears this witness: "In vain we preached, exhorted, and warned. We visited barracks, hospital, and prison. Man after man, even among the previously wounded, took no interest in the sacraments,—not, poor fellow, because he was hostile to them, but because they meant, and always had meant, nothing to him. It was impossible in most cases (of course, there were a few

exceptions) to give them what they had never known in life, and did not desire in death. They could only be left to find, as we trusted, a mercy and happiness in the fuller life of which, through no fault of their own, they had been deprived in this present life.

"In striking contrast to these unfortunate men were, of course, the Catholic soldiers. It is true that they were not all saints—far from it,—but to see them crowding round their priest even on the departure platform to receive absolution before going to the Front; to see their intimate knowledge of what to do, even though in their lives they had fallen far; to see them returning desperately wounded and in all cases seeking the priest as soon as the doctor,—was, to one who for some months had witnessed the mournful and palpable failure of the notion of Catholicism, of which he was still a minister and teacher, the last deciding factor. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' Here in the most terrible scourge which has ever visited the world, when if men ever turned their thoughts to God and used the religion they knew it must be then, I saw the fruits of the two systems—and I knew them. . . . When I saw in that terrible time something of the real Catholicity of the Church—the French, English, Belgian, and even German prisoners, all receiving the same Sacraments from the same English priest—the scales fell from my eyes, and I saw the Catholic Church as I never had before."

While parental supervision and control of growing boys and girls is a duty everywhere—in rural districts as well as in villages and small towns,—the duty becomes especially urgent in our larger cities. The multiplied opportunities inviting the wayward young to partake of the questionable pleasures of the theatre and dance-hall and park demand, on the part of parents, incessant watchfulness and firm discipline if they would preserve their children from moral and physical ruin.

A Chicago Judge a while ago recommended corporal punishment for incorrigible boys; and a woman physician of the same city, Dr. Clara P. Seippel, advocates similar chastisement "for wayward girls. She writes, in the Chicago *Tribune*:

I hope Judge Arnold will include in his advice to parents a thorough spanking for the disobedient girl also. Too many of our very young girls show little or no respect for parental authority. When father and mother can not agree with daughter, she simply leaves home. Many hundreds of these girls annually pass under my observation, and there are many hundreds of others. The grief to which the runaway girl comes is one of the saddest things in the city's history; the trivial reason which she gives for the tragedy that blights her young life shows plainly that the average girl of fifteen or sixteen regards herself exempt from all restrictions and authority in the home.

And if, at fifteen or sixteen, the average girl entertains so fallacious a belief, is it not because her home training from her fifth or sixth year onward has been lacking in the element of discipline, of enforced obedience to parental commands, of punishments calmly but firmly administered for deliberate faults, of insistence on the principle that children are subject to their fathers and mothers and may not act or refuse to act as their own whims impel them?

In "The Discipline of Sorrow," a pastoral instruction by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Cleary, Bishop of Auckland, New Zealand, there are more than a few passages that invite quotation because of their particularly lucid explanation of truths all too often imperfectly understood. Here is one such passage:

In our investigations of the problems of life, we come to mysteries which our limited intelligence can not penetrate; and here God's revealed religion comes to our aid and furnishes us with a sufficient solution or explanation. Thus we learn the following truths: 1. Sorrow and suffering are not—as sin is—necessarily and in themselves evil. 2. God takes no pleasure in the mere fact of seeing His creatures suffer. 3. Such suffering as God ordains or permits is, in some way, intended or made to work for our good. It may (like physical pain) come to us as

a warning of bodily ailments that need attention. It may, by personal experience, serve the useful social purpose of teaching us compassion, charity and helpfulness one for another. It may be one of the effects or penalties of past sin; or the purifying temporal punishment that is often due to forgiven sin, after its guilt and eternal punishment have been remitted. It is often a remedy against temptation and a preventive of sin—as, for instance, "a grievous sickness maketh the soul sober." Suffering and sacrifice also play an important part in the building up of high character. And the path of sorrow, suffering, and self-denial is the appointed path to higher things which Christ—our Divine Model, "the Way, the Truth, and the Life"—trod before us and invited us to follow.

What a refreshing contrast such doctrine as the foregoing presents to the pretentious utterances of modern philosophers and novelists who magisterially declare that the presence in the world of suffering and sorrow is convincing proof of the non-existence of a beneficent Creator! And, alas! how many read the falsities of the philosophers and novelists—and how comparatively few peruse the Catholic refutation thereof!

It will be remembered that, a year or two ago, not a little heat was manifested by a portion of the Catholic press, in this country and elsewhere, in advocating the presence of the Sovereign Pontiff at the Peace Conference to be held at the close of the war. That both the heat and the advocacy were quite superfluous is made evident by a paragraph in a recent number of the *Corriere d'Italia*. Another Roman paper, the *Tribuna*, having stated that it was not the Pope's fault if he were not a member of the Conference, the *Corriere* thus rebuked the impertinence:

We do not hesitate to affirm that this statement is absolutely false. After the first few months of the war, the Vatican considered what action it might be able to take when the Powers should come to treat for peace. The line of conduct determined upon after mature reflection was as follows: In case of peace by agreement, the Pope would have gladly intervened, if he had been invited, in the hope of contributing towards the reconciliation of the opposing parties. On the other hand, in case of the absolute victory of one side and the consequent imposition

of peace by the victors upon the vanquished, as such a peace would inevitably leave a legacy of hate with the latter, the Pope did not wish to join in inflicting humiliation. These decisions we guarantee to be strictly accurate, dating, as we have said, from the early days of the war,—when, that is to say, the probabilities pointed to an absolute victory for the Central Empires. The Pope, therefore, shrank from taking part in the eventual humiliation of the Entente nations.

Accordingly, it is not a case in which the Pope “couldn’t if he would,” but one in which he “wouldn’t if he could.”

The average Catholic editor in this country, even the priest-editor, is not generally regarded by his readers as a spiritual director to whom, as a matter of course, they apply for information and advice as to the interior life, growth in holiness, or ascetic questions generally. Out in Bombay, apparently, the case is different. Father Hull, S. J., is regularly consulted on all such matters, and his replies to the queries put to him are invariably worth while. In a recent issue of his paper, the *Examiner*, we find, for instance, a letter from a correspondent who is troubled with distractions and temptations; and here is part of the rather lengthy reply of the accommodating and conscientious editor:

If a man by *weekly* Mass and Communion can attend and pray with freshness and fervor, and feel happy and strengthened by it; and if by *daily* Mass and Communion he gradually turns himself into a jaded, despondent and melancholy wretch, common-sense suggests that it is better to do a good thing occasionally and well than to do the same good thing frequently and ill. On this ground of prudent calculation, and not of laxity or tepidity, we might advise an experimental reduction of the *amount*, with a view of an increase in the *quality*, of the devotions practised. Let the time which is cut off from the practices of piety be given to a healthy and brisk walk in the fresh morning air, with the mind free from strain. Try this experiment for a week, and see whether it works well. If so, continue it for another week, and see if it works better. If presently a healthier tone of mind is attained, and there arises a disposition to increase the devotional practices again, do so only bit by bit. If the disorder returns, knock off again, and take another “short leave,” and so go on

adjusting till the sound and healthy man is established. After a month report progress, and we may have something else to say.

It need hardly be said that the foregoing advice is intended for genuinely pious persons, and not at all for such persons as are distinguished not so much for their piety as for their tepidity or religious indifference.

Perhaps the best answer we can make to one who finds it hard to forgive us for favoring what he calls “the modern feminist craze” will be to remind him that the world-wide Society of the Propagation of the Faith, upon which so many missions have long been, and still are, depending, owes its origin to a woman—Pauline Marie Jaricot. Bless your heart, the sacred fire which Christ came upon earth to kindle, and the saving truths of His Gospel, are largely spread by women! They render inestimably important service to every good cause under the sun. Not a few of these would languish but for their unselfish devotion. There are the religious Orders, once dominantly masculine, now dominantly feminine,—Christian education itself is largely in the hands of women.

Our critic finds it hard to forgive us: we find it hard to have patience with him, and others like him.

The assertion, so often repeated nowadays, that we are violating our time-honored tradition against entering entangling alliances with European Powers is becoming as tiresome as it is futile. This assertion might as well cease. Whether for weal or woe, we shall most probably be involved in all future international squabbles; and we might as well be prepared for this. The warnings of Washington, Jefferson, and the rest, have been lost on us. As Judge Taft in a recent speech said truly and bluntly: ‘If demonstration were needed that we had reached the end of the application of that old tradition, the past four years have given us that demonstration.’ The past four weeks more especially.



My Mother.

BY ERIC WEST.

DEAR Mary, I am but a child
Who kneel before thy throne;
The way that I must walk is long,
So leave me not alone:
Take thou my hand from day to day,
Lest on the stony road
My feet should stumble, and my heart
Should sink beneath its load.
It will not matter, Mother dear,
That long the days may be,
Or that the nights are full of cares,
If thou art leading me.
For in the shadow of thy smile,
Though Sorrow be my guest,
Less weary and less sick at heart,
I'll lay me down to rest.
Oh, guard me, Mother, through the night;
And when the sun doth rise,
Sweet Mary, keep me all the day
Beneath thy watchful eyes.

Buddy.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XVIII.—A STORMY EVENING.

LUCKILY for our Buddy, the lock of the garden gate clicked open just at that moment; and Miss Meredith, who had been making a late sick call on her old friend and neighbor, Miss Patsy Perkins, came scurrying in hastily, before the rising storm. It was a breathless and indignant Master Roger Reeves that sprang forward to meet her and deliver Father Bennett's message.

"Dear bless me!" said the good lady in dismay. "It's a mercy you were not scalded to death, child! Poor Aunt Susan

thought you were the burglar or house-breaker for whom she has been on the lookout ever since I was born. You did catch some of the water! Your jacket sleeve is wringing wet. You must come right in and take it off to dry."

"No, thank you! I want to get home—quick, before the storm bursts," said Buddy.

"My dear child, you can't,—you can't! Listen to that!" A frightful thunderclap corroborated Miss Meredith's words. "It is on us now. You must come in and wait until it is over. Your dear mother never would forgive me if I did not keep you here until the worst of the storm is past. Aunt Susan has barred and bolted the front door; but I have the key to the kitchen, and we can get in there."

And she drew the reluctant guest around the corner of the house, where she opened the low, vaulted door that led into a stone-paved kitchen, and thence through a dimly lit hall into the wide old sitting-room, that, shabby and dull as it was, still had a pleasant air of home. A shaded lamp burned on the mahogany centre table; hooked and braided rugs, of domestic make, brightened the floor; portraits of dead-and-gone Merediths, done by no mean artists, looked down from their tarnished frames on the walls; over the great Colonial mantelpiece hung the deed, signed by a kingly hand, conveying to our loyal subject, "Philip James Meredith, one thousand acres of land in our Province of Maryland, to be held in fee simple by him and his heirs forever." The thousand acres of land had gradually dwindled down to the measure of Miss Meredith's flower garden; and the only heir left was the pale, gentle lady now leading Buddy into the faded parlor; while old Aunt Susan came tottering down the stairs, a flaming blessed candle in her shaking hand.

"You've come,—you've come at last,

Maria! It's only the mercy of God that I'm not lying stiff and stark at your feet; for I've had fright enough to kill me. A murderous villain tried to break into the house while you were gone. It's only what I've been expecting," continued the old lady, whose face was brown and wrinkled as a nut under the white ruffles of her cap. "I'll be killed by some wandering tramp yet while you are off jigging and junketing with the neighbors."

"O Auntie dear, no, no! It was only little Buddy Reeves who was bringing me a message from Father Bennett,—only Buddy, Aunt Susan!"

"It was nobody, you say,—nobody?" cried the old lady, shrilly. "I may be deaf, but not doting, Maria. Don't tell me that there was nobody at our door to-night. Didn't the villain nearly shake it down? Didn't I see him from the upper window,—a great hulking wretch ready to rob and murder, I know?"

"Oh, indeed, Miss Susan, it was only me!" began Buddy.

"Eh?" Though Aunt Susan turned sharp, questioning eyes on the young visitor, her dull ears caught no word. "And what are you doing out this hour of the night, boy? It's no time for women or children to be trapesing round after dark. Tell your mother that from me. And in the face of a storm like this, too! After sending off two sons to be killed, it seems she might take better care of you—God have mercy on us!" exclaimed the old lady, as the house shook under a thunder-clap. "Oh, lock the parlor doors, Maria! I'll not budge from this room to-night. That murderous villain is somewhere in this house seeking shelter from this storm, I know."

"There's no use in talking, dear!" said gentle Miss Maria, as the "murderous villain" began to explain again. "She can't hear a word you say. Let me hang your jacket on this chair to dry. I am afraid your dear mother will be anxious, but there is no help for it. You will have to wait until the storm is past."

And Buddy was glad to wait, for it was such a storm as the smiling shores of St. Ronald's seldom knew. The wind swept wildly over the old Meredith house, sending the crumbling stones of its rained wing down in rattling showers; while the rain poured in floods, and the dim old room seemed to blaze with Judgment light as the thunder shook its pictured walls. Aunt Susan rocked herself to and fro, moaning and shuddering, feeling that even her shrillest complaint would be lost in the roar of the storm.

Miss Meredith and her young guest murmured the Rosary, with many distractions on Buddy's part as to how and when he would ever get back to his anxious mamma. But the storm passed, as the very worst storms must,—dying away into mutterings and sobbings, and soft tricklings like penitential tears, as if Nature were sorry for her fierce, passionate outburst, and wanted to be good again.

And while the blessed candle flared a mere wick in its socket, and Aunt Susan dozed in her big chair, forgetful of the "murderous" intruder, and Buddy's curly head nodded over the Sorrowful Mysteries, the moon came out clear and beautiful through the scattering clouds; the dark shadows of the pines were broken with beams of silver light; and Black Ben was pounding vigorously on the lion's-head knocker of Miss Meredith's door.

"Father Bennett telephoned to mamma dat he had sent Buddy on a message to Miss Meredith's," Ben explained; "and she isn't skeering about him; but my ole Mam got quar and fidgety, and started me off to bring Marse Bud home."

"Gee, Mammy Lindy makes a baby of me!" said her nursling, rather indignantly, after he had put on his dried jacket and bade his kind hostess good-night on the moonlit steps. "Sending for me as if I wasn't big enough to come home alone, when I'm nearly thirteen years old!"

"Dat's so," said Ben; "and thirteen is a monstrous unlucky number at ebberry-ting, Marse Bud. Mam 'lows if she can

get you safe past dat unlucky number, she'll sort ob rest in peace. But de way you're gwine along, tumbling and fighting and turning out in a storm like we's had to-night, she don't know dat she kin. So she come along and stir me up in de hayloft whar I was just drapping off to sleep. 'You go git dat boy,' Mam sez to me. 'I's got de crawling in my bones dat tells me he's in some harm.'—'I awd, Mam,' I sez, 'de storm's ober, and he ain't got half a mile to walk.'—'Do like I tell you!' sez Mam agin, shaking her finger at me. 'Go to de Merediths' and git dat boy and bring him safe home.' So I came," said Ben, who, big black giant that he was, still stirred to the shake of his old Mam's finger; "though I don't see what harm kin come to a boy like you taking dis hyah short stretch home."

For the "short stretch home" lay through quiet ways flooded now with moonbeams. It was a beautiful night, as if the storm had swept all the passion and pain and sin and sorrow from the earth, and left it in pale, pure peace. Buddy, who, in spite of his nearly thirteen years, was seldom out of bed after nine o'clock, had never seen anything like this white stillness. The woods seemed like some great church lit with a silvery lamp, that filled its arched aisles with the trembling radiance through which he was walking with Black Ben,—big Black Ben, who rose like a huge, hulking shadow at his side, and somehow did not seem to fit into the picture at all.

It had been rather a distracting evening, with Aunt Susan's kettle of hot water, the storm, and the stay at Miss Meredith's. But to-morrow would be Holy Name Sunday, and beautiful thoughts came stealing out of the midnight stillness to Buddy,—thoughts that shaped themselves into the little prayers Brother Francis had taught his young communicants, that boys can whisper when they are tired or sleepy and can't get rightly on their knees. So it happened that Buddy and big Ben, who was not of a talkative disposition, were

walking along quite silently through the moonlit shadows, when suddenly a blue flare shot up into the sky above them. Another and another followed, breaking as they rose into what seemed like falling stars in the pale moon rays.

"Golly!" gasped Ben, staggering back against a tree, his eyes rolling wildly.

The short stretch to the Merediths', little travelled in these latter days at any time, was especially avoided at night by the colored element of St. Ronald's. Just here it led by an old graveyard, hidden behind a heavy growth of dwarf pines, and so long disused that only a few fallen, moss-grown stones told of the forgotten sleepers beneath. But Granny Jackson, who, before the days of her conversion, had dispensed various nostrums that drew their values from "grave-grown yarbs," told hair-raising stories of things heard and seen when gathering her valued medicaments by the light of the moon. "Dər's tings I dussent talk about, chile," she would croak solemnly to the Letty or Vinny that came to purchase her "charms and spells." "But if you knowed de cole sweat it cost me to get de yarbs for dat stuff, you'd think it was moighty cheap at a quarter a bottle."

And, though Mammy Lindy scoffed at these fool stories, it was the thought of the old graveyard that made her send Big Ben on his reluctant journey to-night. He had been careful to take the long way round on going to Miss Meredith's; but, with Buddy as a companion, he was venturing the quicker return by the short stretch.

"Come back, Marse Bud, for de Lawd's sake," he whispered, as another flare with its shower of stars arose behind the hedging pines. "Granny Jackson sez dem graves allus bust open at de full ob de moon. Come back and take t'other road,—do come back!"

Buddy paused for a moment, irresolute. He did not believe in ghosts that send up midnight fireworks; for, in spite of Granny Jackson and Tobe and Ben, and even

Mammy Lindy's half-forgotten nursery tales, his young mind was undarkened by superstitious terrors. Rick and Ted, to say nothing of the holier teaching of mamma and Father Bennett, had taken care of that.

But—but, as he stood hesitating before the flaring lights, another explanation flashed upon Buddy. The West River chaps that he had fought to-day were perhaps yet hanging around St. Ronald's; and, after the foul trick Watt Grimes had played him, he felt, with righteous wrath swelling his soul, they were equal to anything mean and sneaky. Trying to frighten the poor darkies maybe; or—or—they might have heard somehow of his late return from Miss Meredith's, and were trying to frighten *him*. To frighten him! All the fearless blood of the Reeves and Kents boiled up in Buddy's veins at the thought. He remembered that Denhams were selling, at less than half price, a lot of dusty Roman candles left over from the Fourth of July celebration.

That was it! Those big bluffs of West River (as Ted's letter had rightly called them) had bought those candles and were lying in wait in his midnight path to make him squeal and run. Oh, he would show them! Buddy's lips tightened into the look of his great-grandfather's picture. And, before Big Ben could catch him in his shaking hand, he had bolted forward through the hedging pines and over the crumbling headstones of the old graveyard—to find, not any West River chap, but Great-uncle Kent's foreign doctor standing there, holding a long metal rod from which the strange lights were flashing up into the midnight sky.

(To be continued.)

A YOUNG man was once condemned to death by an Athenian judge for having killed a dove which, pursued by a hawk, flew to him for refuge. The Court wisely thought that he who was without pity or sympathy could never prove himself a good citizen.

A Chat about Books.

"PAPA," said Frank, "I've been told that books, which are now so cheap, were once very dear, and that it took almost a fortune to get a nice book. Is that so?"

"Yes, my son; it was at a time when parchment was used instead of paper, and before the art of printing was discovered. Books then had to be carefully written, one word at a time. They were mostly copied by monks, many of whom spent all their lives at the work."

"Why did not other people write books, too?"

"The men of the times we are speaking of thought more of war and of amusing themselves, and would have deemed it much below their dignity to be scribes. They preferred wielding the sword to the pen, and thought they did enough when they just signed any document."

"But how did they do that if they could not write at all?"

"They marked it with the sign of the cross—✠, so; and that is what the term 'signing a letter' comes from. Writing the letter was the business of clerks employed for the purpose."

"Have you any idea what a book was worth in those days, papa?"

"I have read that a Countess of Anjou, wishing to have a copy of a book of prayers and meditations, paid for it two hundred sheep, five quarters of wheat, and the same quantity of rye and millet, while in the year 1174 the prior of St. Swithin's at Winchester, England, gave twelve measures of barley and a pall, on which was embroidered the history of St. Birinus, in exchange for Bede's Homilies and St. Austin's Psalter. In Spain books were once so very scarce that one Bible served many monasteries. It was copied over and over again in rooms set apart for the purpose by the monks, to whose care we owe the preservation of many valuable Greek and Latin authors' works. Books,

being so precious, were looked on with great reverence by the people,—almost with the same feeling which causes a Hindoo to this day to bow before a book when he opens it, even though it be an account-book; and a Mohammedan, to place the name of God at the beginning of any volume, that it may be the more carefully treated."

"By the by, papa, what does the word 'book' come from?"

"Our Saxon forefathers used the bark, or *boc*, of trees to write on; from this comes our English word 'book.'"

"I suppose people did not often either give or lend their books then, when they were so scarce."

"They did sometimes present them to churches or great persons; and when a volume was presented to a church, it was brought before the altar and received with solemn ceremonies. For instance, we read of the Gospels written in golden ink, on purple vellum, all adorned with exquisite illuminations or paintings, and mounted in a case of rich gold set with valuable gems, as being presented to the monastery at Ripon."

"How glad I am, papa, that good books are now so easy to get!"

"We ought to be grateful as well as glad that every person, young and old, rich or poor, may now own many good books."

Brotherly Love.

A JEWISH LEGEND.

HERE is a beautiful tradition connected with the site on which the Temple of Solomon was erected. It is said to have been occupied in common by two brothers, the elder of whom had a large family of children, the other had none. On the spot was a field of wheat. On the evening succeeding the harvest, the wheat having been gathered into shocks, the elder brother said to his wife: "My younger brother is unable to bear the burden and

heat of the day; I will go and take some of my shocks and place them with his, without his knowledge." The other brother, being actuated by the same generous motives, said to himself: "My brother has a large family, and I have none; I will contribute something now to their support. When it is dark, I will take some of my shocks, and place them with his, without his knowledge."

Judge of their mutual astonishment when on the following morning they found their respective shocks undiminished. This course of events continued for several nights, when each resolved to stand guard and solve the mystery. They did so, and on the following night met each other halfway between their respective shocks with their arms full.

Upon ground hallowed by such associations as this was the Temple of King Solomon erected,—so spacious, so magnificent, the wonder and admiration of the world.

The Children's Offering.

"IT used to be the custom long ago in Italy," writes a modern traveller, "to place in the streets sacred pictures or figures, that persons might be reminded of holy things and say a prayer in passing. And still in many towns you will find in some old dusty corner a beautiful picture, painted by a master-hand. A gleam of color will catch your eye, and, looking up, you see a picture or little shrine of exquisite blue-and-white glazed pottery, where the Madonna kneels and worships the Infant Christ lying amongst the lilies at her feet. The old battered lamp which hangs in front of these shrines is still kept lighted by some faithful hand, and in springtime the children will often come and lay little bunches of wild flowers on the ledge below. 'It is for the Jesu Bambino,' they will say, and their faces grow solemn and reverent as they kneel and say a prayer. Then off again they go to play."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Candles that Burn" is the title of a new collection of short poems by Aline Kilmer, published by the George H. Doran Co.

—A new and very timely addition to the Westminster Library is "The Principles of Christian Apologetics (an Exposition of the Intellectual Basis of the Christian Religion), by the Rev. T. J. Walshe.

—From Seiz Brothers (New York), comes a sixteenmo brochure of sixty-two pages, "A Summary of Indulgences Granted to the Three Orders of St. Francis," compiled by a priest of the Friars Minor Conventual of St. Francis. While of especial interest to Franciscans of every grade, the little work appeals to a wider circle of readers, inasmuch as it also contains a selection of the more common indulgences granted to the faithful at large.

—To the April number of the *Catholic Historical Review*, the Rev. F. J. Zwierlein, D. Sc., M. H., contributes a paper of exceptional interest,—"Bishop McQuaid of Rochester." A more accurately descriptive title of the paper would be "Father McQuaid of New Jersey"; for the writer deals solely with the twenty years (1848-1868) during which the Bishop's labors were confined to pastoral work in that State. But the study is none the less welcome on that account; and perhaps it is to be continued.

—"Stray Leaves from Highland History," by Major R. Gillis, and "Souvenir of 'Old Home Week,'" come to us from the parish of Grand Mira, Cape Breton, Canada. They are octavo brochures of forty-three and thirty-two pages; and, while of course of more local than general interest, are not without their charm for readers fond of the byways of history. The pastor of Grand Mira furnishes an Introduction and an appendix to the larger brochure; and to him, the Rev. D. J. Rankin, is presumably due the compilation of the smaller one.

—"America's Answer; or, The Great Opportunity for the Boys of America," by the Rev. P. J. Sontag, S. J. (Loyola University Press), a neat, illustrated pamphlet of forty pages, is a specific appeal for workers in the field of the Foreign Missions, in the first place; and, in the second, for vocations to the priesthood in general. The author has cleverly utilized the late war as one term of a parallel between the conflict of nations and the strife between the powers of evil and the great Captain, Christ. Although addressed to boys, especially to those in high schools, this little work is so well and

so forcefully written that we have no hesitation in recommending it to the perusal of all our readers. It can not fail to awaken salutary thoughts and to rouse drooping energy in the great mass of Catholics.

—An authorized biography of John McCormack, the celebrated concert singer, transcribed by Pierre V. R. Key, is among new publications of Small, Maynard & Co. As a boy in Ireland, we are told, Mr. McCormack delighted the neighbors who used to call upon him to sing the old songs. How he was "discovered" and won fame is an interesting story.

—In an unpublished letter to the editor of a comic journal, a well-known author writes: "... The idea of a drunken man waking up in a coffin and imagining that the Resurrection Day has come is not entirely novel. Also I do not care to publish in — anything that might tend to make the subject of death ridiculous; and I also wish to avoid making light of the theme of drunkenness..." The reader will wonder what request the editor could have made that called forth such a refusal.

—There is little in Mr. W. S. Lilly's essay on "Shakespeare's Protestantism" that was not familiar to the Shakespearean student. That—in the absence of direct proof of the religious belief of the great poet—he everywhere shows a sympathy with and a yearning after the Old Faith; that he displays a remarkable familiarity with its rites, doctrines and terminology; that he expurgated the anti-Catholic originals from which he borrowed many of his plots, is well known. We are very grateful to Mr. Lilly, however, for having drawn attention to the important fact, first pointed out by Mr. Richard Simpson,—that Shakespeare, in the following words from *All's Well that Ends Well*, pays "a tribute to one of the most beautiful and touching doctrines of Catholicism":

What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? He can not thrive
Unless her prayers whom Heaven delights to hear
And loves to grant, relieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice.

Commenting on this passage, Mr. Simpson asks: "Whose prayers are these?" And he answers: "Not those of Helen, but of one greater than an angel, whose prayers God delights to hear and loves to grant. This is exactly the way in which Catholics speak of the Blessed Virgin; and the lines will not apply to any one but her. The testimony is brief but decisive; Shakespeare in these lines affirms distinctly, if not intention-

ally, one of the most characteristic doctrines that distinguish the Catholic from the Protestant community."

—Readers of English, Irish, and American Catholic magazines during the past few years must have noticed the increasing frequency with which the initials "H. E. G. R." have appeared, appended to poems of more than ordinary literary quality. Fifty-three of these poems find a modest setting in a slender sixteenmo issued from the Stretton Press,—"Souls Belfry and Other Verses," by the Rev. Henry E. G. Rope. Perhaps the most noticeable feature of these poems is the unusual copiousness of the author's poetic vocabulary,—a vocabulary reminiscent of the older English singers, at times even bordering on the archaic. The title poem is, in conception and execution, in beauty of thought and smoothness of versification, the best of the collection. Father Rope loves nature, the English countryside, and Rome and Erin and Assisi, and the simple life of the olden time; and he detests ("Machina Victrix") the "murk, the frenzy and the noise of hell" attendant on the reign of mechanical industry. Let it be further said that his poems will suit the cultured better than the less widely read, and that occasional lapses in technique break the monotony of uniform excellence. "Engines" and "vengeance" are scarcely admissible rhymes; while "scored-Lord-poured-broad" (in a sonnet octave) are clearly impossible.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Elstones." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.35.

"Essays in Occultism, Spiritism, and Demonology." Dean W. R. Harris. \$1.

"Patriotism in Washington's Time." P. J. Byrne, M. D. \$1.50.

"Life of Pius X." F. A. Forbes. \$1.35.

"Marriage Legislation in the New Code of Canon Law." Very Rev. H. A. Ayrinhac, S. S., D. D. \$2.

"Letter to Catholic Priests." Pope Pius X. 50 cts.

"The Sad Years." Dora Sigerson. \$1.25.

"Spiritual Exercises for Monthly and Annual Retreats." Rev. P. Dunoyer. \$2.35.

"The Parables of Jesus." Rev. P. Coghlan, C. P. \$1.10.

"A Handbook of Moral Theology." Rev. A. Koch, D. D.—Mr. Arthur Preuss. \$1.50.

"The Bedrock of Belief." Rev. William Robison, S. J. \$1.25.

"Ireland: Its Saints and Scholars." J. M. Flood. 90 cts.

"The Hand of God." Rev. Martin Scott, S. J. \$1, postage extra.

"Pastor Halloft." \$1.50.

"In the Soldier's Service." Mary Dexter. \$1.50.

"The World Problem." Rev. Joseph Husslein, S. J. \$1.35.

"Foch the Man." Clara E. Laughlin. \$1.

"War Mothers." Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S. J. 65 cts.

"Outline Meditations." Madame Cecilia. \$1.50.

"A Manual of the History of Dogmas." Rev. Bernard J. Otten, S. J. Vol. II. \$2.50.

"Armenia and the War." A. P. Hacopian. 50 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. M. J. Hatton, of the diocese of Brooklyn; Rev. Joseph Keuper, diocese of Trenton; Rev. Edward McNamara, archdiocese of San Francisco; and Rev. Matthias Barth, archdiocese of Chicago.

Sister M. Febronia, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; and Sister M. Benedict, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

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Eternal rest give unto them, O, Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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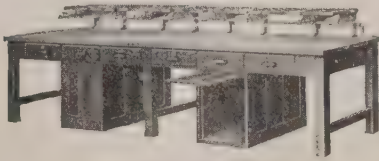
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii 34.

SATURDAY, 10.—St. Antoninus, B. C.
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 Jerome, C.
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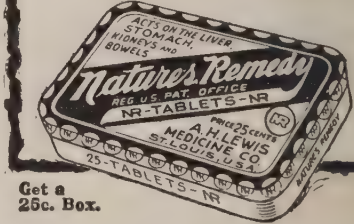
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VOL. IX. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 10, 1919.

NO. 19

[Published every Saturday. Copyright, 1919: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

To Our May Queen.

BY C. M. C.

O MAIDEN shy,
 With God most high
 Thy beauty favor found;
 For modesty,
 Like mist of sea,
 With whiteness wrapt it round;
 And never yet
 Did violet
 In winsome lowliness
 Compare with thee,
 Whose dignity
 Was hid 'neath humbleness.
 So Gabriel came,
 In God's own name,
 And knelt him at thy feet.
 Ah, let us tell
 With Gabriel
 Our *Aves*, Lady, sweet!

Hail, Mary!—see,
 We look on thee
 With rapture in our eyes.
 Could seraphim
 Thy beauty hymn
 Wrought by our God most wise?
 Hail, Mary!—this
 Is joyous kiss
 Pressed on thy mantle's hem.
 Hail, Mary!—white
 Thy hand; contrite
 The tear we give as gem.
 Hail, Mary!—now
 We twine thy brow
 With glorious *Aves* gold:
 The Rosary
 We made for thee
 In love, nigh overbold.

St. Joseph.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.



T. PAUL speaks of a "great cloud of witnesses"—the saints of God—as watching our earthly warfare, and urges us to take courage from the thought of them, and to persevere unfailingly till we overcome all obstacles and reach our "objective," life everlasting. "We also," he writes to the Hebrews (xii, 1, 2), "having so great a cloud of witnesses over our head, laying aside every weight and sin which surrounds us, let us run by patience to the fight proposed to us; looking on Jesus, the author and finisher of faith."

As a commander-in-chief, with his staff, watches with intensity every phase of a battle which he is directing, so does Jesus Christ, our Captain, with His saints, watch our fight against the devil and all the forces of evil. In the great war that has lately ended, heroism became a common thing, to the wonder of many who did not suspect what average human nature was capable of; and the lists of names of those recommended for decorations have probably far exceeded, even in proportion to the numbers engaged, those of any wars of the past.

Yet by no means has every act of individual gallantry been noticed: it was impossible. But Jesus Christ sees every one of us, marks all we do at every instant of the conflict. His saints, too, see what is going on here below; and, if they

do not know all that happens in regard to every soul on earth, yet they certainly have a knowledge of all that it concerns them to know as intercessors for us in heaven. They see in the Divine Essence all that God wills them to see. Their range of vision is most certainly incomparably wider than that of any one on earth; and we may be confident that it includes those things that concern the spiritual needs and progress of all who are devout to them and invoke them. This is involved in the very idea of their intercessory office.

There are ranks in the celestial hierarchy of the blessed saints. Some of them are more powerful and influential than others in the great business of intercessory prayer and work that is part of their occupation in heaven,—work in which they co-operate with our Divine Redeemer, as glorified members of His mystical body, on behalf of us who are still fighting members. And the saints are ranked according to their nearness to God in spiritual likeness,—that is, according to their holiness. That holiness they attained on earth by co-operation with the graces given to them by God. In the distribution and measure of grace there is a great variety, Almighty God willing to have in His eternal kingdom the beauty of ordered grades of perfection. Thus “star differeth from star in glory” in “the resurrection from the dead.”¹

At the head of the heavenly ranks are those whom God has called to some great office in the work and plan of redemption. The greatest of all graces are given to them, to fit them for their place and special work in the Kingdom of Heaven on earth; and more than all to those who were called to co-operate with God in the initiation and first establishment of that kingdom. For, as St. Bernardine of Siena says in a sermon on St. Joseph,² “The general rule in regard to all graces com-

municated to rational creatures is this: that when the divine favor elects any one for a special gift, or to some sublime state, God communicates all the graces that are necessary for the person so chosen, and for the office.”

Some of these graces are, indeed, what are called *charismata*, which do not of themselves sanctify the person who receives them, but are given for the sake of others. At the same time sanctifying grace and actual graces are also given in a degree proportionate to the exalted office to which a person is called; so that, by co-operation with them, the holders of sublime positions in the supernatural kingdom of God may attain to the personal holiness fitting the place they hold.

Of these things the Blessed Mother of God is the highest example. The same principles apply to the Holy Apostles, amongst others, and to the great patriarch and patron of the Universal Church whose name stands at the head of this paper. So St. Bernard says of him: “Who and what kind of man was the Blessed Joseph gather from the very name by which, though in the way of an ‘economy,’ he was honored, so as to be called and esteemed the father of his God.”

Nor must we forget that these sublime graces required in those who received them a correspondingly sublime co-operation, whence the high personal merit of those who were faithful. How great, then, the sanctity of St. Joseph, “Foster-father of our Lord Jesus Christ, husband of the Queen of the World and Empress of the Angels; chosen from all eternity by the Eternal Father to be faithful provider and guardian to His two greatest Treasures, His Son and His Spouse; which office he most faithfully carried out”!¹

St. Joseph, then, is one of the nearest to God, and therefore one of the highest in heaven. He is one of those nearest to God by his personal holiness, due to the immense graces he received in virtue of his office, and to his faithful co-operation with

¹ I. Cor., xv, 41, 42.

² Fourth Lesson in the Roman Breviary: Solemnity of St. Joseph.

¹ St. Bernardine.

them. None but one came nearer than he in actual physical nearness to the Word Incarnate and to the hidden mysteries of the putting on of flesh by the God of Heaven. She only who bore God's Son Incarnate was nearer to Him in the mysterious operations of the Hypostatic Union than the venerable and virginal man who cared for her and for her sweet and awful Burden; who carried Jesus in his arms; who supported Mary with his strong clasp; who guarded and guided them, watched and tended them; kept safe for God and for us those two precious Ones; who directed the Holy Household; who was *obeyed* by Jesus and deferred to by Mary.

Next to Mary, too, St. Joseph is in closest relationship forever to Him who called, and calls, him "Father," and whose love is not less for him in heaven than it was on earth. How close, then, is St. Joseph to God in relationship, in office, in the beauty and nobility of soul given by grace and by perfect co-operation with grace! How great, therefore, his place and power among the "great cloud of witnesses" as patron and advocate to those whom his Foster-Son has redeemed!

We can not doubt that the saints in heaven are particularly interested in matters concerning us in regard to which they themselves had special experiences when on earth. This is proved by the practice of the Church in choosing patrons amongst the saints for various spiritual objects, and in selecting them on account of events in their life-history, or virtues they had, or works they carried on. So she has chosen St. Joseph, head of the Holy Family, at Nazareth, to be patron and protector of her own universal family of God's children upon earth. He is patron, too, of a happy death, who died the happiest death in the arms of Jesus and Mary. He is patron of the life of spiritual perfection, who learned his own spirituality from God in the flesh and from Mary, God's sinless, perfect, immaculate Mother, in their daily company in the Holy House.

We should be doing a foolish thing if

we neglected to honor and invoke this great and holy saint; especially if we neglected to ask him often—daily at the least—to obtain for us the final grace of a happy death, without which all successes are vain, by which all failures are made good, attaining which we gain our great end,—the victory which will crown us as princes with him in the kingdom of our Heavenly Father.

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XXIII.

DORA!—the name was on the lips of every Londoner. Dora was like the heroine of *She*,—"she who must be obeyed." It took too long to say "The Defence of the Realm Act" in those busy days. Everybody knew Dora.

"I ought not eat chocolates. Papa is always talking about Dora."

So Daisy Spaggot said, when Locksley captured her at the Strand post office,—posting his own presents, disguised in brown paper, to the soldiers' hospital at Furzley. She looked straight up at him, at once complaining and apologetic. He knew that parcel was his large ribbon-tied and gilded box, for which he had paid two treasury notes, with a dingy brown picture of the Houses of Parliament on the back of each. Money did not matter: he had "money to burn"; but that she should throw his gift away!

"So, between them, the Colonel and Dora won't let you have chocs? Hard luck! Can't you have bonbons of any sort? Oh, it's too bad!"

"That's not exactly it," said Daisy, with her troublesome sense of accuracy; "but—but—I mean I'd rather give them away—please!"

More mysterious still!

"Then," he said, "you shall have flowers."

But the flowers from a Bond Street

florist were never to be seen at the hotel; and Miss Spaggot was discovered sending them to the wounded soldiers by somebody from Furzley, who often came.

"You are adorable!" Locksley sighed. But he gave up buying baskets of choice bloom for Morton Court.

The girl had tried to persuade herself that it was only for "papa's" sake she was enduring the worship by bouquets and sweets. Then she faced facts,—made up her letters to Sydney Verreker out of the news of her gaieties, and determined not to be won by toys and candy like a child.

Her pleasure-loving nature had awakened. She was not the same Daisy who ironed her white frock in the old Gazabo kitchen, and cooked the dinner when Betty and her successors went off "to the munitions." The Colonel and his wealthy friend were always together; and Miss Daisy Spaggot was attached to a circle of society war-workers at a house in Grosvenor Square. When she was not at Lady Cheriton's, every day had its program of pleasure, its crowd of new faces. Before that winter of 1917 was over, she felt at the point of breaking down; for there was a struggle in her own heart that sapped her energy, and cost her sleepless hours. She had fainted once in the crush, when Royalty was expected at Albert Hall bazaar. But next day she was laughing at the fuss she had made. Did not hundreds and thousands go through London seasons in other years at this rapid rate? The London season, with its Queen's drawing-rooms and Ascot and Goodwood, had all disappeared with the war; but the same whirl was here. So the day after her collapse, Daisy went valiantly to Lady Cheriton's for a rehearsal of dresses for the "Pageant of Nations"; and in the afternoon there was a tea and informal dance for some "boys" home on leave; and in the evening the opera. Mr. Locksley, who always did things so handsomely, had taken a box.

After the frost and snow, came rain and

mud. On Sunday mornings the girl made her way from the hotel to the nearest church, and to the latest possible Mass. She still slept each night with her Rosary in her hand; and wore the bit of Carmelite brown, that was so awkward, under the neck of an evening dress; and she clung to Sunday morning, no matter what happened. Possibly her fidelity was the supernatural sequence of her "own Morey's" teaching; for that string of beads so many thousands of Irish handle all the world over as they sink to sleep, and the bit of brown cloth, none of "Morey's" nation would part with in life or in death.

The church was that little one that every Londoner knows, hidden away in a narrow street behind the Strand. Against a background of red brick walls, its altars and shrines are always decked with a wealth of flowers; for the centre of the flower and fruit traffic of London is close by, at Covent Garden. Daisy, perhaps with tired eyes from last night's revel, prayed there for all she loved,—for the soldier far East, under a hotter sun, for her father, and "that good Kitty at Furzley." Tom Moran and their faithful servant lived again, as if prayer had carried her love to them across the spaces to the world invisible. Nor did she forget Ralph Verreker.

Many a prayer was prompted in those awful days by a sudden realization of the region of fire and slaughter that lay beyond a streak of sea. Here were the whiteness of the sanctuary, the more than royal robes of sacrifice, the clouds of incense, the burning lights, the voices of praise,—all the accessories of holiest worship. And out of sight, a little way beyond the island boundary, were the myriad horrors of the war that men called "hell." It was stretching out over half the world; the atmosphere of hate enveloped the nations like poisoned gas, and spread close up to the outer walls of the sanctuary.

When the crowd went out of the church, the girl made her way down to the great thoroughfare, and waited for her chance to cross the Strand with a group. She had

thought of the war, and all at once she had got up against realities, as human souls do. She was more like the Daisy that used to be at Furzley. All the crush of frivolities had made way, and she was thinking of the man who had given all for his Faith, and of what her father was gaining (or losing!), and of the souls of the slain in battle, and of those that were to die.

Arrived at the hotel in a street slanting between Strand and the river, she found herself once more in the outer edge of the whirlpool. Locksley was with her father, waiting for her to come in to lunch. A sumptuous meal was served in a private room. So far, there was no scarcity perceptible in London, though the U-boats had done their worst for two years. The hotels and restaurants were wasting food, as if there were no war.

But in 1916 the majority of the English nation did without bag-pudding for the first time in history; if they had not plum-pudding, they had most excellent substitutes; and they vowed the destruction of the Central Powers all the more, and renounced all their works and all their pomps,—Zeppelins and U-boats. The capital had seen the blaze of a burning Zeppelin in September; at Furzley it was simply thought to be something gone wrong with the electric power, causing a flare of the overhead wire. For a few moments, the streets became brighter than day for many a mile. John Bull had discovered how to defend his capital, and he laughed at the breaking of the Christmas pudding tradition.

The Colonel was full of hopes and plans on that Sunday early in 1917. He did not care to be with the crowd at the little white tables among the dwarf palms of the dining-room below. Sunday and Monday, till Saturday night came again, he wanted to talk of the armored car, and the possibilities of his invention.

From the side of the bay window one could see the Strand, with its meeting and passing throng. At the corner, a flower-girl made a spot of color, with her

basket of daffodils. She offered in her hand her best wares—a bunch of red roses. As Daisy bent from the table to look out of the side window, a lady in black bought the handful of roses, hurried to get near a passing ambulance, and flung them in at the open back of the car. Then she was lost to sight among the ever-moving London crowd. Poor soul!—whom had she lost? Whose widow was she, or whose mother?

Daisy turned from the window, with a sigh.

“What is it?”—from her father.

“Only Red Cross ambulances—and—some one in black.”

Locksley said something about freedom and civilization, and the advisability of looking at the bright side of all this. But Daisy had moments in the midst of her pleasures when she could not see the bright side anywhere.

Next she heard Locksley saying that he was not so sure of the application of the process to shipbuilding,—to extensive armor plating. The two men were always drifting back to the one subject that was at present uppermost in their world. About the armored car, the engineer said he was quite sure. That was some comfort, Daisy thought; for her father's heart was in it. She was still trying to think out the bright side of war, and unable to find it, when she heard the great engineer suggest that they should look at the plans in the original form, if the Colonel had brought them to town. “No time to be lost,” he said. “Could you get them now? We must make our hay while the sun shines.”

Lunch was over, and there was another table to spread papers upon. The Colonel went for the plans. He had, no doubt, to ascend by a lift and traverse corridors. Still it was difficult to account for the slowness of his movements, when the engineer was so keen for business. Perhaps the gallant Colonel was in no hurry to bring the bundle of old plans. In his absence, the head of the firm of Locksley & Brown would have to entertain himself

with Daisy. And, with war contracts, it was well known that Locksley & Brown were making money beyond counting.

Joel Locksley and Colonel Spaggot's daughter stood in the cold sunshine of the hotel window, and talked for a few moments about the weather. He said briefly, "Rotten state they leave the streets in! You can tell the sweepers are gone." And Daisy remarked with great originality that if the sun shone, the streets would dry. He ended the weather talk in his decisive way: "What are you doing this week, Miss Spaggot?"

To-morrow, she told him, there was to be the "Pageant of Nations"—at the Concertorium. Oh, yes, he remembered! He was going to see it with the Colonel. What was she to be? Daisy said she was one of the Balkan States first, and then an angel. It would be lovely. Then on Tuesday there was to be a dance for Lady Buffin's son home from the Front. A look of anxiety crossed the face of the middle-aged Joel; but he regained placidity, reflecting that life was like a chess game, and he had planned to make a strong move soon and win; he never lost, either in life or at chess. The dance would be "a little informal twist about, just in the drawing-room after tea." He instantly booked her for the evening. He knew her father wanted to see "The Story of Waterloo"—that tragic sketch,—“and you know Irving's son is as good as his father was: I want the Colonel to see it; you must come too.” Daisy thanked him; her father loved a good play with a soldier in it; how kind Mr. Locksley was!

She went on with her list of engagements. Wednesday—what was on Wednesday? Oh, yes! There was a lunch at Lady Cheriton's,—“some of the people that go there for war-work, you know; indeed, we have not done much war work lately, because it took hours and hours trying on our dresses for the Pageant.” He smiled an enigmatical smile that might have meant amusement or encouragement. “And on Thursday and Friday,” Daisy

went on, “I have to go to old friends of ours, the Jayby-Joneses, or my papa says they will be offended.”

“Why don't you like those people?” he asked.

“O Mr. Locksley, I never said whether I liked them or not!” He seemed to understand always more than her words told.

“I—understood” (with hesitation) “you were—only going to their house to avoid—what shall I say? The diplomatists call it the breaking off of friendly relations.”

Then she found herself telling about her childhood, and how she lived with the Jayby-Joneses when her father was away in India. She protested that Mr. Jayby was “great fun,” and she liked his wife in many ways. But some of the Jayby-Jones' ideas were different from her papa's.—And Bernie had become a spirit medium.

“If there is any of that this time, I shall not stop in the room,” she said decidedly, giving the golden head a little toss. There were evidently unpleasant memories.

He had heard of Bernice Jayby. “Brown's wife” consulted some such oracle about their son that was killed. But, as for second-sight, Joel Locksley was inclined to think that part of the business was all guesswork. Some people were intuitive and observant.

“For instance,” he said. “I could tell you your fortune as well as any of those humbugging palmists.”

He bent over her. The big, strong hand that, with magic pencil strokes and figures, bridged rivers and built harbor walls, was claiming her hand to play with.

“I can't!” she said, drawing back, and laughing to soften the refusal. “I mustn't have palmistry or any of those things.”

“Why not? I am only joking.”

“Oh, but, please, no! I don't wish it. Catholics never do those things. I might believe something you said,” she added with childlike simplicity, “and it is against the First Commandment.”

“You a Catholic!”

“Yes,” replied Daisy, looking up at him straight with her beautiful eyes.

The muscles of his face had become suddenly tense.

"I grant, I am surprised," he said, a little coldly.

"Now where is your second-sight, Mr. Locksley?"

He made an almost French gesture, opening both hands with a wave, while he shrugged his shoulders.

"Just so! But I am an amateur, a guesser. And so you are a Catholic? strange,—strange!"

It took Joel Locksley only five seconds of complete silence to recover from the shock. By the end of the five seconds, he had flashed judgment of the fact from at least three different points of view, and made up his mind that it did not matter to a practical man. First, hers was a creed with strict ideals of marriage; secondly, to be religious was a harmless amusement for a woman,—he could take care it did not go very far; thirdly, this was a most beautiful little creature, whether Catholic or Mohammedan; and if he did not win her, somebody else would. So the shock was past. He spoke again:

"I had no idea the Colonel was a Catholic."

"He is not—I mean not yet."

Locksley smiled the interested, indulgent smile.

"Why do you say, 'not yet'?"

"Because I wish he was."

By this time Locksley had made up his mind that "young Verreker" was the friend in Salonika; and, as he had heard casually from the Colonel about Morton Court, he could have astonished Daisy by telling her the chief points of her little romance. But he did not embarrass her by any show of knowledge.

When they wandered over to the hearth, and sat by the white-glowing electric stove, to please her he began to talk about the mysterious Church to which she belonged. He did not tell her it amazed him to think how Catholics were so devoted to that somewhat exacting creed. But he did talk of "one of the best," who was killed

afterwards at Ypres, and who actually tried to convert him.

"To convert *me!*" He laughed as if he thought himself a hopeless case, and took no small pride in his hopelessness. "But he was really the dearest fellow! Many a summer night we sat smoking and jawing on the veranda of the bungalow."

"There now!" said Daisy, with a triumphant smile. "You have not been without time to think about religion."

"Ah, but that mood passes when daylight comes! It can't stand a cold tub and shaving, and chops and coffee and the newspaper."

Still the Colonel did not come with the old plans of the armored car. He had brought them from Furzley, and he had gone away, saying he knew where to put his hand upon them.

(To be continued.)

A Lady of France.

BLESSED JEANNE MARIE DE MAILLÉ.

BY YMAL OSWIN.

II.

THE youth of the Baroness de Sillé, with all its joyous lights and shades, was over; and now, a widow at thirty, she gave her life entirely to God, and a year's deep mourning. Her great consolation was to spend hours in St. Peter's Church below the castle, weeping and praying for her Robert's soul. Then she would arise and go with her mother to visit the poor, and prepare certain medicaments in which Jeanne de Montbazon excelled. Together they would gather herbs and medicinal plants along the forest paths; for the two women were half physicians and dispensers, half nurses, and wholly devoted to the sick poor,—who, indeed, in that rough age had no other help. Epidemics were fearfully frequent. As before, a vision preceded her call to a higher mission.

One day when she was at prayer in St.

Peter's Church she fell into an ecstasy, and saw St. Ives (whom she frequently invoked), surrounded by an aureole and clothed in a garment of heaven. "Jeanne Marie," said he, "if you will quit the world, you will taste the joys of paradise from this moment." At the same time she felt herself raised from the earth, enlightened as to her destiny, and inundated with interior consolations.

The Baroness was about thirty-one at this time, and her beauty had only matured in the prime of her life; so that, all unwittingly, she attracted considerable attention, and several gentlemen sought the hand of the young widow, who was both noble and well dowered. Her brother Hardouin invited her to stay at his castle at Mayet, hoping to influence her to accept one of these suitors; but she declined all overtures, and soon departed, mindful of the injunction she had received from St. Ives in the vision.

She had to walk about eight miles, passing the rich manor of her family in the town of Tours, without entering it; and she then chose a humble dwelling, close to St. Martin's Basilica, with its neighboring monastery. Here she also found a confessor and director, who could understand her strange vocation, and her desire to consecrate herself to God irrevocably by religious vows. His name was Maître Jean Hyver. The Archbishop of Tours, Mgr. Simon Raoul de Renou, was consulted; and, after a time of preparation and austerity, she renewed on her knees, before this good prelate, the vow of perpetual chastity which she had made in her heart at the age of twelve, and vowed herself to the service of God and His poor for the rest of her life.

Tours was at this time not only one of the most important cities in the Kingdom, but was also considered a holy city; for it contained in its fair basilica the shrine and relics of the great St. Martin, and it attracted vast crowds of pilgrims, both princes and people.

The solemnity of the ceremonies at this

church, the Gregorian Chant, and the sermons, were a strong attraction to Jeanne Marie. She spent hours in one of the side chapels of the basilica, near St. Anne's altar, meditating on the Gospel, and following the services; sometimes remaining in adoration all the evening, or until driven out by the sacristan. Often, on the vigils of festivals, when she returned at night to hear Matins sung, she saw a supernatural light, which afterwards guided her home.

She experienced another favor at Pentecost; for while she was imploring the Gifts of the Holy Ghost, to increase her fervor, a globe of fire was seen to descend upon her, remaining a while over her head. From this time she became filled with Apostolic zeal, and the desire of converting others. She eagerly heard the sermons at the basilica, and made it a special object to pray for all priests. "Speak, O Lord, by their mouth," she prayed; "and deign to accomplish Thy promise!" And priests had great confidence in her intercession for them.

On the vigil of the feast of the Finding of the True Cross, a monk of Tours, who was no great scholar, was asked by the abbess of the Holy Cross Convent at Poitiers to preach the special sermon for the day there. After many refusals, he consented only, at the persuasion of our holy Tertiary, and on her promising to pray for him. In fact, when the time came, he astonished his audience by the eloquence of his sermon; and no one was more astonished than himself, it is said. He was afterwards her biographer.

But we must describe the many active works in which this remarkable woman engaged; for, in truth, she united both the active and contemplative vocation.

III.

Jeanne de Maillé, on taking the vow, had divided her revenues into two parts, one of which she reserved for gifts to the church and the decoration of its altars, and the other to works of charity. She devoted herself to caring for the young clerks and seminarists of the diocesan school, directed

by the Canons of the cathedral, and close to it. Here were educated many young men, a number of whom were very poor. These poor scholars were the lady's particular favorites; she brought provisions for them, and gave them the necessary books,—a priceless boon in those days. She prayed for them, and "mothered" them when they fell ill, bringing them medicines, cordials, and delicacies of her own making.

Next to these in her large heart came the destitute poor, old people, and even tramps. She often invited a crowd of these to share her meal at her humble abode, and accompanied the infirm home, where she would wash their feet, serve them on her knees, and call them "my lords." She was truly a forerunner of the Little Sisters of the Poor. She often harbored poor sick women beneath her own roof, and herself carried many infants to the font to be baptized; nor did she neglect to nurse the most repulsive patients, even lepers; and applied to many of them ointments from her own receipts. The ancient city of Tours witnesses many wonderful cures through her means, while numberless souls were converted by her sweet words.

She turned her attention also to the debtors' prison, a place where, in the Middle Ages, all hope was extinguished. But none of the prisons of the city were closed to the noble lady. She consoled the convicts, brought them provisions, read to them the Lives of the Saints or some history, and even, it is said, cut their hair. Yet more: when Charles II. visited Tours in 1391, to receive the homage of the Duke of Brittany, the Baroness de Maillé presented herself before him, and begged the freedom of her dear prisoners "in the Name of our beloved Saviour, who broke the fetters of death for us." Touched by her eloquent appeal, the King at last granted her request, and signed the document of liberation; but, on his departure, the magistrate declined to carry it out for three months.

She was not, however, to be thus put off: she made so many ardent prayers to the

Divine Judge, "the friend of sinners," for the release of her poor prisoners, that a wonderful miracle was the answer. On Whitsunday the gates of the prison of Tours opened of themselves, to the amazement of the jailers, and the joy of the prisoners, who walked out unmolested, and went in a body to the Basilica of St. Martin, where they returned thanks for this singular mercy. Many times also she obtained the freedom of criminals condemned to death; her biographer gives the following incident.

On the vigil of Palm Sunday, as she was leaving the church, a procession of guards, conducting a man to the gallows, passed her. He was young, not yet lost to all sense of virtue; and, on catching sight of "the prisoners' advocate," he cried out: "Good Lady of Sillé, pray for me!" Touched by this appeal, she re-entered the church, and implored Mary, Mother of Mercy, to have pity on this youth. Her prayer was not in vain. When the executioners were proceeding to hang him, they found that the ladders were too short or else broke in their hands. As a result, there was wrangling among them, and comings and goings which lasted till sunset, after which executions were forbidden. And so a few days later the criminal was perforce pardoned; for Jeanne Marie had so prevailed upon the judges that they finally granted her request. In those days people were often thrown into prison unjustly and without trial.

On the left bank of the Loire, facing Tours, near Marmoutier, stood at that date the Hospice of St. Radegonde for lepers, supported by the monks of the monastery. Those unfortunates were very numerous then, and were called, "The Good God's sick people." All the Mediæval saints—from Francis of Assisi to Louis, King of France—had a special love for lepers, and lavished personal care upon them. Our heroine was not behind in this work of supreme self-sacrifice. She often went to the Radegonde and gave them the tenderest care. On one occasion

she passed a leper who, on account of his repulsive condition, was set apart on a rock, in a hut amidst brushwood. Nothing daunted, Jeanne Marie accosted him gently, and, to the great astonishment of the leper, offered her services to tend him. Next time she brought with her some of her wonderful unguents, and spread them on his terrible wounds. She even kissed the hand of the poor wretch, and at touch of her pure lips he was miraculously cured.¹

Up to this time the holy Baroness was administrator of her considerable fortune, and spent it, as we have seen, on church works and the poor. But at length she fell seriously ill and lay on her lonely couch, apparently at the point of death. Desiring to dispose of all her worldly goods, she uttered this prayer: "O Lord Jesus, only Son of God, Thou who didst become incarnate in the womb of a virgin, who didst choose to be born in a stable, wrapped in swaddling-clothes; Thou who didst teach Thy disciples, both by word and example, evangelical poverty, and who didst keep it till Thy death, stripped and attached to the Cross, do not allow me, I pray Thee, to leave this world laden with earthly possessions." Her prayer was granted by an immediate restoration to health; her eyes opened, and she spoke, asking for food, and her youthful vigor was restored. This favor was renewed three or four times in her life. But henceforth earth was nothing to her, and heaven seemed open to this loving soul.

She returned to the Castle of St. Quentin, and there, in the presence of her family, she signed a document giving over to the Monastery of the Chartreux, at Liget, the whole of her property "Les Roches," with its revenues, including the castle with its memories of her happy years. One of her paternal relations whispered sarcastically to her brother Hardouin, who was present: "She is giving up everything now. But why does she not make it a gift in perpetuity, free of every right of succession?" Jeanne overheard

this remark, and answered, with her sweet smile: "Do not fear. He who to-day gives me the grace of renouncing everything that is perishable will take from my heart any desire of acquiring other goods."

This reply, however, roused all the passions of her relatives, and a violent scene ensued. "Oh, she is mad!" they cried, and overwhelmed her with reproaches at disinheriting them; and even the servants abused her. She bore these insults in silence, but no doubt in deep pain. "The Baroness returned in voluntary poverty, deprived of all her property and of all human respect, but with a light heart and a hymn of praise on her lips."

At the moment of her entry into Tours, she was favored with a supernatural communication, approving of her sacrifice, and encouraging her to higher perfection. The Blessed Virgin, whose help she implored in all difficulties, appeared to her once more, consoled her, and showed her the reward of angelical poverty; bidding her wear a rough serge dress of a pattern which she showed her, touching her forehead at the same time, and then disappeared. "The humble Jeanne Marie hastened, as a true lover of Jesus crucified, to put on this dress, which she received with every mark of respect and piety," says her biographer. Its novelty was the source of much mockery in the town. "Look at the hermitess!" was the cry of the children as she passed. This dress was that of the Franciscans of the Third Order. An old engraving in the Museum at Angers represents her clothed in a grey cloak, with a cord round her waist.

(To be continued.)

WHAT a mistake to suppose that the passions are strongest in youth! The passions are not stronger, but the control over them is weaker! They are more easily excited, they are more violent and apparent; but they have less energy, less durability, less intense and concentrated power than in maturer life.

—*Bulwer Lytton.*

¹ "Vita," 6, iv, 36. (Procès de Canonisation.)

The Mystic at Table.

BY S. M. M.

WATER and bread,
Meagre fare spread
Before my body whence my soul is fed.
Water to lave me
Out of that pierced side open to save me;
Bread which in five I part,
To dip in wounded depths of Hands and Feet
and Heart.
Water and bread
Transfigured, whence I am divinely fed,
Awe-fully comforted;
Knowing not if I miss
Or am caught up to this,
Thy breathing bosom, Christ, Thy living kiss.

A Match for Manie.

BY HELEN MORIARTY.

"AND why wouldn't you get Mrs. Palardy to make Susie's wedding clothes?" Mrs. Graney asked.

"It's a little unhandy to be going down to Centerville so often," was her neighbor's reply; "and Susie with so much to do!"

The two women were having a neighborly chat over the back fence, with their aprons twisted up about their shoulders; for the spring air was chill, and the ever interesting topic of Susie Tighe's approaching marriage was the subject under discussion.

"Oh," Mrs. Graney exclaimed, with all the pleasure of one who has a bit of unexploited news, "didn't you know Mrs. Palardy is coming to the Hill to live?"

"To the Hill?" Mrs. Tighe opened her eyes in great surprise. "Sure, what's bringin' her up here?"

"To sew for whoever wants her. What else?"

"And what about Manie O'Brien? Is it a stranger we'd let come in to take the bread out of her mouth?"

"But you just said Susie didn't want

Manie to make her wedding clothes," her neighbor put back at Mrs. Tighe, slyly; "and there might be others would like a change, too."

There was a troubled look on Mrs. Tighe's kind face.

"I like Manie's sewing fine," she answered slowly. "It's only that the youngsters do be getting queer ideas. Susie says she wants her clothes to be—stylish." She brought out the word with an air of apology.

"Small blame to her!" was the answer to this. "A fine-looking girl like herself! And it's Mrs. Palardy can put style on a broomstick, so I've heard tell."

Mrs. Tighe looked uneasy and thoughtful; and she carried her disturbed reflections to Susie, who was dusting the "front room," her head full of dreams and a half smile on her rosy lips.

"What do you think, Susie? Mrs. Palardy is coming to live on the Hill!"

It took Susie a moment to come back from dreamland, and then she flushed up in pleased excitement.

"O ma, you don't mean it? Then I *can* have some stylish things, after all!" And she pirouetted gayly around the room.

"But, Susie dear," her mother said gently, "what about Manie? She'll feel bad if she don't get to make some of your clothes."

"Goodness, ma, do I have to be a fright to save Manie O'Brien's feelings?" And the girl frowned petulantly. "She ought to get some style to her work—"

"She ought to get married, that's what she ought to do!" Mrs. Tighe broke in energetically. "She's a foolish girl not to take Sam Gleason."

"Is he after her?" Susie asked with interest; for, next to her own romance, that of another was worth some attention.

"If he isn't he ought to be,"—cryptically. "A widower with two little ones, and Manie just the one to take care of them. And he'd make a fine match for Manie."

"Manie's all right," Susie remarked

with all the condescension of eighteen to thirty; "and not bad-looking either, if she only wouldn't dress so dowdy."

"Poor child, she never has time to sew for herself! Her mother was the fine-looking girl in her young days,—indeed she was. I mind when we came out together from Ireland, everyone would turn to look at Mollie with her white skin and rosy cheeks. I wish—" she paused in deep thought. "Do you know what I think, Susie?" she said at length, in a very mysterious tone. "I think this Mrs. Palardy is coming to live on the Hill the way she might make up to Sam Gleason."

"Ma! What makes you think that?"

"Humph! They can't fool me! I've seen them talking together after Mass; and he walked down the street with her last Sunday after Vespers. I don't say she isn't a pretty little woman, if she is French; but Sam Gleason ought to marry one of his own kind."

"And you've decided he has to have Manie!" Susie laughed. "O ma, what a matchmaker you are!"

Mrs. Tighe looked cross.

"Did I make *your* match?" she retorted. "What have I to do with Sam Gleason or his marrying? I'm only saying that we're all sticks if we let a prying little Frenchwoman walk off with him, and he such a good match for poor Manie! That's all I have to say!" And she marched out of the room with supreme dignity.

Susie was chastened by her mother's earnestness. She really liked Manie O'Brien—everybody did,—and she would like to see her marry Sam Gleason, always providing she wanted him. On the other hand, she also liked little Mrs. Palardy, and she had to admit that she was the more attractive-looking of the two. She was so quick and neat and well-dressed and agreeable. And she would make Sam Gleason a good wife, too. "But I wouldn't dare to breathe that to ma!" Susie thought, with a giggle. "Now, if Manie would only take time to fix up a little, she couldn't be beat for looks."

And suddenly, as she turned matters over in her busy young mind, Susie had a great inspiration.

"Listen, ma!" She rushed out into the kitchen, where her mother was making noodles for a big pot of stewed chicken. "Do Sam and Manie really like each other?" She wanted to get her ground-work straight.

"Sure, why wouldn't they like each other? Aren't they neighbors' children? If that Frenchwoman—"

"Never mind the Frenchwoman!—Here, let me help." And as Susie shook out the long golden spirals she unfolded her plan, breaking into delighted laughter at her mother's face.

"But," said Mrs. Tighe, after they had given some time to the discussion, "you say you and Manie will be gone two weeks. That's a long time. What about the Fr—"

"Mother," Susie cried in an exasperated tone (she always said "mother" when she wanted to be emphatic), "if you say 'Frenchwoman' again, I'll—I'll die!" They both laughed.

"Well, I'm sure, child, if you think it's a good plan, I'm glad to have you go, for your own sake as well as for Manie's. Aunt Sarah will be glad to have the two of you, and you can advise with her about your things."

"Don't worry: there won't be a style in Columbus that Manie and I won't see. But first of all I'm going to see that she gets herself some decent clothes. Mark my words, you won't know Manie when she returns. And, ma," she sank her voice to a whisper, "don't—please don't—poison Mrs. Palardy till I come back!"

"Go on with you!" And her mother gave her a playful push; but a swift shadow settled on her face as the girl disappeared. "It's myself will be the lonely woman when she's gone from me entirely," she sighed.

No one knew how the hill above Centerville came to be entirely settled by Irish; but Jack Garrigan was fond of telling that

his grandfather was the first Irishman in those parts. It was when they were building the Short Line, and he belonged to one of the construction gangs, called by the farmers "railroaders," and looked upon by them as a species of wild men,—which in truth some of them, far from home and its restraining influences, had grown to be. A large majority of them were Irish, for this was the pick-and-shovel era for the Irish in America; and most of them were steady, upright men, looking to build up a home in the Land of Promise.

Of this type was John Garrigan; and often of a summer evening he and a couple of companions would leave the long wooden shanties where the men were housed and fed, and walk up the sloping hill that bounded the little village on the east. Garrigan was even then casting about him for a place to settle, and saving up his money "against" the time Mary Moran would come out from Ireland; and he struck a bargain with one of the small farmers, a Quaker from Pennsylvania, who was anxious to return to his own people. In due time Mary Moran came, and with her a younger sister and a cousin. What more natural than that a couple of sturdy young Irishmen in the same gang should find favor in the eyes of Mary's companions, and that three couples instead of one should settle on the Hill?

The settlement grew and its denizens prospered modestly. The first humble houses of two or three rooms were succeeded by more ambitious dwellings; holdings were extended, and peace and plenty blessed the people. At first the children went across the country to the district school; but later they had a school of their own, which became quite famous in its day. They made their First Communion and were confirmed in the little mission chapel down in Centerville. And woe betide the youngster who did not know his Catechism lesson! For Father Baker, who came out from Newark to instruct the children, was a very martinet for perfection. The result was a genera-

tion of extremely well-trained and devout Catholics. In time a resident pastor came to Centerville; and one of his consolations was the "Hill people" (as they had come to be called), and some of their descendants who had settled in the little town and become substantial citizens.

The Hill settlement, however, never became a big one. There were never more than fifteen or sixteen families in all; and, curiously enough, it remained purely Irish. New people came from time to time, but there were always enough descendants of the first settlers to keep up the traditions of the hardy pioneers,—men and women whose chief heritage to their children had been the Faith and an uncompromising racial pride. Community spirit was very keen, and prospective settlers were scanned with a wary eye, with the result that no undesirables were ever allowed on the Hill,—that is to say, if the residents knew it. Sometimes, as happens in the best-regulated families—the Hill was simply a big, ungainly family,—an impostor might find his way in; but that is another story.

Still, calling to mind that one painful and historic incident, Mrs. Tighe could not but reflect darkly on the coming of the little Frenchwoman, who arrived bag and baggage one bright spring day, shortly after Susie and Manie O'Brien had departed for Columbus, ostensibly to buy the all-important wedding clothes. Mrs. Palardy was installed in two rooms at Mrs. Fogarty's, and everyone on the Hill seemed to accept her presence as a matter of course.

"Ah, it's not like old times!" Mrs. Tighe grumbled to herself. "We had no foreigners in those days."

"She pays me fine," said Mrs. Fogarty to Mrs. Tighe one morning when they met at Johnny Rowan's little grocery.

"And well she may," thought Mrs. Tighe, bitterly; "looking to lay her hands on Sam Gleason's pocketbook." But she closed her lips tightly on these words, only allowing herself to remark with some

reserve that she was glad Mrs. Fogarty was satisfied.

"And why wouldn't I be?" that lady retorted with characteristic asperity, sensing her neighbor's disapproval. "It's the little woman has lots of friends and plenty of work, too; and Sam Gleason dropping in to see is there anything he can do for her."

Mrs. Tighe's heart burned within her, and she went out of the store forgetting half her purchases.

"I told Susie two weeks was a long time," she muttered. "And that foolish gom of a Sam Gleason! Ah, a French-woman, mind you!"

But time finally put a period to the Columbus visit. "Will be home on the afternoon train Tuesday," was the word from Susie, who had written glowing accounts of the wonderful doings in the capital. "You won't know Manie, mark my words!" had been the burden of the young girl's communications, with certain mysterious allusions to "Manie's good times" that made Mrs. Tighe vaguely uneasy. "She'll be after spoiling Manie, that's what she will, for Sam Gleason's wife!" But all misgivings disappeared on the evening that Mr. Tighe prepared to drive down just before supper to meet the evening train.

"I'd best take the spring wagon," he said to his wife. "What with their trunks and things—"

"Oh, take the buggy!" she coaxed, knowing Susie's aversion to riding in the first-mentioned vehicle. "And let Jodie Bates bring up the trunks. It's only a small while we'll be having the child." And the mother sighed.

"It's Jim Heavey that'll be getting the spoiled lady!" her husband grumbled; but he took the buggy nevertheless, and an hour later drove slowly up the hill with only one passenger beside him on the seat.

"Where's Manie?" was Mrs. Tighe's natural question, as her daughter sprang from the buggy and rushed into her arms.

"My, but I'm glad to be home!" Susie exclaimed. "Here, give me that package, pa! Take this one, ma! Oh, I'm so anxious for you to see my things, ma!"

And she kept up such a running fire of orders and conversation that her mother's mind was diverted from the question, until, followed by a knowing grin from Mr. Tighe, they had disappeared into the house. Then—

"Where did you leave Manie?" came the query again. Susie threw her hat and coat on the dining-room lounge and sank down beside them.

"Such excitement, ma! You'll never believe it." And she looked up at her mother with a mixture of fearfulness and fun. "Manie is married!"

"Married? Manie?" And Mrs. Tighe stared at her daughter incredulously. "Not to—why, didn't I see Sam Gleason?"

Manie burst out laughing.

"O ma, I'm sorry about your beautiful match! But Manie said he never looked at her, and she wouldn't have had him, anyhow. She married Joe Tynan. Don't you remember Joe? He left the Hill about two years ago, after he and Manie had had a spat. We met him on the street the very day we got to Columbus; and after that—well, it was all I could do to get Manie to help me pick out a few things. Then Joe had to go East on a business trip. He has a fine position; and the pastor, Father Flood, advised them to get married right away. You never saw such flying around!" Susie exhaled an audible sigh of happy exhaustion. "Don't look so solemn, ma," she added coaxingly. "It's all right. Manie married the man she wanted."

Over Mrs. Tighe's face a variety of emotions had been flitting as she tried to adjust herself to this new and startling change of conditions.

"Well, I'm sure I hope so," she was saying dubiously, when her husband entered from the kitchen, followed by Sam Gleason, who came in, he said, to shake hands with his little friend Susie.

"And so Manie's married!" he remarked, with no undue appearance of regret; while Mrs. Tighe and Susie exchanged furtive glances. "Well, Joe's a fine fellow, and I'm glad they made it up at last." Then he turned to the girl, with a quizzical light in his grave eyes. "They say one marriage makes many, Susie, so I guess you started all this; for little Mrs. Palardy is going off to-morrow to marry the chef, as they call him, at the new hotel in Newark. We worked together one time." He went on calmly explaining how he came to be such a friend of Mrs. Palardy's; while behind him Mr. Tighe, lighting his pipe, gave a prodigious big wink at his wife.

The Tighes had a hearty laugh after Sam Gleason, all unconscious of the counter-currents about him, had taken his departure; Mrs. Tighe joining in rather ruefully at first.

"So, after all, ma," Susie said mischievously, "you needn't have worried about the Frenchwoman, or Sam Gleason either."

"All the same," maintained her mother, as she started slowly towards the kitchen to make the tea, "he would have been a fine match for Manie."

THE Arabs are very good to the blind: they seldom want for anything. And they say that charity shuts the seventy doors of evil and gives passage over Sirath, the bridge sharp as a sword which stretches between hell and paradise. The Prophet must have taken the idea from our Catholic practice of giving alms for the relief of the souls in purgatory. And the Arabs—at least the wealthier ones—are bound to bestow hospitality. The poor and needy have only to come and say *Diaf Allah* ("We are the guests sent by God"), and food and lodging are never denied to them. And the answer is always given with equal formality, a grave bow, the right hand laid on the heart, and the words *Bismillâh! maraba bihoum* ("In the name of God, be welcome.")

—"*By the Blue River,*" I. Clarke.

Two Marshals of France.

BY EUGENE L. KENT.

I.—ROCHAMBEAU.

IN the black days when, as the saying is, Washington had his back against the wall—when he bore the grievous burden of a friendless cause and an impoverished people; when he had proudly proclaimed that, rather than yield to the forces of the British, he would retire beyond the Susquehanna with the remnant of his army and there continue the struggle,—France offered an alliance. Hope and the Continental resources were almost exhausted when Rochambeau and his soldiers arrived at Newport. Then, as by magic, courage revived; the war was prosecuted with zeal and confidence: victory became assured.

It would seem like a page of the European war before this country intervened against the Teutonic Powers,—a debt which the Generalissimo of the Allied armies, Marshal Ferdinand Foch, acknowledges in his desire to visit this country and thank the American people in person for their noble fulfilment of promises given his predecessor, Marshal Joffre. So the names of Rochambeau and Foch become linked together in the national mind, with the pleasing result that appreciation of all that the Rochambeaus, father and son, accomplished for the Western Republic is reawakened after slumbering for more than a century.

In these days of shifting values, Rochambeau and Foch make a study of profound significance,—both simple, pious Catholics, types of the best which France has given the world,—the one of the old noblesse, a descendant of knights who had fought under St. Louis in the Holy Land; the other, of the sturdy middle class, the third estate, now the hope of the country.

The Sons of the American Revolution and the Daughters of the same organization have always kept May 10, the anniversary

of the death of Rochambeau, the friend of American Liberty; and this year they are adding to their usual eulogy a petition to the Secretary of War, that General Pershing and the staff of the American Expeditionary Forces will not return to their native land without making a visit of ceremony to the Chateau de Rochambeau and the tomb of the warrior, the last Marshal of France under the Bourbon and the first under the Napoleonic régimes.

Rochambeau died, full of honors, at the age of eighty-two. He was the last Grand Commander of the Cross of St. Louis, a feudal Order of chivalry suppressed by the French Revolution; and the first of the Loyal Legion founded by Napoleon. The Sons of the American Revolution wear the Cross of St. Louis as a badge of their membership; and to them Rochambeau represents all that is fine in a patriot, a soldier, and a gentleman.

In the wake of Pershing and the American Army, it would be a worthy renewal of the ties which bind this country to her old ally France, that the Chateau of Rochambeau and the cemetery of Thoré be the objective for patriotic pilgrimages for all Americans visiting France. None could be more repaying, according to spiritual valuations.

Chateau de Rochambeau lies on the Loire,—that lovely stream which murmurs through great lengths of French literature in the poems of Pierre de Ronsard, himself a member of the noble Rochambeau family; and it is to-day unchanged in every essential. At the front door, hollowed from the soft rock of the Druidical caves over which the Rochambeaus, in the twelfth century, had built their stronghold, is the chapel where the old Comte, the Marshal of Yorktown fame, Jean Baptiste Donatien de Vimeur, was baptized, and where he was wont to retire for consolation and strength in the stress of life, especially in the evil days of the Terror. Here he was when the messengers of Robespierre came to summon him before the Tribunal. The chateau rambles along the river bank; and

in a sunny wing, commanding a superb view of the sylvan province of Vendôme, is the state chamber where the sons of the family were born, and where many of them, Donatien included, passed away.

The present Marquis de Rochambeau has dedicated this room to the memory of his illustrious kinsman, and it is hospitably open for all Americans who seek to honor the shrine. There is the great painting of Washington by Charles Wilson Peale, presented by the General to his friend and ally, as is told by a card attached to the frame. There are in the chamber several pictured Comtes Rochambeau, all known to fame; and they are draped with American flags, gifts which General Hancock made to the Marquis de Rochambeau, who represented his family at the centennial of the signing of American Independence in 1881. There is the Cross with the relic, which the Crusader held in his agony in Egypt, and which the grand old soldier of the American Revolution clasped as he drew his last breath. There is the original copy of his Memoirs, military, historical and political,—which, with strange indifference, have never been translated into English, except in meagre parts which allude to the American campaign.

In these pages Rochambeau's fine manhood, his solidity of character, his piety and devotion to the ideal, show forth so clearly that all who visit his ancient home will straightway seek to know him. From this old castle he went forth in his sixth year to the Fathers of the Oratory at Vendôme. He was always delicate and studious; and, as there was an elder brother to carry down the line and figure in the royal armies, Donatien was left to his natural inclinations. At six he dreamed of Holy Orders, and foresaw a career of holiness as well as eloquence and rhetoric; and he even entertained hopes of directing things better in the gay world from which he had turned away.

He was happy with the Oratorians, but it was the era when clashings of purposes resounded even in the cloister. On the

advice of the Bishop of Blois, himself a Jesuit, he was taken from Vendôme and placed in the preparatory school at Blois. Henceforth he gave himself over to study and spiritual discipline, and his occasional visits to the chateau only confirmed him in his childish ambition. The years passed tranquilly, almost unrecorded in the Memoirs, save for some remembrance of events common to any family or any novitiate. He looked forward hopefully to serving God in His anointed ministry. He had passed the usual days in pious meditation and prayer before receiving the tonsure, and he felt that peace which passeth understanding. He was confident he had chosen the better part, and that it should not be taken from him.

Suddenly the Bishop of Blois stands before him. His elder brother has died, and he has become heir to the title, and must repair at once to his father. Within a few weeks he has entered St. Cyr to become a soldier of France, as the men of his line bearing the title had been from the fifteenth century. He records no perturbation, no uncertainty, no repining. Trained as a soldier of an Order founded by the great warrior-saint, Loyola, obedience is his first law of life, and resignation to the will of God is blended with the natural filial respect of the French. There can be no solicitude that as a soldier of France he will serve his King as zealously and loyally as he would have served at the altar; there is no misgiving that this service will not be equally acceptable.

From his Memoirs and from the annals of contemporaries, Rochambeau now stands forth in the fine simplicity of his character, faithful to every trust, performing a splendid duty for God and for his country. He received his commission when he was less than twenty-two, and for more than sixty years he lived, as it were, on the battlefield, but apart from the usual gay, reckless noblemen of his era, as though he were still protected by the cloister at Blois. He gives a graphic picture of his trials in that first campaign in Bavaria,

of the hurried marches and inadequate rest when he served under the celebrated memorialist, Saint Simon, and the younger officers subsisted on a diet of lard and potatoes. And he adds in the philosophical tone which he often assumes: "This was an excellent preparation for the greater privations we were soon to know."

He is disgusted with the fops of army. It is his pride that he was always a line officer,—a fact frequently set down in his Memoirs. He dislikes the courtiers and "could never catch their tone"; and he keeps aloof from intrigues,—not alone in those early days, but throughout his long connection with the army, and under Marshals Saxe and Richelieu, D'Estrees and De Broglie, when he could have risen to any height through the influence of court friends. But he despised these men,—“cavalry officers,” he scoffs, “who are so fond of their horses they never exercise them!”

When Rochambeau arrived in Newport, he sent a messenger with a letter to Washington, his superior officer in the campaign in which he was about to take part. To this letter he added this postscript: "I enclose for your inspection a copy of my instructions, and of my secret instruction as well; for in this enterprise I feel I must have no secrets from my general." So spoke the honest soldier and upright man; and Washington, who had known bitter intrigues and secret conspiracy, recognized his rare value, and took him to his heart not only as an ally but as a friend. This friendship—attested by many letters which passed between the two after Rochambeau had departed from the land to which he had given such eminent aid—throws a charming side-light on both.

Washington is austere, and lacks the lighter graces of the Frenchman. Life to him is more serious, and he ponders continually whether it is for the eventual good of France that the horrors of the French Revolution drag out their awful course. Rochambeau is the Christian optimist. He is gay and debonair, a

classic scholar who has the Latin text within easy reach in speech and letter, and a delicate Latin wit as well. But, above all, he relies on the Providence of God. He writes cheerfully of the States-General, remarking that he and Lafayette, true to the lessons learned in association with the American armies, saw not the three parties of old France—nobles, clergy, third estate,—but only the privileged and unprivileged classes, and their vote was for the oppressed. He adds in a lighter tone: "You remember, my dear General, our first repast together, when the characteristics of our two nations were so plain. For, beginning with the soup, the Frenchman burned his throat, while the American waited until such time as it had cooled. So we gulp down liberty, but God grant we realize our aims!" Washington, somewhat reassured, replies: "But I wish to see all the world at peace."

Later, when Louis XVI. has created the ally of the American patriots Marshal of France, Rochambeau is torn with conflicting instructions from the tottering Bourbon dynasty. Finally, after listening to order and counter-order in regard to the mobs and outbreaks in the streets, he asks sternly: "Do you wish me to keep the peace? I shall do it in my own way; for I am a soldier, not a politician."

The years and much sorrow begin to weigh; and, after ineffectual efforts to save his King, he sorrowfully witnesses the violent crash of the throne and the execution of so many of his old friends and associates. He closes his mansion in Paris, and seeks the haven on the Loire. It was here he was arrested, dragged to the Conciergerie, and, under the threat of the guillotine, languished more than three years. He was finally acquitted, and returned to his chateau at Vendôme; but the sad years had left their mark. Napoleon recognized his worth, and honored him above all his marshals. But earthly rewards had lost their value. To the man who had sat with the nobles of France during the bitter "Night of the Pentecost,"

when for their country's welfare they willingly relinquished privileges dating back to the twelfth century, the Emperor's Grand Order of the Loyal Legion was but a bauble.

Napoleon's reasons for bestowing on Rochambeau the honor of first Grand Commander furnish an epitome of his career. In the citation, the Master of Europe said that he had sought the man whose achievements were brilliant and successful, worthy of France in the military sense: he found such a man in Marshal Rochambeau. But he sought a man whose private life was blameless as his public record was unsullied,—a man to represent the honor of France and her shining fame among the nations: he found all this in Jean Baptiste Donatien de Vimeur, Comte de Rochambeau.

There is but one more light to turn on the character of Rochambeau, and to do this it is necessary to read towards the end of the Memoirs, when that span of eighty-two years has been almost rounded. He speaks of the blessings which he has enjoyed, and for which he breathes fervent gratitude to God; then of the blessings of his married life; noting that, by a benevolent act of Providence, he had been saved from two unhappy ventures he might have made; and that, by following the wishes of his father, he had found love and comfort and the uplifting of his soul. "My dear wife," he writes, "has made my happiness all these years; as I hope, on my part, I have made hers, by a most tender love, from which during more than fifty years I have never varied for an instant."

Follow the downward course of the Loire about one and a third miles distant from the chateau, and among clustering trees you will come upon the cemetery of Thoré, and, at its entrance, the tomb of Rochambeau. It is a block of black and white marble, on which is engraven a brief but spirited recital of the Marshal's life,—the day of his birth, July 1, 1725; and of his death, May 10, 1807. There is also the inscription written by her whose light went

out on that May day one hundred and twelve years ago, and who had survived him seventeen long and sorrowful years:

"A model as admirable in his family as in his armies; an indulgent but enlightened mind, ever busy with the well-being of others; an honorable and tranquil old age, the crowning of a spotless life. Those who had been his vassals had become his children. His tomb awaits me; but, before descending to it, I have desired to engrave upon it the memory of so many merits and virtues, as a token of fifty years of perfect happiness."

On the reverse side of the great granite square may be read the simple epitaph of the Comtesse de Rochambeau:

HERE LIES JEANNE THÉRÈSE TELLES D'AOSTA
WHO DIED AT ROCHAMBEAU

MAY 19, 1824

AGED NINETY-FOUR YEARS

(Conclusion next week.)

Where the Flowers of St. Francis Bloom.

WHEREVER St. Francis of Assisi has dwelt, there yet lingers an atmosphere of Christlike simplicity. Wherever the steps of the gentle saint have trodden, Nature's creatures abound. Even the barren mountain on whose side he lingered has blossomed into a gracious oasis, where star-eyed flowers spangle the greensward, and stately cypresses rear their slender heights beside the streams on whose banks he loved to wander.

Nature held few secrets from the "Poor Man of Assisi"; and his "little brothers" the birds and the fishes knew no fear at his approach. The north of Italy is still impregnated with his personality. Montefalco, perched on its mountain-top, gazing serenely over the vast Umbrian plain, where St. Francis preached to the birds; the sea-girt fastness of San Francesco al Deserto, swimming in the sun-flecked waters of the Venetian lagoons; La Verna, rising grey and massive from the huge rock, flinging the grey morning

mists from her walls, as the Walhalla of heroic legends flung the mists of dreams and omens from her battlements,—La Verna, the home of the sacred stigmata, that most precious seal of God's great love for men.

But it is Assisi whose name thrills the hearts of the lovers of St. Francis. Here the saint was born, here he lived and died. Assisi's quaint old streets once re-echoed his footsteps; her porphyry-hued pavements have been worn by the shuffling of his sandals. How the saint must have gazed on the smiling wonder of the great plain beneath, with the ineffable love of one who views in the glories of Nature but tokens of the power and love of the Creator! Here lie the vineyards where the "Poor Man" hid himself to pray; the crumbling terrace walls once listened mutely to his communings with God. Inquisitive, quick-motivated lizards, fleet-winged birds, innumerable insects and humble creatures, with all of whom he claimed kin,—came to hearken. And perhaps, in their own way, they praised their Maker the better for the lesson they had learned.

Down below in the great plain, bathed in the ardor of the Southern sun, lies the church of S. Maria degli Angeli (which St. Francis' earthly eyes never beheld), sheltering the "Little Portion." A mere hut it is, but it is the cradle of the great Franciscan Order,—the mother-house of a fraternity which has spread to all corners of the earth. In this humble stable the saint collected his first followers, and delivered to them the simple rules God had given him to preach.

To the men of his own time, no doubt he was very insignificant; there was nothing apparently wonderful about the meanly-clad mendicant, who was not even an ordained priest of God. As he had lived, so he died,—unnoticed and unknown, his "Mistress Poverty" attending his last moments. He breathed forth his soul in a rough, rude cell in the midst of the vineyards, within sight of his beloved

native city, and he blessed her with his dying breath.

Through the long centuries which have elapsed since his sojourn upon earth, the saint's eyes have ever been fixed lovingly upon his native land. He is not unmindful of his own; for the "Little Portion" is still the mother-house of his Order, still held lovingly by Franciscan hands in trust for him.

Once, years ago, the Government of Italy seized the lands, stripped the church and turned it into a barracks. But disease broke out amongst the soldiers, and they died in such numbers that the dishonored edifice had to be abandoned. Then St. Francis' children quietly took possession of their own once more. On another occasion a great fire broke out in the buildings, and the church was nearly burned to the ground; yet the "Little Portion," the cradle of a mighty race, remained intact. Again, more recently, the mother-house was threatened, and a large sum of money was necessary to save it from suppression. But St. Francis put things right in his simple, rather naïve way. A wealthy Jew bought the property—for no apparent reason,—and restored it to its rightful owners. Richly will St. Francis some day repay his benefactor that loan.

So the "Little Portion," tiny as it is, still remains the mother-house of the Franciscan Order. No doubt it will be so till the end of time, for St. Francis remembers his own. The humble gift he received so many centuries ago, he will return, glorified a hundredfold with so many centuries of prayer and love, to the hands of the Creator of all at the last day.

Do you wish to appease a furious person? Then never follow his example. In the moment of passion it is not the reflection of our own image that shames us, but the striking contrast which shows us our hideousness. Rebuke and impatience succeed no better: they serve only to fan the flame.—*Souvestre.*

Soul-Biography.

SOME people, either to the advantage or disadvantage of their reputations, have their biographies written after they are dead. The soul-biography of everyone that comes into this world is written before birth,—written from eternity in the mind of God. And in God's mind are two biographies for most of us—the ideal, and the real; the one God meant to come true, and the one that does come true.

How very beautiful must have been the plan of life laid down by God for every soul to whom He has given the Faith, whom He has incorporated in His Church and endowed with the immense graces that flow continually from Jesus Christ, the Head, to each member of the mystical body! For each man and woman that ever lives there is a divine plan, before each is set a certain grade of spiritual achievement that God wants him or her to attain. Innumerable, certainly, are these grades,—as innumerable as are the "many mansions" in man's heavenly home. There is a place there, in the real home of man, for the rude, untaught savage, who follows the light within him, and does what he knows; even for him there is a certain perfection that he can reach if he will. But, surely, God's calling us into His Church, His giving to us the riches of His goodness and mercy and loving-kindness, is a proof that of us more is expected: that we are meant to hold a high place in God's kingdom above, and, therefore, to reach a high stage of spiritual perfection in His kingdom here below.

What a beautiful life God must have meant us to lead! What beautiful souls He meant ours to be! What beautiful lives we should have led, and what nobility of soul would have been ours, had we made full use of all the graces God prepared for us from eternity, and has in time given us,—graces fitted by the divine foreknowledge and love to the grade of perfection to which He designed that each should come!

What fervent, unchanging love of God we should have had,—unchanging, that is, in the choice of Him as the best, the supreme Object of desire and delight, yet ever growing greater! What a constant eye on heaven, and for heavenly things! How spiritual, how unworldly should we have been! How religious in our thoughts, our principles, our maxims, our aspirations, our practical conduct! What happy peace would have made serene the depths of our being, whatever storms might have tossed upon the surface! That is what God meant for me; that is what He gave me the grace to be; that is what, had I but used His grace, I should have been.

And now? Alas and alas! The world, as a spiritual writer puts it—the spiritual world,—is a hospital full of sick souls. We may take consolation from the thought at least that a hospital is a place for making people well. But how few have attained God's original ideal for them! Our Blessed Lady, St. Joseph, some other saints, who co-operated perfectly.

What, then, has happened? Certainly we had a bad start. We began with a fallen nature, and with all kinds of perverseness and inclination to sin, the result of the original fall. But God had provided for that. If we had co-operated faithfully with His graces *from the beginning*—from the days of youth onwards,—then step by step we should have mounted, going on from strength to strength. Faults would have been eradicated as they pushed up from the soil of our souls, God's garden. The seeds of beautiful virtues sown there would have been cultivated to maturity, and would have brought forth their fair fruit in abundance. Resolute in will, enlightened in intellect, right-minded and sane in the things of conscience, we should have been what God meant us to be.

The most of us can not say that this ideal has been made real in ourselves. One reason is, without doubt, that we have not made *our own* God's plan for us. We have had other ideals and other ambitions,—low ones, or trivial, or vain and useless;

or at best unsupernatural and merely utilitarian, in the worldly sense. We ought to have made God's ideal for us the main preoccupation of our lives. It is true that He does not make known to us the exact point of perfection which He means us to reach; but He gives us the practical means of reaching it,—the various helps, external and internal, by a faithful use of which we could reach it. One thing we never must do: we must never draw a line and say, "Beyond that line I need not try to go. I will do so much and no more. I will be so far pious and religious, and no further." The only right thing to do is to follow the inspirations of grace and be generous with God, asking Him for the gift of holy prudence to save us from all false fervor and unwise undertakings in our spiritual life, that would not further us in the onward march towards the goal.

The greatest obstacle of all to attaining God's ideal for us may be described in the one word "egoism." Egoism, in any of its many forms, obscures the grand ideal of sanctity and perfection. By egoism we "get in our own light," so to speak; self stands where the ideal should stand,—where God should stand. How full of self are even our poor virtues! Often we are virtuous because it pays; or our virtues are due as much to circumstances as to any solid training and self-discipline.

Is all, then, lost? Since we have failed to reach the original ideal and to carry out God's beautiful plan, must we, therefore, despair and reconcile ourselves to low ambitions? No, indeed; for God has another plan. In the divine mind is written an alternative soul-biography, perchance even more beautiful than the first. Penitent souls may sometimes reach a higher perfection than if the bitter-sweet of contrition had not been added to their love. So it was, we may safely suppose, with St. Augustine, St. Mary Magdalene, and other great penitents.

God is Creator, and He can re-create the spiritual beauty and perfection of souls that

have failed. Hence the cry of penitent David: "Create in me a new heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me!" The word of the Lord, we are told, came to the Prophet Jeremias, saying: "Arise, and go down into the potter's house, and there thou shalt hear My words." And the Prophet tells us: "I went down into the potter's house, and behold he was doing a work on the wheel. And the vessel was broken which he was making of clay with his hands; and, turning, he made another vessel, as it seemed good in his eyes to make it. Then the word of the Lord came to me, saying: Can not I do with you as this potter, O House of Israel, saith the Lord? Behold, as clay is in the hand of the potter, so are you in My hand, O House of Israel!"¹

If we have not co-operated in God's first plan for us—if we have broken like the vessel in the hand of the potter,—can not a merciful God do with us as the potter with the broken vessel? The potter's clay was still soft; and, unless we harden our hearts altogether, the divine Artificer of souls can mould us again according to His new design, to be, perhaps, more beautiful than ever. We have to co-operate in this renewal. It will be more painful than if we had never needed remoulding; but with a salutary pain,—a pain that will make us dearer to God because we have been willing to suffer it for His own sake. So shall the soul-biography that does at last come true be a wonderful and beautiful record,—a sweet story of redeeming, renovating love on God's part; of tender, loving contrition, brave penance, and victorious effort on ours.

¹ Jer., xviii, 1-6.

MANNERS are the shadows of virtues; the momentary display of those qualities which our fellow-creatures love and respect. If we strive to become, then, what we strive to appear, manners may often be rendered useful guides to the performance of our duties.—*Sydney Smith.*

Notes and Remarks.

A man like Dr. Georges Duhamel, who has seen the horrors and suffering of war at close range—closer than most of those who bore arms or commanded armies,—may be excused for turning pacifist, even for declaring, as he does in his new book, "Civilization" (though not in so many words), that peace is worth any price, and that war, regardless of motives, is a crime and a disgrace to humanity. This celebrated surgeon's terrible and beneficent work in the military hospitals was no doubt present to him when he wrote his book, and caused him to lose sight of the fact that war is not necessarily a crime and a disgrace for all who engage in it. There are wars and wars, and peace in some circumstances would be no less injurious than dishonorable. Not until the service of policemen can be dispensed with and jails are rendered useless, not until nations, which are only aggregations of individuals, are thoroughly Christianized, will there be an end of warfare. If all men shared the high ideals and possessed the fine feelings of Dr. Duhamel, if all were as earnestly bent on the betterment of the world as he is, the reign of peace in it could be established at once. He is one of the greatest of surgeons; and his book proves him to be one of the best of men, though in some sense a mistaken one.

The best news about the Armenians, Greeks and Syrians that has come to us of late is contained in a bulletin received last week from the American Committee for Armenian-Syrian Relief, announcing that, through the personal efforts of Secretary Daniels, a fourth Government ship loaded with supplies for the sufferers in the Near East is now *en route* for Constantinople. This means relief and life for thousands who have endured untold hardships,—cold, hunger, nakedness, persecution, and exile. The "Newport News" carries also the love and sympathy of the

American people to the suffering thousands in the Orient, and the assurance that its homeless orphans shall not be abandoned. Who can now repeat the assertion that Christianity is a failure?

We learn that the American Red Cross has turned over to the American Committee for Armenian-Syrian Relief all its relief work in the territory north of Palestine. That in the distribution of alms there has been, or will be, any intentional discrimination on account of religion is incredible. Indeed, we have repeatedly been assured by Mr. Charles V. Vickrey, secretary of the American Committee, that nothing has been left undone to guard against anything of the sort.

In a highly excitable communication, which seems to be all the more so on account of being typewritten with purple ink, a Frenchman upbraids us for what he considers unjust criticisms of the French Government. It is "not so against the Church" as represented, he maintains; and he demands that we "make some retractions sometimes." We do not see our way to this. The most we can promise is to wish *bon voyage* to any president of the French Republic that may undertake the journey to Canossa. It would be unfair to another correspondent, who accuses us of being pro-German—when not pro-Irish,—to publish his letter. He was evidently beside himself when he wrote it, and by this time he has doubtless cooled off sufficiently to see that unwillingness to believe that the ex-Kaiser is Antichrist is really no proof of unfriendliness to England. An Irishman who complains that we do not say enough about the Sinn Feiners, and that we are altogether too favorable to the English, also denounces us for being opposed to Prohibition. Though a total-abstainer, his language is not even temperate. He uses strong expressions and writes to excess.

We do not complain of receiving such letters,—far from it. They may do the writers a lot of good, and they don't do us

the least harm. But we can not be expected to publish these communications, or to comment upon them. This acknowledgment of receipt must suffice. Anything further would be overdoing the thing—like a hunchback making a bow, as the Chinese say.

Instances in which natural virtues in non-Catholics are rewarded by the gift of faith are of everyday occurrence in this as in every other land; but only when the individuals concerned are of more than ordinary prominence is the world at large likely to hear of the resulting conversions. From a late issue of the *Denver Catholic Register* we learn of a notable case in point. Among the millionaires of Denver who, although outside the Church gave generously to Catholic causes was Mr. Verner Z. Reed, philanthropist, writer, and art critic. It would appear he had long shown a decided partiality for Catholic doctrine, and his closest personal friend for years was a Catholic priest. This friend recently accompanied the philanthropist on a health-trip to California, and, Mr. Reed's illness becoming hopeless, had the consolation of receiving him into the Church. Our contemporary emphasizes the point that the gentleman's wealth was clean; adding that his sympathies were with the common people, and that he proved himself intensely patriotic during the war.

American agriculturists, who were dowered with some literary dignity when Emerson called them "the embattled farmers" who "fired the shot heard round the world," have all along apparently been, if not litterateurs, at least scientists, or, to be specific, phenologists. Phenology is "that branch of applied meteorology which treats of the influence of climate on the recurrence of the annual phenomena of animal and vegetable life"; and it appears that, from time immemorial, old-fashioned farmers have conducted their agricultural operations according to phenological prin-

ciples, without being conscious of their exemplifying so high-sounding a science. The "News Letter" of the U. S. Department of Agriculture tells us that the practice of planting a certain kind of seed when a certain kind of flower was in bloom has been looked upon "as something for well-meaning old fogies to putter around with, and for well-informed people to smile at"; but nowadays the practice is declared to be in strict accordance with the soundest scientific principles. Oral tradition, rather than the printed word, it would seem, has been the medium for the transmission of phenological information. Says the same publication that we have just quoted:

No human being has ever yet known the science of phenology in its completeness. Many hundreds of years ago, a wise man, though probably an unlettered one, picked up a bit of it here and there, and practised it and told it to his children; and they practised it in turn, and told it to their children. So it came down by word of mouth through many generations, with accretions here and there; every generation adding a little, but each generation likely to confuse and wrongly apply what it had inherited from the preceding generation. Some of its results have been wrong, because men failed to remember accurately or to apply properly; but, on the whole, it doubtless has worked beneficially, and now a beginning is made toward converting it into an exact science.

Our hope that one result of the World War would be a general distrust of newspapers—they published so many lying reports and preposterous fabrications—seems unlikely to be realized, at least for some time to come. A moment's reflection should have been enough to convince any ordinarily sensible person that Cardinal Logue's widely-published "cable" to the Hearst papers was an utter fabrication; however, his Eminence has felt called upon to make this public statement: "Though I am not in the habit of contradicting misrepresentations in newspapers of which I am made the subject—it would be a useless and thankless task,—I notice an assertion in to-day's papers which I think

should not go without contradiction. It purports to be a message from New York to the [London] *Daily News*, and is to this effect: 'Numerous Irish ecclesiastics, including Cardinal Logue, . . . are cabling the Hearst Press in outspoken but hardly constructive terms.' I have never in my life cabled a message to America bearing directly or indirectly on politics. I know nothing of the Hearst Press, and have never had any communication with it."

Intelligent readers do not need to be told that as little reliance can be placed on reports sometimes given out by Governments—"for public consumption," as Mr. Bryan once expressed it—as on reports fabricated by newspapers.

It is a safe prediction that in all future conflicts between nations there will be a fuller realization of the truth of Napoleon's dictum: "In war the moral is to the material as three to one." Nations may be trained to fight, but the masses will have to be convinced of just cause for quarrel before taking up arms. Declarations of war will not be left to individual rulers, or to legislative bodies that can be controlled by them. The reconstructionists should ponder this comment on patriotism by Sir Francis Fletcher-Vane:

It is difficult, as we have seen lately, to light a consuming fire of patriotic enthusiasm in the breast of a man who has no real and visible stake in his country, . . . who realizes but too acutely that all the country does for him is to make him work as much as it can for the smallest wage possible. If he be not an absolute fool, he will grasp the truth that he becomes really interesting to his Government only when it is in some crisis. . . . It is just as well not to dwell too much on the patriotism of the past, but to direct their minds to possibilities of true patriotism in the future, when they will lend a hand in reconstituting a nobler world.

The Latin proverb, *Ex uno disce omnes*—"From one example you may form an opinion of all"—is true only when the example is a typical one: arguing from particulars to generals is very frequently

a fallacy. The Chicago *Israelite* takes exception to a specific instance of the fallacy as evidenced in a Michigan contemporary's application of the term "Shylock" to a Hebrew usurer against whom a decision was recently rendered in a Michigan circuit court. Instead of merely reporting the case, complains the *Israelite*, the editor of the offending paper took occasion to resurrect the Shylock story and "sprinkle his editorial with 'Jew' and 'Jew' and again 'Jew,' as though he was desirous of airing a venomous hatred." This further comment of the Chicago journalist is worth reading:

There are a hundred Shylocks who are Christians to one who is a Jew. Yet nobody thinks of connecting their Christianity with their usury. But let the opportunity arise when a Jew is guilty of this offence, and there are always some editors—a very few fortunately—who are ready and eager to seize the opportunity to defame Jews generally. There could be much more said on this subject, but what is the use? These offenders against decency are usually at the head of insignificant papers, and cater to the bigotry of a class whose ignorance they feel they can count upon. Papers of standing are never guilty of this offence.

The rebuke is pertinent to the defamers of others than our Hebrew fellow-citizens,—to rabid anti-Catholic bigots, for instance. Only a few weeks ago, in the same State of Michigan, a criminal case in which a Catholic clergyman was made to figure, albeit only in the rôle of the innocent bystander, was exploited with a vigor and a persistence explicable only as downright fanaticism.

Evidence that the Catholics of Scotland are alive to the importance of safeguarding their rights in the matter of Catholic education is afforded by their action in the recent election of "Education Authorities." The editor of the *Glasgow Observer* is almost boisterous in recording "the resounding triumph, which has made a tremendous impression on the Protestant press and public." He says in part:

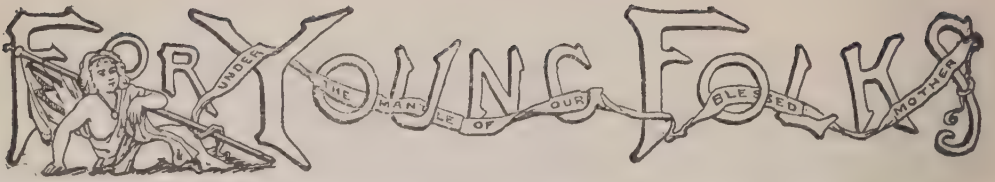
In all the Burghs, and particularly in Glasgow and Dundee, the Catholic voters turned out

magnificently. The Catholic organization was perfect; the discipline, solidarity, and intelligence of the Catholic electorate received splendid manifestation. In some places it was estimated that over 90 per cent of the Catholic vote was polled, whilst the total percentage of the electorate who voted was rarely above 30 per cent, and often below that. It will be seen, therefore, that the Catholic electorate gave an emphatic and incontestable proof of its concern for Catholic school interests, and of its resolution to defend those interests against every form of adversity....

The Catholic body is profoundly concerned for the conservation of its schools; and in the five leading Scottish Burghs, on Friday it gave demonstration of this with a vigor and thoroughness that was the despair and envy of outsiders; and with an indivisible cohesion that made it impervious to sneer, seduction or assault. Never in electoral history in Scotland has so magnificent a triumph been registered for the Catholic cause, simultaneously in so many populous centres.

We cordially congratulate our co-religionists in the Land of the Burghs on their magnificent and significant victory, and we earnestly commend to our co-religionists everywhere the unity of purpose and solidarity of action which made that victory possible.

How few people realize the truth so well expressed by the celebrated Judge Park, of England, in a forgotten work called "Lessons by the Way," which has recently come under our notice! "We live," he writes, "in the midst of blessings till we are utterly insensible of their greatness, and of the sources whence they flow. We speak of our civilization, our arts, our freedom, our laws, and forget entirely how large a share is due to Christianity. Blot Christianity out of the pages of man's history, and what would his laws have been, what his civilization? Christianity is mixed up with our very being and our daily life; there is not a familiar object around us which does not wear a different aspect because of the light of Christian love; not a law which does not owe its truth and gentleness to Christianity; not a custom which can not be traced, in all its best parts, to the Gospel."



Colors on the Altar.

BY E. MERRYWEATHER.

WHITE is for love and gladness,
As when so poor was born
For love of us our Saviour
The first bright Christmas morn.

In violet the altar,
As Lenten shadows fall,
Is draped, when sorrow for our sins
Bids us for mercy call.

Red brings to mind the martyrs,
Who shed for Christ their blood;
And, since for Him they suffered,
Still to the end withstood.

Green is the color of our earth,
Of hope and life the sign;
Hope—out of suffering, sorrow, love—
Leads on to life divine.

A Boy's Bargain.

BY H. K. C.

IN the middle of the eighteenth century there lived in the little town of Montdidier, France, an apothecary, by name Master Lombard, and by report a crusty old miser.

Everybody said Master Lombard was rich, and though, what everybody says is not always true, it was true in this instance. Lombard was wealthy, but he lived like a beggar. He lent money on good security, but he never lent any of it to the Lord by giving it to the poor.

One snowy night, when Lombard had closed his shop, and was sitting in his back-room over the smallest scrap of fire, eating a dry crust, there was a knock at the outer door. Old Lombard kept no servant, and no one ever came to see him except on

business; for, as you may imagine, he was not a man given to hospitality. When the knock was heard at the door, therefore, he knew well it must be either a trick of some mischievous boy to annoy him, or a customer; and, being economical of his own trouble as well as of everything else, he waited for the stranger to knock again.

"If it is only a mischievous boy," he said, "he'll probably not knock twice; if it is a customer, he is sure to do so."

The knock was repeated. Old Lombard rose, and, passing through his shop, unbarred and unbolted the outer door, and looked out straight before him in the snowy street. He saw nothing, and was about to shut the door again with an angry word, when a child's voice arrested his attention.

"Please you, good Master Lombard, it is me."

"Me!" said old Lombard, suddenly darting upon a small boy, who stood shivering on the snowy doorstep. "And who is *me*, that he should dare disturb my rest? Who says I never give to those who want? Tell them they speak false; you wanted a thrashing, and I'll give you that—come here!" He seized the boy by the arm; but the lad struggled and released himself, saying:

"I did not come to play a trick on you, Master Lombard, but to ask you to make some medicine for my mother."

"Medicine for my mother!" Lombard repeated in a mocking voice. "And is my mother ill? High living is too much for her; let her use plain food as I do."

"Please you, Master Lombard, my mother is dying partly from want of food—she is very poor,—partly from want of medicine. This paper tells us what is sure to do for her all that medicine can do; it is in Latin, but you know all about it."

"Come in," said Lombard, and the boy

followed him. He closed the door, went behind the counter, put on his spectacles, and, stooping down over a bit of lighted candle, read the paper.

The boy watched the old man's face anxiously as he read; and when he ceased, asked whether it was a good remedy for such and such complaints, detailing his mother's ailments.

"Yes," said old Lombard, "the remedy is good enough; but it is dear: it would cost a golden piece."

"A golden piece!" cried the poor child in alarm. "Oh, what shall I do? I have but seven sous!"

"I don't know what you are to do, except take yourself out of my shop as quickly as possible."

"O Master Lombard, you know that ever since my father's death, sickness and poverty have been in our home, and now my mother is dying!"

"That is no affair of mine," old Lombard answered. "People who can't support themselves are best out of the world."

"I beg you not to send me away without the medicine! Please do this act of charity, and God will reward you."

"I tell you," said old Lombard, "I will do no such thing. Money will buy medicine in this shop. Nothing for nothing,—those are my terms."

"Do give me the medicine!" said the distracted boy, as the thought of his poor suffering mother pressed itself on him. "O good Master Lombard, I will be your servant—your slave. I will eat little. I will work all the time. I will do anything if you will help me now!"

Old Lombard seemed to hesitate; he was rather surprised at the boy's vehemence. He knew him to be bright and honest, and it occurred to him that it might not be a bad speculation to close with the boy's bargain. But it was not his way of doing business to say so; no, he was too hard a trader for that.

"You would be a valuable servant! You would eat till you fell asleep, and sleep till you were hungry again. You

would need a laced coat, like the noblemen at Versailles, and money in both pockets for your idle hands to play with. Out with you! I need no such help as you can give."

It was a hard trial to the boy to bear the cruelty of the old man, but again he thought of his mother, and said:

"Master Lombard, if you will give me a trial I will come here on your own terms: I will work all day; I will eat black bread; I will never wrong you in any way. Only let me have the medicine."

The boy spoke so earnestly that even old Lombard felt he spoke the truth. He made up the prescription, said he would come round and look at the patient, and that he would take the boy into his service. With warm gratitude the boy thanked him, and hastened to the bedside of his mother; while old Lombard returned to his seat by the fire and thought over his bargain. "I must have a boy to help me," he said; "I can hire this one for a tenth of what I must give to another; I can feed him sparely, work him hard—umph—I might have done worse!" So, with this reflection, he put out his candle and went to bed in the dark.

By the bedside of his mother the boy watched all through the night, and as the grey dawn appeared saw—and his heart leaped at the sight—his mother open her eyes, and heard her speak to him. She was better: the medicine had done its work. How grieved and yet how grateful was she when she heard of her boy's bargain! She was sorry that he would have so hard a master, but pleased that he had accepted the service for her sake; and when she was well again, and he was to begin his duties in old Lombard's shop, she threw her arms about his neck and assured him that God would surely bless and prosper a son who so honored and loved his mother.

And so it was. The work was very hard, the food was bad and scanty; a kind man would not lodge a dog as that boy was lodged; but he prospered. He was a clever, studious boy, and in that chemist's

shop he learned enough to make him wish for wider information. He was so civil and obliging that Lombard's customers increased, so industrious and painstaking that even the old miser was satisfied; and all the while he was cheering his mother's heart by telling her what he intended to do when he was a man.

Years passed, and the boy became a man, and found that 'a good name was rather to be chosen than great riches.' While everybody despised the rich miser, people esteemed the young doctor, who in course of time became one of the most celebrated men in Europe. He was appointed Inspector-General of health; was loaded with honors, and even received a patent of nobility; for the poor boy was none other than Parmentier the chemist!

Buddy.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XIX.—BLACK BEN GUARDS.

THE long rod dropped from the doctor's hand as, with a hoarsely muttered word that Buddy did not catch, he turned upon the reckless young intruder. If looks could kill, Buddy's story would have ended on the spot; for the gleam in the doctor's eye was a deadly light. As it was, the long, supple, surgeon fingers made a swift, unseen move to the bare, boyish throat; and just what would have happened next moment no one can say, if a black giant figure had not loomed up like a guardian angel behind Buddy.

Big Ben was true to his trust. Though shaking and ashen-faced, he was ready to defy all the powers of darkness at his "ole Mammy's" command.

"Stand off dar, you cussed hant!" he roared at sight of the tall figure among the gravestones. "Don't you dare tech dat ar boy!" And, though the cold sweat of which Granny Jackson had spoken was standing in big drops on his brow, he caught up a large stone that emphasized his words.

"Oh, don't—don't—don't, Ben!" cried Buddy. "This isn't a 'hant.' It's the doctor that came down to Maplewood to-day."

"De Lawd, so 'tis!" said Ben, recognizing one of the guests who had been out at the stable looking over his horses. "I—I begs your pardon, sah! I wasn't counting seeing none ob you genman way out hyah. I begs your pardon, suttinly, sah!"

The doctor looked from one speaker to the other, in silent desperation; for no keen-eyed sleuth could ruin his plans more effectively than these unsuspecting witnesses. Their innocent account of this midnight signalling would betray him hopelessly. The hour had seemed so late, the place so remote, so secluded. And now—now—the doctor ground his teeth, and, under his breath, cursed himself for a reckless fool. But the message had to be flashed at midnight, and he had been unable to reach a more distant point on account of the storm.

"What—what were you doing out here?" he found voice at last to question.

"I?" said Buddy, the fierce tone and glance quite lost upon him. "I was caught at Miss Meredith's by the storm, and Ben was bringing me home. Not that I would have been afraid to come by myself," he explained hastily. "I saw your lights, and thought some of the boys from West River were trying to frighten me. What kind of lights were you setting off? Some sort of experiment, I suppose."

"Yes," said the doctor, dryly. "It was an experiment, and rather a dangerous one. You see, after a storm such as we had to-night, the atmosphere is highly charged with—with—"

The speaker paused in fierce self-disgust. What folly to blind the boy with lies—fairy tales! There had been one moment when he might have forever silenced him, with the surgeon twist to his throat.

"I suppose it's too big a word for me to understand," added Buddy. "Most doctors' words are. But I think electricity is awfully interesting. We studied a lot

about it at St. Xavier's. The boys used to give each other shocks and make their hair stand out. Mine wouldn't, because it curls too tight. But Brother Francis told us that was only play. He said electricity was one of God's greatest wonders, and no one quite understood it yet,—though I suppose you know a lot about it. Were you drawing it out of the clouds to-night to cure Uncle Kent's gout?"

"No," answered the doctor, briefly,—
"not to cure gout."

"I thought maybe you were," said Buddy, with a curious glance at the rod that lay at the doctor's feet. "Old Brother Joseph used to take electric shocks for his rheumatism; he said it limbered up his legs fine. Are you going to experiment any more to-night?"

"No," replied the doctor, who found conversation with this innocent questioner very difficult. "I have done—for to-night."

"I'm sorry," said Buddy, regretfully. "I wish I had come along a little sooner. I'd like to have seen what you were doing. Can't I carry your things home for you?" he continued politely, for there was a book and some papers as well as the rod.

But the doctor hurriedly gathered up all except the rod.

"We will leave this until morning," he said. "I have to make an early start from your pleasant home," he added, as they turned from the graveyard together. "Your uncle will understand that—it is necessary when he hears of my experiment to-night. Make my adieux," he went on in his formal, foreign fashion, "to your mother and all the ladies, especially your fair Cousin Enid. And should you happen to mention our meeting to-night—"

"Oh, I will!" said Buddy. "I'll tell her all about it,—how we saw your fireworks in the graveyard, and Ben took you for a ghost. It will make her laugh, I know."

Little the innocent speaker guessed the murderous hate that rose in his hearer's heart at his words. Would Miss Enid laugh indeed,—laugh when she heard how

this unconscious witness of his treachery had confounded all his plans! If he could only silence this babbling boy, thought the doctor in fierce despair. Ah! it was well for Buddy that Big Ben stalked in giant strength at his side, an unconscious guardian angel; for Mammy Lindy's nursling in all his nearly thirteen years had never walked in more perilous ways than he was walking with Uncle Kent's doctor to-night.

But now the Maplewood gateway with its ivied pillars arose in the moonlight,—the gateway which would be closed forever to Buddy's companion after this; and he had dared to hope so much! To-morrow—perhaps even to-night—if Buddy should begin to talk of the fireworks in the old graveyard, Uncle Kent would be startled into fierce suspicion; and young Collins distrusted him already, the doctor knew. But he had felt so secure in this out-of-the-way old place, among these simple-minded, hospitable country people, that he had dared too much to-night.

Ah! Buddy little guessed all that was in the doctor's evil mind as they paused at the Maplewood gate. It was so quiet, so lonely; only the great ivied pillars standing in silent guard in the moonlight,—the pillars and big Ben. There was a hard glitter in the doctor's eyes as he looked from the fair-haired boy to the giant shadow at his side. But—but for that cursed, hulking Negro he might hush up to-night's story, and save himself yet. As it was, he must escape before that story could be told.

"I won't go in just yet," he said. "A storm always makes me wakeful, and I think I'll go down to your river and take a moonlight swim."

"That will be fine," said Buddy. "I wish I could go with you; but mamma is waiting up for me, and would not like me to stay out any longer. You had better not go too near the bridge. Uncle Kent has had a guard put there since he came down. They might shoot you by mistake for a spy."

"Oh, there is not much danger of that!" said the doctor, with a harsh laugh.

"I don't know," persisted Buddy. "Uncle Kent told Jack and me not to cross after sundown. He has heard a lot about spies hiding around here, watching the camp. If you had your choice, would you rather be shot or hanged?" asked Buddy, still thinking of spies and feeling sure the doctor could give him scientific information on the subject.

But as the questioner lifted his clear, innocent eyes to his companion, Uncle Kent's doctor was conscious of a queer chill in his blood that made him wish to end the interview as hastily as possible.

"Rather a grisly matter to settle off-hand," he said harshly. "But I must not keep you out any later, Master Reeves. You're a fine young American, and have begun service to your country early. And, as I shall not see you in the morning, it is both good-night and good-bye. And" (then a sudden fancy seized the doctor,—a queer, grim fancy that seemed a fitting end to the irony of his defeat by this fair-haired boy) "do you think you could take a parting message from me to your pretty cousin?" he asked. "It is very short—only one word."

"Sure," said Buddy, cheerfully. "I can remember one word, unless it's French. I don't know much about French. But I am away ahead in the second year of Latin."

"We'll make this message Latin, then," said the doctor. "Just say to her for Dr. Muller: '*Confiteor*.'"

"Why, that's dead easy!" replied Buddy, rather astonished. "I say that whenever I serve Mass. Just '*Confiteor*' and nothing else?"

"Nothing else," answered the doctor dryly. "'*Confiteor*' will be quite enough to explain all."

And he turned away with the words, and strode off hurriedly through the moonlit shadows.

"Suttinly glad to get rid ob dat ar genman," grumbled Ben, who was cross

and sleepy after his double walk. "What he playing hant in dat ole graveyard for and skeering folks most to deaf?"

"Oh, he wasn't playing hant, Ben!" said Buddy. "He was experimenting with electricity. Doctors have to experiment or they wouldn't be able to cure people in the new-fashioned ways."

"Don't know nuffin about 'tricity," muttered Ben; "but dat ar rod he had warn't no speriment at all, Marse Bud. I seen it a-lying in de grass. It was jest de plain signal-lights what dey sends up 'long de shore for de boats to put in from de storms. What dat genman put up signal lights for in dat ole graveyard? All de time we was a-walking wid him I felt I was nigh to a rattler getting ready to strike."

And then, the big, pillared gate safely passed, Ben turned off to his loft over the stable; while Buddy bounded up the wide moonlit avenue to the porch, where mamma stood watching for him under the dying roses.

"O Buddy, you are late indeed! But I know you were safe with dear Miss Meredith. Don't make any noise, dear; for Aunt Rebecca has one of her bad headaches to-night and can not sleep. Steal up quietly to bed. Good-night! God bless you, my dear little boy!"

And, with a tender kiss, she hurried back to Aunt Rebecca, whose headaches were the one ailment of her seventy years, and had to be treated with due respect.

So there was no chance to-night for Buddy to tell his evening's adventures; he could only steal quietly up the winding stairs to the old nursery, where the moonlight, trembling through the ivy-veiled window, showed the white figure of the Christ-Child in the corner, and all was safety and sweetness and blessed peace.

(To be continued.)

WHEN Socrates, the Athenian philosopher, was asked what a man gains by telling lies, he answered: "Not to be believed when he tells the truth."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—An abundance of interesting lore will be found in "Primitive Sundials and Scratch-Dials," by Dom Ethelbert Horne, published by Barnicott & Pearce, Taunton, England. The little work is illustrated by excellent photographs, and there is an autobiographical preface by the late Dr. J. C. Cox.

—There will be numerous persons to welcome "A Dictionary of 6000 Phrases," compiled by Edwin Hamlin Carr, and published by Putnam's Sons. Besides the phrases, it furnishes one hundred model social letters. The contents are well arranged, and there is a good index. A sixteenmo of 327 pages; price, \$1.75, net.

—It was Fénelon who said, "If all the riches of the Indies, if all the crowns of Europe were laid at my feet in exchange for my love of reading, I would spurn them all." That saintly and learned prelate possessed one of the best private libraries of his time. It would be interesting to know what books it contained. We venture to say they were all standard works, the sort of books nowadays least read.

—"Veritas," an illustrated quarto brochure of 105 pages, is a handsome souvenir of the Golden Jubilee recently celebrated by the Dominican Sisters of South Australia. It is the work of the "Old Scholars' Association," and is appropriately dedicated to "the Dominican nuns, the teachers of our early days, the friends of maturer years." The literary quality of both the prose and poetry of the brochure is notably good.

—A long autograph letter of a celebrated English author, offered for sale by a dealer in old books, etc., in London, contains this interesting statement: "I may mention that — first appeared a few years ago in a magazine. . . . The printer and publisher stereotyped the pages and published a shilling edition of the book, only a thousand copies. In spite of extraordinary favorable reviews, . . . the publisher was unable to make the book move, and three years passed before the last of the thousand dribbled out and the last shilling dribbled in. . . . There may be a moral for you in this experience, etc." There is a moral for a great many others, if they would only take it.

—Readers who would inform themselves as to the best French Catholic thought concerning reconstruction and after-the-war problems in France would do well to procure two brochures issued by Bloud & Gay, Paris: "L'Avenir

Français: Tâches Nouvelles," by Henri Joly; and "Les Catholiques Français et l'Après-Guerre," by the Abbé Beauvin. The merited distinction achieved by both these authors in the field of apologetic literature gives to their utterances an importance not to be minimized, and their reflections on the French duty of the hour are well worth the study of all who take it upon themselves to discuss the status of Catholicity in France.

—Yet another volume of practical meditations by that eminent English religious, Mother St. Paul, comes to us from Longmans, Green & Co.—"Mater Christi: Meditations on Our Lady." Like each of her previous volumes, "Sponsa Christi" and "Passio Christi," the present one has a preface by the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J. We take pleasure in recommending it as an excellent book for meditation, or (for those who have not acquired the meditating habit) for spiritual reading, during Our Lady's special month. Price—a high one—\$1.25.

—The recent publication of a new volume ("Brother Giles of Assisi") by the British Society of Franciscan Studies, and the appearance of another Franciscan book by Mr. A. G. Little, "Studies in English Franciscan History," shows that there is no lessening of the interest in St. Francis revived a quarter of a century or more ago by M. Sabatier. Franciscan literature in English is becoming extensive; and, strange to say, many of those contributing to it are non-Catholics, like M. Sabatier himself. Mr. Little (an Anglican, we believe) is among the foremost Franciscan scholars of the world. He had already produced a valuable work on the Oxford Friars, which is published by the Oxford Historical Society. A great deal of labor was expended on the Life of Blessed Giles by Mr. Seton (another non-Catholic, we think). He studied closely the manuscripts of the Life of that ideal Franciscan; and prints the Bodleian MS. Canonici Misc. 528, with a full account of it and of the other sources. The volumes issued by the British Society of Franciscan Studies are supplied to members only; but an excellent edition of the "Life of Brother Giles" is published by the Dolphin Press.

—Lady Gregory might well have used for a sub-title of her "Kiltartan Poetry Book" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), and for most of the brave old legends in it, the heroic *Arma virumque cano* of classic song. The book is a prose translation from the Irish of some of those precious bits of

inevitable poetry which one comes upon in Ireland,—under a thatched roof perhaps, and from untaught lips a hundred years old. Most of the translations have already been printed in one or another of Lady Gregory's books; the basis of the present collection seems to be the praise of past heroes—Finn and Sarsfield and the rest; and the lamentations for their passing, as present conditions have called for their repetition. The story is always the same, and it is this: "The men of its army in good order go out,—white troops of fighters. They scatter the troops of their enemies; they are beautiful in battle, a host with high looks, rushing, avenging." It is not only a story: it is a song. And one wonders whether these legends of Ireland made her poets, or whether the poets made the legends; for in nothing save only the gift of Faith is the little island so rich as in its twin gift of these two. To one unacquainted with Gaelic literature the book will be fragmentary and obscure; but to those who understand the haunting melancholy of it and its people, such epitomes as this, "For we increase the sea with our tears and the wandering wind with our sighs," is both perfect and unmistakable. Price, \$1.25.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no book-seller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "The Elstones." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.35.
- "Essays in Occultism, Spiritism, and Demonology." Dean W. R. Harris. \$1.
- "Patriotism in Washington's Time." P. J. Byrne, M. D. \$1.50.
- "Life of Pius X." F. A. Forbes. \$1.35.
- "Marriage Legislation in the New Code of Canon Law." Very Rev. H. A. Ayrinhac, S. S., D. D. \$2.
- "Letter to Catholic Priests." Pope Pius X. 50 cts.
- "The Sad Years." Dora Sigerson. \$1.25.
- "Spiritual Exercises for Monthly and Annual Retreats." Rev. P. Dunoyer. \$2.35.
- "The Parables of Jesus." Rev. P. Coghlan, C. P. \$1.10.
- "A Handbook of Moral Theology." Rev. A. Koch, D. D.—Mr. Arthur Preuss. \$1.50.

- "The Bedrock of Belief." Rev. William Robison S. J. \$1.25.
- "Ireland: Its Saints and Scholars." J. M. Flood. 90 cts.
- "The Hand of God." Rev. Martin Scott, S. J. \$1, postage extra.
- "Pastor Haloft." \$1.50.
- "In the Soldier's Service." Mary Dexter. \$1.50.
- "The World Problem." Rev. Joseph Husslein, S. J. \$1.35.
- "Foch the Man." Clara E. Laughlin. \$1.
- "War Mothers." Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S. J. 65 cts.
- "Outline Meditations." Madame Cecilia. \$1.50.
- "A Manual of the History of Dogmas." Rev. Bernard J. Otten, S. J. Vol. II. \$2.50.
- "Armenia and the War." A. P. Hacobian. 50 cts.
- "To the Heart of the Child." Josephine Van Dyke Brownson. \$1.
- "Your Better Self." Humphrey J. Desmond. 50 cts.
- "The Future Life." Rev. Joseph C. Sasia, S. J. \$2.50.
- "The Mystical Life." Dom S. Louismet, O. S. B. \$1.10, postage extra.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. William De Bever, and Rev. Felix Kieruj, of the diocese of Detroit; Rev. J. T. Tuohy, archdiocese of St. Louis; Rev. George Northgraves, diocese of London; and Rev. Joseph Froelich, archdiocese of Milwaukee.

Brother Casimir, C. S. C.

Sister M. Agnes, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister M. Genevieve and Sister M. Vitalis, Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Dr. William F. Hake, Mr. C. P. Lanser, Mr. Matthew Gleason, Mrs. Anna Miller, Mr. Francis McDonough, Mrs. Cora Schick, Mrs. Catherine Reilly, Mr. V. Z. Reed, Mr. Walter McDonald, Mr. Anthony Orth, Gen. John J. Lynch, Mrs. Margaret Markel, Mr. William Ridley, Lieut. A. K. McDonald, Mrs. D. Smith, Mr. A. R. Janson, and Mrs. Maurice Richmond.

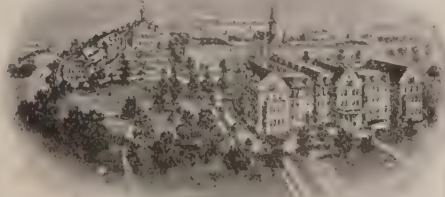
Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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gloriam, et B. M. Virginis omnia prout directo,
Benedicimus prout inception et annus celebrando
et Dominus N. S. C. prout perfructus actus
Pius P. X.*

[TRANSLATION.]

September 10, 1866.

These things being so, and provided that all be directed to the honor and glory of God and of the Blessed Virgin Mary, We bless the undertaking and all the co-operators thereunto; and may our Lord Jesus Christ perfect and strengthen the work.

PIUS PP. IX.

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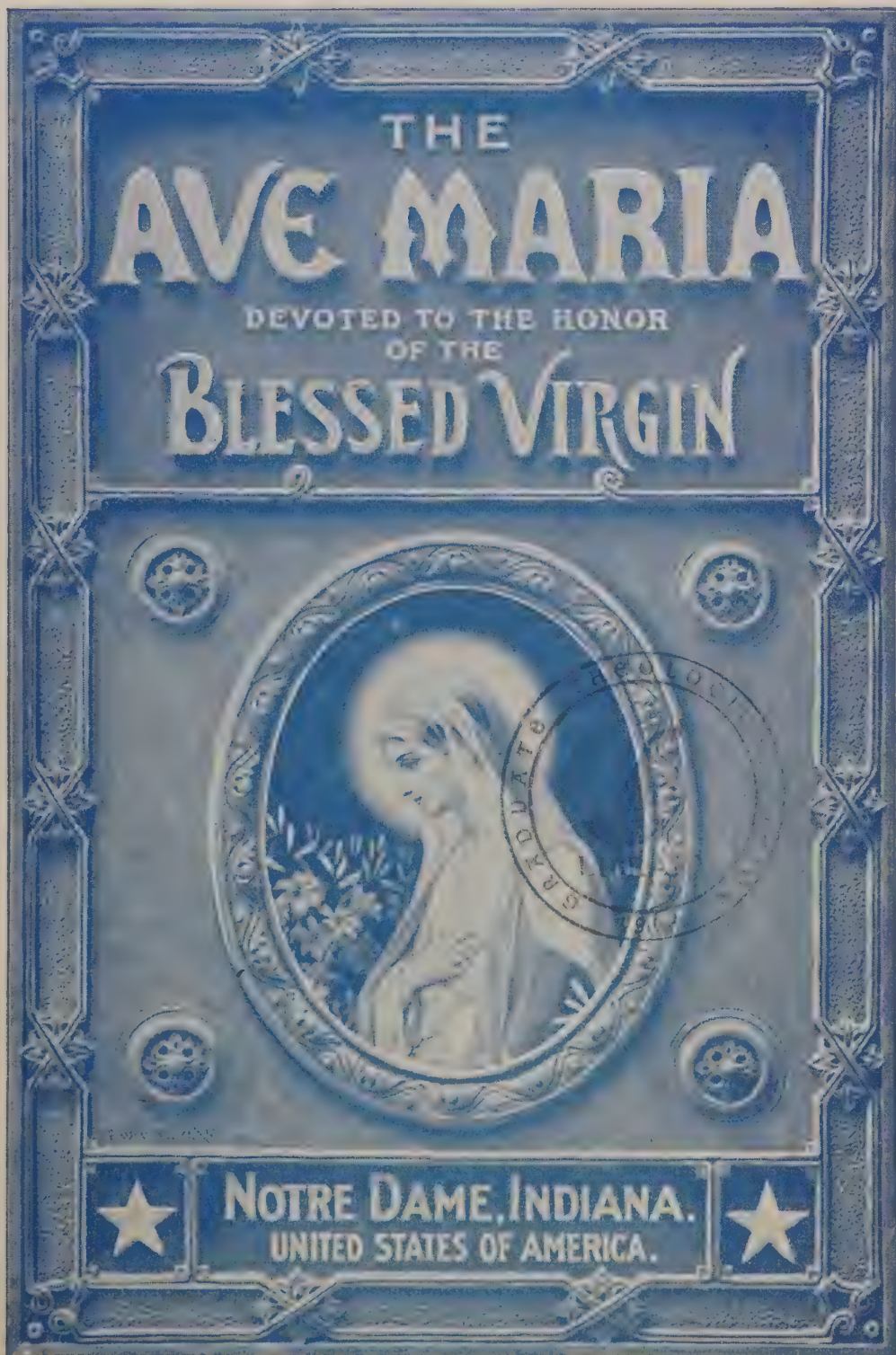
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Entered as second class matter at Notre Dame, Indiana. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on June 25, 1918.
American News Co.; Gill & Son; Burns and Oates; Catholic Book Depot, Fort, Bombay;
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 17.—St. Paschal Baylon, C.	B. M.
SUNDAY, 18.—Fourth after Easter. St. Venantius, M. St. Eric, M.	THURSDAY, 22.—St. Rita, W. Bl. John Stone, M. Bl. Crispin, C.
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TUESDAY, 20.—St. Bernardine of Siena, C.	SATURDAY, 24.—Our Lady, Help of Christians. St. Vincent, C.
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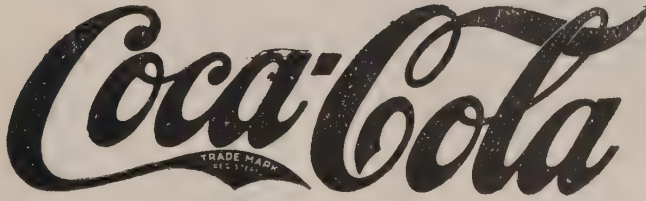
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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. IX. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 17, 1919.

NO. 20

[Published every Saturday. Copyright, 1919: Rev. D. F. Hudson, C. S. C.]

A Night of Stars.

BY J. CORSON MILLER.

NIGHT'S decorated altar throbs and glows
Far out in sacred stillnesses of space.

The moon, for sanctuary lamp, has place
Of proud dominion; starry blooms unclose,
Like red and purple tapers; darkness shows
Blue sky for altar-cloth; and there is trace
Of filmy clouds to serve as altar-lace,
Pure white and clean as winter's driven snows.

Sweep low your matchless music, starlit hours,
Along earth's sleeping roofs, that men may hear!
And 'wake our souls to beauty fair as flowers
That, smiling, meet God's smile year after year.
Waft down some singing angel's keen delight
Across the panorama of the night.

Seat of Wisdom.

BY BEN HURST.

TOO often has the attribute of
wisdom been applied to the
mere accumulator of knowl-
edge,—the master or manip-
ulator of natural, scientific,
or historical facts. Wisdom is not learning,
but the right application of what has been
learned. One only creature ever walked
the earth whose understanding and acts
were so completely in harmony that she
merits the title discerned by assembly of
the wisest,—that of "Seat of Wisdom."

Reverent study of the rich sources at her
disposal, the lore and tradition of God's

manifestations to her people, threw the
Blessed Virgin Mary, ardent and submis-
sive, at the foot of the Divine Throne.
Knowledge, at once acquired and inspired,
led her, at an age when reason is rarely
ripe enough for independent decision, to
choose a state of life that gave unin-
terrupted communication with the Deity.
We can not doubt that intimate acquaint-
ance with the Scriptures, to which was
superadded the prompting of the Holy
Spirit, laid bare before her attentive mind
the secrets of heaven and earth. Primal
truths were the subjects of her meditation:
God's Word; the story of her race; the
promised future, with its leavening of all
humanity in time; the physical aspects of
nature around her; wonders of the fruitful
or the "barren" soil,—each alike witness
of the Omnipotent; the glory of the skies;
the beauty of vegetation; the secrets of
the deep; the mystery of mountain caves;
and paramount above all the ultimate end
of the human soul, filled the mind of the
predestined Maid. Knowledge of the
Supernatural—knowledge attained by dili-
gent study and also imparted from the
Most High,—the knowledge that is the
reward of devout contemplation—pre-
pared her for the path of wisdom that
brought redemption to man. Knowledge
could not of itself suffice. Its inspired
application, its generous and enlightened
use in the absolute consecration of herself
to her Maker, rendered Mary, even before
the advent of her Divine Son, worthy of
the glorious title, Seat of Wisdom.

Scientists, discoverers, doctors, ex-
pounders, philosophers, men proficient

in myriad branches of knowledge, have existed and will continue to exist. They train, elevate, enlighten, inform, and win the world's thanks for enlarging the domain of man's intellect. But how many of these have been wise, or are wise to-day? How many have reconciled the facts or premises of their learned systems with the claims of man's destiny? Mary at once utilized the gifts of God to cement her relations with Him. She interpreted revealed Truth as binding her closely to the Revealer. Permeated with sentiments of awe, gratitude, love, and admiration, she hastens to place herself unreservedly in the service of her Creator. This was sublime wisdom,—the wisdom of virgins, of apostles, and of martyrs.

Oriental codes, then as now, hemmed free intercourse between the women of neighbors or family relatives. Mary's acquaintance with the actual world around her was slight and restricted. Thus her impressions and principles proceeded not from environment but from inner consciousness of right based on the word of God. The riddles of life were solved by her in accordance with faith; and the Law founded on faith opened to her an undimmed vista of the future,—of man's adherence and man's recalcitrance, in so far as he obeyed or rejected the divine ordinances so dear to her heart.

The world's onward march, its advancement and welfare, as well as the world's backsliding and corruption, were fully gauged in her perfectly balanced judgment; and while she did not ignore the myriad treasons that would nullify in individual souls the effect of her sacrifice in becoming the medium for immolation of a Human God,—zeal for His glorification, joy in the immensity of His love, belief in the power of good over evil, taught her the truest wisdom: acceptance of eternal decrees.

"Be it done unto me according to thy word!" It is a Maid of fifteen who speaks,—a Maid wise indeed in her generation,—wise inasmuch as she had already put aside the terrestrial and sought

the celestial. While the Scribes and high priests, obstinate in their self-suggested conviction that the Messiah would come to them surrounded by material pomp, enthroned in earthly power, remained ignorant and perplexed, Mary's wisdom recognized the veritable traits of the Model who was to transform the world. Her humility, sole impediment to complete realization of the manner in which the Saviour was to present Himself, hid from her the nature of her own participation in the sublime mystery. But her knowledge of the world's needs, and of the lesson necessary for its regeneration, was as superior to the knowledge of the Scribes as the life of the soul is superior to the life of the body. The arrogant expounders of the minutiae of the Law awaited confidently the triumphant confirmation of Israel's primacy among nations. Mary, enlightened by constant communion with Holiness, had full understanding of the work to be accomplished, and therefore accepted without hesitation her mission, rejoicing in the extension of grace to *all* nations and tribes. Her great soul realizes that Redemption is to be universal, and that the time has come when everlasting truths shall no longer be confined to the sons of Abraham.

Those who could not "eat with sinners," or do a good act on the Sabbath day, were unable to fathom the depth of divine love that was a familiar subject of meditation for Mary. Her wisdom was catholic,—i. e., unlimited by race, color, class, sex, or clime. Her pure intellect, saturated with supernatural light, reached far beyond the horizon of the Scribes, and contained within the walls of her simple cell the accumulated wisdom of ages. Thus, in perfect acquiescence with the designs that she has penetrated and adored, can she relegate to a secondary plane all thought of her own person, and, after the momentary shock of the immeasurable honor done to one in her estimation so lowly, bless God in joy and gratitude for the redemption that is at hand. The

Saviour is to descend, not in power and majesty, but veiled in flesh, amid a poor family, an obscure household. The Scribes could not have foreseen this mystery. Mary, without difficulty, realizes it and all its import for mankind.

The Scribes had access to sources of infallible truths, and had preserved carefully the records of God's dealings with His people. But their conception of doctrine had degenerated to scrupulous, meticulous observances of rites, and thus their minds became impervious to the voice of Wisdom. God's behests were followed in the letter but not in the spirit. These seemingly strict guardians of the Law, weighed down by carnal ties, longed for their own elevation, attainable, to their mind, through national supremacy and the advent of a great earthly Ruler, the expected Messiah. Mary's wisdom showed her the more glorious realization of the divine promise in the domain of the soul, and in the extension of salvation to all mankind. Therefore could she respond in perfect comprehension to the call of the Holy Ghost, whereas the Scribes did not recognize the Saviour even when He was living and teaching among them. He had come and He abode, without political upheavals or victorious wars, without accompaniment of opulent splendor or of material power. Even the Apostles were puzzled and often disconcerted by His simplicity. Mary alone, in her wisdom, knew the God made Man who walked the earth, as she alone had discerned long before His birth that the fittest use of human life is praise of the Creator and work for the extension of His kingdom.

The Jews did not encourage much learning in their women. We may assume that Mary was dependent on her own efforts and initiative—so far as human aid is concerned—in searching the Book of Books for all her soul yearned to know. Such students are ever the most patient and receptive; but supernatural guidance and inspiration were also here at hand, revealing that the Book of Solomon spoke the

same language as the petals of the smallest flower. Every day and every hour brought fresh lessons in the things of God that alone captivated her reason. In the Sacred Volume Mary found wells of thought, beauties of diction, historical and eternal truths such as no other literary work has ever contained.

The greatest thinkers of modern times have not drunk at a source of wisdom surpassing that of the Jewish Maiden before she had become, as Spouse of the Holy Ghost, the veritable Seat of Wisdom. Whether we picture her kneeling before the open pages of the Old Testament, or among the flowers of Judea's sun-kissed fields, or beneath the stars of its lucent sky, we know that not all the lore of all the doctors who pretend to a monopoly of knowledge could equal the Virgin's comprehension of God's works, nor her joy at each fresh evidence of His all-wise Providence. Neither illusion nor error nor vanity thwarted the flow of grace, nor worldly preoccupation distracted the pious meditatrice from her sublime study. Mary's intelligence, wholly directed to her Maker, was illuminated by lights inaccessible to any other mortal. Later we may imagine her tracing the lines of the well-known Book to the loving, docile Infant at her knee, unfolding its treasures, giving her own wealth of comment and appreciation while Wisdom Itself, "being subject to her," condescended to listen as her pupil.

What perfect community of intellect was here, between the modest creature and the Infinite God! Mary's virtues, mirrored in her Son, were emanations of the Wisdom with which He had Himself endowed her; making them—as we see in all who live the same life, partake of the same spiritual nourishment, cherish the same ideals—mentally and physically alike, could it be possible to eliminate for a moment the difference between the human and the divine. The Sun of Eternal Wisdom, reflected in the mind of His Mother, can not be compared with the combined

wisdom of all the wise men that have ever lived, so immeasurably does it surpass their poor little store of knowledge. During thirty years Mary absorbed the light of this Sun and shed it around her. She sheds it even now on those who sincerely turn to her for counsel. Many and illustrious have been her invocators; but her supreme eulogist is the Son who knew her every thought, for He had probed in intimate communion every perfection of her heart and mind. Thus when her mere corporal maternity was extolled did He choose to proclaim: "Yea, blessed rather who hear the Word of God and keep it."

Mary, most highly favored creature of God, had sought and practised wisdom all her days; not shrinking from extremest agony in the tragedy of the Redemption, because she wished to contribute to the perfection of Omnipotent Justice. The excellence of her wisdom reconciled her likewise to separation from her Divine Son after His Resurrection, because her presence on earth was still necessary for the consolidation of His Church.

The two chief sources of wisdom—suffering and humility—are the characteristics of Mary. In her heart she bore the sorrows of the world from the first moment that she held in her arms the Child of her loving expectation. No detail of ignominy, hate, betrayal, torture culminating in crucifixion, was spared to her mind's eye. We know that, in ordinary life, the school of suffering deepens and widens our conception of the trials of others. How great, then, must be the understanding of her who could say, "Where is there grief like unto mine?" One hour of anguish teaches and trains the soul better than years of untroubled felicity; and Mary's prerogatives did not spare, but, on the contrary, increased her sentient faculties. The heart pierced by seven swords was thereby made a reservoir of wisdom.

In a vision vouchsafed by Our Lord to St. Catherine of Siena, He tells her that as pride is the father of lies, so humility is the guide to Truth. The Virgin whose

humility found such favor in the sight of God that it drew Him from heaven, was well calculated to enter and explore the domains of universal knowledge, to practise discretion, courage, and prudence. Mary knew when to speak and when to be silent; when to act and when to remain passive,—in the Temple, at the feast of Cana, under the Cross.

From the depths of her abnegation, by dwelling on the attributes of the Most High, she rendered Him the sublime homage of her reason, her intelligence, her love; and thus became in perfection our model and our mentor, to be invoked confidently and affectionately as Our Lady of Good Counsel, because she is veritably the Seat of Wisdom.

Search-Lights.

BY VALENTINE PARAISO.

XXIV.

WHEN at last the Colonel did appear, with the roll of tracing-paper in his hand, Locksley and Daisy were talking about the Pageant of the Nations, in which she was to take a leading part.

"One of the Balkan States, Mr. Locksley; I really can't tell which; I always mix them up; but I am to have a red and gold skirt—yards on yards—sticking out miles round the edge, just the shape of an extinguisher; and gold shoes, and a thing like a Greek cap on my head—blue embroidered with gold,—and a blue velvet bodice cut square and filled up with white, and strings of beads."

"Listen to her!" the Colonel said. "She thinks a man can imagine all that: she does not know our limitations."

"Well, I have not a clear idea," Locksley admitted; "but the whole effect sounds very killing. And I don't like the beads. Why does she not wear jewels?"

The Colonel and his daughter looked at each other.

"My dear Locksley," began the Colonel,

"we must wait for the armored car."

He spread out the old plans on a table, with the help of the engineer, who rolled them in the opposite direction to their curve, and found weights to hold them flat. All his movements were quick and decided.

"I am going to this show," said Locksley. "Where is it? The Concertorium? I'll be there!"

"But she has not told you about the final tableau. That takes the cake. You see," the enthusiastic Colonel explained, "in the first affair, all the nations come to Britannia; and they've got some of the singers with them, and the others are the honorable Mrs. This and Lady That; and the prettiest girls that come to sew for the war work at Grosvenor Square—yes, that is it, Daisy; you need not try to bamboozle me. They know how to settle these pageants, those people that go 'padding,' as our friend *Punch* calls it. Well, then, there is a tableau of Victory and Peace; and Lord knows who Victory is going to be, but my little girl is to be the angel that holds the laurel crown over Lady Cheriton as Peace."

"And I am to be hung up by wires," Daisy put in. "I've got wings that would go from here to the wall. I believe the Miss Cloops were angels once, and they are green with envy."

Joel Locksley looked down at her, as she sat with her little slippers on the fender. He was quietly enjoying a laugh in an admiring sort of way.

"Your angel is charming, Colonel," he said. "I perceive, in spite of the wings, that she is human."

Miss Daisy Spaggot appeared among the group of nations at the last rehearsal of the Pageant, when the groups, that had struggled amid a thousand polite envies and ambitions in the Grosvenor Square drawing-rooms, were combined in triumph at the great hall known as the Concertorium. The stage manager held up a hand like a photographer to keep all the

figures still, while he shouted to expert critics in stalls and galleries. The seats were everywhere swathed in whitish holland, with a weird and ghostly effect. A few groups of society women had got in by special favor for a private view, and talked noisily in the boxes at each side of the stage. There were no tawdry stuffs: the costumes of silk, gold, and silver tissue, velvet and brocade, had cost for one day what the dressers called "a mint of money." But the electric lights showed an amazing amount of paint and powder. The artist in "make up" had assured Miss Spaggot her eyebrows need not be touched; but, unless her cheeks were done, she would have all the wrong shadows in her face from the footlights.

A few of the fashionable world had taken possession of one of the west end "halls" for one day. It was a strange place to Colonel Spaggot's daughter from Furzley. When there was daytime outside, here was glaring electric light. There were boys in livery scudding with messages up spiral staircases, and shabby men in shirt-sleeves shifting scenes. Thick dust abounded on uncovered floors; waiting-women, swift and expert, surrounded the amateurs in dressing-rooms garish with gilt mirrors and theatrical clothes. Finally, when Daisy trod the stage she nearly tumbled on the unexpected slant of the flooring. It was an arduous morning. Lady Cheriton had coffee and wine served with a standing lunch in one of those rooms on the first floor reached by the spiral staircase. But Daisy was too excited to think of food, when she passed up and down between the dusty "wings" and her own dressing-room.

It was rather a scramble to be an angel in a quarter of an hour after having figured among the Balkan States. Her white robes and wings had all been spread out by her dresser; and Happiness and Prosperity—two buxom matrons whom the Colonel would have called "the Honorable Mrs. This and Lady That"—were already robed, as they were not in the first tableau. The

Balkan State shared the room with them, and was quickly transformed into an angel by the deft hands of the waiting-woman.

Daisy had thrown on the table all her rows of colored beads; and now she saw a string of pearls ready for her, in a blue leather case that was set open, lined with white satin. These she clasped round her neck to match all the whiteness of her robes and wings. The dresser put some sparkling stage diamonds as a band across the front of her hair. Her dress was to be twisted round her feet when she was placed in position flying. They hurriedly showed her how to gather all the trailing gauze over her arm before going down the dusty stairs. The lady who was to be Happiness beamed on her across arms laden with fruit and flowers; and Prosperity smiled upon the white angel. Prosperity was large-nosed and commanding, and she had made up for all defects by a magnificent display of diamonds and a costume that seemed to be woven of gold.

"Exquisite!" Prosperity said to the angel. "But, my dear, you should have had some lunch. I expect you had no breakfast, either. Too excited you girls get!"

The lady called Happiness was feeling her wings.

"I have never seen an angel so near. Japanese crinkled paper—nothing else, I declare—in little feather flakes! Wonderful! And you have never opened your letter, Miss Spaggot. It came with the pearls. I am told Colonel Spaggot and a friend left them at the stage door. Wasn't it so, Dodson?"—to the waiting-woman.

"Yes, my lady. The note is on the table."

Daisy tore open the envelope, and read a few words in tremendously strong handwriting. The name of Joel Locksley was in huge characters heavily underlined, and tangled into a signature that had to be guessed. It had become purposely inimitable to baffle the forgers of cheques. Daisy knew what name it was, and that the wealth of one of the richest men in

London was behind it. In her girlish ignorance, she had mistaken the pearls for worthless stage jewels supplied from the costumer's, like the strings of beads that were part of the Balkan costume; but the name of a Bond Street jeweller was gilded on the white satin lining of the case. One word in his letter made her feel that to accept that costly gift was to accept Joel Locksley.

There was a fire in an open grate at the other side of the room. She carefully gathered her filmy robes out of the way, and dropped the letter into the flames, and saw it blaze. An electric bell rang lightly near the dressing table. "They want us now," the others said. And she felt her heart beating, and did not know how they went down the stairs. But somehow they had arrived at the stage. Daubed canvas was jutting out at its sides, and in the middle space a medley of figures ascending a scaffolding and grouping themselves noisily as if they were all talking at once. There were diamonds flashing, of fabulous value; great ladies, painted to stand stage light, and clad in superb materials of the most brilliant colors; laughing girls, crowned with flowers, climbing and finding steps among billows of grey and white gauze flung loose by hundreds of yards to simulate mists and clouds.

Lady Cheriton, in crimson, with helmet, shield and trident, was the centre of the show. Victory, in white satin ablaze with diamonds, was remarking that they would have a crowded house that afternoon; it would be good for the fund, but it would be shockingly hot. Of course the orchestra would have to be paid, she said, and the expenses of the chorus of fifty; but several professional singers, and Felicia the violinist, were giving their services for nothing,—wasn't it sweet of them? A society beauty asked what the fund was; the object, perhaps, did not matter so much as the pageant. And certainly there were on the stage dresses to the value of several thousands; but if people had merely given and collected the money,

where would have been the enjoyment that had played round the coming pageant for the last six weeks? And where the pleasure of all these beautiful and distinguished persons, as well as of their friends, who would fill the hall and scrutinize the happy throng through opera glasses? A well-known artist, "R. A.," had been lured from his studio to be stage manager; and another of lesser fame was helping by gently pulling and pushing to get groups and draperies into shape, according to a sketch in his hand. Favored critics waited again, in remote parts of the house, to answer shouts of inquiry as to the general effect.

A frivolous chatter came from the side boxes.

"Now, Tomkins," a man's voice called out, "off with the lights in the auditorium! Will any of you over there tell me if you see the wires? The angel is going up."

"Where is she?" everyone was asking. "Oh, there she is,—the girl with the bright hair!"

"Now," said the artist manager, "this young lady must be ready to be kept a little time in position. There is a broad belt here, you see, Miss Spaggot; and there will be a thick wire,—quite a wire rope to that. And then two wires come down, well padded—they won't hurt you—under the sleeves, like this."

"You will not be afraid, Miss Spaggot; will you?" suggested Happiness, in depressing tones. "Perhaps you ought to shut your eyes: they have to get you nearly up to the ceiling."

"Don't be afraid, my dear, when they pull your wings," said Prosperity. "They must be stretched out at each side."

And Victory put the last straw to her nervousness by telling her to smile at the people as if she were having her portrait taken.

The poor angel became rigid with fright; Daisy was always helpless in front of a camera. Then there was a polite dispute as to whether she was to smile at all, and she certainly was not to look at the

audience. Britannia said tartly that these points had best be referred to Mr. Copal; he was "so artistic." And a suggestion was thrown at Victory that she ought not wear her rings.

"The more diamonds, the better," said Victory. "The angel ought to have them all over her fingers bringing the wreath."

"Oh, no, my dear!"—with pain. Britannia was Lady Cheriton of an old Warwickshire family, and Victory's people had got rich "on beer." So Britannia remarked icily that she hardly thought the angels showed off their diamonds.

"They haven't got any," said Mr. Copal, promptly.

Daisy's heart was far from their contention. A sense of wretchedness had seized her ever since she read the note and knew that Joel Locksley's pearls were clasped about her neck. It was too rich a gift to accept unless she accepted also the giver. And if she accepted the giver, she would be faithless to honest Sydney Verreker, and faithless to everything she held to be right and true. She could not think of it,—absolutely could not! And would her refusal ruin her father with his powerful friend? Without words, these thoughts surged through her mind in a storm of trouble, while people were telling her to smile.

Victory had gone up an enormous ladder, and was seated comfortably among clouds; and Britannia, having no weight on her mind, had her smile quite ready. Daisy felt her hands being placed on something large and leafy. Then there was a tremendous pull at her waist. The floor sank; all the gaudily colored crowd was moving downward. She clutched wildly at somebody's shoulder, was answered by a shriek of "Don't!" and went swinging up helplessly, with the wreath in one hand and a rag of gauze cloud in the other. Then came a loud crack overhead, and with a vehement jerk she felt herself flung round and falling head-downward. The poor earthly angel screamed, and lost consciousness.

Victory up above (being a woman) said: "I told you so!"

Kindly Prosperity, in cloth of gold, said: "O Mr. Copal, don't leave her swinging about like that! She wouldn't have fainted if she had taken a bit of cold turkey."

When petrol was to be used only in restricted quantities, carriages and horses appeared again for a time with elderly coachmen. In such a vehicle Daisy was sent to the house in Grosvenor Square. The house had a weird-looking sort of wire entanglement spread high on poles above the roof. Lord Cheriton hoped to catch any bombs meant for his mansion, and to cause them to rebound upon the roofs of his neighbors. A few such wire defences were to be seen on the roofs of Mayfair. They amused the passers-by, and were never tested.

All that afternoon, the girl had a vague impression of a wilderness of luxury,—a cheerful fire near her couch, dwarf palms in the distance, and sheaves of arum lilies. The telephone worked vigorously to find her father, but he was not at his hotel or his Club. A trim maid, with muslin cap and apron, coaxed Daisy in vain to take wine or lunch or tea. A grey-whiskered butler looked in now and again, asking with an impassive face if he could send up anything more, and retiring with the gravity of an Established Church archbishop.

Colonel Spaggot and Locksley at last arrived at Grosvenor Square, after missing the angel from the tableau and inquiring behind the scenes. Locksley was ready with a hundred little services. It was he who gave the Colonel's thanks to the household, and helped to support Daisy as the three went slowly down the stair-case; and it was he who found one of the rare taxicabs, when Colonel Spaggot did not care to have the horses out again. As they drove away, his regret was that the angel had not been able to wear the pearls he found for her.

"Oh, but she did wear them!" said Daisy. "And it was such a surprise!

They are most beautiful. It was *too* kind of you!"

Somehow she could not help saying the words; another time she would ask him to take the pearls back. But the oval blue-leather case was in her hand, and her father was admiring them and thanking his friend.

In Piccadilly an empty gun-carriage swept past them. There were the four horses, the outriders in khaki, the folded red and blue of the Union Jack that was to be spread over a coffin.

"They are going to meet some one at Victoria station. That is a soldier's funeral," said the Colonel. "All honor to the poor lad, whoever he is! See, they are going to cover him with the flag he died for—O Daisy, what's the matter?"

She was sobbing as if her heart would break. Locksley suspected she was thinking of Verreker. This girl would be as hard to land as a salmon. One had to do no pulling and play out the line, when the draw came hard the other way. He had done some fishing up in Scotland.

(To be continued.)

Fairy Bride.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

THE busy wind beneath the briar

Tapped softly in the dew,—

O cobbler, of the heart's desire

You make a fairy shoe!

The brooding sun with filmy mist

Enrapt the waking dale,—

O spinner, of fine amethyst

You spin a fairy veil!

The gentle rain with fragrant breath

Caressed the greening oak,—

O weaver, out of life and death

You shape a fairy cloak!

The world of nature smiles to God

With eyes of violets wide,—

O Spring, adown the Irish sod

You walk a fairy bride!

A Lady of France.

BLESSED JEANNE MARIE DE MAILLÉ.

BY YMAL OSWIN.

IV.

FOR twenty-eight years Jeanne Marie occupied a room in the guest-house adjoining the monastery in Tours; and at her death was clothed "in the habit of St. Claire" (which is also that of the Third Order), and buried in the chapel of the friars. Her austerities were great. Besides the fasts enjoined by the Church, she fasted on Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday of each week. In honor of Our Lord's Passion, she took only black bread and water on Friday and on the vigils of the Assumption, Christmas, St. Michael, and others of her favorite saints. She followed her rule exactly,—a rule which guided such great Tertiaries as Elizabeth of Hungary, Rose of Viterbo, and Louis IX.

Humiliations naturally followed this step; for even in the Ages of Faith complete renunciation was little understood by the world. The proprietor of the house where she had her quiet lodging, learning that she had now no revenues, drove her away with many reproaches. Once more the widow was compelled to seek a refuge, only to find every door closed, even that of her friends, who feared to offend the powerful family of De Maillé. At last she saw a wretched hovel, all but roofless; and she had no choice but to stay there for a time.

Every morning she visited different sanctuaries in the town, so as to gain all the indulgences possible; and in the afternoon, still fasting, she begged her daily bread from house to house, often from persons who were as poor as herself. Then she returned joyously, with radiant countenance, to her miserable hovel, and gave herself to prayer. She offered to God all the hardships and privations of her life, and herself as a living victim to atone for the sins of her fellow-citizens and to obtain

mercy for her distracted country. She was, it may be said, both a Tertiary and a contemplative.

Alone in her hut, Heaven came to her rescue; and divine vengeance fell on the owner of her former lodging, who had so cruelly driven her forth. He was struck with a terrible illness, and his face became black as coal. A prey to terrible remorse, he cried out: "I am lost, lost, if the noble Lady of Sillé does not come to help me!" As soon as she heard of this unhappy case, Jeanne Marie hurried to the bedside of the wretched man, and, speaking gently to him, banished his fears and prepared him for his approaching end. He asked pardon for the wrong he had done her, and died reconciled to God, after begging that the Lady of Sillé should be restored to her abode on his property.

The widow, therefore, returned to her old quarters near the cloisters of St. Martin, and continued the same penitential life as before. She shared her alms with the poor; and one Easter Day, in the midst of universal feasting, she was obliged to remain fasting till nightfall, forgotten by all. But one of her relatives, the Abbess of Beaumont-les-Tours, also named Jeanne de Maillé, grieved at hearing of her destitution, gave her for companion one of her religious, Sister Jane; and she sent her daily a portion of food from the convent. Jeannê Marie de Sillé received this kindness gratefully as a consolation direct from Heaven, and a deep affection sprang up between these two souls. This blessing, however, was but short-lived; for the Sister was carried off by sudden death not long afterwards.

The learned Maître Hiver, whom she had chosen for her confessor at this time, and who guided her firmly in the difficult paths of detachment, passed away also only a few days after she had lost her companion. Although unable to repress her tears at this double loss, she was sure that they had "passed straight from the sadness of exile to unshadowed bliss in their true home."

After their death she went to the Hospice of St. Martin, where the sick and aged were cared for by hired nurses; and she begged to be admitted as a helper. This was granted, but only to be to her an occasion of fresh insults and abjection. She was at the beck of all, and given the most menial duties in the house. The town of Tours was astonished to learn that their noble lady was the lowest servant at the Hospice. It is related that when one of the patients desired some grapes, she went immediately to the fruit market, which was close by, to get some. Suddenly her brother Hardouin rode past on his charger, with a brilliant company of knights. He reddened at the sight of her, and turned away his head, refusing to recognize her in that guise. Jeanne's blood rose at the insult. But she remembered our Divine Redeemer, 'who was the most despised and abject of men,' and thanked Him in her heart for letting her share His chalice.

Even the bunch of grapes was not a success. It caused the patient some indisposition; and the nurses, jealous of the lady, were so unkind and malicious about the incident that at last she felt she could remain no longer with them. She had recourse to prayer as usual, and was rewarded by a vision of Our Lord on the Cross; He showed her the wounds in His hands, feet, and side, and told her secrets which she never revealed to any one. This occurred in 1365. She had seen the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and was resigned to all the sacrifices of her strange vocation.

There was indeed no respite for her. In the course of the next two years, she was impelled to change her abode four times; one lodging was within the ramparts, but the other three were outside—i. e., next to the church of the Abbey of Beaumont-les-Tours; then close to the Oratory of St. Valerian; and next in the Oratory of Our Lady of the "Planche des Vaux."

When she left the Hospice of St. Martin, she stood perplexed, not knowing where to turn, when she heard "a voice well known

to her," which said: "Do you wish, beloved daughter, to go far from Me?" Thus was she honored by Our Lord, and in a moment all her troubles were swept away. She went a little farther, and entered the small Church of St. Simplex, where she made her retreat for Holy Week, which was soon to begin.

Here again, on the night of Holy Thursday, she was favored with a remarkable vision. Falling into an ecstasy, she heard the divine voice, which in terrible tones reproached her for the least infractions of the Decalogue; showing her as in a mirror the great scenes of history, from the Fall of Man and the universal Deluge to the coming of the Redeemer; and revealing to her that it was her vocation to offer herself as a victim of expiation.

Fresh trials followed on this grace. She had incurred the hostility of false devotees—the Pharisees of that day—by vigorously reproving their hidden sins and vagaries. They were furious at this, and caused such a persecution against her that again she felt compelled to leave the town.

She took refuge then with her relative, the Abbess at Beaumont-les-Tours, who treated her with great deference and honor. She was unable, however, to remain even in this abode of peace very long. On one occasion, as she was kneeling in the chapel close to the Abbess, with the other religious, she had a vision of the Blessed Virgin speaking with the Archangel Gabriel of the mystery of the Incarnation; and, being filled with delight, she shed such abundant tears of joy that the Abbess' veil was bedewed with them. All present noticed her ecstasy; and, as they afterwards treated her as a saint, the humble widow felt bound to go away.

Like all contemplatives, she loved solitude; and so she crossed the Loire, and went into the depths of the forest of Champchevrier, where, under the oak trees, she found a small oratory dedicated to St. Valerian. Here she hoped to pray in peace; for the land was family property,

and belonged to her brother Hardouin. But there was no food to be found in this hermitage, and so she had to beg of the peasants around, many of whom had known her in her youth and beauty as a daughter of the chatelaine.

She soon penetrated farther into the forest, to the Oratory of Our Lady of the "Planche des Vaux," beside which was a little hut and garden enclosed by a deep ditch. Legend told her that an ox had indicated this spot in the wood by coming to it and frequently striking the ground with its horns; and that at last the peasants noticed it; and, on digging, found a small statue of Our Lady, for which an anchorite built the little chapel as a shrine.

A sweet, sylvan spot, it was shaded by ancient oaks, and a little fountain rose beside it. Here Jeanne conversed more intimately with the angels and saints. She would accost the shepherds, saying: "Come, let us mourn together the dolorous passion of God made Man." For she had sought this retreat to avert by her austerities the wrath of God from a sinful world. She remained at this hermitage till August, 1386; but we are not told how long this might have been.

There is a pretty story which relates that sometimes provisions failed her; and once, overcome with weakness, yet desiring to walk to Tours, she begged Our Lord in all simplicity to give her a little wine to strengthen her. Immediately the fountain poured forth delicious nectar, it is said, instead of water.

But at last she felt that it was God's will for her to leave this loved and peaceful retreat in the forest, and so she returned to Tours in the summer time. She retired next to the Chapel of St. Michael, in the "Church of Our Lady of the Rich" (as it was called), forty days before Michaelmas; and then began her fast in honor of the Archangel, prescribed by the rule of the Third Order. But there was such a concourse of pilgrims for the festival that she was requested by the priests to seek

another refuge. She was praying before the altar for light in this difficulty, when a white and luminous dove descended upon her, and a celestial voice called, "Come to the tabernacle of the Lord." She arose in haste, and respectfully approached the altar, where the sensible presence of our Blessed Lord was twice granted to her,—by "mysterious tokens of such immense favor as can not be described in words in this valley of tears," says her pious biographer.

Next morning, after assisting at Mass, said by her confessor, Father Martin Boisgaultier, in the Church of Our Lady of the Rich, she begged him to admit her to some poor cell in the Hospice of his monastery. The provincial was consulted; and, knowing Jeanne Marie's sanctity, he at once agreed to her request. This was her fifth change of residence in two years, and it was her last,—"the place of her repose."

The Hospice was close to the monastery, and also near the cathedral. The friars were established there during the lifetime of St. Francis of Assisi. On account of her age (she was now fifty-four years old) and her increasing infirmities, Jeanne Marie was given a devout companion, named Theophanie de l'Etoile.

(To be continued.)

You may hammer ice on an anvil, or bray it in a mortar. What then? It is pounded ice still, except for the little portion melted by heat or percussion, and it will all soon congeal again. Melt it in the sun, and it flows down in sweet water, which mirrors the light which loosed its bonds of cold. So, hammer away at unbelief with your logical sledge-hammers, and you will change its shape, perhaps; but it is none the less unbelief because you have ground it to powder. It is a mightier agent that must melt it—the fire of God's love brought close by a will ablaze with the sacred glow.

—Dr. Alexander MacLaren.

Providential Moves.

BY MARY H. KENNEDY.

WHEN it was announced that the great Italian tenor, through the cancellation of previously made engagements in cities closed for the time being by the influenza epidemic, would substitute Bright Haven for one of these towns in his itinerary, Father MacCauley decided that, with the help of Providence, he must hear the artist. Passionately fond of music, himself possessing a tenor voice of no mean ability, he had followed the spectacular rise of the Italian with whole-souled interest, and intense desire to see the man and listen to the voice that critics unanimously called "the voice miraculous." The announcement of his coming to Bright Haven was scarcely believed at first. The verification of the press report, however, soon brought conviction. The great Italian tenor was to appear at the town's auditorium during the first week in May.

Immediately the whole of Bright Haven was agog with excitement. Everyone decided, as did Father MacCauley, that he or she must be present. But, unlike the priest, they cried their conclusion to the four winds of the town,—the four winds here representing the modiste, the hairdresser, the florist, and the ticket office.

Father MacCauley locked his resolution within his breast; carefully counted his "spare change," and laid aside sufficient to entitle him to a seat in the second balcony. Before the seat sale opened, the savings, secreted in an old cracked blue teapot on the mantel in his dining room, had vanished several times, only to be replaced by others snatched seemingly from nowhere. When the morning of the sale finally arrived, there were just five cents in the old broken dish. A smile, almost a grin, twitched the young priest's lips. "Old Father Hubbard!" he said aloud, then laughed and ate his breakfast.

Despite his cheerful demeanor, however,

he was thoroughly disappointed. To want a perfectly legitimate pleasure for many days, to have it practically in your grasp and then to see it slip through your eager fingers—well, it isn't the easiest thing in the world to take your loss with smiling lips and a cheerful heart. Father MacCauley should have had, some may say, a bit of money put aside for just such a—no, not a rainy but a sunny—day as this. If he had not pledged three-quarters of his income for a few years ahead to the building fund of the church, and if he had not fallen into the habit of bestowing the other quarter upon any destitute person that presented himself, he would have had a little left. He might have borrowed, it is true. But if you knew that the people whom you might have borrowed from would not understand your not having sufficient money to attend even a concert; and those who did appreciate your desire and predicament had not the wherewith to accommodate you,—how would you proceed to obtain the favor?

Father MacCauley did not proceed in either direction: he simply went on living in his customary manner. He was, perhaps, a trifle more sympathetic—if that were possible—with the struggling poor with whom he came in contact during the following week; and he tried hard to feed his yearning soul upon the beauty and the sweetness of Mary's month. Swaying lilacs, snowball bushes, hawthorn hedges white with blossoms, green lawns dotted with saucy dandelions; blue skies, warm sunshine, and breezes laden with the scents that only Spring can give, are food enough for many a yearning soul. They were not quite sufficient for Father MacCauley's.

He had planned it all so thoroughly! The church services would be over in time to permit him to reach the auditorium to hear the tenor, who was not to sing until after nine o'clock; the accompanying pianist and violinist furnishing the first part of the program. Providence had beautifully arranged details, with the exception of providing the money to buy a

ticket. Father MacCauley relied explicitly upon Providential means in each progressive step of his life; but in this case he did not feel justified in expecting them to adjust themselves so that he might be allowed this quite unnecessary pleasure. In fact, he did not ask the favor. Yet all the while he was hoping that in some way his guardian angel would accomplish the very thing for which he was not praying. And, in a manner known only to God and incidentally to Mrs. George La Rue, his angel did so.

On the evening of the concert—a lovely, fragrant, silver evening, by the way—a messenger with a ticket arrived just as Father MacCauley was leaving for the church.

"From Mrs. La Rue, with her compliments, Father," explained the Negro boy, in a delicious Southern drawl.

The priest opened the envelope, recognized it for what it was—an orchestra circle seat,—and laughed aloud his joy.

"Thank you, Sam! I shall see Mrs. La Rue later about this,—tell her, please. Providence is better to us than we deserve; isn't it, son?" he added.

Sam's eyes rolled dangerously.

"Well, Father MacCauley, I don't argue with you dere, sir,—no, sir; but Providence isn't no gooder to me dan I deserve, wif dat yaller gal-wife Mandy at my elbow ebbery minute. Yes, sir, what Providence gives me I deserve,—yes, sir, Father MacCauley, sir."

The young priest chuckled. He delighted in Sam. To-night, however, he had no time to linger; so he bade him a hurried good-bye, and slipped across the passage joining house and church.

The gift of the ticket had not startled him much. Although he had not asked Heaven to obtain it for him, he was, as has been said, quite hopeful of getting it. Father MacCauley's faith is the kind that Providence loves to try and reward. At this particular moment his mind was absorbed on something else,—not foreign to the other subject: an adjunct of it, as

it were. For the Italian was a devout Catholic, and the priest was expecting him to attend the services at the church that evening. And, furthermore, he was expecting the famous tenor to make an offer to sing. So when, on entering the vestibule of the church, he met the small daughter of his leading choir singer's landlady with the news that, "Miss Maria has been called out of town suddenly, Father, and can't come," he smiled.

"Miss Maria" was what may truthfully be called the choir's only singer; without her there would be no concerted effort, the priest realized. It was almost 7.30. He glanced hastily about the entrance. Near the opposite door he noticed a man eying him,—a man in the late twenties, of supple and beautiful build, with a distinctly Italian cast of countenance. At once Father MacCauley felt that he knew the stranger. He waited. The man came to his side and offered him a lean brown hand.

"Father MacCauley? Excuse me, please, but I heard what the little miss said. Shall the absence of your singer create a difference of any important measure to your choir?"

The priest's eyes twinkled, the while he trembled with joy.

"So much of an importance," he answered, "that without her the remainder of the choir will fall mutely by the wayside."

The other stepped forward eagerly.

"Then may I sing in her stead,—I who love the Blessed Mother and trust in her ever-loving providence?"

"Yes, you may—" Father MacCauley hesitated.

"Names do not matter," the stranger said.

There was nothing more to do but to explain the circumstances and introduce him to the panic-stricken members of the choir. Their relief was plain.

Never had such a voice been heard in that little church as was heard on that fragrant and silver May evening. The

tones of Maria had ever been hailed as "marvellous" by the congregation: there were no adjectives that could do justice to the voice of the singer who poured out his heart in a rendition of the lovely Marian songs. His singing of the Benediction hymns, too, was exquisite.

At the conclusion of the services Father MacCauley hurriedly made his way through the gatherings of his people, talking vociferously about the wonderful occasion. He searched vainly for the Italian tenor, and then turned his impatient feet toward the auditorium. Looking back a moment later, he repented leaving his children so abruptly. If only he might have given tickets to them all! He heard the last of the violin and piano numbers, and enjoyed them. Yet he could hardly wait to hear that beautiful voice again.

Suddenly there appeared upon the stage a swarthy, heavily built Italian, charming of face and manner, who bowed graciously to the applauding hundreds. The young priest eyed him with hostility. Why was it necessary to pad such a program? He turned to his right-hand neighbor.

"Who is he?"—indicating the still bowing man.

His neighbor stayed his clapping to gaze at Father MacCauley in evident surprise.

"Why—why, he's the singer,—the great Italian tenor!"

The priest sat stunned. Then demanded:

"But who was the other?"

The man plainly demonstrated his annoyance.

"What other?"

"The singer at the church."

This was too much for the neighbor. He glanced at Father MacCauley suspiciously, shrugged his shoulders, and closed the conversation by saying rather curtly:

"You are somewhat confused, sir!"

Father MacCauley was. Who was the man that had sung so brilliantly at the May services? The young priest utterly failed in each successive attempt to solve the mystery. The great tenor splendidly

upheld the critics' verdict. The concert was a dream of melody. Yet, though he considered himself no judge, Father MacCauley believed that the palm of excellence could, in all justice, be awarded to the one who had sung his soul out in Mary's honor earlier in the evening.

With the dulcet tones of the superb singer still echoing in his ears, Father MacCauley walked out of the auditorium. In the lobby he was accosted by a uniformed attendant, who handed him a card.

"He wishes to see you, Father, please."

The young priest meekly followed the boy. He was now past marvelling at the occurrences of the night: he was exulting in them.

The great tenor was affable and hospitable, offering cigarettes and cigars of all makes to the priest; but he was also tired, and immediately stated the object of the summons.

"Who was the young man that sang in your church this evening, Father?"

Father MacCauley smiled delightedly.

"I thought all along it was you. Why don't you ever have your photograph taken?"

The other's fine eyes and teeth demonstrated their ability to laugh.

"And now?"

"Now," said Father MacCauley, "I rather think still it was the one whom I thought it was at first."

"And I?"

"Oh, you—you are simply the great tenor's valet, who has choked him into insensibility in order to show what a gorgeous voice you have!"

Outside the dressing room, valets and attendants, hearing the mirth of the tenor grinned in sympathy.

"But seriously," spoke Father MacCauley after a few moments, "I don't know who he was, or is. I never saw him before; and my people, I know, looked upon him as being you."

"So the ones I asked told me. His voice is magnificent," the singer reflected,—
"magnificent! I want to get hold of that

young man. He needs training,—a little will suffice. I want him for the concert company I am forming. He really surpasses us all. He is great, great,—stupendously great.”

The priest casually noted that his own judgment had not been erroneous. He admired, too, the noble generosity of the singer.

“May he be blessed with as great a soul as yours!” he answered.

The artist waved the praise aside.

“It’s selfishness on my part. I want that voice. I desire to make it greater than it is. Find him for me, will you, Father?”

“I will,” replied the priest. “It won’t be a difficult task, I am thinking. Some one in the town must know him.”

But promises are sometimes hard to keep. The priest made careful inquiries, but no one could give him any information about the stranger. The members of the congregation had hailed him as the Italian artist. Those who had been present at the concert were as much startled as had been their pastor. A complete survey of hotels and boarding-houses brought no light upon the subject. After several days of search and inquiry, the mystery still remained a mystery.

Often in that time did Father MacCauley wish that he might again hear the piercingly sweet voice of the singer ring through his little church; for “Miss Maria” was yet away; and the other members of the choir, with voices poor and spineless enough when she was present, were barely whispering in her absence.

Daily there came a brief line from the great tenor. Had Father MacCauley discovered the singer? Did he not think it wise to hire detectives, “at my expense,” for the purpose? It seemed ridiculous that such a case could be created in Bright Haven. In a town of its size, it was impossible to believe that a young man could actually perform such a trick without any person being cognizant of his name, of his coming or his going. The case—with the dying voices in the choir—finally played

in private upon Father MacCauley’s nerves. Happily, he was saved from evincing any symptoms of his nervousness through the return of his chief singer.

“Thank God, you are back, Maria!” he hailed the pretty, dark-eyed girl. They had met in the passageway between the church and house, where she had come to look for him.

“I am glad to be back, Father. How is the choir?”

Father MacCauley threw up his hands. “In the death throes! But where have you been?”

The girl flushed. “It’s a long story, and not my own. So may I beg off explaining? I may say, though, that I was with my aunt in Leavenville. She has been ill and has been begging me to come to her for some time. An opportune moment thrust itself upon me that night I left, and so I went.”

Maria had not long been a member of his congregation, as she had but recently come to the city. Father MacCauley respected her highly, and thoroughly trusted her; yet he did not feel free to question her as he would others of his flock.

“Well, you deserted me the very hour I needed you most,” he replied. “There was woven, that evening you departed, a skein of mystery that the town and I have so far failed even to begin to unravel.”

“A mystery?” the dark eyes of the girl opened in amazement. She resembled at this moment some one that Father MacCauley tried instinctively to place.

“Yes” (reluctantly he relinquished the effort to identify the resemblance),—“a mystery which I am afraid is not to be solved.”

“What is it, Father? I love mysteries.” She was afire with eagerness.

“In a few words, the appearance, début (successful in the extreme sense of the word), and the disappearance of a singer—”

“A singer?” The girl broke in. “Why—why, he was—is—” her hysterical laughter stopped the remaining words.

"Who?" demanded the priest.

"My brother," she gasped.

The priest's face showed well the steps his mind took to realize what she was saying.

"Your brother? Why didn't you tell me?"

She conquered her hysteria and wiped her eyes.

"That's the story, Father—that I may relate, since I have proof that he was successful. He said he had been a failure."

"A failure! Why in the world did he think that?"

"Oh, he said he stayed overnight here! And the Italian—no one sought him out, so he left on the morning train."

"Where did he spend the night?" asked Father MacCauley.

The girl suddenly laughed merrily.

"Walking up and down the road outside the station."

"And his train left?"

"At six in the morning."

"The mystery is solved," the priest stated solemnly,—rather, *some* of the mystery is solved. If you can't tell me more, I shall have to ticket your brother as a very peculiar character, to say the least."

"He *is* peculiar; but, despite that, he is such a dear that I love him very much. You see, he possesses this wonderful voice, which has received scarcely any training except what he has picked up of his own accord—and my insisting. He possesses, too, a supersensitive nature,—a misfortune. I am praying every day to have taken from him. He desires to sing in concert, but he is morbidly timid that he won't succeed. I have tried and tried to induce him to appear publicly, but he wouldn't. Why, that evening he sang here was the very first time he even sang in a church! Finally, when I learned that the great Italian tenor was to appear here, I worked out a little scheme to have Angelo—my brother—sing for him. You know that little scheme now" (smiling contritely at the priest). "Of course there

was a possibility that the tenor would not be at the church, but I left that small detail for Providence to arrange. Angelo promised that if the artist sought him out following the service he would do whatever I wished in regard to his voice. He never breaks his promises,—Angelo doesn't."

"But, child, how could any one seek him out when he appeared and disappeared as does a firefly?"

Again the girl's soft laugh rang out.

"That was a detail that I simply forgot to mention either to Providence or to Angelo. My brother was wholly taken up with his success or non-success."

"Well, he has led me a merry chase."

"And the Italian tenor, too," added the girl.

"You looked for it, eh?"

"I knew Angelo would succeed," she replied simply. "He himself should have had greater faith in Providence and our Blessed Mother."

"Quite correct, Maria. Now, you get your hands upon him at once and send him—or take him—to the one who is going to make him famous. When *he* gets hold of him, I venture to say Angelo 'will stay put,' as Sam would say."

Before the girl went into the church she turned and smiled at Father MacCauley.

"Providence is kinder to us than we deserve; isn't it, Father?"

The young priest laughed, remembering the Negro boy's observation on that fragrant and silver evening in May.

"Providence plays fairly. It does not make superfluous moves, as do we. All of its moves count."

THE Roman Empire was converted by the Apostles and the bishops who succeeded them; but all the outlying barbarous nations that have since been brought within the Fold have been converted through the labors of the religious Orders, or colonies of monks and nuns.

—Dr. Brownson.

Two Marshals of France.

BY EUGENE L. KENT.

II.—FOCH.

Who is the happy warrior? Who is he
 That every man in arms would wish to be? . . .
 It is the generous spirit, who, when brought
 Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
 Upon the plan that pleased his childish thought.

—WORDSWORTH.

ACCORDING to the Lyonnais, three distinct classes of travellers depart by the Great Trunk Line which rushes south past the Garonne and the Gave, and through the stately clefts of the mountains. To Argelès goes the pleasure-seeker,—to that soft and lovely Pisa of the Pyrenees, where vines and fig and citron trees climb the hills to the very edge of the rocks, and the maize fields seem bending under their golden burden half the year. Men of affairs go to Pau and to Tarbes; and the pious, largest, and most eager concourse of all are bound for Lourdes. It seems quite reasonable to believe that within a brief time a fourth variety of tourists will be added. Among those seeking Tarbes will be the hero-worshippers in quest of the square stone house in the heart of the town where, on October 2, 1851, Ferdinand Foch, Marshal of France and commander of the Allied armies, was ushered into the world.

Tarbes lies in the pure, cool atmosphere of the Hautes-Pyrénées, the very place for longevity. So it is not surprising that among the elders of the old city there are many who had reached the age to remember when that day was underscored by the finger of Fame on the calendar of Time. At least they can readily recall incidents in the boyhood of the three sons of Napoleon Foch and his wife, who had been Sophie Dupré from the beautiful city of Argelès: Gabriel, the *avocat*, who has reached his seventieth year, and is enjoying a well-merited retirement in a comfortable stone house very like that in which he and his illustrious brother were born;

Ferdinand, the Marshal; and Germain, the Jesuit priest.

There is a sister, the eldest of the family, who when quite young married a farmer of the Garonne, and who still resides in the old homestead near Valentine, a suburb of the Gascon city of St. Gaudens. Her children and grandchildren attend the mares and the colts as did Gabriel, Ferdinand and Germain in their youth. For, since 1806, when Napoleon established that mammoth remount station for the cavalry, all the countryside about Tarbes has taken over the horse industry. It was the grandfather of the Marshal, a prosperous wool merchant of Pau, who invested his savings and those of his parents in the farm in a wild, romantic part, where the Garonne, a mad mountain stream, leaps and tumbles through forests and woods, but becomes a tractable brooklet in the meadows below. It is the ideal spot to rear the progeny of the Arabian stallions into fearless, dashing steeds for the French cavalry.

The telling of tales has been a long-time avocation of Tarbes,—as, for instance, the blithe recitals of Froissart; and it may be the celebrity of the subject has quickened the memory in this case, though all the anecdotes ring true. They show these three boys to be as boys have been in every part of the world and during all its ages. They were given to pranks and overflowing with good spirits, and rather the leaders in all the mischief and other activities of the youngsters. For their parents were a step above the patrons and attendants of the Haras and the loungers on the village green. For Napoleon Foch—called so by a grateful father, inspired by the fact that the Corsican had made France ruler of half the world—was a civil servant of his country, and at the time of his marriage had been sent to Tarbes as secretary of the Prefecture of the Hautes-Pyrénées, an office which, for purposes of comparison, may be said to correspond to the Secretary of State of an American Commonwealth.

It was a quiet time in French history, those years from 1851 until 1863, when the Foch family left Tarbes for the wider field at Pau. But still the boys played soldier; and Ferdinand was always the driller and the commander; and Gabriel, the *advocat* in embryo, harangued the boys at length; and Germain, the follower of Loyola, displayed a martial spirit not in keeping with the cloth he was to wear. But all three showed their separate purposes. Gabriel hung about his father's office, and at a tender age could be entrusted with minor clerical tasks. Ferdinand spent at the horse market every hour not required by home duties and his books, which from his earliest years he neglected under no pretext. At seven he could ride the best and the worst which the Arabian stallion, crossed with the best equine blood of Gascony, could produce for the cavalry of France. At eight he was acknowledged a judge of horseflesh, and his opinion was gravely asked even by the experts who bought from the Arabs and from Bernais and Catalonian farmers.

On one epoch of this quiet, happy life at Tarbes all the authorities agree,—the manner in which Napoleon Foch and his family received the stirring news of the apparition at Lourdes. It may well be imagined the convulsion of feeling in the villages near the scene of the heavenly visitation. An event which had set in commotion the entire religious world could hardly fail to stir alike Gascons, Bearnais, Catalonians, and Arragonians, since all were within the radius of its influence. Napoleon, pious and rather set in his devotions, took little interest in the strange event. He made his annual pilgrimage to Notre Dame du Puy, as his forefathers had done for centuries, and he was not to be stirred by new reports. Sophie, perhaps with a jealous eye to the fame of her natal Argelès, made her pilgrimages to the picturesque shrine of La Salette; and the nearer one adjoining the domain of her parents-in-law,—Buit

du Puig. But the children were wildly excited, and ready to transfer their fealty to the little shepherdess in the mountain to the South.

In those days the Great Trunk Line did not, as now, rush from Tarbes to Lourdes in five minutes: the pilgrims came in the traditional way, many on foot, or in rude carts or cumbersome carriages. Those from the North always tarried at Tarbes the last lap of their journey, and intense excitement prevailed in the town when some particularly sad sufferer came to view. The children would gather about the pious travellers and ask innumerable questions, as children do. Gabriel was already keen in detecting flaws in arguments of devotion; and even Germain, perhaps for future theological needs, cross-questioned many, especially if they were the subject of a miracle. Only Ferdinand was silent, asking nothing of the sorrowful ones on their road to Lourdes, nor even after their joyful return. If he did speak, it was to some especially afflicted one, when he would make the simple petition which has since rung around the world—"Pray for me."

When the Bishop of Tarbes was asked to pronounce on the genuineness of the miracles wrought at Lourdes, the intensity of feeling manifested by his people could not easily be described. But Napoleon Foch had been promoted and sent to Pau; and the villagers knew his sons only in the summer, when the boys and their sister came to spend the vacation in the country place near Valentine. Ferdinand visited the Haras at times, and stood quietly and watched the pilgrims. He would listen by the hour to the tales of the cures; for by this time Tarbes was converted, and its people were filled with pride and devotion for the beautiful shrine. There were scoffers, to be sure; and many asked Ferdinand how he could believe such stuff. If he replied at all, it would be to say briefly that he believed in the power and goodness of God and in the efficacy of prayer.

There are many who remember the soldierly young man with the rank of sub-lieutenant of artillery who, in 1873, asked to be attached to the garrison at Tarbes, in order to learn anew all he had previously known about horses. This was the graduate from the *Ecole Polytechnique*, where he had won signal honors, especially in the branches of higher mathematics. Ferdinand, like his brothers, began his school life with the Jesuits at Tarbes; and, while he won none of the honors that came to Gabriel and Germain, he received the "Accessit," honorable mention for Latin, for knowledge of his religion, and for history and geography.

In his twelfth year, having definitely determined to enter the army, he was sent to another Jesuit school, St. Etienne, at Lyons. And from there he went to take a special course in the famous military preparatory school, likewise conducted by the Jesuits—St. Clement, at Metz. He had all his life been a student of military tactics, receiving his first lessons from his mother's father, Colonel Dupré, whom the great Commander had made a chevalier of France because of gallant conduct in the wars with Spain. At twelve he had read Thiers and had gone over every campaign with his grandfather, and had even visited many of the battlefields, confirming or rejecting the estimates of the military chroniclers. When he had taken third honors in a class of more than a hundred, Paris offered him flattering opportunities; but such a city and its pleasures possessed no lure. Until he could be transferred to Tarbes, he was stationed in Fontainebleau, and was overjoyed to be again in the forests.

Ferdinand's motive for going back to Tarbes, as the prelude to his military career, was to test his soul. Not because his brother Gabriel had lately settled there, or because the homes of his sister and his people were adjacent; or even because Germain had, a year before, entered the novitiate at Lyons: it was to measure his childish ideals against the sophisticated knowledge of

the colleges, the military ones in particular. Needless to say, his faith was clear, strong, and unsullied as his own mountain streams. In an age of unparalleled skepticism, he retained his childish devotion and reliance on the goodness and mercy of God. He made many pilgrimages to the holy Grotto, and each time was rewarded with an increase of faith and hope and love. At Mary's feet he learned the lesson which served him so well in the tragic days before the tide turned in favor of the Allies: that only by casting oneself on God, by earnestly invoking His aid, and taking all difficulties to Him in the form of prayer, is one strengthened for the duties of life.

After two years, young Foch asked to be sent to the cavalry school at Saumur. He wished to give his country the full benefit of the comprehensive knowledge gained during his early years at the horse market. The night before he left Tarbes, like a true knight, he kept his vigil before the altar of Our Lady. He felt he was going forth to make a new home, and to Tarbes he would henceforth return only as a sojourner.

Not many years later he cast his lot among a people intensely pious and loyal to the ancient Faith—the natives of Brittany. He had married Mademoiselle Julie Bienvenue, of St. Brieuc, on the wild, ragged coast of the Bretons; and soon after his marriage he purchased the estate and manor house of Trefeunteuniere, which he transformed into the brightest and sunniest spot along the shore. The native trees—pines, sturdy oaks, poplars, and heavier kinds of evergreen—stand like sentinels between him and a too curious public, especially since the owner of the house became a hero and Marshal of France.

The manor is near the tiny village of Plonjean, with its church so beloved of artists; but there is a chapel occupying the west side of the Foch mansion. Père Foch was wont to spend part of his brief vacations there in the happy days before the great catastrophe of 1914. He comes

even yet, whenever he may; for a tie of unusual tenderness unites these two brothers; and the only son of the Marshal, who fell in the early days of the war, bore the name of the priest, Germain Foch. He was a captain of cavalry.

Reliance on God, unfailing belief in the efficacy of prayer,—these are the prominent characteristics of Ferdinand Foch, Marshal of France, even as they were in that remote day when the skeptics asked if he believed in miracles. Books upon books have been written on his great martial achievements; there are books upon books dealing with the beginning of the "Hundred Days"; but the incident which will stand out gloriously is that of the man giving his final commands, and then courteously asking his staff that he might be left in utter seclusion for one hour. Naturally, they thought he needed rest. But when an imperative telegram called for a reply, he was sought in his quarters in vain. Then some one, who knew the great soul well, suggested the chapel; and here he was found before the Blessed Sacrament. He had done for his armies all in human power, and he was taking the rest to lay as simply and piously before his heavenly Friend as he had done in his boyhood, in the dark old church at Tarbes. That was a splendid vision of Wordsworth's "The Happy Warrior"—Foch in every essential—

While the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause.
(The End.)

I NEVER am so strongly tempted to doubt Inspiration as when I hear it defended; and if ever I am tempted to deny miracles, it is when I hear them rigidly maintained. But let a man live in daily intercourse through the Word with Him who gave it, till he become a veritable apostle, a living and articulate prophet, then no man will ever doubt either the source whence he draws his inspiration, or the reality of the inspiration he has.

—Principal Fairbairn.

The Angelical Salutation.

(J. S., in his book "Of Good Intentions," 1702.)

SO many devout pieces have been written upon this particular, that 'tis not very easy to add any thing to them. I shall only here recommend it to the reader's consideration, that from this heavenly message to that incomparable Mirrour of all Purity, the Immaculate and ever-Blessed Virgin; and from her humble consent to the Arch-angels proposal, ensu'd the Incarnation of the Eternal Word; from which all the holy doctrine, and admirable examples of our Saviour, which enlighten'd and instructed us both in faith and virtuous life; our redemption by his death and passion; the raising our lumpish affections to a vigorous hope of eternal life, and love of heaven, whither he went before to prepare us a place, and to intercede for us; the sending the Holy Ghost by His Father and Himself, to form, settle, and establish his Church in truth and in sanctity: that is, in one word, there ensu'd thence all the good to poor lost mankind that can possibly be imagin'd.

Had it not been for this, we had all still ador'd a chimerical multitude of ridiculous false gods; some of them senseless inanimate creatures, and the works of men's hands. Had it not been for this, we had liv'd here a while slaves to our lusts, and adorers of vain glory, worldly honours, and brutish pleasures; which, when our poor deluded soul is by death divested of her body, do all vanish into air, and leave her empty of any thing but that which she must carry with her,—viz., her violent and ill-set impure affections; which will torture her with the loss of those darling temporary goods, on which only she doted while here; and, which is a thousand times worse, indispose her, and make her incapable of beholding God's glorious face, which, now too late, she sees is her only true and soul-satiating happiness. So that, having lost all she could

wish or hope for, and this irrecoverably, she plunges her self into a hell of eternal misery.

This, I say, had been the dismal condition of all mankind, had not the Son of the Most High, out of his meer goodness and mercy, condescended to be Incarnate, and liv'd amongst us. This lays on all Christians a most absolute obligation, as oft as they repeat this salutation, which brought from heaven the first good tidings of our redemption, to revere this holy mystery; and to bless and magnify the wisdom and goodness of God for bringing it to effect by most wonderful means, and thus revealing it to the world.

The Lesson of the Cross.

IF a cross be composed of two pieces of wood, the shorter piece represents your will, and the longer God's will. Place the two pieces side by side, and there is no cross; but lay the shorter piece across the longer and you have a cross. Whenever our will falls across God's there is a cross in our life. We make a cross for ourselves every time we do not accept Christ's way, every time we murmur at anything He sends, every time we fail to do what He commands. But when we meekly accept what He gives; when we yield in sweet acquiescence to His will, though it shatters our fairest hopes; when we let our wills lie alongside His, there are no crosses in our life, and we have found the peace of Christ.

An Italian bishop who had borne many trials with a calm, unruffled temper, was once asked how he attained to such a mastery of himself. "By making a right use of my eyes," said he. "I first look up to heaven, as the place whither I am going to live forever. I next look down upon earth, and consider how small a space of it will soon be all that I can occupy or want. I then look round me, and think how many are far more wretched than I am."

On Public Applause.

THAT oft-quoted saying of Ecclesiastes, "Of making many books there is no end," is more literally true perhaps in this twentieth century than it has ever been in any previous one. While the world is overrun with useless books, however, not all the useful ones have yet been published. One of the books that still need to be written is a popular treatise on the art of listening in public. A systematic exposition of the principles by which audiences should be guided, a discussion in detail of the requirements and dispositions proper to popular assemblies, a handbook of the relations that ought to subsist between a public speaker and his hearers,—some such manual is needed, and in due time will no doubt be forthcoming.

In view of the hundreds of volumes in which, since the days of Demosthenes and Cicero, the art of oratory, or public speaking, has been subjected to the most minute analysis, it is just a little strange that nothing, or next to nothing, has appeared on this correlative or complementary art of public listening. Effective oratory, or eloquent public speaking, is not a matter dependent solely upon the orator,—not merely a natural consequence of his genius or talent, his native or acquired ability to talk lucidly and forcibly on his chosen subject: it is most commonly a result of the interaction of orator and audience, the outcome of a sympathetic alliance between speaker and listeners. The difference between an eloquent speech and a flat one, in a word, is oftentimes a question of audience as much as of speaker.

In connection with this matter there is one truth which ought to be, but apparently is not, obvious to even the most limited intelligence: an audience that is chary of its applause will never hear a speaker at his best. Those persons who, in the parliamentary gallery, the lecture auditorium, the political hall, or the ban-

quet room, are careful to repress their feelings, who give but slight and infrequent, if any, outward expression to their appreciation of the orator's utterances, undoubtedly make a mistake and deprive themselves of an easily purchased additional pleasure.

One of the silliest ideas that have ever become prevalent among those who wish to be thought superior persons is that demonstrativeness in an audience is not "the correct thing," is opposed to "good form,"—is, in fact, rather vulgar. In listening to the most brilliant speaker these cultured people (save the mark!) may go so far as languidly to tap their thumb-nails one against the other, but no more audible expression of approval is allowable in their *nil admirari* code. There is, of course, more real vulgarity in such namby-pamby affectation than in all the hearty clapping of hands, vigorous stamping of feet, or prolonged cheering by which sensible, warm-blooded people make known their cordial sympathy with the orator and their thorough appreciation of his telling points. Edmund Kean once gave an American audience of this undemonstrative superior class a lesson by which many another popular assembly might well profit.

It was on the occasion of the English tragedian's first appearance in a Boston theatre. The house was crowded; but, throughout the first act of "Richard III.," there was scarcely a ripple of applause. The select audience was delighted with the splendid acting, but clearly considered it beneath its dignity to give any palpable evidence of that fact. Kean was furiously indignant. At the conclusion of the act he sought the manager and energetically protested that he would not go on with the play. "Such an audience, sir," he angrily declared, "would extinguish Vesuvius." The upshot of the matter was that the manager had to go before the curtain and explain that the tragedian was not used to such severely intellectual criticism as that which characterized the Athens of America.

"In fact, ladies and gentlemen," he concluded, "unless you applaud Mr. Kean as he is accustomed to being applauded, you must not expect to see Mr. Kean act as he is accustomed to act." This proved effectual. The audience, thawing out, condescended to become natural, and Kean had no further cause to complain of their excessive frigidity.

Everyone knows how helpful to such everyday heroes as our city firemen is a cheer from the lookers-on at an especially daring act in an endeavor to save life; how the hero seems to draw new inspiration and energy from the admiring huzzas of the crowd below him, and is nerved by their sympathy to superhuman efforts and final success. In much the same way do the generous plaudits of a sympathetic and responsive audience invigorate a speaker, arouse his flagging energy, and help him up to the higher levels of genuine eloquence. Speaking once of this action and reaction between orator and audience, Gladstone said: "He gets from them in vapor that which he gives back to them in flood."

The thoroughly sensible listener to a public speaker would seem to be the man who is willing to back his convictions to the extent of applauding heartily what he personally considers a well-made point, a cogent argument, or an especially eloquent passage; and this, quite irrespective of the action or inaction of the rest of the audience. An occasional outburst of such audible approbation is worth considerably more to the speaker than an apathetic, even if sustained, attention throughout his discourse, and, then, either perfunctory or cordial congratulations embodied in a vote of thanks at its close.

Listening to a really eloquent speaker is an intellectual pleasure of a high grade; and there are comparatively few cases in which our enjoyment thereof may not be enhanced by the judicious applause that acts on the orator as a potent stimulant, sustaining his verve, intensifying his earnestness, and prompting him to the highest flights of which his genius is capable.

Notes and Remarks.

From the March-April bulletin of Catholic Federation in the United States it would appear that, while lack of funds prevented the Federation as a body from taking hold effectively in much of the war work accomplished during the past two years, it gave all the moral support at its command to the Catholic War Council, and that the numerous societies connected with Federation assisted all the authorized agencies that were active in the different branches of service necessitated by the war. A number of the most important members of the Catholic War Council, including Bishops Muldoon and Schrembs, are also leaders of Federation; and this fact is sufficient indication that the resources of the combined Catholic forces in that organization have been utilized to the utmost during the strenuous period that is just coming to a close. Meanwhile we are informed that "quiet but extensive plans are under way by Federation for the resumption of activities on a great scale after the work of the Catholic War Council is finished. The war has taught American Catholics the great need of unity of action; and should the elaborate plan now being prepared by Federation meet with the approval and support of the hierarchy, the apostolate of the laity will become a most potent factor in the Church of America."

It is tolerably certain that the approval and support of the hierarchy will not be wanting to any worth-while activities; and we can only hope that the achievements of Federation during the next few years will be commensurate with the promise it gives.

History seems to be repeating itself in the abnormal recrudescence of crime in our large cities since the signing of the armistice. Every great war has been followed by just such an aftermath of disorder and lawlessness of many kinds. One

theory to explain such outbreaks of the criminal instinct is that, after a prolonged period of strict discipline and the multifarious war-time restrictions, there is bound to be a reaction manifested in an apparent defiance of authority,—such a reaction, on a somewhat minor scale, as was seen in the England of Charles II.'s time, when the unduly strict morality of Puritanism was succeeded by an outbreak of licentiousness. An additional incentive to crime just now is the undeniable spread of what is known as Bolshevism in this country. The plot to get rid of a number of prominent persons by forwarding to them in the mails deadly bombs has awakened our citizens to the reality of a menace which a good many have hitherto considered to be more or less mythical; and the assertion that in New York there are as many as fifteen Bolshevist Sunday-schools in which children from six to sixteen years of age are taught to recite rebellious doctrines and sing the Socialist rebel hymn, is calculated to open eyes rather inclined to stay shut when there is question of dangerous theories, false philosophy, and irreligious training.

One of the fundamental causes of crime in this country is the absence of religious teaching in the public schools. It is altogether futile to expect morality from pupils who are without the moral sanctions of a religious creed. Training the intellect may be successful in making boys and girls "clever" and "smart" and competent to make money; but it is impotent to control vicious passions.

Many people in this country will remember the indignant howl which went up about fifty years or so ago when the Rev. Dr. Ewer, a learned clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, published his "Sermons on the Failure of Protestantism." Its decline has been so rapid meantime that a companion volume, entitled "Sectarianism Gone to Seed," would now be in order. But it would probably cause no great howl of indigna-

tion, since so little protest is heard from any quarter against the sort of religious services now held and the kind of sermons at present preached in perhaps the majority of Protestant churches. The "Amen Corner" and the "Anxious Bench" have disappeared; and, instead of discourses on religious subjects, congregations are treated to essays on political, historical, and social topics.

The "religious advertisements" of a leading New York daily for last Sunday are curious reading. The Rev. R. O. Everhart (Congregational) was announced to discourse on "The 18th Amendment and the Rights of Man." "May Day Strikes" and "Flying in France" were the subjects chosen by Lyman R. Hartley, "preacher"—and Presbyterian. At the Church of the Ascension (Protestant Episcopal), the Rev. Dr. Percy Stickney Grant was down for "Carry On," at eleven o'clock. The congregation of the Fort Washington Church were to be regaled with a lecture on the League of Nations, by the Rev. Irving H. Berg, D. D. (Reformed Church in America). The attraction at All Souls' Church (Unitarian) was "The Drift to Anarchy," by the Rev. Dr. Sullivan. And so on for several columns. The advertisements are grouped under as many as eighteen headings, including Spiritualism and Sears Philosophy—whatever that is.

The failure of Protestantism is notorious everywhere. "Among the most potent causes of it," according to the Rev. W. A. Davison (Baptist), "have been the different 'isms.'"

The Department of the Interior has issued a timely warning (addressed in particular to those who are unfamiliar with business methods or the ways of the "stock shark") against exchanging Liberty bonds and war savings stamps for shares in inexhaustible oil wells that exist only in some one's imagination, or copper mines that are to be found only on maps. It seems that a large number of fraudulent

salesmen are now at large, trying to persuade the unwary that they have only to convert bonds and stamps into stocks of certain kinds in order to "get rich quick." The victims of such impostors, as a rule, are those who can least afford to be victimized. Recommending various campaigns of publicity to set forth the great necessity of safeguarding bondholders from worthless stocks, the Department of the Interior makes this eminently practical suggestion:

Employers can legitimately make such campaigns a part of the Americanization work going forward in their plants or offices. Notices regarding the present danger in trading the bonds for proffered shares in some enterprise should be posted where the foreman and workers can readily see them. A committee or bureau of information regarding the value of stocks and bonds thus offered would be a service open to every manufacturer, and would do much to make the worker feel that his employer had a personal interest in his welfare.

Perhaps the most deplorable result of the delay in settling the terms of peace, which almost everyone is now of opinion should have been done at once, has been the continuance of the horrors in Armenia. The cessation of hostilities would seem to have infuriated the Turks still more against their helpless victims. It is true that the Turkish authorities made great show of punishing the ringleaders in the massacre of hundreds of thousands of Armenians; but meanwhile fresh attacks were being made upon them. The authority for this statement is Dr. John H. Finley, commissioner of the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief, who says: "Throughout Asia Minor, beyond the points to which the British and the French troops have advanced, the Armenians are still being persecuted by the Turks. In one way or another, by individuals and by groups, Armenians are being killed. I know of one case where one hundred Armenians were slaughtered, and another where forty were shot down,—all since the armistice was signed." Another com-

missioner writes: "Concentration of refugees at Alexandropol and Etchmiadzin, without food or clothing, and after a winter of exile in the Caucasus and beyond, has produced a condition of horror unparalleled among the atrocities of the Great War. On the streets of Alexandropol, on the day of my arrival, one hundred and ninety-two corpses were picked up, and this is far below the average per day. These refugees—more than 330,000—dare not go forward. They halt on the border land of their home. The Turks, the Kurds, and the Tartars have taken possession of their land, and will hold it by force of arms. . . . The only solution is a considerable number of troops to be used as a policing force supplied by a mandatory power. This action must unhappily await the findings of the Peace Conference, and the voice of governing bodies. Every moment of delay means enlargement of existing horrors."

The harrowing story of what the Armenians have suffered at the hands of the Turks has been only half told as yet. All honor to the gentlemen of the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief, who have been doing all in their power to make known the distress in Asia Minor and to relieve it as much as can possibly be done.

The notion that States which have enacted Prohibition laws are necessarily dry, is quite as absurd as the notion that countries which drink most are necessarily the most drunken. The State of Maine, with a population of less than 2,000,000, is said to have more drunkenness than the whole of France, with a population of about 39,000,000. "On paper," says Mr. Sydney Brooks, writing in the current *North American Review*, "the greatest drinkers in the world are the French. They consume about fifteen gallons more of alcohol per head than we do. Yet France is a notoriously temperate country. Before the phylloxera ravaged the vines and led to spirit-drinking, the French probably held

the palm for sobriety among European peoples. Italy, Spain, and Portugal, being wine-growing countries, have large statistics of consumption, but are, as a matter of fact, exceedingly temperate."

In reference to England, where, though the drink evil is prodigious, Prohibition finds little favor, Mr. Brooks says: "There are moments, it is true, when one can forgive an English temperance advocate everything. He may exaggerate, he may be impractical, he may be defeating his own ends by his unmeasured violence; but the provocation he meets with in the spectacle of the crime, the wretchedness, and the physical and mental deterioration for which drink is largely responsible in Great Britain, is undoubtedly prodigious. But a wider philosophy and a deeper experience of life convince one that it is better for a community to drink in moderation than to attempt the impossible task of imposing abstinence by force. . . . But I certainly do not want to 'rob the British workingman of his beer.' On the contrary, I want to educate or induce him to drink as much of it as is good for him, and no more. And the most effective steps that can be taken to these ends are, first, to provide him with his favorite beverage in the most wholesome form—to stimulate, in other words, his growing preference for light beers; and, secondly, to see that he has a chance of drinking it in clean and cheerful surroundings, in an establishment where he can buy things to eat as well as drink, and can consume them sitting down at tables instead of standing up at a bar. Destroy the public house as a drinking den, and convert it into a restaurant and place of recreation; and temperance will have gained the most powerful ally it can hope or desire to secure."

We have quoted Mr. Brooks at length because there are so many in this country who, without having the courage to profess their opinions, think as he does on the subject of drink,—men and women who detest the political influence of the liquor trade and deplore the evils of drunkenness

quite as much as the Prohibitionists themselves, yet who do not believe that Prohibition laws are wise, or that it will be possible to enforce them.

What is meant by the authority of the Church? Is not the Bible our sole authority?

Let the answer to this question, asked by a Protestant, be in the words of another non-Catholic, the Rev. Charles Fiske, writing in the *Living Church*:

By the authority of the Church as the interpreter of the Bible we mean that in reading God's Word we must be guided by the Church's decrees. The Bible is a difficult book to understand: we need help in reading it, and the Church gives us that aid. . . . The Church gave us the Bible—there was a Church organized, and teaching in the world before the Bible was written,—and therefore the Church is the one best able to interpret the Book she has given us. This is very different from the popular Evangelical statement that "the Bible and the Bible only is the religion of Protestants." You see what that theory results in: every denomination finding a different faith and system, as each reads the Scriptures from a different point of view; different people going to the Bible to pick out what pleases them, or what fits in with their theory, and forgetting things of a different character that affect, qualify, and explain what they have accepted. No one is wise enough to choose out of the Bible even what is most necessary; and we shall best read its pages if we take the summary of its teaching which the Church gives us in her Creeds or in the decrees of her Councils, and then study the Bible with these as a kind of syllabus, a sort of working hypothesis, which further reading will prove, amplify and explain. Otherwise we are like children at a feast, picking out what we fancy and leaving the rest, to our hurt, and through our own fault.

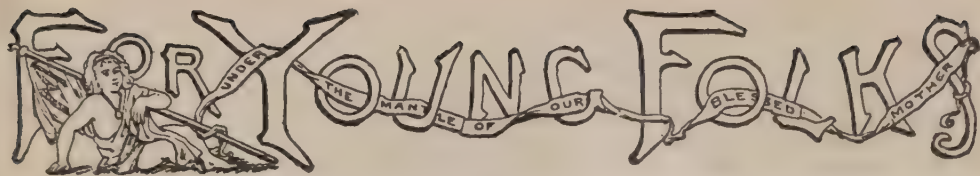
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The world was never in greater need of the guidance of the Church than now; and there are reasons for thinking that this need is becoming more and more generally realized outside of her pale. It was keenly felt and strikingly expressed by Newman, who, in a letter to Dr. Russell, of Maynooth, written three years before his conversion, said: "I only wish that your Church were more known among us by such writings [a volume of St. Alphonsus' sermons]. You will not interest us in her

till we see her, not in politics, but in her true functions of exhorting, teaching, and guiding. I wish there were a chance of making the leading men among you understand, what I believe is no novel thought to yourself. It is not by learned discussions or acute arguments or reports of miracles that the heart of England can be gained: it is by men 'approving themselves,' like the Apostle, 'ministers of Christ.'"

The thought here expressed should be novel to none of us. To win hearts is to convert them; and the sure way of doing this is to prove the Church worthy of love by exemplifying the beauty of the virtues which she inculcates.

The argumentative maxim that what is gratuitously asserted—no proof being adduced to fortify the assertion—may be gratuitously denied, appears to be forgotten by a large number of debaters on a variety of subjects, religion included. The non-Catholic controversialist who attributes to the Church doctrines which she does not teach, or to her children practices in which they do not indulge, takes himself altogether too seriously when he expects an elaborate answer to his arguments. In reality, he is entitled to nothing further than the bald statement that his assertion is untrue. An up-to-date example of these gratuitous asserters is furnished by the *New Witness* (London), to whose columns a certain Rev. Conrad Noel contributes a farrago of anti-Catholic nonsense. As a sample, take this: "The repeated Roman Catholic assertion of unity in fundamentals is the wildest fiction." Argumentatively, an adequate answer to that statement would be that only a fool could make it. The *Catholic Gazette* is more polite. Of Mr. Noel's declaration it says: "One can meet such a statement only with a blank denial. If a Catholic denies a fundamental doctrine, he thereby ceases to be a Catholic. To deny a fundamental doctrine and to remain a Catholic is an impossibility, as everybody knows."



Our Queen and Mother.

BY J. M.

I LIKE to think of the sunny sky
As Our Lady's mantle blue,
Circling this dull, cold earth of ours
With a lovely azure hue;
Chasing the lurking shadows away,
Flooding the world with light,
So our Mother cheers and protects us
Through life's dark and gloomy night.

When the sun goes down, and the sky is lit
With a shimmering, starry sheen,
I think of it then as the jewelled crown
Worn by our Heavenly Queen.
Priceless and rare are the gems she wears—
Gems of virtue bright,—
Shining forth for her children to see,
With a clear and radiant light.

Buddy.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XX.—BUDDY REPORTS.

IN spite of his midnight adventure, Buddy was up in time for the early Mass next morning. Rick and Ted had both been Holy Name men, and, as Father Bennett told him, he must keep up the Reeves' record, even if he were only thirteen.

The church was crowded with soldiers; for a new regiment had arrived at Camp Columbia, and there were rumors of hurried movements across the sea, and that would entail even more rapid changes in the weeks to come. All these brave fellows were going to face danger and death, and the pastor of St. Anne's felt he must do his best for them. So he announced this morning that, as it was somewhat difficult for all to

come to St. Anne's, there would be open-air Mass at the Camp itself next Sunday. And he would spend Saturday night hearing the confessions of all who wished to come.

Furthermore, as he was desirous to make this service—which he had reason to believe would be largely attended—as solemn and impressive as possible, Father Bennett requested a few volunteers from the Holy Name men and boys, who, with permission of the commanding officer, would meet and decorate the altar and serve the Mass.

Buddy listened with breathless interest. An open-air Mass at the Camp! This would be something altogether great and unheard of at St. Ronald's. If Father Bennett wanted volunteers, here was one right at hand. And Buddy lingered around the sacristy door after Mass to offer his services at once.

"Why, of course," was the cheerful answer. "I'll be delighted to have you, my boy! But as the Mass will be very early (I can't keep all these fine fellows fasting from their camp breakfast), perhaps you had better come along with me and stay all night. I've had a tent put at my disposal. I couldn't get any boy in; but a line from your uncle will make it all right for you, I know."

"Oh, that will be great!" said Buddy, delightedly. "I'll get the line from Uncle Kent and be with you sure, Father."

And he bounded off home, so full of happy interest in this new subject that he quite forgot Dr. Muller and his fireworks of the night before, until the sight of Cousin Enid, on the porch, suddenly recalled the doctor's parting message.

Breakfast was always late at Maplewood on Sunday; but Cousin Enid was up early this morning, perhaps because Lieutenant Collins was due at the Camp at ten. They

had been out in the garden together, and the lady's hands were filled with late roses still wet with dew; and her eyes were very soft and bright, as if they, too, were wet with dewdrops.

"Why, halloo, Bud! What started you out so early?" said Miss Enid's companion, not altogether pleased at the interruption of a most interesting conversation.

"Church," answered Buddy, as, all unconscious of his unwelcome intrusion, he sank down on the step at his pretty cousin's feet. "It's Holy Name Sunday, you know."

"So it is," said the young gentleman. "I quite forgot. But there are times when you do forget heaven for earth."

"You ought never to do that," replied Buddy, seriously.

"Well, I'll put it in another way," corrected the young soldier. "When earth itself seems heaven, as it does this morning," he added, with a glance at the fair face beside him—

"Don't bewilder the boy," said Cousin Enid, gently. "He sees clearer than you or I. What a pity he must grow up old and wise after the fashion of men! Don't you wish you were a boy again yourself?" she added, smiling.

"No," was the decided answer, "not this morning,—most assuredly; and not in times like these. The boys are missing a lot; aren't they, Buddy?"

"Yes, they are," was the doleful answer. "It's awful to be just thirteen now. There will be nothing doing when I am a man. Of course I can be a lawyer or doctor—and that reminds me, Cousin Enid. Dr. Muller—isn't that his name?—told me to give you a parting message. He said he would have to go off early this morning, and to tell you for him—*Confiteor*."

"*Confiteor*?" echoed the young lady, in amazement.

"That was the word," said Buddy,—"*Confiteor*. I remember it because we say it serving Mass, only of course there's a lot more to it then. But that was all I was to say to you—just *Confiteor*."

"Singular, to say the least," observed young Collins, his face darkening jealously. "Does this gentleman usually converse with ladies in code?"

"Don't be absurd!" chided the young lady, reproachfully. "I don't understand this ridiculous message at all. Dr. Muller has gone, you say, Buddy? How strange! Uncle Kent expected him to stay for a week or ten days. And he sent me this peculiar message. Oh, you must be mistaken, Buddy!"

"No, I'm not," said Buddy. "*Confiteor* was the word, I know. He said it plain when he left me last night at the gate. I was to tell my pretty Cousin Enid—*Confiteor*."

"If there is any idiotic impertinence in this," began young Collins hotly—

"My dear Tom, no, no—none in the world!" soothed the lady.—"You say the doctor left you last night at the gate, Buddy?"

"Yes; we walked home together after the storm. He had been in the old graveyard sending up fireworks."

"Fireworks!" echoed both his hearers, breathlessly.

"They looked like fireworks,—blue and red stars shooting up in the sky," explained Buddy. "I thought it was the West River crowd trying to frighten me after our fight. So I jumped in through the pines after them, and found it was Dr. Muller trying experiments."

"Experiments!" echoed young Collins, his face hardening sternly as he questioned: "He told you he was sending up these lights as experiments?"

"Yes," answered Buddy,—"*drawing* something out of the clouds that you can only get after a storm."

"Drawing something from the clouds! The poor man must be mad," said Miss Enid, pityingly.

"Mad?" repeated the Lieutenant, his eyes blazing. "It is madness with devilish method in it, then. I've had my suspicions of this wonderful doctor all along. Don't you understand, dearest? The scoundrel

was *signalling*—signalling the information he probably gleaned here to-night to confederates on the other shore. They have their outposts hidden all about, watching the Camp, learning the movements of the troops. And this kid broke in upon him at his desperate work,—good Lord, boy, broke in upon a man like that in the dead of night, all alone!”

“O Ben was with me,” said Buddy, “big black Ben, Mammy Lindy’s boy! He was scared to death,” laughed Buddy. “He took the doctor for a graveyard ghost, and caught up a stone to split his head open. I just hollered in time to save him.”

“O Buddy, Buddy!” Cousin Enid sank down on the steps beside her little cousin, and flung her arm about him in shivering clasp. “What an escape! And you came home through the darkness with this—this dreadful man!”

“Oh, he wasn’t dreadful, Cousin Enid! He talked real pleasant and nice. He said Uncle Kent would understand, when I told him about his experiments, why he had to leave so early.”

“He will indeed,” muttered the young officer, grimly. “Go on! Give us the rest of this midnight interview, Bud. That black guardian angel of yours kept close at your side, of course.”

“Ben? Oh, yes!” answered Buddy, simply. “He came home with us. And the doctor said he would go before I was up in the morning; and so he would bid me good-night and good-bye, and I must give Cousin Enid the parting message from him,—*Confiteor*.”

“Yes,” said the young officer, sternly; while Miss Enid sat pale and silent. “We understand the message now. Those were signal lights to the enemy that your friend was experimenting with last night, Buddy. His message to your cousin means that he confesses himself to be what he is—a treacherous spy.”

“A spy? Gee!” exclaimed Buddy, quite incapable of further speech.

And soon all Maplewood was roused

with Buddy’s story. Uncle Kent, hoarse and purple with wrath, had to hear the midnight adventure from beginning to end. The gout had come back upon him this morning, and he was counting on the famous doctor’s skill to relieve him. Really, it would be too shocking to repeat all the dreadful things Uncle Kent thundered as he sat up in his big cushioned chair, with his foot on a pillow, and listened to Buddy’s simple account of the fireworks in the old graveyard, and Dr. Muller’s rapid departure to parts unknown.

“It’s only the Lord’s mercy, boy, that you weren’t killed like a mosquito. If it hadn’t been for that big Nigger Ben behind you, the villain would never have let you come home with this tale. Experimenting indeed,—sending up his signal lights under my very nose! But we’ll have him! He can’t have gone very far. We’ll track him down. We’ll yet smoke out this nest of traitors about St. Ronald’s.”

And Uncle Kent dragged himself and his gouty foot into a big automobile and went fiercely speeding off to carry out his threat. Perhaps it would have been better for his purpose if all St. Ronald’s had not buzzed so loudly with the story, told with many exciting narrations in kitchen and stable. Granny Jackson hobbled up from her shanty in the swamps to hear the narration at first-hand; and Tobe retailed it at the “ister wharf” to open-mouthed listeners. Whether it was man or devil that Big Ben had defied in the old graveyard, all the colored listeners had serious doubts.

“Dar was suthing ’bout him dat made yer flesh creep,” Ben declared. “Lucky I was ’long wif Marse Bud and had dat white rabbit foot in my pocket. I nebba goes out at night wifout dat rabbit foot. I giv Granny Jackson a dollar for it. It’s been wurth the money, suah.”

Even Father Bennett, on hearing this mingled fact and fiction, came up after dinner to inquire what was all this fairy tale about Buddy’s spotting a German spy; and when he had the true version from

mamma's trembling lips, he agreed with her that not only Big Ben but white-winged angels had been guarding her boy.

"Gee, I wish I had been along, Bud!" said Jack, a little envious of his cousin's distinction. "He would not have fooled me. I would have known what those fireworks meant, sure."

"Would you?" asked Buddy, simply. "But, you see, I didn't. I thought he was a doctor and it was all right for him to experiment."

"Experiment? Pooh!" scoffed Jack, with a city boy's superior wisdom. "I would have stolen off without letting him see me, and brought Lieutenant Collins or some other fellow to nab him while he was at work. They'll never catch him now: he has too good a start. He knew he had time to make a get-away, or he would never have sent that message to Cousin Enid. He felt it was all up with him, and he might as well confess. Gee, you were a softy, Bud, to let him fool you like that!"

And with this uncomplimentary decision our Buddy was forced to agree, when it was found the strange doctor had made a "get-away" indeed. All Uncle Kent's efforts could not trace him: he had vanished, whether into sea or air no one could tell. For in these strange times there were ways of vanishing into sea and air, as all wise people knew.

And, whether it was due to this new excitement in the neighborhood or to Uncle Kent's stern warning of the previous evening, Hans had taken alarm and vanished, too. When Buddy stopped at the forge next morning with Dandy, who still had a slight limp, door and windows were barred and bolted, and a torn card nailed to the wall bore the inscription: "Till Further Notis, Closd.—Hans Schwartz."

(To be continued.)

It is not so much what we *do* in this world as what we *are* that tells in beneficial results. A good life is like a flower, which pours out a rich perfume, and thus performs a blessed ministry.

In a Strange Language.

THE "Our Father" and the "Hail Mary" are the same, of course, in every language, and there is not one in which these familiar prayers are not recited. They look very strange, however, in the Ifugao language of the Philippine Islands,—all but the words *Dios*, *Jesus*, *Santa Maria*, and *Amen*. Here are both prayers, just as they are printed in a little catechism sent to us from Vigan:

Amami, a magguianca si langit, Mecacua na ngahannu, Mapada-nga sicuami na pappatulannu, Macua na urem si lubag maninque si langit. Na accanammi si ca-ahao ia-dam sicuami sito ahao, E ipamacomam sicuami na gatutmi sicuam, maninque ammacomami si naggatut ira sicuami, E ammeracami papasiquil si angngacacap sicuami, Se salacandacami si quihan na maral. Amen.

Maanggamca Maria, a napannuca si gracia; ana na Afu Dios sicuam; madayo canque ammin si quihan na bafabbay, anna madayo pe na bunga na cuyunñgu, a y Jesus. Santa Maria, a Ina na Dios, paquigumallacdacami a maliualiuat, sitau e na nu attat na patemi. Amen.

A Good-Natured Knight.

A certain knight growing old, his hair fell off and he became bald, so that he was obliged to wear a wig. As he was riding out to hunt one day, with some friends, a sudden gust of wind blew off the wig and exposed his bald head. The company could not forbear laughing at the accident, and he himself laughed as loud as any of them, saying: "How was it to be expected that I should keep strange hair upon my head when my own would not stay there?"

This story has a good lesson to it. If we sometimes laugh at jokes on others, we should not be offended at an occasional joke on ourselves.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The object of "Preparation for Marriage," by the Rev. J. A. McHugh, O. P., S. T. Lr. (Benziger Brothers), is to furnish priests with the questions and explanations necessitated by the New Code of Canon Law in the case of persons intending to get married. Price, 60 cents, which seems rather high for a booklet of only eighty-nine pages.

—Under the heading "Essays," a leading literary journal thus notices a new novel published by the Macmillan Co.: "Describes the experiences of a man and wife who go on a riding expedition in search of health." If such a "review"—save the mark!—as this were to appear in a Catholic periodical, its editor would never be forgiven.

—Being himself a literary man, the author of numerous books and innumerable speeches, President Wilson should have been able to appreciate the argument in favor of Italy's claims to Fiume based on Dante. It is plain from two passages of the "Divine Comedy" that the divide of the Alps constitutes the natural ethnic borders of Italy. But perhaps Mr. Wilson has been somewhat too busy to read much poetry since he went abroad.

—Among English authors the centenary of whose birth occurs during the present year is the Rev. Charles Kingsley,—“muscular Christianity Kingsley,” as he used to be called four or five decades ago. Writing of him recently in the *Literary Guide*, a critic says: "His name will always be remembered, but it will not be on account of his novels or sugary verses. Greatly daring, Kingsley ventured to attack Cardinal Newman, and his shallow criticism led to the publication of Newman's 'Apologia pro Vita Sua,' one of the most remarkable books of religious autobiography ever written. In that wonderful book Charles Kingsley's name is preserved like a fly in amber."

—The Rev. A. M. Skelly, O. P., the first volume of whose "Doctrinal Discourses" we noticed about a year ago, sends us his second volume, a 16 mo of 320 pages, uniform with the first. It covers the Sundays and chief festivals from the First Sunday in Lent to the Second Sunday after Easter, inclusive. The appreciative terms in which we spoke of the contents of Vol. I., as being excellent, practical discourses, are equally merited by the present work, and will no doubt be deserved as well by the three further volumes which are promised. We are glad to see that Father Skelly has adopted our suggestion

and added an index to this second volume, thereby materially increasing its usefulness. Two appendices will especially commend themselves to those of Irish blood,—“St. Patrick's Birthplace” and “Ireland a Nation of Apostles.” The book is published by the Dominican Sisters, Tacoma, Washington.

—The author of an appreciation of William Winter, published recently in one of our magazines, should not have forgotten the fine tribute paid to that eminent author and critic by Edward Markham, concluding thus:

And so wherever Time shall speak your fame,
Truth will nail high this writ above your name:
He kept his soul unspotted of the mire
Wherein so many smirch their souls for hire.
However fortune wavered, still all men
Revered the austere honor of his pen.
God made him of unpurchasable stuff:
Say this at last, and this will be enough!

—“Mexico under Carranza,” by Thomas E. Gibbon (Doubleday, Page & Co.), is a rather severe arraignment of the man who during the past four years has been ruling over the country beyond our southern border. Mr. Gibbon is a lawyer who, it appears, has spent considerable time in Mexico studying its people and its industries under the governments of Diaz, Madero, and Carranza; and he makes out a strong case against the last of the three. Much of the book is given up to a discussion of the investments, in Mexico, of Americans and other aliens, and the relation which these investments have borne to the country's economic welfare. In several appendices are given lists of American citizens killed in Mexico by armed Mexicans during the revolutionary period 1910-1916; and of outrages committed in the oil regions there from January to July, 1918. Mr. Gibbon speaks well of the native Mexican; and bears generous testimony to the moral character, the loyalty to his employer, and the fidelity to his duties, of the peon when uncorrupted by evil influences from outside.

—Volume III. of the Centennial History of Illinois, a large octavo of 500 pages, has for specific subject “The Era of the Civil War: 1848-1870.” Its author, Arthur Charles Cole, has done his work well, and the book will be found of genuine interest to the general reader not less than to the citizens of the State the story of which is herein set forth. It is the story of an evolving Western democracy in a period of grave transition; and, while the temptation to give undue space to such Illinois leaders as took on national importance has naturally been

strong, Mr. Cole has preserved a due sense of proportion, giving to the common people their full share of prominence in his pages. The author's account of the temperance movement during the era of which he writes is of special interest nowadays; and the recognized failure to enforce the partial Prohibition proclaimed in certain localities will doubtless be quoted as an indication of what may be expected in the country at large when the attempt is made to enforce nation-wide Prohibition. The work is published by the Illinois Centennial Commission, Springfield.

—As a geographical term, "Acadia" is apparently not so definite as to be readily understood even by writers in magazines and reviews of repute. A former French colony in America, it was bounded by the Atlantic, the Gulf and River of St. Lawrence, and westward by a line running north from the mouth of the Penobscot. Longfellow, in his "Evangeline," did much to foster the notion that Acadia was coterminous with the Basin of Minas, or at least with Nova Scotia. As a matter of fact, Acadia, the home of those French-speaking people who are called Acadians, as distinguished from the French inhabitants of the Province of Quebec, comprises a number of counties in that section of the Dominion known as the Maritime Provinces,—Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Doctrinal Discourses." Rev. A. M. Skelly, O. P. Vol. II. \$1.25.
 "Mexico under Carranza." Thomas E. Gibbon. \$1.50.
 "The Elstones." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.35.
 "Essays in Occultism, Spiritism, and Demonology." Dean W. R. Harris. \$1.
 "Patriotism in Washington's Time." P. J. Byrne, M. D. \$1.50.
 "Life of Pius X." F. A. Forbes. \$1.35.
 "Marriage Legislation in the New Code of Canon Law." Very Rev. H. A. Ayrinhac, S. S., D. D. \$2.

- "Letter to Catholic Priests." Pope Pius X. 50 cts.
 "Spiritual Exercises for Monthly and Annual Retreats." Rev. P. Dunoyer. \$2.35.
 "The Sad Years." Dora Sigerson. \$1.25.
 "The Parables of Jesus." Rev. P. Coghlan, C. P. \$1.10.
 "A Handbook of Moral Theology." Rev. A. Koch, D. D.—Mr. Arthur Preuss. \$1.50.
 "The Bedrock of Belief." Rev. William Robison, S. J. \$1.25.
 "Ireland: Its Saints and Scholars." J. M. Flood. 90 cts.
 "The Hand of God." Rev. Martin Scott, S. J. \$1. postage extra.
 "Pastor Halloft." \$1.50.
 "In the Soldier's Service." Mary Dexter. \$1.50.
 "The World Problem." Rev. Joseph Husslein, S. J. \$1.35.
 "Foch the Man." Clara E. Laughlin. \$1.
 "War Mothers." Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S. J. 65 cts.
 "A Manual of the History of Dogmas." Rev. Bernard J. Otten, S. J. Vol. II. \$2.50.
 "Armenia and the War." A. P. Hacobian. 50 cts.
 "To the Heart of the Child." Josephine Van Dyke Brownson. \$1.
 "Your Better Self." Humphrey J. Desmond. 50 cts.
 "The Future Life." Rev. Joseph C. Sasia, S. J. \$2.50.
 "The Mystical Life." Dom S. Louismet, O. S. B. \$1.10, postage extra.
 "The Greater Value." G. M. M. Sheldon. 55 cts., postage extra.
 "Herself—Ireland." Elizabeth T. P. O'Connor. \$2.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Francis Ruisi, of the diocese of Fort Wayne; Rev. F. J. Greagan, diocese of Albany; and Very Rev. John J. Hughes, C. S. P.

Sister M. Cleophas, of the Sisters of Mercy; and Sister M. Simeon, Sisters of St. Dominic.

Mr. Joseph Porri, Mrs. Euphrasia Mauduit, Dr. M. J. Collins, Mr. John Uhrig, Miss Mary Cohen, Mr. F. M. Soldinski, Mr. Peter White, Mr. J. G. Burkart, Mr. John Grew, Mr. Joseph Baumont, Mr. Michel Pelletier, Mrs. John Wilson, Mr. Alexander Moore, Mr. M. O. Bayard, Dr. J. H. Roy, Mr. Abraham Robido, Mr. Charles Harkins, Mrs. Margaret Bowen, and Mr. Joseph Kilkner.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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Olga Maria Davin (linguist, poet, writer, musician, and composer) the story of whose conversion to the Church is here told in her own simple, self-convincing words, has herself been instrumental in as many as seventy conversions. Perhaps this little pamphlet may prove equally productive in the same field. The translation originally appeared in the columns of *The Ave Maria*, and we welcome its republication.—*Southern Cross (Adelaide, Australia).*

The author not only describes her happy conversion, but answers many of the objections which her Protestant friends raised against her embracing the Catholic faith. . . . *The Ave Maria* is always happy in the choice of its publications, at once edifying and attractive.—*The Ecclesiastical Review.*

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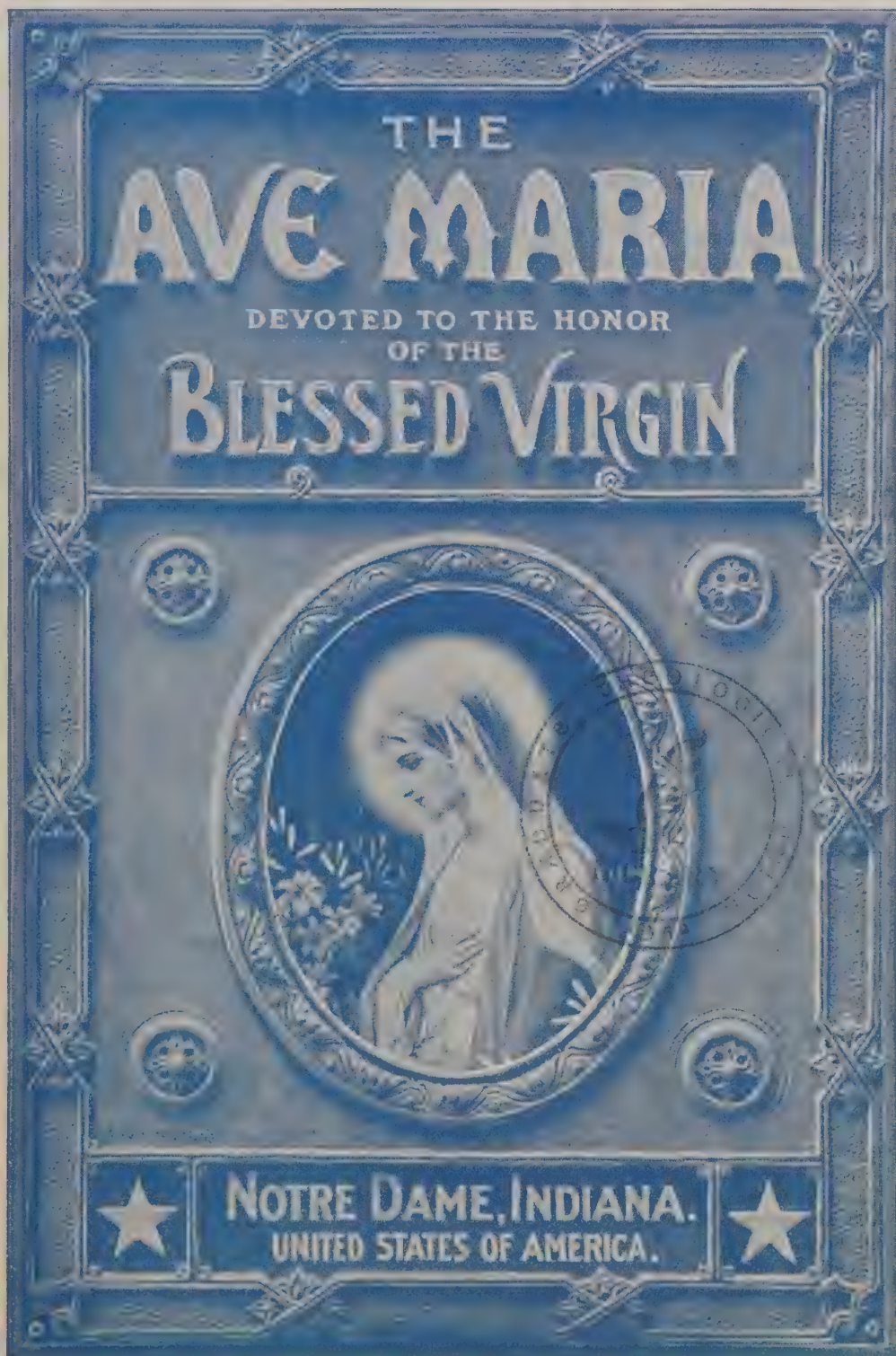
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Entered as second-class matter at Notre Dame, Indiana. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on June 25, 1918.
American News Co.; Gill & Son; Burns and Oates; Catholic Book Depot, Fort, Bombay;
Sydney, N. S. W., Louis Gillie & Co.; Melbourne, Australia, William P. Linehan.

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii. 34.

SATURDAY, 24.—*Our Lady, Help of Christians.* St. Vincent, C.
 SUNDAY, 25.—*Fifth after Easter.* St. Gregory VII. P. C. St. Aldhelm, B. C.
 MONDAY, 26.—St. Philip Neri, C. Rogation Day.
 TUESDAY, 27.—St. Bede, C. D. St. John, P. M. Rogation Day.
 WEDNESDAY, 28.—St. Augustine, B. C. Bl.

Margaret Pole, M. Rogation Day.
 THURSDAY, 29.—*The Ascension of Our Lord.* St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi, V.
 FRIDAY, 30.—St. Felix I., P. M. St. Ferdinand, C.
 SATURDAY, 31.—St. Angela, V. Bl. Gabriel, C. St. Petronilla, V.

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Subscribers will please take notice that the date to which their subscription is paid appears on the cover or wrapper of the magazine. The figures 1-19 mean to January 1, 1919; 2-19 to February, and so on for the other months.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. IX. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 24, 1919.

NO. 21

[Published every Saturday. Copyright, 1919: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

To a May Queen.

BY A. B. H.

AS stands the lily, Nature's queen, apart,
Serenely tall, immaculately fair,
So thou, with halo-crown of golden hair
And beauty mirroring thy lily-heart,
Dost reign with queenly grace and regal art,
With charm and dignity like perfumes rare
That sweeten, as the lily does the air,
And subjects make of all with love's own dart.
Oh, happy we, who hold allegiance true
To thy dear name, and deem it glorious right
To wear thy colors,—one, celestial blue;
And one, thy purity's unspotted white.
The lily queens o'er flowers,—to thee is given
The realm of man's fair earth and God's great
heaven.

St. Senan's Bell.

BY M. BARRY O'DELANY.

IT is long indeed since St. Senan's heaven-sent bell made such a noise in the world as it has been making since, struck by the hammer of the auctioneer, it was purchased at a London sale for no less than one thousand two hundred and fifty guineas. After St. Senan's time this celebrated bell passed into the hands of the O'Cahans—or, as the name is now written, O'Keane,—a family whose members were the hereditary lay stewards of the famous monastery founded by the saint on Scattery Island. Indeed, its present head actually had the

bell in his possession; and it was with a pained surprise, not unmingled with indignation, that Irish antiquaries learned that it had been offered for sale. But for the patriotic munificence of an Irishman, Mr. George W. Panter, M. A., who bought the bell and presented it to the Royal Irish Academy, this unique relic of a bygone age might have been lost to Ireland forever.

The very mention of this bell takes us back to the days of St. Patrick; for the birth of its first owner, St. Senan, was foretold by the Apostle of Ireland himself, who, unable to comply with the request of the people of Clare that he should come and dwell among them, promised that a boy named Senan, or Senanus, should live there one day; he would be a great saint, and was destined to deliver them from a horrible monster that lived on Scattery Island, and was a veritable scourge to the inhabitants of the neighborhood. This monster was called the "cata"; and the island it inhabited, "Inniscatha," or the Island of the Cata; from which its present name of Scattery is said to be derived.

In due time the promised birth took place at Corco-Baschind, west of Thomond in Clare; the boy being christened Senan. He was received into the monastic life by Abbot Cassidan, of Kerry, and founded several monasteries, the most famous being that of Scattery Island, whence, as foretold by St. Patrick, and again later on by an angel, he banished the savage "cata." There, after many years, he died. He made a pilgrimage to Rome, and visited St. Martin of Tours during a visit to

France, where his name is still venerated as patron of the churches of Plausensis and Gué-Senan, and of the diocese of St Pol de Léon; while in Wales St. David is said to have presented him with his own pastoral staff as a token of affection and esteem.

The fame of St. Senan's learning and sanctity spread all over Ireland; and, inspired by angels, St. Kieran and St. Brandon visited Scattery Island in order to choose him as their spiritual director. St. Senan invited them to remain for dinner, but the steward said there was no food in the monastery. The saint hastened to assure his guests that all things necessary would be duly provided for those who feared God and obeyed His law. So they all sat down to table at their host's usual dinner hour; and scarcely had they done so when savory dishes were carried into the room by the servants of Prince Nectan, one of the neighboring nobles, who, having been miraculously admonished of the empty state of the Scattery Island larder, came in person to the rescue, and retired after receiving the thanks and benediction of the holy abbot and his saintly guests.

The popular version of the story of St. Senan's reception of the bell that bears his name tells us that while he was doing the honors of the monastery to St. Brandon, St. Kieran, and their attendant monks, the bell descended from heaven in their midst, ringing as it came. A dispute arose as for whom the bell was destined, the assembled monks arguing differently. Those who had St. Senan for superior said it was meant for him; St. Brandon's followers demanded it for their superior; and the others claimed it for St. Kieran. In order to put a friendly ending to the dispute, St. Senan said: "Let us rise and depart, and let the bell belong to whomsoever its sound shall follow." And as the sound followed St. Senan alone, the bell remained with him. It was then called the "Clog na Neal," or Bell of the Clouds, on account of the miraculous manner in

which it came to Scattery. Later on it was known as the "Clog an Oir," or Bell of Gold, because of the shrine in which it hung. In fact, what is now called St. Senan's bell is really nothing but this little shrine, despoiled long since of its costly ornaments, and small enough to be carried in the hand. The British Museum is said to possess a bell, found on Scattery Island, that some suppose to be the lost bell of St. Senan; but it seems no opportunity for seeing if it would fit the original shrine has so far been offered.

The title of "Carran Boro," or Arbiter of Disputes, was formerly conferred upon the keeper of St. Senan's bell, because of certain occult powers supposed to belong to it; such as that when stolen it would always, of its own accord, return to its rightful owner; and that any one who took a false oath upon it would be struck on the spot with convulsions and death. A Galway gentleman once sent his servant to borrow it; and the servant, being guilty of a crime he knew his master wanted to detect, and believing, no doubt, that drowned bells would tell no tales, flung it into the sea. Then, returning to his master, he said that the steward had refused to lend the bell. "You are a liar!" was the terrible reply of his angry master; "for there it is on the table before you!" So it was; and, at this unexpected sight, the conscience-stricken servant confessed his crime.

St. Senan's bell is said to have been brought into requisition for the last time about the year 1834, when the house of a tenant farmer was broken into, and he was robbed of the sum of twenty pounds. As he suspected that the robbery was committed by some person, or persons, in the neighborhood, he applied for a loan of the bell; and had it announced that the entire parish was expected to assemble at his house on the following Sunday, after Mass, to clear themselves from suspicion by swearing their innocence upon the bell. It was brought with great ceremony to the farmer's house, the result being

awaited with the deepest anxiety. But the thief, or thieves, could not face the ordeal. On the eve of the day appointed for the test, the farmer was awakened at night by hearing a noise of breaking glass, followed by a sound as of something falling on the floor. He rose and, striking a light, found his roll of notes lying on the ground, and tied with the very string with which he himself had fastened them together.

The popular veneration of St. Senan was, indeed, extended to everything connected with him; and any irreverence or act of vandalism committed on his island is said to meet with condign punishment to this day. Albert le Grand relates how when Bernard Adams—called Bernardulus, because of his diminutive stature—was made Protestant Bishop of Limerick by Queen Elizabeth, to show his contempt for the memory of St. Senan, he sent two ministers to Scattery Island with orders to see that the declaration of the royal supremacy was read in St. Mary's Church there. The ministers were protected by soldiers, and the proclamation was duly read. But when the chief minister retired to rest, St. Senan appeared to him and beat him so severely that he woke the whole household with his screams. Instead of being moved to repentance, however, he grew more obstinate, and swore to "drive the abominations of Roman idolatry out of the island." So the next night St. Senan gave him another beating, his roommate not daring to come to his assistance, lest he should be punished also; and no one else could get in, for the door was locked. The story adds that the unfortunate representative of Elizabeth as head of the Church was so bruised and broken that he had to be carried to the ship that bore him back to Limerick.

Moore's well-known melody, "St. Senanus and the Lady," is founded on an incident in the life of the holy virgin, St. Cannera. While engaged in prayer one night, she was favored with a vision in which she beheld all the churches of Ireland sending forth bright fiery flames that

seemed to reach the stars; the church attached to St. Senan's monastery on Scattery Island emitting a brighter and higher light than any of the others. At this sight Cannera left her cell and went alone to the banks of the Shannon. There she met an angel, who bore her to Senan's island, where he left her. When St. Senan saw her he said that it was impossible for her to remain there; for, although they were relatives, her presence might lead to scandal. According to the rules under which he lived, not only were women forbidden to enter the monastery, but even the island itself was closed to them. At her earnest prayer, however, he consented to give her Holy Communion, and promised that when she died she would be buried on the shore of Scattery Island. No sooner had she communicated than she fell dead; and St. Senan and his monks reverently dug her grave upon the shore, where even now it is pointed out to visitors.

St. Senan is still supposed to object to the presence of women on his island, if they enter the ruins of his church there. As recently as 1827 the curate of the place, in order to destroy the superstition, persuaded several women to enter St. Senan's old church. A few years later they and their families were all evicted, and left the island.

Before the coming of the English, Scattery Island was an episcopal See. It was afterwards united to that of Limerick. Up to the dissolution of the monasteries, at least twenty out of its hundred and eighty acres were covered with forests; but there is not a single shrub upon the island now.

MARY is the stem of that beautiful flower on which the Holy Spirit rests with all His gifts; therefore, he who wishes to obtain the Seven Gifts of this Holy Spirit should seek the flower of the Holy Spirit on its stem. We go to Jesus by Mary, and by Jesus we find the grace of the Holy Spirit.—*St. Bonaventure.*

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BY VALENTINE PARAISO.

XXV.

LOCKSLEY and Brown had become millionaires through the war,—everybody knew that. The Colonel had remarked before now that it was better luck in those days to have ironworks than to possess a gold mine. Joel Locksley had changed a good deal since 1914. And when honest Colonel Spaggot gave all his thoughts to making a fortune out of the war, he began to change, too. He was fast assimilating Locksley's views.

Strange things came to Daisy Spaggot's ears, while she lay between sleeping and waking on the big couch in the hotel sitting-room. Her father was near her at first, and he talked only of the diminishing size of the pieces of cake and the excellence of the wine. At the other side of the room, Locksley was walking up and down noiselessly on the soft carpet, with his shoulders slightly raised and his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets. For a while they ceased talking, and she lay with closed eyes. She heard her father move. When next she looked, they were seated in the recess of the window, not far off. Daisy was too used to the fragrance of her father's tobacco to be troubled by the smoking in the window recess; but the conversation, carried on in hushed tones, disturbed her.

Joel Locksley was abusing "the lower orders"; he called the workmen "swine." Her father was remonstrating, more in sorrow than in anger. If there was any word he hated, it was that word "lower orders." He almost flamed up. These were the men, he said, who were the strength of every nation,—"the men that are out for the Empire, fighting our battles; they are mostly the workingmen, while you and I have to sit at home." She was always proud of her father. It was one of the moments when the girl loved him with a passionate admiration.

She wished he could get his friend to see things as he saw them; for she did not like that kind and pleasant Mr. Locksley to have ideas that seemed to chafe and hurt one's very soul. The clever, wealthy, Eastern-looking man over there was a subject of personal interest to her. A thousand times she made up her mind that it was not to be so; and a thousand times she found that she was listening to his words, and watching the expression of his keen, clear-cut olive face,—as if it mattered what he said or thought!

Instead of being influenced, he seemed to talk her father over to his own ideas. Not that the Colonel looked down upon any one, or called human beings "swine": he was much too fine and courteous a gentleman for that. But he agreed that one might lose one's whole time, if one started playing Don Quixote; and perhaps it was best to leave questions of poverty and labor to settle themselves in the course of ages. Locksley said he had come to the conclusion that it was wise to attend to practical business. All the large problems only sent one "fooling about": the one thing was "to make one's pile."

The next subject was whether it was worth while for the head of Locksley & Brown to go into Parliament. "Worth while" was Locksley's word, and nothing seemed to be worth while but money-making and "enjoying life."

"I thought you were going into Parliament some day in the interests of labor?"

"Too much fag," said the rich man, briefly.

"Then you have altered your opinions, Locksley. You were going to be a sort of capitalist champion of the workingman. Wasn't it you that wrote in the *World's Review* about the factories of Northern France planted out in the country with the workers' cottages all clustered about them? You wanted us to do that in England. No more sweating, no more tenements, no more weedy, sickly children. It was a fine article. I remember Cox, the big cotton-spinner, talking of it in the

smoking-room at the Club. Very fine!"

Locksley laughed. "Experience teaches! I was a silly Don Quixote in those days."

"Don't say that."

"Oh, but I do say it! Plant your factory in the fields, and in fifty years you have the beginning of another squalid town and a polluted river full of your chemicals. If one is out to make money, the men have to be part of the machinery plant. They won't lose their time worrying about you; and don't you lose time bothering about them. The one thing is to get the contracts and multiply capital. The improvement of conditions and all that sort of thing is not in the department of the capitalist. He mustn't muddle his brains away over legislation."

"There's something in that. But I suppose things are really bettering themselves slowly,—I am sure I hope so," the Colonel mused.

"They may be, and they may not,—that is not our job," put in the other, decisively. "I have given up listening to every swine that comes along with a grievance." He went on to say that "the common people" were having the time of their lives during the war; they wanted no one to look after their interests. "Oh, of course I shall keep up all my subscriptions! If one stops that sort of thing, it is noticed; and it's a sort of social duty to keep the Bungalow going for the ladies that want to do war-work, and the boys from the Front. But I am not going to waste my time with much more of that."

There was one great living power, he said; the Americans had struck upon the right name for it—"the Almighty Dollar." A man came out of the dark and went into the dark.—Daisy on her couch beyond the curtain, listened and shuddered. "The best thing to attend to is to get the power in hands, and to have a good time. I have the power in my hands already, and I am going to live my life." He said the last three words slowly and with stress.

After a pause, the Colonel confessed he felt some surprise.

"My dear sir," said Locksley, "the day will come when you will feel exactly as I do."

And Daisy, on the sofa, heard; and, joining trembling hands, thought, "O God, save my father from that,—from coming down to that!"

She sat up, and the stir and rustle of her dress caught Locksley's attention.

"Is Miss Spaggot awake?" he asked. "I hope we have not disturbed her." There was a low-seated easy-chair nearer the window. He was up at once to help her to it, and to arrange silk cushions at her back. He suggested tea, and rang; she had hardly touched hers at Lady Cheriton's. Truly he was thoughtful and kind. He could say the most unprincipled words, and the next moment subdue her to liking him by doing the kindest things! Her father seemed to enjoy seeing Locksley waiting upon her. He himself could have done all those little services,—the giving of an arm when she walked, the placing of cushions, the ringing of the bell, and the moving of the table and china to within reach of her hand. It pleased the Colonel to see his "little girl" with a millionaire to dance attendance on her.

Over the teacups they talked about the house in Grosvenor Square. It had seemed a palace to Daisy, so grand was its flower-decked entrance hall, so noble and lofty its rooms,—especially that suite of drawing-rooms opening from one another till my lady's boudoir was reached. Domestic troubles were out of sight there in the hands of a staff of discreet and noiseless servants. Life was all luxury and ease. She had seen the food superbly spread in the dining-room as if by enchantment; the drawing-rooms bloomed naturally with its lilies, roses, carnations,—an endless succession of flowers; my lady's boudoir preserved its tints of white and seashell pink, as if the dust of the outer world did not exist. It was all a palace,—an enchanted palace. But to hear Joel Locksley talk of his glimpse of that house—one would think it was too poor a place for a man "with

money to burn." He was rather fond of saying to the Colonel, "Come along! We have money to burn." And he seemed now to be contemplating the destruction of a cheque in five figures or a cartload of treasury notes.

One of these days he was going to have a certain corner house in Park Lane. The Colonel knew the place. With its fine outlook on the park, and its immense rooms, it was at present used as a home for convalescent officers; but after the war it would be again the private house for which it was designed; and if Joel Locksley did not buy or lease it, some ducal tenant would. He described it with enthusiasm. There was a great marble-paved entrance hall, with *giallo antico* pillars. The staircase divided at a mosaic marble landing; it was a curved staircase, with a balustrade of richly wrought bronze, all copied from a palazzo somewhere in Italy. And there was a flat roof-garden, where palms and exotic plants grew behind glass. The western side was uncovered; it would be "as fine as Italy" to sit there and smoke under the stars on summer nights. He was going to have a place in Scotland as well,—just a shooting-box and a few acres of heather. The Colonel would come up there to fish and shoot. Perhaps some neighbor would let them try their luck at deer-stalking.

"Don't tell me any more, my dear Locksley!" exclaimed the Colonel. "As a sportsman, I can't stand it. Sort of makes my mouth water. Makes a poor man like me discontented with his lot."

"My lot shall be your lot, Colonel. Our hearts will be in the Highlands, 'a-chasin' the deer,' as the song says. And we shall be 'amang the bonnie bloomin' heather,' and all that sort of thing."

Daisy found herself smiling upon him. There was a lively picture in her mind of her beloved father in a brown tweed suit, rifle in hand, climbing the boulders and the heather-hills, stealthily "stalking" among a string of sportsmen; or, in a flash of imagination, she was sitting with him on

the bank of a trout stream in some beautiful wilderness where the red-and-gold of autumn was on the woods. That all seemed to settle naturally into its place, making her father and her "happy ever after." But, somehow, when she thought of the house in Park Lane, with the marble hall, the Italian staircase, and the palms of the roof-garden, she wondered if she—Daisy Spaggot—could ever fit comfortably into such a life. Besides, of course she was going to marry Sydney Verreker, and the conversation of the wealthy engineer at the hotel window did not concern her in the least. She told herself that it did not,—but it did.

That was the night when they intended to go to "The Story of Waterloo." "Some day we must see how Irving's son plays the old soldier," the Colonel had said; but now all engagements were given up. Daisy craved to be at home.

The return to Furzley was delicious. As the "taxi" wheeled round and began gliding up Wessex Street, her last glimpse of Joel Locksley was of a man bowing from the hotel steps. He had handed her in and closed the carriage door. There was some relief about the knowledge that he was going northward to Coventry and Birmingham on the business of Locksley & Brown. He would start early the next day. There would be at least a week untroubled by problems of the future.

As the car swept through the London traffic, at first the tired girl timidly closed her eyes; but after a time they bowed smoothly along a broad boulevard bordered with trees, and then shot out upon suburban roads flanked with detached little houses fancifully named, and boasting pretty gardens with lilac bushes in flower. Then came a country town joined on to London, having all its traffic jostling in a narrow street, in sight of the ugly giant drums of gasometers. Dingy rows of shops were shut because the owners were gone to the war. A bridge crossed the slow

canal; women with flounced cotton sun-bonnets tugged at the steering poles of the barges or led the patient horse on the towpath, or opened the lock-gates; and it was easy to see that there also the men were gone.

As the car sped on, the country opened wide and green on each side of the road. The hedges were dusty where the hawthorn bloom was soon to foam. One saw the great elms swathed up the trunk with bulging foliage,—the characteristic trees of the environs of London. The fields were silvered with Daisy's little namesakes; and the last of the orchard blossoms still flecked whole leagues of foliage with white and pink. The flying cuckoo was calling from the distance a double note dear to all lovers of the English spring. Now and again a tram-car swept by on the iron track towards town. And there at last were the elms of home, and the windows and green wooden roof of the summer-house on the wall.

A young woman in black was at the garden door, beaming with welcome. A big grey dog in a storm of barks was out to the pavement the moment the car arrived. Everything was in perfect order. Kitty Bulger had "run" the *Gazabo* well for its absent owners. Who but the invaluable Kitty could have done it? She had even found a domestic help that did not want to make munitions. The Colonel had playfully suggested that she should find a Chinaman; but the problem was solved by a soldier's wife, who hired out—as the London formula goes—"to oblige a lady."

"We have dinner ready, sir." Kitty Bulger could never overcome a certain deferential awe in speaking to Colonel Spaggot.

"You must dine with us, Kitty." He was more kind than ever, when he looked at the black dress.

"Oh, no, sir! I never thought of that."

"Then you must think of it now. I won't have any mutiny in the *Gazabo*. Do you understand your orders, Kitty?

You are one of the family. Any one disobeying orders in this garrison will be shot."

Most of the London doctors were away on military service. It had long been the fashion for the ailing Londoner to go in search of a specialist; but there seemed to be one physician with a special knowledge of nerves still lingering in Harley Street; for the Colonel parted cheerfully with three treasury notes and three shillings; and Miss Daisy Spaggot was told that she was suffering from overstrain, and that she was to have fresh air and home life for six months,—not a day less. The Colonel himself could have made out this prescription, and bought a new frock for his darling and a store of tobacco for himself with the three treasury notes and three shillings. But a specialist had spoken, and there was no tempting Daisy to town now. They would go to Devonshire in the summer; there were to be no war exhibitions, no dances for convalescent soldiers or boys home from the Western Front, no theatre parties and suppers in the next six months,—not a day less! She was quite willing to renounce the social whirl for the present. Tired in body and soul, she had a quaint little air of having seen the world and not wanting it any more.

One morning, when the Colonel was saying good-bye with a kiss at the gate, and the tram-car was growing larger, coming from the distance towards Chestnut Corner, he reminded her playfully that once before she wanted to run away from the world altogether.

"Don't you begin to think of a nunnery, Daisy,—that's all. I remember a girl that was going to run away into a nunnery to be one of the abbesses."

"Why, I didn't know the first thing about it then. Don't be afraid, papa. They don't want *my* sort. I haven't a scrap of a vocation,—never had."

This was Greek to the Colonel.

"I hope you are right," he said. "But you have all the charms of a woman, my

daughter; and one of the charms of a true woman is that you never know one day what she is going to do the next. Now there's my car! Good-bye, my little girl,—good-bye!"

Kitty Bulger was in the garden, fastening the new branches of the pear tree against the sunny wall.

"What is a vocation?" she asked; and, as one question followed another, the training of the pear tree was forgotten, and the two friends walked up and down in the warmth of spring sunshine. Kitty wanted to know where convents were in London, and what did nuns do when there was not a war going on. The former "V. A. D." was very curious the moment she heard Catholic Sisters spoken of; for she had known them at a convent in a little town not far from the battle lines over in France. The nuns there gave their house and everything they had to the wounded; they "just slaved" for the sick and dying soldiers. They had faith, Kitty said; when one of them was killed by a shell, the others were not a bit scared. It was all part of their work; it made no difference whether they lived or died: they just kept on carrying the wounded to safety.

"And, O Daisy, I thought of all the blackguard things I had heard here in England,—the lectures they used to get up against convent life and the wickedness of nuns! They had those lectures down in the West Country, where my cousins are. I suppose they went on all over the place. I saw their posters on the walls here in Furzley about the time of the Catholic motor mission. I wish every one of that vile-minded lot that talk against your nuns could go to France and see what I have seen." Kitty waxed warm and blunt, fired by the energy of a war nurse and her sense of outraged truth. "If they start that sort of lectures after the war, they will have a surprise, if some of our 'Tommies' get into the room. The boys the nuns nursed would stand up and kick the lecturer out."

The Sisters had worked for the wounded long before Florence Nightingale,—Daisy remembered that much from her talks with Mrs. Beste in the sewing-room at Morton Court. Florence Nightingale got some of her training with the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, and Catholic nuns were with her in the Crimea. What did the Sisters do when there was no war? That was a bewildering question, there was so much to say. Daisy poured out her scraps of knowledge; she had heard a good deal from Sydney Verreker, who could wax eloquent in explaining to her the practical life of the Church. So Kitty was told there were nuns all the world over, "doing everything good for the people about them,—in China and Japan, and in Africa with the Blacks; and in that lovely island where the poor lepers are, somewhere in the Pacific—I don't know where it is, but you will,—where our Father Damien went and became a leper, too." Kitty wanted to know all about that. Big tears welled up, and stood on the fringes of her calm eyes. Then there were the Sisters to be talked about, who nursed the poor in their own homes in London and would take no money from the Colonel.

"That's beautiful!" exclaimed the other, with sudden ardor. "Christ's 'voluntary aid detachment,'—His own V. A. D.'s for His poor."

It gave the younger girl a surprise. Kitty Bulger had gone to Mr. Kells' church, but she had never before spoken with any spiritual sympathy. Some light seemed to have come with her hospital work and her time in France.

And then Daisy ventured to say that some of the nuns did not work at all: "they pray for the whole world; they are up at night to pray while we are fast asleep. And so," she added with reverence, "they do the most of all, so I've been told. They live at the feet of Christ, while we are busy about many things."

"But don't they get tired?"

"I don't know," said Daisy. "People don't get tired in heaven."

After a pause the other said quietly:
 "What a wonderful world you Catholics
 live in!"

The young woman with smoothly brushed brown hair walked on the lawn silently beside Daisy. Kitty was a great duty-doer. She timed her work to get all duties done. Her black dress was faultlessly neat; the large transparent square of her muslin collar was always spotless. Evidently a practical person,—thoughtful, active, orderly, averse to show.

"Do you know," she remarked presently, "we could grow a nice little lot of potatoes here?"

Poor Daisy, who was not without her moments of fervor, felt sorry that she had only been throwing words away. It was rather a sudden change of subject. Kitty Bulger was one of those people who must be doing something; and here, just when she was getting one or two right ideas to rub together, she appeared to have transferred her whole attention to potato-growing. But it was not her *whole* attention. The great thought in her mind was too deep for telling. She had seen the Crucifix standing among the wreck and ruin in France; and she was reflecting silently between the lesser things of life,—that those she had heard of were the really consistent people,—those who sacrificed themselves utterly like the Sisters, and Father Damien, the leper-priest.

(To be continued.)

A STORM rages. Already the billows raising their dismal voices among the rocks seem to begin the funeral dirge; but suddenly a ray of light bursts through the storm. Mary, the Star of the Sea, the patroness of mariners, appears in the midst of a cloud. She holds her Child in her arms and calms the waves with a smile. Charming religion, which opposes to what is most terrific in nature, what is most lovely on earth and in heaven: to the tempests of ocean a little Infant and a tender Mother.

—Chateaubriand.

A Lady of France.

BLESSED JEANNE MARIE DE MAILLÉ.

BY YMAL OSWIN.

V.

JEANNE MARIE, as we have seen, received many visitors in her retreats. Even princes sought her out; and dukes and barons, who came to Tours to pay homage to St. Martin, generally also paid their respects to the humble but noble lady, and called her "cousin."

Among these was Louis, Duke of Anjou and King of Sicily; and, in her latter years, James of Bourbon, Count of Marche. The former was a prince of rare gifts and charms, and a great soldier; although when left as hostage at Calais, having been taken by the English, he broke his *parole d'honneur* and escaped. He was the youngest son of John II., then a prisoner in London, who had just recovered his liberty. But, on hearing of the escape of his son, he said chivalrously, "If good faith is banished from the earth, it must still find a place in the heart of kings"; and voluntarily went back to London again in Louis' stead.

Both the Duke of Anjou and the duchess, Marie de Boulogne, at times returned to their royal castle at Tours, attracted by the gentle piety and conversation of the former Baroness of Sillé. It eventually became a strong friendship; and they asked her, on the birth of their son, to be his godmother. She consented, and went to the capital of Anjou to hold him herself at the font; she afterwards took an interest in teaching him the elements of Christian faith whenever she saw him.

When Duke Louis, at war in Italy, died at Biseglia, defeated and his army decimated, his body was brought to the Chateau d'Angers, and the town of Tours gave him a royal funeral, at which his friend, Jeanne Marie, attended. His heart was deposited in the basilica of which he was honorary Canon, and here Jeanne

used to pray for his soul. She visited the Duchess at Angers, and consoled her, and advised her about the two orphans. She would not, however, stay in the splendid chateau, but chose one of the cells attached to the Franciscan convent outside. Here also dwelt the noble Isabella of Anjou, aunt of Charles, Duc de Blois, now declared the Venerable. Jeanne venerated him also, and shared with Isabella the desire for his beatification. A holy friendship immediately arose between the two ladies. They used to spend hours together in the Franciscan church; and it is said people of all ranks hurried thither to see these two "saints" at prayer. At Angers Jeanne visited the hospitals and leper-houses, the poor and the sick; and gave alms, provided no doubt by the Duchess of Anjou, her firm friend and companion.

From the home of princes she returned to her cell at Tours and her "expiation for the sins of France," as she said. The vengeance of the Evil One was shown in the following incident. One day she was kneeling before the Crucifix, lost in prayer, in the basilica, when a violent woman, thought to be possessed, came silently behind her and threw an enormous stone at her, which fractured her spine, and she fell on the pavement as one dead. After an hour she showed signs of life, and they carried her to the Hospice of St. Martin. The Duchess of Anjou happened to be at her Chateau of Tours, and, on hearing of the accident, at once sent her own physician, Gilles des Aubuys, to treat the patient. On hearing he was from the Duchess, Jeanne consented to an examination. He declared there was fracture of the spine, and applied a remedy to relieve the pain. What was his surprise next day to find her standing up and able to walk! She was completely cured.

The fact was that, seeing herself given up for death by the doctor, she had appealed to the heavenly Physician, and He had healed her. But, for a sign there was left a cavity, which was measured

after her death. Dr. Gilles remarked to the Duchess of Anjou: "The Baroness de Sillé is a saint. Her cure is a miracle, with which my prescription had nothing to do. I regard it as the reward of her virtues." He had also noticed the hair-shirt, the chains and instruments of penance she wore; but Jeanne had made him promise to reveal nothing of this during her lifetime. The Duchess was deeply impressed with this event, and entered into even greater intimacy with her holy friend Jeanne, visiting her at Angers in 1388 and 1397, and again on her deathbed in 1404. She offered many prayers and sacrifices for her soul; and treasured the relics and the illuminated Bible with gold clasps, which, together with a relic of the cilice of Charles de Blois, Jeanne left her by will.

This friendship with the Duchess of Anjou was also a great help to her in her mission to the Court of France, on the occasion of the Great Schism of the West. For sixty-two years the Popes had left Rome, and ruled the Church from Avignon; but, persuaded by St. Catherine of Siena, who journeyed to that city to fulfil her mission, Gregory XI. returned to the Vatican, and died there in 1378. Pope Urban VI. was unanimously elected his successor.

Three months later, however, the Great Schism began in the election of Clement VII., who established himself at Avignon. In the time of Jeanne de Sillé, it was not quite clear to numbers of the faithful which was the true Pope. France, Spain, and Savoy gave their allegiance to Clement of Avignon; and the decisive judgment in favor of Urban VI. was not published till two centuries later, by Pope Benedict XIV. There is no sign that Jeanne Marie took any part against the Roman Pontiff. Her supplications to Heaven were unceasing; and her zeal took the form of imploring monasteries, Canons, and the faithful to join in prayers and public processions, in order to put an end to the state of affairs. She herself undertook many pil-

grimages—to Angers, to St. Maur, to Ste. Radegonde of Poitiers, and to St. Sépulchre at Laval,—and she was encouraged in this great work by visions and supernatural light.

In 1387, on Whitsunday, the Blessed Virgin appeared to her in an attitude of prayer, with St. Francis of Assisi, whom Gregory IX. proclaimed “the patron and protector of the Papacy”; but it was not until 1395 that she received a direct message as to what was to be her mission.

The festival of St. John the Baptist was approaching, and Jeanne Marie was at prayer in her cell when she heard “the voice of an angel” call her and bid her go to the hermitage of Planche des Vaux, and there await the Divine Master. She went thither at once, accompanied by two Franciscans, one of whom was probably Père de Boisgaultier. She shut herself up in absolute solitude, in preparation for the mysterious communication; and, after an interval, she received many revelations of terrible calamities about to befall; also of the future revival, and of her “secret message” for the King. All that she told her companions, however, was that Charles VI. would soon make a triumphal entry into Tours; and, contrary to the expectation of the people, would come in by the Eastern Gate,—a prediction which was fulfilled at the grand reception of the King in 1395.

Jeanne eagerly awaited this arrival; for she wished to ‘free her conscience of the divine secret.’ Finally the moment came. She was introduced to Louis, Duke of Orleans, who procured for her a private audience with the King; and she revealed to him the secret, “which both of them carried to the tomb.”

Various indications in the documents relating to Blessed Jeanne Marie’s life lead us to the conclusion that her mission was to depict to Charles the fatal consequences of the schism, and to show him the true mission of France in regard to the Church. When staying at the Chateau of Laval, with her friends, Count Guy XII.

de Laval and his wife, she answered an interrogation of the chaplain by saying: “Do not fear: there will soon be peace; and the next Pope will be chosen from the Order of St. Francis.”

But the King delayed to act from year to year, five times assembling the clergy of Paris, without any decisive result. So in February, 1399, Jeanne de Maillé went to him again, as “ambadress of God,” says her biographer, “without fear of the brilliant and frivolous Court at Paris, or the hardships of winter.” She was favorably received by the unfortunate King, with whom she had two conferences—one in the Church of the Celestines, the other in the Hotel St. Pol. But the subject of them was never divulged, as King Charles XI. was living at the time Father de Boisgaultier wrote her Memoirs.

Charles was much impressed with these interviews, and begged her to see the Queen, the haughty and frivolous Isabella of Bavaria, whose conduct was not free from scandal. Jeanne Marie had heard the rumors; but, overcoming her reluctance, she presented herself at the door of the Palace of St. Pol. The porter, seeing her in a common serge dress, took her for a beggar, and drove her away with blows of a stick. But the noise brought one of the court gentlemen running to the spot, and he defended the widow and led her in to the royal presence. The Queen and her ladies, hearing of the rough treatment she had received, gathered round her, and asked if she had suffered much. “No,” she replied, with a smile. “The threats did not frighten me; and the blows did me no harm, for the Lord protected me.” And she begged that no punishment should be dealt to the porter.

The two women who now faced each other were in striking contrast, both in appearance and character. The Tertiary spoke with zeal and authority, voicing the wrongs of the people, who were overburdened with taxes. She dwelt upon the justice of God, who inflicts the severest

penalties on the great for their scandals and bad example to the people, inciting them to contempt of all law and justice.

Queen Isabella was filled with remorse at these words, which, however, did not displease her. She kept Jeanne de Maillé several days at the Court, allowing her to exercise her mission in the midst of the frivolous courtiers and maids of honor. Jeanne reproved them for their luxury and extravagant love of pleasure, which caused the internal discords and disunion of their country. She made some impression on them, and there was an interval of peace in their rivalries.

Jeanne Marie returned to Tours, only to learn soon after that the quarrels at Court had broken out again between the Duke of Burgundy and the Duke of Orleans; and that the latter, her kind friend Louis, had fallen a victim to his rival. Isabella of Bavaria disinherited her own son, Charles VII., giving the crown of France to Henry V. of England, with the hand of her daughter Catherine. But Jeanne Marie did not live to see this, nor the Council of Constance, which had put an end to the great schism in 1415.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Garden.

BY ROSAMOND LIVINGSTONE MCNAUGHT.

IN this old garden, where the blossoms grew
That filled my childish mind with fairy lore,
I wonder that charmed visions come no more:
That I have lost the magic childhood knew.
Yet life has filled my mind with lessons new;
Has opened more than one enchanted door,
And brought to me of riches such a store
That still my dreams are wonderful—and true!

If when I reach the Garden of Delight,
Some earthly yearning I must leave behind—
Some cherished dream I may not hold
again,—
Such unguessed glories there may greet my sight;
Such longed-for mercies I may haply find,
I shall not miss my vanished idols then.

Her Birthday.

BY FLORENCE GLIMORE.

MRS. MARTIN put on her carefully mended gloves, and her best though rather shabby hat, slipped a handbag over her arm, and set forth down the street,—a quaint, old-fashioned, ladylike figure, with a face so bright that it sent a ray of sunshine into the heart of everyone she passed. She was going down town to make a purchase so delightful, so momentous, so almost unbelievable that her heart was as happy as her face. It was so happy that she found it impossible any longer to keep secret the plan she had in mind; and, instead of going due eastward, she turned down Prospect Avenue and stopped at Mrs. Rutherford's pretty little house,—Mrs. Rutherford being one of those kindly, sympathetic people who are as much interested in their friends' sorrows as in their own.

Mrs. Rutherford chanced to be seated on her veranda, knitting rather listlessly, and longing for companionship. When Mrs. Martin opened the gate, she dropped her work and hurried down the path to meet her, saying every cheery word of welcome that she knew.

After they had been seated for a few minutes, and the inevitable comments on the weather and inquiries as to each other's health had been made, Mrs. Martin explained, with an air of excitement quite unlike her usual placid manner:

"I am going down town on an—on a certain errand, and I came to tell you about it."

Mrs. Rutherford smiled as she answered: "It must be a very nice errand. I don't know when I have seen any one who looked so happy as you do to-day."

"Oh, it is a nice one! It's more than nice: it's wonderful! You see—but really I don't know where to begin." After laughing at her own foolishness, as she called it, Mrs. Martin continued, not less excitedly

and rather incoherently: "Perhaps it would be well to begin at the beginning, if you are to understand. It's all about Harry,—my Harry. You know that he has been out West for twenty-one years. In all that long, long time I have never seen him. He went first to Chicago to get into one of the big business houses; and soon he thought he saw the chance of swifter advancement in Omaha, so he went there. A year or two afterward he drifted to Denver: I never understood just why he made that move. And for the last ten years he has been sometimes in San Francisco and sometimes in Los Angeles. He's a good boy,—he always was; any of the old people about here will tell you that. And he is clever and big-hearted, and—and everything dear and nice; but he has no knack for making money. I decided long ago that it *is* a knack and nothing else; for it's impossible—*isn't it?*—to explain why one man fails and his neighbor, no cleverer, no more industrious, and with no better education, succeeds almost without effort."

Mrs. Rutherford made haste to agree with her. "The best men never grow rich," she rashly generalized, not meaning exactly what she said, but eager to make Mrs. Martin understand that she thought none the less of her son because he had not succeeded.

There was a little pause before Mrs. Martin went on, slowly and impressively:

"So I have not seen Harry for twenty-one years. You know how much it costs to travel from California to Ohio and back again, and he has never been able to come home for a visit; so—so—O Mrs. Rutherford *I* am going to see *him*; I am going this week. I am on my way to buy a ticket."

Mrs. Rutherford was more surprised than she would have liked to show; for Mrs. Martin was known to be far from rich, and the trip from Ohio to California is indeed expensive.

"Going this week?" she echoed; and hastened to add enthusiastically, "O Mrs.

Martin, how lovely! I am very glad! No wonder you fairly radiate happiness!"

Mrs. Martin was trying not to smile *too* broadly, and she explained as quietly as she could:

"Two years ago I made up my mind that I would go to California to spend my seventieth birthday with Harry, and I'll be seventy on the 25th of this month. I have laid aside every penny I could save during the two years, and now I have enough for the trip, and a little—not much, but a little—to spend while I am in California. Of course if Harry were rich I shouldn't go,—I couldn't. It would cut me to the quick to see him ashamed of me; and my clothes are plain and old-fashioned, and quaint, too, no doubt. I mended and altered and retrimmed as best I could, but of course I couldn't afford to buy anything new this spring."

"How happy your son will be to see you!" Mrs. Rutherford said, with a tremor in her voice, which Mrs. Martin was too happy to notice. She was thinking of her own son,—a wayward, listless fellow, who cared nothing for his home.

"Yes, Harry will be beside himself with joy!" Mrs. Martin exclaimed rapturously. "He is very affectionate, and so devoted to his prosy old mother! We always had merry times together. In fact, it was the remembrance of one of our old jokes that made me think of going to spend this birthday with him. You see, on his *seventh* birthday I gave him a party. He enjoyed it immensely, and when it was over gratefully assured me that on my *seventieth* he would give *me* one. We often laughed about it when he was a little older, because to us both it seemed ridiculous to suppose that I could ever grow old. I was young then; and I believed, as firmly as he did, that any one so old would care nothing for a party; so we thought his plan funny from that angle, too. But, do you know, Mrs. Rutherford, I feel very much as I did long ago? I'd like a party almost as well to-day as I did when Harry was a child."

"How happy your son will be!" Mrs. Rutherford repeated, breaking the silence that followed Mrs. Martin's last words.

"Yes, very happy, and tremendously surprised. The surprise will make the visit much nicer."

"You don't mean that you haven't told him you are going!" Mrs. Rutherford cried in dismay, a number of terrible possibilities occurring to her: he might be ill or out of town; he might have no place for her to sleep; it might even be that he would not want her.

"I haven't said a word to him,—I haven't given him the least hint," Mrs. Martin explained. "And he would never dream that I could afford the trip, and might even imagine that I am too feeble to make it. In nearly every letter he asks how I feel, and tells me to be very careful of myself. To think that I shall see him next week! He'll be so glad, poor boy! And I—I—"

Mrs. Rutherford tried to say something both sympathetic and cheerful, but her heart had fallen when she learned that Harry Martin did not expect his mother; that she was determined to take the long, expensive journey without making certain that all was well in Los Angeles, and a welcome awaiting her there. After a few moments' thought she could not refrain from suggesting:

"But wouldn't it be better to write to your son? He might be away, or he—"

"No, no! He loves surprises. He always did. Besides, in five years he has not been away from Los Angeles except for a ten days' vacation in August. The surprise will be *almost* the best part."

Mrs. Rutherford looked serious, and then made haste to smile. She had not the heart to say another word that might cast a shadow over Mrs. Martin's joy.

"Did you tell me that you will start in a few days?" was her next, purposely colorless remark.

"Yes: on Thursday; and on next Tuesday—just a week from to-day—I'll reach Los Angeles at three ten in the afternoon,

if the train is on time. I'll be able to get to his boarding-house before him, even if it is a long way from the station. A week from to-day I'll watch for him to come in, as I used to do when he first went to work at Johnstone's and O'Rourke's, in their old place on Main and Hawthorne Streets. And when he comes down the avenue—" Her voice trembled, and there were tears in her shining eyes,— "And when he comes—" she repeated in a whisper. "But I can't even imagine it. Twenty-one long years! He was only twenty, and boyish for his age."

Mrs. Rutherford furtively dried her eyes. She was not thinking of Harry Martin or of his mother; and she started a little when the clock in the hall behind them began to strike eleven, and Mrs. Martin jumped to her feet, exclaiming:

"Eleven o'clock! I ought to be at home long before twelve. But I had to tell my news. You will pray for me, won't you, that I may have a safe trip, and that everything may go well?"

"Indeed I will," Mrs. Rutherford promised. "I'll say a special 'Hail Mary' for you every day until you get back, and then you must tell me all about your lovely visit."

"I'll come to see you as soon as I reach home," Mrs. Martin said; and as she walked blithely away Mrs. Rutherford watched her with sad eyes.

Down Prospect Avenue Mrs. Martin hurried, not realizing that the way was long; and, coming in sight of the ticket office, she walked so fast that she was out of breath by the time she stepped inside. It was then, for the first time since leaving home, that she looked at the handbag into which she had put an old purse fairly bulging with bills. The bag itself was old, and had seen much service; and evidently the catch was not secure, for it hung open, and—and it was empty. The purse was gone.

Mrs. Martin stared into the empty bag. A minute passed,—a long, long minute; a second; a third. Her hands were trem-

bling, her knees felt strangely weak, her face had blanched. At last, not having spoken a word to any one, she groped her way to the door and turned toward home. The way seemed interminable. As she crept wearily along, absent-mindedly going out of her way more than once, she thought that she would never, never reach her own door.

A week lagged by. Mrs. Martin did not leave the house except to go to Mass on Sunday, and then she studiously avoided Mrs. Rutherford. The desire to talk had been borri of her joy; she could say nothing now: her disappointment was too new and too overwhelming. But when the morning of her seventieth birthday came she felt that she must have help; and, putting on the hat so carefully retrimmed for her journey, and gloves which were the one purchase she had made in preparation for it, she slipped over to the church to tell Our Lord that her heart was broken.

After spending an hour or more before the Blessed Sacrament, she started homeward, not as greatly comforted as she had hoped to be. She felt tired and listless and sad, although she tried to admire the flowers and the fresh greenness of the trees, and to forget that it was the seventieth birthday for which she had so long planned and saved, dressing shabbily for more than one season, and being half hungry for many a day.

It was almost noon when she opened her front door, left unlatched as were all doors and windows in Summerfield, where everyone had that childlike faith in everyone else's honesty which characterizes the people of many small communities. She opened it, stepped inside, and had drawn off one glove before she chanced to glance at the hatrack—and the glove fell to the floor, and she began to tremble from head to foot; for a man's hat hung on one nail, a man's raincoat on another, and a worn suitcase stood near it on the floor.

She tiptoed across the hall. And as she touched the things, lightly; curiously, tenderly, she heard a little sound; and,

looking up, saw standing in the parlor doorway a tall, spare man in a cheap but new suit,—a man with more than a trace of gray in his hair and a weary droop of the shoulders, but whose gentle, kindly face was beaming as it had never beamed before.

In an instant Mrs. Martin was sobbing in his arms, and his tears were raining fast on the poor little flowers of her renovated hat. She tried to brush her tears away, that she might be able to see him clearly; but her eyes filled again and again, and for many minutes she could only cling to him, saying his name over and over and over, all the hungry love of twenty-one years satisfied at last.

It was quite an hour afterward—when they were seated, hand in hand, in a corner of the sunny little parlor—that Mrs. Martin told Harry how she had saved for two years to go to California and spend that day with him, and how she had lost all her money, and had thought that she could never smile again; and when she was done he told that he had saved even longer to be able to come to her for the day. "If you had gone we should have passed each other on the way," he said, appalled at the thought.

"Yes; and I have been sad and—and almost rebellious, Harry. Surely, when God has been so good to me for seventy years, I should have understood Him better."

He did not contradict her; and there was a long, happy silence before he finished his story.

"And mother," he said at last, "I saved more than I needed for the trip, because I have come to—to stay; and it may be some time, you know, before I can get a position. We have only each other, and I was foolish to drift so far away."

"To stay, Harry?"

"Always, mother darling, and to take good, good care of you!"

Vows made in storms are forgotten in calms.—*Anon.*

St. Thomas of America.

SINCE the easterly islands of the Virgins Group came under the American flag, much has been written about St. Thomas and the isles adjoining. Two hundred years and more ago, a French Benedictine priest, who had been sent on a mission to the French West Indian Colonies, penned the first detailed account of what is now the United States' latest acquired territory. It and his notes on the neighboring islands are more than interesting in light of the developments of to-day. Few eighteenth-century travellers have surpassed Père Labat in accuracy of information and realistic touches. And his work, when it is encountered, "*Nouveau Voyage aux Isles de l'Amérique (en deux tomes, 4to, a la Haye, 1724)*," is something to strive to obtain, and treasure among Americana. He writes of St. Thomas:

"1701. At daybreak on Monday, April 18, we sighted La Caravelle, St. Thomas. It is a rather lofty rock, with two peaks, white with the excrement deposited by birds. Viewed from a distance, it looks like a corvette, or brigantine. It is from this likeness that its name 'Caravelle' (a small Spanish vessel) is derived. The rock is about three leagues southwest of St. Thomas—which must not be mistaken for St. Thome, an island on the coast of Africa directly under the equator. St. Thomas of America is situated eighteen degrees latitude north. This small island is the last of the group going west, known as the Virgin Islands.

"The harbor is of natural formation, and is very pretty and convenient. It is an oval bay formed by the sides of two cliffs, rather high from the sea level. The cliffs slope down gradually, and end in two round flat hillocks, that seem expressly made for the situation of two batteries defending the entrance of the harbor. The anchorage is excellent for all kinds of shipping, that is as safe there as could be desired.

"Though the island is small—about six leagues in circumference,—it has two suzerains: namely, the King of Denmark and the Elector of Brandenburg, now King of Prussia. In reality, these Brandenburgs are only there under the protection of the Danes; and, more precisely, they are mostly Dutch, who do all the trade under assumed Danish names.

"There is a kind of fort nearly in the middle of the harbor. It consists of only a small square, with bastions, and has neither moat nor exterior works. Its sole defence consists of a series of rocket guns, arranged behind each other, and filling the space that ought to be taken up by moat and covert ways. This area is about six fathoms wide. . . .

"The burg, or little town, begins at fifty to sixty feet west from the fort, and forms one long 'way,' ending at the offices of the Danish Company. These buildings are large and spacious, comprising many rooms, and commodious warehouses for merchandise, and also such parts as are used to intern the Negroes that they sell to the Spaniards and others. On the right of this collection of buildings are two small streets, or alleys, that are occupied by French refugees from Europe and the isles. These little streets are termed the Brandenburg Quarter. One singular fact concerning the island is that, although there are three or four religions there, not one of them has a church or chapel,—similar in this respect to Barbadoes.

"The houses of the burg were formerly only mud huts thatched with canes and reeds; the walls were formed of a mixture of clay and chopped straw, dried by the sun, and whitewashed with lime. Fires often recurring made it necessary to erect houses of brick, and the greater part of them are now brick-built. The dwellings are low—few of them are two stories high. They are kept very clean, and are lined with glazed tiles, and whitened in the Dutch manner. I was told they dare not build higher erections because of the lack of solidity of the ground. They can not dig

three feet deep without coming to water and shifting sand. . . .

"From St. Thomas we set sail on Saturday, April 23, at six o'clock in the morning. By a central channel we passed between all the group of small islands called 'The Virgins.' This channel is termed the 'Grand Street of the Virgins.'¹ Certainly it is one of the most pleasing sails one could take. You imagine yourself in the midst of a vast meadow containing pleasant groves and thickets on all sides. It is easy to judge that the soil must be good, by reason of the quantity of fine trees with which these islets are covered. Some of the islets are tilled and inhabited, but most of them are unoccupied wastes. The largest of all, to the east of the others, is called the 'Big Virgin.'² The English residents name it 'Penneston.'³

"There the English settlers live in a state of comparative poverty. They grow a little tobacco, also some indigo, cotton, and peas. Their ordinary food consists of fish and sweet potatoes. They have no fresh water other than that falling as rain, and this they collect in tanks and casks. When the supply is out, or becomes tainted, they must have resort to a supply found in hollow rocks, that become filled with rain water. A crust of green growth, two or three inches thick, forms on the surface of these rocky pools. Great care is taken by the inhabitants, when drawing water, not to break or remove this scum entirely. Carefully they preserve this covering, and make an opening in it only about the size of the vessel they use to draw off the water; for they believe that the scum keeps the water cool by moderating the heat of the sun,—having, in reality, the same result as a roof has on a house!"

Regarding Anegada, most easterly of "The Virgins," and most dreaded in the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries on account of its use by freebooters of the sea, Père Labat writes:

"Of the size of the island Anegada, or

Noyée, I can only judge. It appeared to me to be about four leagues in length. It lies very low, and is extremely flat, except toward the centre of the island, which appears to be somewhat higher. It contains abundance of trees and of mangroves, a kind of fruit tree. The sea does not appear to rise so high as entirely to cover the island even when the tides are at their highest, although at these periods most of the land is under water. This is why the Spaniards call the island Anegada, or 'Drowned Island.' It is surrounded by most dangerous sandbanks, on which numerous vessels have been wrecked, especially during rough weather, when the pitching of the vessel is very great. It is rumored that a Spanish galleon has been wrecked there, and that a great part of the treasure with which she was laden—to wit, gold and silver—was hidden on the island, and still remains there."

The Neglect of Baptism.

WE were not prepared for the surprise that 'was in store for us when we sat down to read a treatise on the subject of Baptism from the pen of the late Dr. Frederick George Lee. We had supposed that the Anglican clergy at least were scrupulously exact in the administration of this rite; but having learned of the careless way in which it is performed even by clergymen claiming to have valid orders, and of the growing disbelief in its necessity for salvation, we have come to the conclusion that conditional baptism of converts to the Church should never be dispensed with.

Dr. Lee's conscientiousness and painstaking can not be questioned; he had evidently studied the subject of which he treats, while every page of his pamphlet bears witness to his deep faith in the efficacy of baptism and his zeal for its valid administration. His statements, startling as they may seem, are amply proved; and in denouncing the criminal

¹ Drake's Channel.

² Virgin Gorda.

³ Now corrupted to Spanish Town.

carelessness of bishops and presbyters he does not mince his words.

Some will say that the subject is not of interest for Catholics except in so far as it concerns converts. But it should be remembered that the number of persons who are converted to the Church is insignificant compared to the number of those who live and die in ignorance, whether culpable, or inculpable, vincible or invincible, of her claims upon their love and allegiance. Shall it be said that we have no compassion for this multitude? Will not Catholics do all in their power to spread abroad the knowledge of Christ's command. To His Apostles He said: "Going, teach ye all nations; baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

The downward and disintegrating tendency of heresy and schism is strikingly illustrated by the increased neglect of baptism among all denominations of non-Catholics. When the English Established Church was first set up, the Mass, as Dr. Lee frankly admits, was abolished; but the old and true doctrine regarding baptism was retained, and practised with unfailing care, it would seem, until the beginning of the last half century. It was not until the rise of a subjective pietism, which taught that people by their own feelings or sentiments could, without sacraments, make themselves children of God, that the conditional baptism of all converts from Anglicanism was recommended. Meantime disbelief in baptism as a means of regeneration has greatly increased among all classes of English-speaking Protestants.

A bishop of the American Protestant Episcopal Church once expressed "grave doubt" whether ten per cent of the children of the United States are baptized at all. In a great many of the most prosperous Protestant churches a baptism is a rare occurrence, and it is probably exceptional when the rite is validly administered. We hear of ministers who do not use water, especially in winter; of others

who hold that it suffices to pass a wet or moistened hand over the forehead, and so on. A certain Baptist pastor blesses the candidate in the name of the Holy Trinity; and other ministers, after an extempore prayer, exclaim, "I receive thee [mentioning the name] into the keeping of the Master." Still others employ some such formulas as, "This is the child of God"; or, "We receive thee into the family of Christ Jesus."

In calling attention to the widespread neglect of baptism among non-Catholics, the distinguished Vicar of Lambeth performed a distinct service for Christianity. Without baptismal regeneration there is no Christian foundation whatever. No one can be a child of God without baptism—regeneration through water and the Holy Ghost. The disuse of baptism among non-Catholic Christians is to be deplored, because it directly leads to the elimination of all Christian principles. "The doctrine of the Sacraments," writes Dom Guéranger, "is one that can not be denied without denying the true Faith. If we would be members of God's Church, we must receive this doctrine as coming from Him, who has a right to insist on our humble submission to His every word. It is to the soul which thus believes, that the Sacraments appear in all their divine beauty and power: we understand, because we believe. *Credite, et intelligetis!* It is the fulfilment of the text from Isaias, as rendered by the Septuagint: 'Unless ye believe, ye shall not understand.'

"There is not a want or necessity, either of souls individually or of society at large, for which our Redeemer has not provided by those seven sources of regeneration and life. He calls us from death to life by Baptism and Penance; He strengthens us in that supernatural life by Confirmation, the Eucharist, and Extreme Unction; He secures to His Church both ministry and increase by Holy Orders and Matrimony. The Seven Sacraments supply everything needed; take one away, and you destroy the harmony."

Notes and Remarks.

Although rejoicing with our fellow-Catholics everywhere to learn that an increasing number of Protestants of various denominations now aspire to Christian unity, we do not hope for any great results from the World Conference organized to promote that cause. Its members not only do not accept, but seem not to understand, the conditions absolutely necessary for the reunion of all who glory in the name Christian. The Church is expected to make concessions that it could not possibly grant, and to agree to compromises that it could not for a moment consider. As separation from the Church began in sinful rebellion against divinely constituted authority, it can end only in humble submission to the same. Until the loss of visible and organic unity is recognized as a misfortune by all who share it, and as a crime on the part of those responsible for it, there is no hope that the loss will ever be repaired. One Saviour, one Faith, one Baptism, one Church, one Invisible Head, one visible Head, whose authority all must acknowledge,—such is the ground for Christian unity.

Whether the Peace Treaty will contribute to the spread and solidarity of Socialism remains to be seen; but such may well be the case, if it be true that French labor, which is turning against M. Clemenceau, is almost synonymous with French Socialism; and that British labor also regards the Treaty as a violation of the principles which the proletariat of Europe has espoused. The Socialist press of Germany and Austria confidently predicts in the near future a world-wide union of Socialists; declaring that no formidable obstacle to it exists, in view of the fact that they are all agreed as to the necessity of the supremacy of internationalism over nationalism as the only sure means of preventing future wars. Such a union was attempted in 1914, but was

prevented by the war. The renewed activity in the propagation of Socialistic ideas and the increased circulation of Socialist papers, together with the growing power in all countries of Labor, which, wherever organized, is to some extent Socialistic, is positive proof that the solidarity aimed at is by no means among the improbabilities.

If the war has not rendered the world safe for Democracy, it has rendered it ripe for Socialism. When, during the hostilities, the people of Germany were appealed to over the head of the Kaiser, and during the Peace Conference the people of Italy, instead of its King, were appealed to, the Socialists saw such opportunities as had never before been theirs. That they are now making the most of them is more than likely.

Presenting a psychological reason for the failure of Catholics generally to display congruous generosity to the work of the Foreign Missions, *The Far East*, the excellent periodical devoted to the conversion of China, declares that our people do not think seriously on mission work and its needs. It is an old, old reason. The Prophet Jeremias gave it long ago as the explanation of men's neglecting duties of all kinds: "With desolation is all the land made desolate, because there is none that considereth in the heart." We have so often referred in these columns to this specific duty of Catholics, more especially in these exceptionally difficult days for missionaries in pagan countries, that it would be superfluous to recapitulate the multiplied reasons why American children of the Church should show themselves generous to all funds for foreign mission purposes; but the publication mentioned above makes one point which it may be worth while to emphasize. "We know," it says, "that there are thousands who if a missionary called on them in connection with a United Mission Drive would think nothing of writing him a check for ten, twenty, a hundred dollars 'to help on the

good work.' But because there are no agencies to remind them of the missions, and ask, they never think of giving. A United Mission Drive, were it ever undertaken on the same big scale as other drives, would entail considerable expense. This expense can be saved, and the same purposes achieved, by our people just stopping to think."

It affords us more than a little gratification to note that the true inwardness of the Young Men's Christian Association is at last being recognized, or admitted, by some of the most prominent gentlemen connected with that organization. For several decades our position as regards the society has been that it is an excellent one for Protestants to join, and for Catholics to steer clear of. Now comes *America* with the assurance that a leading Methodist bishop has formulated these wishes: "(1) That the Y. M. C. A. henceforth should be definitely and exclusively Protestant. (2) That it should be aggressively evangelistic. (3) That 'in the preparation of Christianity for the new days elsewhere,' the Y. M. C. A. should be acknowledged as an agency of the Protestant church, and not the Protestant church as an agency of the Y. M. C. A."

It is precisely because, in practice if not in theory, the organization has always been fundamentally Protestant and "aggressively evangelistic," that we have often warned our young men against seeking membership therein. No further warning should be necessary.

It has been keenly, if somewhat caustically, said that though one need not necessarily be insane to judge of insanity, one should have some experience in observing the phenomena of insanity; and that, in the same way, critics of psychical research should have some knowledge of the intricate and puzzling phenomena that it presents. The regrettable thing is that perhaps the majority of these critics have no knowledge at all, their ignorance,

as Sir William Barrett, F. R. S., remarks, 'arising from disgust of the grotesque incongruity between spiritual mysteries and the vulgar manifestations of which the world chiefly hears in connection with the subject of spiritism.' Making every allowance, however, for fraud, self-deception, suggestion, hallucination, and all the other explanations of the phenomena presented by psychical research, there is unquestionably a residuum which the most rigorous and expert investigation has not as yet been able to dispose of. The evidence of what is called "survival" in Sir William's book, "On the Threshold of the Unseen," to mention only one work of its class, would be strong enough in a criminal case to send the most reputable of citizens to the jail or the gallows. Such testimony, of which there is any amount, can not be ignored. To ridicule it is to make oneself ridiculous.

Although the contents of the *Ecclesiastical Review* are not primarily intended for the reading of others than priests, it is to be hoped that all our religious teachers, Brothers and Sisters as well as priests, may have an opportunity of perusing, and seriously pondering, one article in the May issue of that excellent periodical,—“The Fundamental Cause of Defective Preaching.” Its author, the Very Rev. Father Kennedy, O. P., tells some homely truths which need telling to the directors of many of our schools, high schools, academies, colleges,—yes, and universities. We have room for only a passage or two:

The greatest obstacle encountered in our seminaries, secular or religious, by those who try to train candidates for the priesthood in elocution, is undoubtedly the defective manner of reading and speaking which is painfully noticeable in the young men received into the seminary from the schools and colleges. “Defective” is a very mild term to use in this statement: the woeful absence of any evidences of training in enunciation, pronunciation, and emphasis, would justify stronger language. There may be some honorable exceptions, but the defects are so striking and so universal that they justify a general indictment of the schools and colleges,

Catholic and non-Catholic. . . . Teachers of elocution in our seminaries meet with almost every imaginable defect in enunciation and mistake in pronunciation; and when young men reach the seminaries, their defects and mistakes have become deeply-rooted habits, which it will take years and years to eradicate. These defects are not all found in every student: they are found, however, in all the classes, and in students who left their colleges "with good marks." The defects are general; the criticism is general.

The evils complained of spring radically from the lack of patient and systematic attention to reading and speaking, to enunciation and pronunciation, in our schools and colleges. There has been so much multiplication, systematization, and co-ordination of studies that there is no room and no time for lessons in the dictionary and practice in reading as they were given in the good old days of the unpretentious parish or district schools.

The temptation to quote further is strong, but enough has been cited to show the drift of the writer's indictment. To be quite fair, we believe it should be said that the evils mentioned are fewer in our Catholic schools than in their public competitors, principally because our Brothers and Sisters are more conservative in their pedagogical methods than are the principals and teachers in the public schools; but any one who has had even slight experience in the matter knows full well that the average graduate of our high schools and colleges is lamentably defective in articulation, orthoepy, and even elementary elocution.

A recent issue of the *Literary Digest* contains a more or less readable article bearing a caption to the effect that even the educated have their little superstitions. It is a summary of the results of an investigation made among the students of the University of Oregon, as reported in the *American Journal of Psychology*. Some six hundred students, about three hundred of each sex, were invited to answer a series of questions concerning such superstitions as influence their belief or their conduct. About half the number, nearly two-thirds of them women, acknowledged that they still allow superstitions of one kind or

another to affect the ordinary tenor of their lives; and Prof. E. S. Conklin, who conducted the investigation, tabulates a lengthy list of the particular acts, events, or occurrences supposed to be lucky or the reverse. Among them we note such familiar ones as knocking on wood, picking up pins, walking under a ladder, spilling salt a cause of quarrel, knife cuts friendship, Friday unlucky, etc.; and a good many more not so familiar.

The most interesting part of the article, however, is the paragraph in which are detailed "superstitions mentioned once by the men and not at all by the women." The first instance given in the paragraph is "picture taken before ball-game unlucky," and the last is "belief in immortality." This ultimate instance is, to say the least, something of a surprise. Whether its being mentioned only once means that only one student believes in immortality, or that only one thinks belief therein to be a superstition, its inclusion "gives one to think furiously" of religious conditions at the University of Oregon.

People who talk about the dual element in the French and Italian psychology seem to imagine that they have discovered something altogether new and strange in human nature, and an entirely distinctive trait of those two nationalities. Our experts have made a thorough study of some prominent Frenchman like Crepeau, or some Italian like Spaghetti, and of course they ought to know what they are talking about. Frenchmen, we are assured, may go to bed atheists or anti-clericals and wake up Ultramontanes; and that, though materialists to-day, Italians are as likely as not to be idealists to-morrow. This is mere talk, and will be acceptable only to people who are satisfied with the smallest amount of truth on any large subject. Human nature is essentially the same the world over. The dual element of which some of the psychologists are now talking so learnedly was proclaimed long ago by that Irishman who said: "Sure they all have

the two ways with them—like ourselves." Nor can Americans claim to be an exception. We are extremists to the last degree,—recklessly extravagant or rigidly economical, wildly enthusiastic or utterly indifferent. We must be either boon "wet" or "bone-dry."

It seems that Americans and perhaps some other peoples will have to change their opinion regarding the popularity and the prevalence of bull-fighting in Spain. The recent return to Madrid of a famous bull-fighter was the occasion of that sport's being denounced by the Spanish press from one end of the country to the other,—a denunciation obviously ridiculous if the Spaniards were so fond of the sport as they are generally credited with being. A writer in *Blanco y Negro* (Madrid) states that he has made a careful investigation of the matter, and has discovered that the popularity of bull-fighting in Spain has been grossly exaggerated. "It is not true," he declares, "that the Spanish people as a whole are enamored of bull-fighting. In all Spain you will discover only fourteen or fifteen thousand individuals who are. These individuals keep on the go, making the rounds of all the bull-fights."

Fourteen or fifteen thousand! Why, some of our States can furnish twice that number of individuals who are partial to the strictly American "sport" of lynching; yet we should rather resent the assertion, by Spaniards or others, that lynching is a very popular national pastime in the United States.

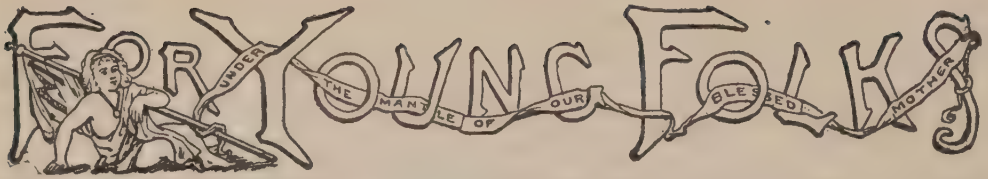
Only a few months ago it would have been considered unpatriotic to publish anything like the following passage from an account of his first days as a captive in Germany by Mr. Aubrey Raymond Barker, R. A. F. We find it in the *London Tablet* of April 19:

As soon as his machine had been brought down behind the Boche lines, a German Staff officer drove up in his car and asked him if he would like a lift. After recovering from his

astonishment, Aubrey expressed his thanks and accepted the offer,—all the more readily, seeing that he had been wounded. He was driven to the nearest C. C. S., and then the officer said: "I'm sorry I can not come any farther; I have some business here, but you can have my car. I'll tell the chauffeur to drive you to the nearest hospital." When Aubrey reached the hospital, he discovered that it was close by a railway station which he had bombed a night or so before, and he had the satisfaction of observing his own hits. When, however, it dawned upon him that his squadron intended to strafe the place again in about two days, his feelings were not quite so cheerful. He had not been long in the hospital when the airman who brought him down came to see him. He continued to visit him and they became friendly. One day Aubrey noticed he was "sporting" the Iron Cross. "Hello! What's that for?" he asked.—"Why, don't you know?" replied the German. "For bringing *you* down, of course!"

We feel sure that Mr. Barker never had any intention of bombing the hospital to which he was taken, though he did hit the railway station "close by"; and we are equally certain that the German officer and the airman who showed themselves so friendly were more than "sportsmen" and different from "Huns."

One can not always judge of a speech by extracts from it; so, not having before us the full text of an address delivered last week at the monthly luncheon of the United Waist League in New York, we are at a loss to understand what Secretary of Labor Wilson meant by saying that he had no fear of Bolshevism ever obtaining a foothold in the United States, since he declared that the philosophy of the I. W. W. and Bolshevism are closely allied, and admitted that the I. W. W. had suddenly become "rejuvenated and active." There seems to be a contradiction here. To our thinking, it is precisely because of its rejuvenation and activity at this time that a foothold of Bolshevism is to be feared. In any case, one individual's judgment, no matter how deliberate, and one individual's testimony, no matter how unbiased, can never be the whole truth on any big subject.



A Funny Party.

BY G. E. HEATH.

MISS Robin Redbreast's kettledrum:

She hopes that all her friends will come.
From four to six p. m.—N. B.
Miss Golden Oriole pours the tea!

The little Sparrow in her nest
With careful touches plumed her breast.
The brown Thrush came, the shyest bird,
Who trembled at the lightest word.

The guests were gay; but all along
The party waited for a song.
The Robin came with eager wing,
And begged the Bobolinks to sing.

The low tones trembled in their throats:
They could not sing without their notes.
The brown Thrush said, "Pray do not scold,
But, oh, I really have a cold!"

And so the party all took wing,
For not a single bird would sing.
A funny party, all agree,
Where Golden Oriole poured the tea!

The Hero of the Mine.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.



IN the heart of the Lehigh Valley, that picturesque region so aptly named the Switzerland of America, lies the mining town of Mauch Chunk. A paradise, the locality is often called; and indeed during the summer season a more beautiful panorama could scarce be imagined than the green slopes of the great hills, the little glens between them, and the deep cañon through which flows the silver river in a succession of foaming cascades and rapids. Ah, yes! a paradise above ground, when the sun shines, but beneath more like the inferno; for the gap in the mountains

is the door of Nature's apparently inexhaustible treasure-house—the coal fields of the Lehigh.

Fair as was the scene outspread before him, the boy Pete might as well have been in the depths of the mine, for all the notice he took of the beauty of his surroundings one morning as he hurried toward the entrance to the coal drift. All who work in the mines become speedily almost as black as the ace of spades; so that on Sundays when they emerge from the grime they seem to belong to a different race than on weekdays. Pete's black was of the kind that does not wash off, however: he was a little Negro of so dusky a hue that it would have been a difficult matter to discern him in the dark tunnel of the vein were it not for the tiny flickering lamp he wore in his hat when at work, as a soldier-hero might wear a feather or a cockade. For Pete was destined to be a hero ere night, and to show courage worthy of a soldier; although this morning nothing was further from his thoughts as, barefooted, he hurried along the way. In spite of his haste, occasionally he stopped, swayed to and fro with silent laughter; then broke into a wild whoop and ran on as before.

It was while he was thus giving expression to his glee that Tom and Dan Winchell, the sons of the head pitman, met him at a turn in the road.

"Ki, hi, Pete! Are you practising a circus act?" asked Tom.

"Perhaps the spooks got hold of him last night and bewitched him," said Dan.

Pete cut short his contortions, and at the word "spooks" stood staring at his interrogators with wide-open eyes that rolled about in droll fashion.

"Yes, it is speerits," Pete answered, unexpectedly. "Only dey come to Uncl'

Mose 'stead of me, kase he clean forgot to give Lazybones any dinner yisterday."

"Uncle Mose?" repeated Tom, who had no liking for the surly old darky hostler. "What's the joke, Pete?"

"Tell us," chimed in Dan, sure that Pete had got even with Mose; for Lazybones the mule, though far from handsome, was the especial pride of the young driver of the mine car.

Pete glanced up the road, then around the curve; and, no one else being in sight, he concluded that he had five minutes to spare.

"It wus lak' this," he began, with a chuckle. "Uncl' Mose is always makin' scuse for his good-for-nothin'ness by purtendin' he done got a misery in his chest or a rheumatiz or somethin'. Well, last night, as I was a-passin' his cabin, I heerd him a-goin' on to hisself. 'Pore ole Mose is most gone!' he says, a-groanin' lak' the 'bomination o' desolation what mammy tells about. I couldn't stand it. I done raised my fist and give a great rap on the door. 'Who is out thar?' said Mose, in a style a heap more robustious than he'd used for a long time; kase he was a-scared and thought it was robbers, and folks say he has money stowed away in the cracks o' his ramshackle cabin. 'Who's thar?' he shouted again.—'It's the heabenly chariot come for ole Mose,' says I, in a deep, s'pulchral tone. Now, Mose is a great fellow for speerits, and this time he thought they were after him suah. In a jiffy he blew out his light; then he called through the door in a voice that shook lak' as if it had the ague: 'Scuse me, Mister Chariot-driver: you've clean mistook the place. Thar ain't no such Nigger a-libin' around heah.'"

At the conclusion of his story, the mischievous lad turned a handspiring and bounded away, leaving the other boys convulsed with laughter.

Tom and Dan were on their way to school. John Winchell was resolved that his sons should have a better career than a future in the mine.

"Let us cross lots," suggested Dan, who was ever impatient to seek out new paths for himself. Tom followed willingly. Their way lay through a fallow field and near to the mouth of an abandoned coalpit.

"Jiminy crickets, we would better have kept to the road!" said Tom.

The recent rains had turned the field into a slough; the smaller excavations made by the miners were so many inky ponds, and the unused pit was a deep, murky lake.

Presently they saw approaching from the opposite direction a figure, who came steadily on with less concern than if a rich carpet had been outspread before her. It was Mammy Debby, the mother of Pete, who had also chosen the shorter road through the open tract. Her red and yellow turban and the hoops of gold in her ears gave her the appearance of an African sibyl; but she was only a simple woman on her way to the village to sell some of her delectable cakes, her cookery being renowned in the locality.

"It is hard travelling this morning, Mammy Debby," called Tom, pleasantly.

"Yes, indeedy. I reckon it would ha' been a heap less like a-temptin' Providence to ha' gone round by the road," returned Pete's mother, cheerily.

"We met Pete a while ago," said Dan.

Mammy Debby raised her hands in deprecation, albeit her eyes twinkled.

"Then I p'sume he done told you the prank he done played on ole Mose," she answered, with a sigh. "Thar never was sich a chile for jokes as that Pete. But he's a good boy, and kind to his mammy. Thar's grit in Pete, too. And some day it'll come out, I prognost'cate. But land sakes! I mustn't keep you boys here a-listenin' to me: you'll be late for your lessons."

With a friendly nod, she proceeded on her way, and Tom and Dan hurried to the schoolhouse.

Meantime Pete had begun his daily toil in the depths of the earth. His

work was to drive a tram-car through the damp tunnels of the mine; and, apart from his thoughtfulness for his mother, all the interests of his life were wrapped up in a pride in his wretched mule, and the strange telegraphic companionship with the miners which he felt he enjoyed, because along his lonely route he yet was often within sound of the cheering click of their picks.

The hours wore away slowly, as on every other dark, chilling day in the mine. It was well on in the afternoon. Pete was urging Lazybones toward the upper gallery on the steep grade of the tunnel. The car was heavily laden, and the knowing old mule pulled sparingly and sullenly; nor could all the boy's inimitable attempts at cajolery induce the obstinate beast to greater exertion.

"Steady now, my Dandy,—you can do it!" he cried at intervals. "Thar! you're a handsome fellow. I'd ruther have you than the finest racer,—'deed I would! Come on,—at it again! Keep on a-pulling."

Away down below, John Winchell and a gang of miners were at work in the narrow part of the grade; and, in answer to their tapping, Pete whistled a gay tune, hoping that its echoes might reach them. Of a sudden, however, his piping note was cut short by a far-off, rumbling sound from above, like distant thunder that warns of an approaching storm even though the sky overhead may be still bright with sunshine.

"By Jiminy!" exclaimed the young driver, with a start that caused the stray gleams of light reflected from the small lamp in his cap to leap away as if in terror along the walls ahead of him,—"by Jiminy, it is one of those loaded tram-cars up above that has slipped its brake and is comin' down the grade like a lightnin' express! If it keeps on, those men widenin' the tunnel below there will never know what hit 'em. They'll be landed in kingdom come afore they've had a minute to make ready for the journey; and—"

Pete did not wait to finish his soliloquy.

Raising his whip, he brought the lash down upon the rough coat of Lazybones with a sharp sting. The mule kicked wildly ("for all, like a circus horse," the boy said afterward), and, in a rage at such unusual treatment, sprang forward, as if with some vain notion of getting away from a driver who had so inexplicably turned cruel. Notwithstanding his fright, Pete smiled grimly to himself. There was a switch a short distance farther up the tram track, and a siding ran off from it.

"Good Lawd, help me to get thar afore that runaway car done reach the spot, so as I can save those men down below!" he ejaculated. "If I can throw the switch and send that car plum into the siding, it'll be all right," he went on; for the boy had a habit of talking to himself.

Every instant the rumbling grew louder. The heart of the little Negro boy beat like a trip-hammer. Alas! the switch was farther away than he thought. Was he not too late? Now he saw the runaway tram coming—a great, dim mass rolling down through the tunnel, to crush all in its path by its relentless weight.

Oddly enough, at the same moment there arose before the eyes of his mind another vision. Like a contrasting picture to this horrible darkness of approaching destruction, he saw the valley of the Lehigh, exquisitely lovely in the spring sunshine; the encircling mountain peaks; the quiet little town nestling in its deep cradle. He saw the poor cabin that was his home, and the face of Mammy Debby, black but beautiful with the light of mother-love that shone forth upon him. Would he ever again enter in at that cabin door to meet his mother and hear her pleasant words of welcome? Yes, he might, if he would seek only to gain the siding and save himself. But the men? He could not escape and leave the men below to perish.

Again he lashed old Lazybones. Alas! the obstinacy of the mule was now thoroughly aroused. Heedless of the

danger or else paralyzed by fear, he balked and refused to move an inch.

"Stay, then, you dunce!" cried Pete, as he jumped off the car and ran forward.

Faint and panting for breath, the boy reached the switch. Many a one in a like situation would have felt that now it was verily too late to do anything but lookout for his own safety. Still the little black boy thought first of the men; he must save them, not only for their own sakes but for the sake of their wives and children. Yet vainly he struggled to throw the switch: it was stiff and did not move. Nearer rolled the terrible car, every second gathering velocity from its weight.

Bracing himself to a last effort of strength, he once more tugged at the switch. Thank God, it yielded—it turned! The next moment there was a crash; a great sun seemed to bob up and down before him, and he knew nothing more.

When the boy recovered consciousness he was lying upon the ground at the mouth of the mine, surrounded by a throng of pitmen, miners' wives, and wondering miners' children.

"Wha—whatever is the trouble thar? Whose hurtéd?" he cried, as he raised his head and looked about confusedly. "Whose hurtéd?" he said again, as he recognized Dan and Tom, and presently realized that he had been resting against the knees of his own mother.

"Oh, ma honey, if *you* ain't hurtéd bad, then thar ain't no trouble, thank the Lawd!" sobbed Mammy Debby, while a smile of hope chased away the tears that had stolen down her cheeks.

"Hurrah! Pete's all right!" shouted Dan, as he tossed his cap in the air.

Dr. Crayton had been working over the young miner ever since he was brought up to the surface.

"The boy is suffering from the shock and is badly bruised, but his injuries are not serious," the watchful physician announced, with a satisfied nod.

"Pete, in all probability, you saved

the lives of the five or six men who were widening the tunnel down the grade," observed the superintendent, whose face the bewildered lad now distinguished among those bending over him. "I will remember it, and you must have a long vacation."

"But what will my ole mother do if I'm laid off?" faltered Pete, rubbing his head and looking up at Mammy Debby.

The superintendent smiled and said:

"Oh, your wages will go on just the same! We owe you more than that."

"Hurrah! hurrah for Pete!" shouted Dan again.

The children, the miners' wives, above all the pitmen who had so narrowly escaped death, joined in the shout, until the hills rang with the joyful echoes.

"Whar—is—ole Lazybones?" asked Pete, in a weak voice, as soon as he could make himself heard.

"That all-fired old mule is as balky as ever, and a more rampageous kicker," answered one of the men. "He'll have to be laid off too, 'cause no one but you can drive him, Pete. When the crash came we rushed up the grade, thinking the mine was caving in upon us. On the way we discovered old Lazybones at a standstill on the track. A few rods farther along, at the switch, we found you lying senseless; while beyond you was all that was left of the tram—a heap of rubbish; for it had been dashed to splinters against the wall of the siding. So, Pete, you saved Lazybones, too."

A grin of delight overspread the boy's black face, then he closed his eyes and gasped with pain. Thereat one of the men took the little fellow up in his strong arms and gently carried him home to Mammy Debby's cabin.

Many weeks passed before Pete was able to be about again; but when he went back to work the superintendent gave him a place above ground, in the engine-room. And from the day that he so bravely stopped the runaway tram, the young Negro mule-car driver was known as the hero of the mine.

Buddy.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XXI.—A FAIRY GODMOTHER.

AUNT REBECCA lay back among the pillows of the "chaise lounge," the September sunlight playing on her high-coiled silver hair. Two days of headache, to say nothing of her indignation at the treachery of her protégé, Dr. Muller, had left her conscious that she was seventy years old. But, now that both the headache and the doctor had vanished, Aunt Rebecca, with the dauntless spirit that kept her young in spite of her three score and ten years, proceeded philosophically to forget all past unpleasantness.

"Bess dear!" she called to the pretty goddaughter, whose especial attention she claimed on her visit to Maplewood. "Take away some of these pillows. I'm not yet in a cushioned casket!"

"O Auntie dear, what a dreadful thing to say!"

"There,—don't muss up my hair, child! I couldn't stand untidy hair even in my coffin. I've given orders that Madame Marcelli shall come and dress it for me, in the proper style. Celeste would be too upset and nervous, I am sure."

"O Auntie darling, I don't know how you can even think of such awful, creepy things!" murmured Bess, in dismay.

"One *has* to think of them at seventy odd, my dear!" said Aunt Rebecca. "The best way is to think once for all, and then forget. I've left you my pearls,—remember that! And don't let any one claim them from you. And my India shawl,—your Great-uncle Boyce gave a thousand dollars for it in Calcutta. I don't suppose you will ever wear it; but you'll not cut it up into draperies, as your cousins would, I am sure. Turn it into a couch cover or a tablecloth if you please, but keep it whole for your god-mother's sake."

"O Aunt Rebecca, please — please don't—" faltered Bess.

"Don't what? Good gracious, the child is crying! Why, you foolish little girl! Don't you want my India shawl?"

"No-o-o! I don't—don't want anything!" Bess was on her knees now, sobbing into the lacy folds of Aunt Rebecca's Parisian negligee. "I only want you to keep on living, and coming to stay at Maplewood like this, and let us all just—just love you!"

"There, there, *there!*" Aunt Rebecca's old voice shook a little. "Stop crying, you silly child! I'm not going to die yet, and you can love me as much as you please. It's the one thing my money won't buy. Wipe your eyes, dear!" continued the old lady, producing a film of a handkerchief. "What eyes they are!" she added, as Bess lifted her tear-wet face. "Even crying can't hurt them. I never could cry without looking a perfect fright. You're growing more like your Great-aunt Abbie every day of your life."

"Sister Seraphine you mean?" asked Bess, sinking down on the disdained pillows at Aunt Rebecca's feet.

"No!—my sister *Abbie*. I would never call her by any other name; neither would your uncle. We were too indignant at the folly of a beautiful girl, with the whole world at her feet (I can't begin to tell you the splendid men that wanted her), turning away from it all and shutting herself up behind a convent grate."

"But if Our Lord called her, Aunt Rebecca," said Bess, softly, "you know she had to go."

"Good Heavens!" cried the old lady, in dismay. "Don't tell me you're getting those fancies too, child! It would be just like your mother to give them to you, she was always more than half a saint herself."

"Yes, she is," said Bess, "more than half a saint herself. But I'm not a bit like mamma, Aunt Rebecca. I like to run and ride and swim and dance—and just do everything! And as for being a nun,—oh, no, never!"

"Well, I'm glad of it," answered Aunt Rebecca, with a sigh of relief. "I'm glad

there's one member of the family with a little sense; for your brothers haven't shown any, I am sure. Here was your Uncle Kent willing and able to get them fine positions in the War Office, where they could have served their country in safety and comfort; and they've gone off with wild, mistaken notions of patriotism—to be killed! And Roger—or Buddy, as you call him—growing up in just the same, unseeing way, with his head in the clouds and no idea of looking out for himself on earth at all."

"O Aunt Rebecca, Buddy hasn't his head in the clouds!" laughed Bess. "He is just a plain, real boy, not goody-goody a bit."

"Don't talk to me, my dear!" said the old lady, sharply. "I know all about boys. The real boy is a selfish little beast, with his nose to the ground scenting out all the good things he can find, until he is trained to lift his head and look up to see the clouds, the skies, the stars, and all that is beyond them." (The sharp old voice grew suddenly grave and reverent.) "Your brothers got that training early. Even Buddy—good Heavens, when I think of that innocent boy facing that double-dealing devil the other night, and walking home with him, unconscious of any evil or harm, my blood fairly runs cold! But we won't think of it," said Aunt Rebecca, resolutely. "We'll forget it, child. I am going to be with you only a few days longer, and we'll make them pleasant days, my little love-girl! I never believed in croaking when I could sing." Aunt Rebecca sat up on the "chaise lounge," with a sparkle in her old eyes. "I think I'll give you a party, Bess, before I go."

"A party!" echoed Bess. "O Aunt Rebecca!"

"A real fairy godmother party," said the old lady, with the decision of one who held a golden wand,—“everybody and everything you want: ices and waiters, and music from Annapolis, a special train with all your cousins from Baltimore. We've been so long groaning and sighing

over war and bloodshed that it's enough to make young folks solemn before their time. I'd like to set some rainbows dancing out of the clouds for you before I go, my little god-girl! So we'll give a party to be remembered forever at St. Ronald's."

"O Aunt Rebecca darling!" Bess could only clasp her godmother's jewelled hands in breathless delight; for when that wonderful old lady waved her golden wand, things happened that threw even the adventures of Cinderella into shade.

Bess had heard of Cousin Enid's début, with its tropic palm bowers and rose-wreathed walls in the dead of winter; of Cousin Mildred's *bal masquée* that brought guests by especial train from Philadelphia and New York; of a reception to the Cardinal, when decorators had been summoned to drape in scarlet and gold the rooms of the stately old Baltimore mansion. When Aunt Rebecca started in the festive way she knew no limits.

"But, my dearest Aunt," mamma gently remonstrated as the old lady began to unfold her plan, "all this expense is so unnecessary. Of course if you wish to give the young people pleasure, it is most kind, and we all shall appreciate it; but it can be done in a much simpler way."

"I suppose it could, my dear," replied the old lady; "but that isn't *my* way. I'm giving this party, and I want to give it in my own fashion."

And, as Aunt Rebecca was one of those regal old dames who had always done as she pleased, mamma kept wisely silent. But Cousin Enid, to whom the old fairy godmother turned for skilful help in her arrangements, ventured in further expostulation:

"I don't think we need such elaboration, Auntie dear. The child will be bewildered. Remember she is only fourteen."

"Only fourteen, I know," Aunt Rebecca nodded sagely. "But fourteen is a turning-point, my dear; and I want to turn the child's head and heart—my way. I want to bewilder her. I don't like the clear, steady look in her eyes. When she

lifted them to mine, brimming with tears at some foolish remark I made about leaving her, I could almost have believed it was your Aunt Abbie looking up at me again. And, what with that good priest and her mother—and—and all those quiet, saintly people about here, she is leading the kind of life that is likely to send her bolting off to a convent before she is eighteen. She doesn't think so now; but I see the signs, and I am going to stop it if I can."

"With this party?"—the young lady smiled doubtfully.

"Well, not exactly with this party, but with all it shows, means, foreshadows," Aunt Rebecca answered. "I want to give her a glimpse—dazzling, bewildering, as you say—of our world—yours and mine, Enid—"

"Oh, don't put me in it!" was the quick interruption. "You know now, Aunt Rebecca—"

"Yes, I know that you are going to turn fool and marry Tom Collins, who hasn't a cent but his pay, when you might have had—but I'll not talk about that. You're old enough to know your own mind, and 'Kent' enough to have your own way. But Bess isn't; she can be turned mind and heart yet. And I—I" the old lady's eyes sparkled,—“I'm going to be like the godmother in the fairy tale, and cast my spell on her."

"Oh, I don't like to hear you say that!" laughed the younger lady, a little uneasily. "It sounds so—sort of heathenish, Aunt Rebecca."

"Well, I suppose it does; but I am what your Aunt Abbie would call heathenish. I love this gay, bright world and all it gives us. If your Aunt Abbie had loved it, she might be alive yet, instead of praying and fasting herself to death before she was forty. I mean to turn Bess off into another way, even if it is 'heathenish.' And I may be dead and gone in another year; for the doctor says my blood pressure is too high, and he won't answer for consequences if I don't give up late dinners and so forth."

"O Aunt Rebecca, then you ought to listen to him!" said Enid, anxiously.

"Well, I won't," declared the old lady. "I'd rather take my chances. So go on with your list for the confectioner, dear: individual ices of course, roses and lilies and tulips, and some funny little things like brownies and kewpies to make the young people laugh; and three centre-pieces in spun sugar,—something patriotic with flags and shields. Flascari will know what he is now sending out in that line. I wonder if it would not be well to have a *marquée* put up on the lawn? It seems a little gayer than tables under the trees. They do very well for the older set, who want to chat or court; but at fourteen girls like a crowd. And, dear me, I don't suppose the child has a proper gown. I've never seen her in anything but white muslin frocks and middy blouses. I must see about that right away. She would look heavenly in white Georgette crepe. But I don't want her to look heavenly. No, she shan't wear white. It must be pink—pale pink—with garlands of rosebuds. I'll send an order to Madame Laurette."

So Aunt Rebecca's planning went on,—Miss Enid smiling doubtfully, and mamma shaking her head in mute disapproval; for the expense of the proposed entertainment was mounting up to a figure startling indeed to the gentle hostess of Maplewood.

As to Bess—although it would be at least a week before this wonderful affair could come off, already the spell of the fairy godmother was falling on our bonnie Bess. To be the central figure of so dazzling a scene as Aunt Rebecca proposed was enough to turn almost any fourteen-year-old head.

Helen Jameson, whose fluffs and furbelows Bess had hitherto scorned, was her confidante now, listening with envious interest to all the details of the coming festivity.

"A *marquée* on the lawn, music from Annapolis, a gown of pink chiffon,—

Bess Reeves, I never heard of anything so grand! I'll be ashamed to come in my old white mull. A special train from Baltimore for all your cousins! Why, your Aunt Rebecca must be rich as Cræsus to do all this for you. It will cost a fortune."

"It will," said Bess,—more than five hundred dollars. Mamma feels dreadfully about it. But Aunt Rebecca says she is my godmother, and means to have her own way, if it cost a thousand."

"Goodness!" gasped Miss Helen. "What will she do for you when you're really grown up?"

"Oh, everything, I guess!" laughed Bess. "She says, if she lives, I must make my *début* at her house in Baltimore. Oh, it's the grandest house you ever saw, Helen! There's a picture gallery that can be turned into a ballroom; and a conservatory; and white servants in livery, that are awful solemn and silent. And she has two cars, and a box with blue silk curtains at the opera, and a French maid to bring her breakfast in bed every morning, and fix her hair."

"How lovely," sighed Miss Helen, "to have breakfast in bed every morning and a French maid!"

"Oh, I don't know!" said Bess, who was up with the lark and off to early Mass very often. "I don't think I'd like breakfast in bed; and a French maid would be an awful bother, I am sure. But maybe when I am grown up it will be different."

"Yes, it will," answered Helen, who was fifteen and had been to a fashionable boarding-school,—*"very different indeed."*

And the words kept echoing in the girl's ears as Bess hurried on her way to Miss Patsy's knitting class, where the news of Aunt Rebecca's party had already been received, and young and old were full of eager interest in all the details.

"And it's nothing to what she will do for you later, my dear!" said Mrs. Jameson, voicing the general opinion. "You're a lucky girl to have such a fairy godmother, Bess,—lucky indeed!"

(To be continued.)

The Caliph's Decision.

THE Caliph Almamon, who once reigned in Bagdad, built a palace which, in beauty and magnificence, was intended to rival the Temple of Solomon. Its portico was composed of a hundred alabaster columns; gold, jasper and azure adorned the courts; and, beneath lofty roofs of cedar, glittered both the treasures of luxury and of nature.

Close to the entrance of this splendid palace stood a narrow, old and ruinous cottage, the lowly dwelling of a poor weaver. There, contented with the trifling pittance of incessant labor, without debt and without anxiety, free and unnoticed, the good old man tranquilly passed his days, envying nobody, and envied by none. As his abode fronted the royal mansion, the Vizier wished at once, without ceremony, to have the hovel pulled down, but the Caliph commanded that its value should first be offered to the owner. Accordingly the artisan was visited, and the influence of gold exerted to make him renounce his habitation. "No: keep your money," the poor man mildly replied. "My loom places me beyond want; and as to my house, I can not part with it. Here I was born, here my father expired, and here I hope to die. The Caliph, if he pleases, can drive me away and destroy my home; but if he does so, he will behold me seated on its last stone, weeping over my misery. I know that his heart would be touched at my desolation."

This bold language provoked to wrath the Vizier, who wanted to punish the rash cottager, and instantly level with the dust his pitiful shed. But the Caliph would not sanction this cruelty, and said: "At my cost, let this old cottage be repaired. I trust that posterity, on looking at it, will esteem it an august monument of my reign. Contemplating the palace, they will say, 'Almamon was great!' and when they behold the hut, they will exclaim: 'Almamon was just!'"

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—*Wilsoneggiare* is the latest of the many Italian descriptions of the prevailing political method of Western Europe.

—A new revised translation of "The Following of Christ"—as Dr. Brownson insisted it should be called,—by Sir Francis Cruise, M. D., D. L., has just been issued by the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland.

—Twenty short lessons for the use of teachers of shorthand in intermediate or junior high schools, prepared by W. L. Mason, is published by Isaac Pitman & Sons. It is a well-printed and thread-stitched pamphlet of some fifty pages; price, 35 cents.

—It is gratifying to note interest in "The Liturgical Year," by the Very Rev. Dom Prosper Guéranger; and we are glad to comply with requests for information about the English translation. It is complete in fifteen volumes, there being six of the Time after Pentecost. The work is published by the Benedictines of Stanbrook, Worcester, England. Price, 5 shillings per volume.

—In spite of its being absurdly improbable, the statement is still repeated that Lincoln wrote his celebrated Gettysburg speech upon a piece of pasteboard held on his knee, with persons talking all around him, while on his way to the famous battle-ground. Though a ready speaker, Lincoln was a slow writer, and in all probability that masterpiece was composed with the utmost care. Gen. James B. Fry, who was with the President all the way from Washington to Gettysburg, says in his account of the journey: "I have no recollection of seeing him writing or even reading his speech. In fact, there was hardly any opportunity for him to read or write."

—The special needs of different localities seem to be the guiding line for most compilers of Catholic hymnals. What is needed is a general hymn-book, which will satisfy the greatest number of people. Correct church music, correct doctrine, correct verse, and a reasonable completeness for the various parts of the liturgical year, should be the rule. Hymns from the Breviary and the Sequences of the Missal ought to find a place in all such compilations. There is so vast a number and variety of admirable Catholic hymns that it is difficult, because of the abundance, to choose what is best suited for all; hence the effort to find or invent something new or novel. Such was not the case, however, with Father Raker's "Catholic Hymns for

the People." He has done good gleaning, selecting hymns that have been in use in most Catholic countries,—"old tunes that have stood the test of long wear." A handy volume, which is sure of a good reception. Catholic Music Press, Wilton, Wis. Price, \$1.00.

—In a letter to Mr. George Sylvester Viereck, published in the *American Monthly*, a distinguished English author remarks: "War releases the atavistic primitive self. On those who represent modern intellect—on the craft of authorship, that is—fell therefore the responsibility of preserving the civilized conscience. To this responsibility the bulk of writers proved unfaithful. In America, no less than in England, our men of letters adopted all the catchwords of the man in the street."

—In this centennial year of Charles Kingsley, some of our elderly readers may recall his novel, "Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet," a story dealing with the Chartist days in England. Not a few youthful rhymesters of half a century ago puzzled their brains over one sentence in that novel: "He chuckled intensely at the unfortunate rhyme between 'shocks' and 'stocks.'" And well they might. On the score of mere versification, the rhyme is so far from being unfortunate that it is quite unobjectionable. As for the strength of the couplet in which the rhyme appears, that is another matter.

—Seeing that poetry, as Tom Hood says, is far less a question of manner than of matter, and that it abounds in licenses, which only poets are supposed to know, whereas versification is purely a question of form, and boasts only of laws, it is plain that the versifier should never present his thoughts rough-hewn, though the poet may do so with impunity. There is a bit of advice in Tom Hood's "Rules of Rhyme," which all who aim to write good verse would do well to remember. He says:

Verse is but the A B C of poetry, and the student must learn his alphabet correctly. We should not allow a child to arrange the letters as he chose—"A, Z, B, G, C,"—nor must the beginner in verse dream of using any licenses of a similar kind. I should fail in my duty if I admitted anything of the kind; for while it would be presumption to lay down laws for poets, it would be incapacity to frame licenses for versifiers. I, therefore, conclude these prefatory remarks by adducing the two chief regulations for the student. First, that he must use such rhymes only as are perfect to the ear when correctly pronounced. Second, that he must never write a line which will not sooner or later in the stanza have a line to correspond with a rhyme. To these I may add, as a rider, this piece of advice (somewhat in the style of the whist maxim, "When in doubt, play a trump"): If you have reason to choose between two styles of versification, select the more difficult. It is only by sustaining your verse at

the highest elevation that you can hope even to approach poetry.

"Be bold—be bold,—but not too bold!"

And bear in mind the words of Sir Philip Sidney: "Who shootes at the midday Sonne, though he be sure he shall neuer hit the marke, yet as sure he is he shall shoote higher than who aymes but at a bush."

—The difference, as to the date of publication, between annual volumes intended for the same year seems to be growing progressively wider. As long ago as August last we received several almanacs for 1919; yet here it is mid-May, and there is as yet no sign of the Official Catholic Directory for the current year. With no disposition to be captious about the matter, we can not but characterize the protracted delay in the publishing of the Directory as quasi-indefensible. For years past the publishers have been telling us that the fault is that of the chancellors of the different dioceses,—their procrastination in forwarding the desired statistics. Is it not about time for the publishers to issue an ultimatum to the said chancellors? Let it be clearly understood that all matter intended for the next Directory must, to insure admission to its pages, be handed in before a given date (December, November, or even October); and then, regardless of unsupplied data, publish the volume not later than mid-January. That portion of the public who really need the Directory need it most at the beginning of the year, not in May or June.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Doctrinal Discourses." Rev. A. M. Skelly, O. P. Vol. II. \$1.25.

"Mexico under Carranza." Thomas E. Gibbon. \$1.50.

"The Elstones." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.35.

"Essays in Occultism, Spiritism, and Demonology." Dean W. R. Harris. \$1.

"Patriotism in Washington's Time." P. J. Byrne, M. D. \$1.50.

"Life of Pius X." F. A. Forbes. \$1.35.

"Marriage Legislation in the New Code of Canon Law." Very Rev. H. A. Ayrinhac, S. S., D. D. \$2.

"The Sad Years." Dora Sigerson. \$1.25.

"Letter to Catholic Priests." Pope Pius X. 50 cts.

"Spiritual Exercises for Monthly and Annual Retreats." Rev. P. Dunoyer. \$2.35.

"The Parables of Jesus." Rev. P. Coghlan, C. P. \$1.10.

"A Handbook of Moral Theology." Rev. A. Koch, D. D.—Mr. Arthur Preuss. \$1.50.

"Pastor Halloft." \$1.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HAB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Charles Dequoy, Rev. Albert Dequoy, of the diocese of Grand Rapids; Rev. Dr. Walter Shanley, diocese of Hartford; Rev. Joseph Heavey, diocese of Wilmington; Rev. John Lane, archdiocese of Boston; and Rev. D. P. Harrington, diocese of Omaha.

Brother Cecelian, F. S. C.; and Brother John Chrysostom, C. S. C.

Sister M. Austin, of the Order of St. Ursula; Sister M. Joachim, Sister M. Gertrude, Sister M. Teresa, and Sister M. Clara, of the Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. Reginald Vaughan, Mr. Charles Freeh, Mrs. John Winkle, Miss Mary Hussey, Mr. Edwin Hale, Mr. John Brennan, Mr. A. F. Macklin, Mr. William Snider, Miss Elizabeth Jordan, Mr. M. B. Feenaghty, Mr. John Clark, Miss K. G. O'Malley, Miss Mary Moore, Mrs. S. Coderre, Mr. Patrick Hayes, Mrs. Mary Snyder, Miss Catherine Mellet, Mr. Neil McGettigan, Mr. Joseph Ruane, Mr. James Carroll, Mr. Charles Reed, Mr. Daniel Sugrue, Mr. Alvin Connelly, Miss Katherine Lynch, Mr. J. J. Sullivan, Miss Martha Walker, Mr. F. J. Widman, Mr. Thomas Flaherty, Miss S. M. Flaherty, Miss Catherine Lang, Mr. F. L. Bein, Mr. Michael O'Connor, Mrs. Rosalie Colligan, Miss Elizabeth Massot, Miss Teresa Zerega, Mrs. Catherine Calligan, Mrs. Elizabeth McCullough, Mr. William Brown, Mr. Thomas Dunn, Mr. Angus Chislett, Mr. William Bryce, Mr. Patrick Driscoll, Mrs. Mary Driscoll, Mrs. Mary Beattie, Mr. James G. New, Mr. Edward F. Walsh, Mr. James Scott, Mr. Edmund Burke, and Mr. William Ash.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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PRICE

\$2

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

Entered as second-class matter at Notre Dame, Indiana. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on June 25, 1918.
American News Co.; Gill & Son; Burns and Oates; Catholic Book Depot, Fort, Bombay;
Sydney, N. S. W., Louis Gille & Co.; Melbourne, Australia, William P. Linehan.

FOREIGN

\$3 (12s 6d)

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth m. and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 31.—St. Angela, V. June.	WEDNESDAY, 4.—St. Francis Caracciolo, C. St. Petroc, Ab.
SUNDAY, 1.—Within the Octave of the Ascension. Our Lady of Grace. Bl. Joan of Arc, V.	THURSDAY, 5.—Octave of the Ascension. St. Boniface, B. M.
MONDAY, 2.—SS. Marcellus, Peter, and Eras- mus, MM.	FRIDAY, 6.—St. Norbert, B. C.
TUESDAY, 3.—St. Clotilde, V. St. Kevin, Ab.	SATURDAY, 7.—St. Robert, Ab. St. Willibald, B. C.

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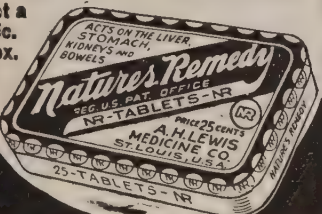
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VOL. IX. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 31, 1919.

NO. 22

[Published every Saturday. Copyright, 1919: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

Amor Dei.

BY A. SMART.

OFt have I thought when night unfurled
The wonders of the skies above,
With what infinity of love
God wrought the splendors of the world:
The fragrance of the petalled rose,
The odors that in violets lie,
The crimson glories of the sky
When noonday flames to evenclose.
For loveliness is born of pain,
Be it of babe or flower or thought;
And God's great heart is surely fraught,
With hourly suffering for our gain.

Ascension-tide Traditions and Customs.

BY G. M. HORT.

THE festival of the Ascension—the "Heaven-Faring Day," as the German and Flemish tongues call it—is one of those commemorations that are too ancient to be dated. The time of its first observing can not be definitely known. It is not wonderful that a day so long honored should have come to be surrounded by a broad halo of 'folk-customs and popular lore. Such traditions are not, indeed, part of the festival, any more than the aureole round the moon is part of the moon; but they partake of its radiance; and some of its characteristic qualities can be seen, as it were, reflected in them.

To begin with, Ascension Day is, as

befits the event it commemorates, a day of good omens. Most of us have heard of the old popular belief that the sun dances on Easter morning,—that, as if in joy at the Resurrection, his rays can be seen leaping and bounding in the east. Ascension Day, too, has its sunrise phenomenon. Pious eyes, watching the eastern sky, could trace, on its scattering mists and illumined clouds, the figure of a lamb; and we believe that this similitude of the ascending Christ was watched for, at sunrise, in the west of England until comparatively recent times.¹ At any rate, interest in its appearance long survived the Reformation.

It may be that its religious significance was lost sight of, and that its importance became mainly that of a weather omen,—a portent of fine and clement days to come. But, even so, the connection between the glorified Lamb of God and the control of the elements is worth noting. When Christ is seated at the right hand of God, His human understanding hand may be thought of as laid on the wheel of Nature, steadying and directing it for human good.

The same idea shows up in the belief that hawthorn plucked on Ascension Day, and kept in the house, is a safeguard against thunder. And Reginald Scot, a sixteenth-century writer, speaks of some kind of circular sacred amulet which was blessed on Ascension Day and afterwards used in prayers in time of tempest. We hear, from him, too, that if an egg laid on Ascension Day be hung on the roof of a house, it "preserveth the same from all

¹ The practice was called "Hailing the Lamb."

hurts." Rain water caught on Ascension Day was credited with healing virtues; was preserved carefully, and used for ailments of the eyes.

True, certain traditions of ill-luck have associated themselves with Ascension Day; but, when closely looked at, they seem no more than a sinister tribute to the happy character of the feast. For instance, when it is incumbent on the world to keep high holyday, is it not reasonable that disaster should attend servile work? The refusal of the quarrymen, in Lord Penrhyn's Welsh slate quarries, to handle tools on Ascension Day, was thought worthy of record in the *Times* of some thirty years back. The men had no religious reason to give for their reluctance: they spoke only of their strong presentiment of accident; pointing, by way of proof, to the record of previous years,—to the fatalities that had actually happened, in the quarries, on successive Ascension Days. But, of course, the religious motive was, subconsciously, there. Evil omen, indeed, and poor logic to spend the "Heaven-Faring Day" as low as it was possible to get, in the pits of the earth, like men laboring to find graves for themselves! The rural tradition that the very birds refrain from their ordinary groundling activities on Ascension Day, that the rooks and crows are to be seen sitting leisurely on the boughs beside their high nests, points in much the same direction.

And one can not help having more than a little sympathy with "the free and holiday-rejoicing spirit" of John Cole, native of Thelnetham, Suffolk, who, making his will some few years prior to the Reformation, bequeathed one of his farm-rents, to provide "a bushelle and a halffe of malte and a bushelle of wheate to find a drynkinge upon Ascension Eve, everlastinge, for ye parish of Thelnetham."¹

In Mediæval Germany, the Ascension festivities were many, and, for our modern taste, somewhat too crude in their symbolism. We hear of naïve mystery-playing

in the churches; the swinging upward through the roof of some heavy object that had been placed on the altar; and the beating and burning of an effigy of Satan.

With this latter representation of the defeat of the powers of evil may be compared the curious Ascension-tide village ceremony, once popular in Transylvania, and known as "Carrying out the Death." In this, a puppet (to represent Death) was fashioned by the girls of the village out of a sheaf of grain and a broomstick, dressed in gay clothes and ornaments, and carried in procession through the streets. Then the girls delivered it to the lads, who stripped it of its raiment, tore it to pieces and threw it into a brook. This mimic destruction of the Great Destroyer had a practical application on the habits of those who had taken part in it. Until the feast of the Ascension, for instance, the children of Transylvania did not eat gooseberries. Afterwards it was safe to eat freely; for "Death" was ousted from the fruit. Ascension Day also marked the time when one might begin to bathe outdoors. The fact that it is, of course, a movable feast did not seem to affect this reckoning.

A less playful but more beautiful pageantry belonged of old to the city of Rouen, where Ascension Day saw the famous pardon-procession of St. Romain. The local legend of the saint is to the effect that when Rouen was yet surrounded by marshes, a terrible dragon, that lived in one of them, came up again and again from his lair to devour some unwary Rouenite, and to terrorize the whole population. St. Romain volunteered to attack the creature; but, calling for comrades to go forth with him, found none ready save a condemned criminal. Together the two bearded the dragon in his den, together slew him, and together returned to the city in triumph. The grateful citizens pardoned the criminal, at the request of the saint; and a similar clemency to some prisoner under sentence became the annual custom of the town.

¹ Brand: "Popular Antiquities."

Year after year, in Rouen, a criminal was released on the feast of the Ascension; and St. Romain's victory and Christ's were celebrated together, in a long and gorgeous procession, that included the shrine of St. Romain (on which the released prisoner's chains were hung, and which he himself helped to carry) and an effigy of the dragon,—which would, of course, represent to the thinking eye not only the vanquished terror of the oldtime bogs, but the vanquished enemy of souls.

Nor will the careful reader fail to remember that a figure of a dragon—realistically painted and drawn on a wheeled cart—was a feature of the Rogation-tide processions of Merrie England; remaining in them well into post-Reformation times; though, its religious meaning being then forgotten, it was considered more reverent to remove it temporarily out of eyeshot when the procession halted for the accustomed prayers.

Another characteristic of Ascension-tide customs is the honor paid to wells and springs,—those natural symbols of the fructifying graces that Christ, ascended to heaven, will shower down on those who pray. We have, for example, the ancient custom of well-dressing,—the decorating of the well-heads with fresh flowers, and the gathering round them of priests and people. A shadow of this benediction of the wells lingered on till recent times in rural places, notably in the Derbyshire village of Tissington,—where, however, its origin was said to have been the grateful remembrance of a time of drought in the year 1615, when the Tissington springs continued to run. Perhaps this explanation, so readily accepted, points to the hold the old custom had on the affections of Tissington folk, and to their eagerness to retain it.

Gratitude for deliverance in time of trouble is not out of keeping with the character of the feast. We may remember other benedictions of the waters, for which Ascension Day was the chosen time, that actually did originate in such gratitude,—the famous "Marriage of the Adriatic"

by the Doges of Venice, and the less-known thanksgiving procession of priest and people to the seashore, at Etretat, near Havre. The Venetian ceremony, as most of us know, commemorated the naval victory of Venice over the Emperor Barbarossa in A. D. 1177. The Etretat procession originated in the destructive high tide of Ascension Day, 1690; which tide, however, in its retreat, left behind it a natural breakwater of shingle, that henceforth protected the little town.

We have reserved to the last the beautiful tradition of the Mount of the Ascension, where, as Sir John Mandeville, voicing the devout faith of the Middle Ages, tells us in his "Travels," "there yet appears the imprint of our Lord Jesus Christ's left foot in the stone." Legend says, too, that St. Helena, when she came to Jerusalem and found the True Cross, desired to build on Mount Olivet a church in honor of the Agony in Gethsemane. But, as if to defend its happier memories, the hill soil proved rebellious. Again and again the stones laid over the holy footprint refused to rest there, and flew in the builders' faces. At last the church was built round the footprint, encircling it with its walls.

The verbena, too, was said to have been first found growing on the Mount of the Ascension, and to owe the healing virtues ascribed to it to that holy soil. Mr. Frederick Hackwood, in his "Christ-Lore," quotes the English folk-rhyme regarding this; and declares that the final line was meant as a direct reference to the Ascension:

Hail to thee, holy herb,
Growing on the ground!
On the Mount of Olivet
First wert thou found.
Thou art good for many an ill,
And healest many a wound,
In the name of sweet Jesu,
I lift thee from the ground!

The reader must judge for himself whether, on this last point, to agree with Mr. Hackwood. But, at any rate, it is a pardonable fancy, and not unsuited to the associations and character of the "Heaven-Faring Day."

Search-Lights.

BY VALENTINE PARAISO.

XXVI.

"**T**REMENDOUS news! America is in!" said the Colonel.

The impulsive Daisy expected the army of the United States at once. The big liners took only five days to come. Thousands of English people were not much wiser: they imagined a new million rushing to the rescue of European civilization, bringing ten thousand aeroplanes and armament complete, ambulances by the hundred, and surgeons and staff of nurses sufficient for the thousand thousands. The army was to cross in those beautiful ships of which all England had heard, camouflaged in squares of futurist colors—pink and violet, blue and green.

"My dear," said the Colonel, "these men have to do something more than to pack a suitcase and put in the sponge and the toothbrush. The bravest in the world are of no use without training. And, then, arms, equipment! And how many liners are to carry the million? Nobody can get his mind round a million of anything. We shall have to have patience till next year or nineteen-nineteen."

"Nineteen-nineteen! Oh, don't say that, papa! Everybody will be killed before then."

It was early in April, 1917. The first Allies from beyond the Atlantic could not, for a long time yet, come to see the Stars and Stripes flying in London; but the bronzed Americans were yet to be as familiar a feature of the Strand and Piccadilly crowd as the South Africans, the Australians with the feather plume, and the New Zealanders with their scarlet line round the flap hat.

There were queues of women and children standing for hours at the vegetable stores. The small stock of potatoes was to be left for the workers, while house-

keepers better off devised substitutes. A national effort was made to produce enough of the homely vegetable to give plenty to all, and to save the poor from the hardship of waiting in queues next winter. The result of the effort was so overwhelming a crop that it was the turn of the potato to get into everything else, and to arrive on the table disguised as bread, cakes, puddings, and even to be camouflaged into vegetarian roast ducks and cutlets.

So they were going to grow potatoes at the Gazabo. Every woman in the land from the Queen downward was studying the food questions. Posters all over the town said the war was to be won in the kitchen; for it was clear now that vast supplies had to go to the armies abroad, and the nation was "on its honor" to consume a reduced quantity at home. The Anglican bishop of London had already preached on food economy, ruling that there ought not to be more than two courses at any dinner.

"He is wrong," Colonel Spaggot maintained,—“not his theology: that's not in my line. But he is wrong about the soup. A dinner ought to be like an old-fashioned drama—in three acts. Soup, a curried bone, and kickshaws,—that's a dinner. Soup is made of anything; and when you have had enough of it, you don't want much of the curried bone and the kickshaws.”

He had his own name for the sweets; but there were times when the Furzley grocer had only "nigger sugar" black as charcoal dust, and then kickshaws were hardly possible. On the other hand, the "Zeppelin" was a favorite third course,—the long, white boiled roll of pastry and jam, beloved of English children, and given a new name during the war.

Colonel Spaggot was keen to grow potatoes. Kitty Bulger was a genius for having thought of it. Every town in England was fringed round the edge with "Allotments." The railway embankments were sprouting in drills and furrows.

The suburban commons were cut into oblong patches, where well-dressed folk dug bravely in every spare hour. There had been discoveries of Georgian coins and even ancient Roman pottery; for never was there such a digging up of London. If a street-corner bit of land was waiting for the builder, somebody had it for a couple of shillings, and came to it early and late by the electric car shouldering spade and fork unashamed. So Colonel Spaggot meant business, too. Who would be up to-morrow at six to shovel the sods away? It would be a joke if they found a crock of Uncle Jeremiah's money!

The lawn was a hundred and fifty years old, if it was a day. But the Colonel had grown young again, and he enjoyed a stiff job. He was in high good humor, like a boy let loose to make a vast mud pie. It reminded him of the silly old riddle people used to ask when cycling was the rage: "What do you find hardest in learning to ride?" The ground was harder than he had ever known it to be since his training days, when he was digging shelter trenches, before he thought of India or heard of Dustipore. He worked in his shirt-sleeves, with the sweat of labor on his forehead, and his grey locks standing in every direction. Pepper thought the whole lifting of Uncle Jeremiah's lawn was undertaken to dislodge rats for his benefit; and he charged in paroxysms of delight, and ran after Kitty and the sods in panting expectation. The upper grass was being built into a rampart along by the gravelled path. Daisy sat wrapped in a shawl at the foot of the summer-house steps, watching the gambols of Pepper and the growth of the "rockery without any rocks."

Kitty Bulger, with her sleeves tucked up and a big apron on, was making merry at seeing the Colonel floundering about in the company of Pepper. And Daisy just then found the work irresistible, and threw the white shawl away, and, in two minutes of carrying sods, was red in the face and black in the hands. And it was

then that the door-bell sounded with a mighty pull. The Colonel straightened his back and stood to his spade like a man.

"Never mind," he said. "It's 'the butcher, the baker, or the candlestick-maker.'"

Daisy fled up the summer-house stairs; and Kitty calmly knocked the earth off her hands, and went to open the door.

In walked Joel Locksley, fresh and cool, with a diamond sparkling in his tie, and his gloves swinging in his hand. He was just back from Birmingham. It was his first sight of Furzley.

"Halloa! halloa!" he called out in hearty greeting. "You don't mean to say you are planting potatoes? Bravo, Colonel! The versatility of genius! Well, well! England expects that every man this day will—how is your daughter?"

Then Daisy was called for. The Colonel himself was not in that state in which a retired officer likes to receive visitors; but he thought his girl was "right enough," and she could not lie in ambush in the summer-house all day. So she had to come down reluctantly, all laughter and blushes. The bright hair was tossed about her forehead and her cheeks were aglow.

"No, no, you mustn't touch me! I am one of the girls working on the land."

She held up a pair of hands very different from those of the fair dames in the Pageant; and, with the dog racing after her, she fled into the house.

Afterwards he told her there ought to be tableaux representing poems, and she should be Maud Muller "in the meadow sweet with hay." He had evidently a few books that were not about engineering down at his Surrey country-house.

The Colonel was dressed "for parade" again at lunch, and his daughter was in one of her town frocks.

"We can have no more tableaux or pageants. Daisy has seen a specialist. Overstrain, tired out, six months' absolute rest, and she is not even to go to London."

Locksley talked about having the Colonel up in Scotland with him later in the

year; and he drew such a picture of the trout streams and the heather hills that the heart of the Colonel's daughter warmed more and more towards him as her father's friend. He stayed to their humble dinner, and declared the three little courses were as delicious as a banquet at the Ritz. He went out to see the summer-house on the wall; and he smoked and looked down at the road just where Sydney used to sit. A dreadful feeling of Fate began to close in upon Daisy. She read messages in chance looks; and at parting she could not get back again that timid hand of hers, while he said the last words to her father. This was the man who always succeeded.

There were no letters from Sydney Verreker. He seemed to think about Daisy no more. The Colonel's name was officially recorded as the "next friend"; and he had received no bad news. The silence looked like forgetfulness. Meanwhile there was respite; for Locksley was away on the business of his firm, and Daisy had only to answer inquiries with such messages as her father expected.

The work at the potato patch went on when the fickle English weather was fine. The papers were full of advice to allotment holders; it seemed to be as important a subject as the "push" renewed again in France. Kitty had her seed-potatoes sprouting on the cellar shelves; and planted them "nose upward," to the admiration of Daisy and Pepper, one day when the Colonel was in town. His work had finished with the digging, and Kitty was head gardener. A few weeks later, the whole household and the dog hurried out to see the first peeping of the dark grey-green leaves, and then was the triumph over everybody who had looked in at the door in the wall and predicted that nothing but grass would grow there.

The garden had cured Daisy. It would have been quite a happy world again—her little corner—but for the anxiety caused by Sydney's silence, and a growing fear about her father. He certainly looked

older, thin and haggard. The second youth had suddenly faded. He had no strength and buoyancy to do anything in the garden now. One cold and rainy evening, when there had to be a fire again in his little library, she sat up late to bear him company. He wanted no book, and he filled his pipe and then laid it aside. She sat in her old place on the footstool at his feet.

"Child," he said wearily, "perhaps I ought to tell you. I don't know what way my affairs are going. The world is full of rogues and swindlers. They are too sharp for me; but they are not too sharp for Locksley." She felt his hand caressing her hair. "I would like to see you married to Locksley before I die, Daisy."

The word went through her like a stab. It did not matter about her; but that he should talk of dying,—that was piercing torture. She drew the hand down with both hers, and covered it with kisses and held it against her cheek.

"We are not going to die yet, papa darling! And perhaps I'll die before *you*."

"Poor child!" he said. "It is far more likely to be my turn first; and I'd like to leave you well provided for. Locksley is a good match." The word was spoken as the world speaks it. A good match meant plenty of money. Then he was conscious of a tear wiped from her cheek by the hand she was caressing.

"I shouldn't want anybody if I hadn't you," she said miserably.

"My little girl, you are too fond of the old father. Suppose, then, we look at the bright side. If Locksley gets the better of the rogues, I am going to make a big pile of money. Why shouldn't I make a fortune as well as other people? They are making fabulous fortunes all round us. Then again—if things go well—I should like to see you married to Locksley. He wants me to be with him; there would be lots of room for 'papa' in the palazzo in Park Lane, and up in the Highlands. And he is simply 'mad in love with you,'—that's his own word. I have asked him

to let everything stand as it is till your time of rest is over (for I sometimes thought you worried about that young Verreker); and in September you will see it as I do. He may be away some time; they have new works going. Joel Locksley is a proud man, and I don't want him to get a refusal. You must not expect a man of his age, his position, to be like a lad in love. He won't go after you on his knees all round the Park."

Daisy's heart lightened in a burst of laughter. Her imagination pictured Locksley progressing slowly after her giddy footsteps along the grass near Park Lane and round by the Marble Arch.

"That's better!" said the Colonel. "I only mean, my dear, don't exact too much. And don't have it in your head that you are engaged to young Verreker, for you are not."

Daisy looked reflectively at the fire.

"I wonder why a man like that, out so much in the great world, should ever think about little *me*?"

The Colonel laughed. He was now looking quite happy again; the haggard lines in his face had been smoothed out by hope.

"I suppose it is Beauty and the—no, we won't say Beauty and the Beast,—anything but that! It is Beauty and the Millionaire."

"There is a lot of money in a million," said Daisy, slowly.

The Colonel told her a million of anything was beyond imagining.

"Whatever does he do with it?" said Daisy.

It was a silly, irrelevant bit of childish musing, and it almost vexed the Colonel. But nothing could make him angry with *her*. Those childlike turns of fancy were dear to him; but they were very impractical. Then she had turned to the thought of some one else, and proved herself to have a woman's heart.

"Sydney Verreker," she said, "would care for me if I did not look a bit nice; and I would be just as fond of him if we were going to be quite poor."

The Colonel mastered his irritation.

"Sydney Verreker, my dear, is, I take it, a young man of high principle, and I can not imagine him being so selfish as to stand between a girl and the brilliant settlement in life that is going to be offered to you."

"He is a Catholic, papa; and he knows I can't marry an unbeliever."

So this, the Colonel thought, was the result of her "conversion" not much more than a year ago! She saw things "entirely out of proportion," letting practical matters, such as marriage and money, be obscured with religious trifling. If any one else had thwarted his plans by "sectarian" prejudices, he would have stood up and stormed. But this was Daisy. He caressed her hair, and tenderly called her "child," saying when she was a few months older she would be wiser. For the present there was to be no decision.

"Then I shall try not to think about it. We shall be happy together—you and I, papa,—as we used to be."

They said good-night where the hall clock ticked slowly. The Colonel took the old silver candlestick from the table, and gave his darling another kiss, after a promise that she would not fret or think,—but go to sleep. Then the shadows of the banisters began moving down the wall, as she went up the stairs of the old house.

It was not easy to keep the promise and go to sleep 'without thinking.' Even in Furzley acute ears had begun to perceive in the stillness of the night a sound becoming more and more intense. When the passing traffic ceased on the High Road, there was a dull treble note somewhere far off,—sometimes faint, sometimes metallic; reiterated in a strange medley of confusion, which was now clear, now scarcely audible, going on and on forever. The unimaginable distance had pitched high and softened that message from the battle lines. One had to go away beyond all nearer sounds,—beyond the hooting of the owl in the trees at Chestnut Corner and its answer from

Morton Court; beyond the panting of trains crossing remote spaces in the night; and then one had reached an outer zone where in the silence there was the wildly irregular note, never ending. It meant a pandemonium of death and destruction somewhere,—earthquakes, blowing up trenches, the shelling of transport convoys, the loudest artillery duel that ever shook the world day and night. The metallic note whispering in the silence at Fuzley was the roar of the guns of Flanders.

(To be continued.)

A Lady of France.

BLESSED JEANNE MARIE DE MAILLÉ.

BY YMAL OSWIN.

VI.

THE friendship of the princely house of Anjou, and Jeanne Marie's important missions to the royal Court, had greatly increased her reputation, and had overcome the prejudices of her relatives to her life of poverty and humiliations. Her brothers were again reconciled to her, and many other friends gathered around her. She had admirers in the rival factions of Burgundians and Armagnacs, and might now often be seen at the chateaux of her relatives, who had recourse to her prayers.

Jeanne Marie visited Sillé on the death of that Guillaume who had so ignominiously driven her from the castle long before; and condoled with his widow, his mother, and the young Baron; thus heaping coals of fire on their heads, and re-awakening the past memories of her young life there; also revisiting, with tears, the tomb of her beloved Robert.

James II. of Bourbon, Count de la Marche, was a great admirer of her sanctity, and of the Franciscans, and allowed his son and two daughters to become members of that Order. He was also distantly related to Jeanne Marie, and spoke of her as his "cousin and relative."

His sister became Queen of Cyprus, and thence she wrote to the "Dame de Sillé, my beloved cousin," describing the woes of the island, both from wars and famine; begging her prayers, and also another specimen of that precious unguent that she possessed—"the source of many wonderful cures,"—as all that they had was exhausted.

Mention has already been made of the miraculous power granted to this wonderful woman; and the documents of her canonization give the number of fifty miracles of which thirty-nine were worked during her life, so that people came from Normandy, Brittany, and the farthest provinces of France, to see her or to be helped by her. She cured both the blind and the lame, and other diseases, as we have seen, and restored several apparently dying children to health and to their parents.

There is a pretty story told by Father Boisgaultier. A broken-hearted mother brought an apparently dying child, on Good Friday, to the chapel of the Franciscans, where Jeanne was kneeling, lost in devotion, and laid him at her feet. Looking upon the poor child with ineffable tenderness, she gently raised his head, as if to bless him; and, smiling, laid him in the arms of his mother, perfectly cured, to the intense joy of the woman. It is even related that a child was once recalled to life by her. On the occasion of the baptism of this child, she had accompanied the family to the church; but when the veil was taken off the baby at the font, he gave no sign of life: he was dead. All were struck with consternation, and the parents gave vent to wildest grief; while Jeanne Marie feared this unbaptized child was forever deprived of the beatific vision. She fell on her knees and earnestly implored God to have mercy on his soul; and while she prayed, the little body came back again to life, and Baptism was solemnly conferred on it. The child lived to be the joy of its parents.

In the midst of her charitable works, Jeanne Marie did not forget the almost

ruined oratory of Planche des Vaux, the scene of her visions and happy solitude in the forest. She resolved to build an entirely new sanctuary there, and interested so many of her good friends, especially the Duchess Yolande of Arragon, that she was soon able to engage laborers to begin it under her guidance. She herself helped to lay the foundations and worked with them, bringing stones and sand, as ladies were often wont to do in the Ages of Faith. The walls rose rapidly. The roof was of slate, rather a luxury at that time, and the gift of the Duchess Yolande. A copy of the original celebrated statue of Our Lady of Purity was again enshrined there; and Jeanne herself carried it in triumph, with bare feet, to its new shrine.

Soon after the placing of the statue Jeanne returned from Tours to visit it, with a small procession of her friends, among whom was Father de Boisgaultier, another friar, and Tranchant and his wife Richette. The last-named bears testimony to what followed. The enemy again took revenge on the servant of God. "We had just entered the forest of Champchevrier," said she, "when suddenly the pious Lady de Maillé uttered a cry. 'Who has struck me in the back,' she asked. No one was to be seen; but the shock was so violent that the aged septuagenarian fell to the ground, and broke a rib. The two Friars Minor helped me to carry her to the oratory, where we laid her on straw at the foot of the statue. She suffered terribly."

The physician, Messire Gilles des Aubuys, was immediately sent for, and treated the wound, promising when he left to return soon. "For three weeks the blessed one had lain on her pallet," continues Richette, "when one night our solitude was transformed. A light brighter than the sun flooded the oratory, without dazzling me; and the Queen of Virgins appeared, standing with her eyes fixed lovingly on the patient. Next morning the noble lady was completely cured; and, knowing that I had seen the vision, she invited me and the Franciscans to join with

her in singing the praises of the Mother of God. 'For it was she who has cured me!' she exclaimed. When Dr. Gilles returned, he found no trace of the wound, and frankly testified to the presence of the supernatural."

Another marvel soon followed, after the little band were assembled round their holy mother, listening to her inspiring words. Richette was about to lay the table for their humble repast, when she saw that there was no bread. After praying a while, Jeanne Marie said: "Go and look in the chapel." There indeed were two or three slices of bread, though hardly enough for two persons; but Richette obediently placed them on the table. After the grace was said, the bread was multiplied so that all were satisfied. "God be praised!" said Jeanne de Maillé, and a hymn of thanks was sung.

She seemed, in fact, to converse familiarly with many saints, who appeared to her,—among others, St. Bonaventura. But, highest favor of all, Our Lord appeared to her twice on Candlemas Day, 1389, when she was lying in her pallet-bed, and spread a celestial perfume over her head, which left her cured and wonderfully consoled; which state lasted the whole morning. At Mass at the convent, she seemed to be present in the Temple, and the Blessed Virgin came and placed the Holy Child in her arms. On the feast of St. Mary Magdalene she seemed to be at our Saviour's feet with the saint, and kissed and bathed them with her tears. In 1411, being again confined to her room, a religious offered Mass in it; and at the Elevation she saw in the Host a Child of wondrous beauty, from whose little hands streamed blood to atone for the sins of the world.

Like all saints favored with supernatural gifts, she was much tempted by the Evil One, who pursued her with blasphemies and ill-treatment; but Jeanne triumphed over all by her continued and humble prayer. Her many illnesses she called her *douceurs*, and she was always joyful

during them. She communicated daily, and would usually, in preparation, go to the church at Matins, and pass the rest of the night on her knees before the Tabernacle. As she approached the altar, she was pale with fear and desire—"as pale as death,"—but on returning afterwards, her face was transfigured and "as fresh as roses," with tears of happiness falling. Sometimes in her joy she improvised hymns and quatrains, with a sweet melody; and many persons were witnesses of this favor.

The souls in purgatory received her constant prayers; and on one All Souls' Day, while the first Vespers were being chanted, she saw a vast number of souls, coming from the flames of purgatory and going up to heaven, and there interceding for their benefactress. In fact, there was no ill of soul or body which was not the object of her charity.

But the hour of death, so happy for such a soul, was drawing nigh.

VII.

The holy Tertiary longed ardently for the end of her exile; and at the Easter festival, in 1412, she thought that the happy moment had come at last; for she was nearly eighty, and a serious illness had robbed her of her remaining strength. In great peace of mind she received the last Sacraments. She recovered, however, and lived two years longer, which time she spent in prayer for the Church, for France, and for many souls.

In 1413 she had one last earthly joy. The daughter of her friends Louis II., Duke of Anjou, and Duchess Yolande, was betrothed with great ceremony to the Count de Ponthieu, afterwards Charles VII. She soon after passed away, in the presence of her confessor, Father Martin de Boisgaultier. "The noble lady," he writes, "quitted in peace this vale of tears. Her hands laden with merit, her brow encircled with the diadem of virgins, and her soul filled with immortal hope, she went to her celestial Spouse, whom she had

always loved above all things." She died on the 28th of March, 1414, a little after one o'clock in the afternoon, being nearly eighty-one years old.

Every sign of age, emaciation and decrepitude disappeared; her face became as alabaster, and her limbs supple, so that she looked more like a young girl lightly sleeping. All the town of Tours hastened to gaze upon her; but she was buried next day, in her plain serge habit, in the chapel of the Friars Minor, facing the high altar. Her only epitaph was: "The noble Lady de Maillé, buried in her Tertiary's habit." People invoked her at once, and came to kneel at her tomb; and so numerous were the favors there obtained that they clamored for a canonical examination, so that she might soon be beatified.

The sessions, therefore, began very soon, under the presidency of the Archbishop of Tours, and lasted from the 11th of April, 1414, till the 20th of May, 1415. People of every class gave their evidence,—from Duke James II. of Bourbon, Count of Marche, to the humblest citizen who had known Jeanne Marie de Maillé. At the end, the Count of Marche, King of Hungary, Sicily, and Jerusalem, was charged with presenting the Cause to the Pope. But, alas! many misfortunes befell him, and he was finally imprisoned in Italy; the documents were lost, and were only discovered by the Bollandists in the seventeenth century.

In 1644, after the Council of Trent, a Life of Jeanne de Maillé was published by Père Heurt. The following year her tomb was opened; but only a portion of the relics were found, the church having been sacked and the tombs desecrated by the Huguenot army in 1562. Her veil, the ring-finger, with the ring on it, and a few bones were all that remained. The ring was returned to the De Maillés, and the veil, placed in a silver casket, was given to the Guardian of the Franciscans. Her portrait, by Baugin, is still in possession of the De Maillés. The French Revolution put an end to the cult, and all traces

of her tomb disappeared at that time.

Her memory had been forgotten also at Tours, except in her own family. The chapel of Planche des Vaux had been called after her, Notre Dame de l'Ermitière, and had become a place of pilgrimage. On Good Friday and during Rogation Days services were held there in her honor; and the chapel is still preserved intact, through all these years, by the veneration of the people. Even parts of her cell and little garden may be seen.

In the reign of Napoleon III., Jeanne's tomb was rediscovered in the crypt of the Franciscan chapel, over which a theatre had been built. The Town Council of Tours wished to pull down the theatre and build a finer one; and in doing so, the workmen came upon a tomb. The Archbishop, Mgr. Guibert, with a committee of archæologists, took up the matter, and, after reading her Life, declared it was that of Jeanne de Maillé. Great excitement prevailed about this discovery from one end of Tours to the other. The Archbishop immediately took up the Cause of beatification; and, after the usual formalities, it was presented at Rome to Pius IX., at the time of the Vatican Council, in 1870. On the 5th of April, 1871 (four hundred and fifty-eight years after her death), a rescript, declaring her beatified and approving of her cult, was signed, to the great joy of the people. There were magnificent festivities in honor of this event in every town where there was a Franciscan convent, and especially at Tours.

A triduum was arranged, and on that occasion a new statue of the "Beata" was carried in procession through the streets. Mgr. Freppel, Bishop of Nantes, delivered a most eloquent address. The Count de Maillé was present; and in 1875 he erected, at Angers, a beautiful chapel in honor of his collateral relative. A statue of her was placed in it. Thus in France's darkest hour she who so loved and prayed for it shed bright rays of joy upon her country.

(The End.)

My Praise.

BY HENRY M. CROSS.

God is my witness that I frequently do not perceive the actions of those who surround me: I merely occupy myself with their souls.—ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA.

I KISS her hand a little bit,
Upon my soul's despondent days.
You see, she does not notice it.

It seems to me so right and fit
That, being dumb for lack of praise,
I kiss her hand a little bit.

Some proud folk ask her: "Why permit
Such homage in your crowded ways?"
You see, she does not notice it.

She seeks to have God's furnace lit;
And while she works and weeps and prays,
I kiss her hand a little bit.

Whate'er love-folly I commit,
Intent to make God's furnace blaze,
You see, she does not notice it.

The child that lacks its mother's wit,
Beside its mother witless stays.
I kiss her hand a little bit,—
You see, she does not notice it.

Nikko and Thekla.

BY JANET GRANT.

IT happened in Bohemia,—not the care-free land whose limits are "where Fancy's bright stream runs"; but in the real Bohemia—that picturesque little corner of Austro-Hungary, almost shut off from Western Europe by the Moravian and Riesengebirge (Giant Mountains), the Ore Hills, and the Great Pine Forest.

The time was the summer of 1866. The Six Weeks' War between Austria and Prussia was nearly over, yet only faint indications of the storm had reached the village wherewith our story has to do, when the sun rose above its timber houses on a certain July morning that was to witness strange scenes in the dull, straggling street which stretched along to the Königgratz highway.

That the next twenty-four hours were to prove so eventful pretty Thekla little dreamed when, just as the sun peeped over the distant hills, she drove the three cows of her father's peasant-holding down to the communal pasture, a fine meadow where the grass grew greener, the poppy and hop blossoms brighter than anywhere else, she thought.

All the hamlet was at its daily toil by sunrise; and the eyes of more than one village swain were turned upon the girl as she passed down the road, an attractive figure of the landscape, in her short blue skirt and gay bodice, the white peasant's cap upon her flaxen hair set off by a fluttering ribbon, and her trim feet shod with the lightest of wooden shoes.

There were other girls herding cows in the pasture, but cattle stray wide; and as the morning passed, Thekla, following up her charges, while at the same time ever busied with her knitting, found herself at last at the extreme end of the meadow. The position of the sun directly overhead told her that it was noon; therefore, after quenching her thirst at the brook, she seated herself upon a shaded bank and made her usual midday meal of a piece of black bread. She was glad to be by herself, to have a chance for reflection. Drawing forth from a capacious pocket her Rosary, she knelt upon the green bank and told the beads with devotion. Then she resumed her knitting.

An hour or more passed. Thekla sat silent, a smile upon her lips; doubtless she knitted many pleasant daydreams in with the coarse yarn of the prosaic stocking which grew upon the swift needles that caught the glint of the sunlight as they glanced to and fro. At length, however, tossing aside her work, she bent her head down to the grass, as if listening intently.

Was she trying to catch the voices of the *kobolds*, the good little domestic spirits who dwell, the legends say,

beneath the green knolls and flower-dotted meadows, coming forth at the full of the moon to help industrious maidens with their household tasks or to dance in an elfin ring? No, it was only that Nikko, her conscript lover, had revealed to her a charming secret of woodman's ingenuity.

A moment she waited with her pretty cheek pressed to the turf; then, with a sigh of disappointment, she rose to her feet, and, passing out of the enclosure, knelt down by the side of the road and again put her ear close to the ground. This time the experiment was evidently more successful; for presently, springing up, she exclaimed:

"It is so,—I am quite sure of it!" And, forgetting her cows, forgetting the half-finished stocking cast aside in the pasture, she sped away homeward.

The cottage of Matthias and Martha, Thekla's father and mother, was at the end of the village. In the kitchen, which was the living-room as well, Martha was mixing a baking of the coarse but wholesome black bread that forms the peasant's daily fare.

All at once, like a gust of the summer breeze, into the little dwelling dashed Thekla—the usually placid Thekla,—her cheeks flushed red as a mountain rose, her eyes shining with excitement.

"Mother," she exclaimed, gasping for breath, "the soldiers are coming! Can it be the enemy, think you, or is it the army of the Emperor?"

Martha took her hands out of the kneading-tray.

"The soldiers!" she repeated quickly, as though dazed by a blow. "Who brought the news, Thekla? How comes it there is no outcry? Have you outrun the messenger?"

The girl sank upon the bench by the wall.

"I met no messenger; but down in the pasture I heard the troopers coming," she said, with a break in her voice.

"You *heard* them!" echoed Martha, incredulously.

She stepped to the door and looked abroad. The village stood upon a slight eminence, but around about it on every side a wide plain, adorned here and there with patches of forest, extended away to the hills,—a plain that now lay before her in the sunshine tranquil as a dream of peace.

"You heard them coming!" reiterated the mother, scornfully. "May the good God make your wits as sharp as your ears, then, daughter! What sign is there of troopers yonder?"

"Still I heard them ever approaching nearer!" said the girl, striving to keep back the tears that started to her eyes.

"What folly is this, pray?" ejaculated Martha, laying a rough hand upon Thekla's shoulder.

"No folly at all, mother; only once Nikko showed me how, by listening with an ear close to the ground, one may catch sounds that are far away; and thus have I often heard the post-coach on the road long before it reached the inn. To-day I had just finished saying my Rosary for Nikko when the fancy came to me: 'Where is my brave soldier now? Perhaps the friendly earth will whisper soft and tell me.' Thereupon, I put my ear to the ground, half in sport. At first I heard nothing; but when I tried again on the road, there came a far-off sound, that was not the faint rumble of the post-coach, but steady and firm, like the throbbing of one's heart or the beating of a drum. The soldiers are coming, I am certain. Whether they are Austrians or Prussians, I know not."

Martha had listened open-mouthed, yet dumb with amazement.

"Verily, I believe you are growing daft, girl!" she cried at last. "Never again shall your vagrant gypsy lover cross this threshold!"

"But, mother," protested Thekla, who was now weeping bitterly, "Nikko is not a vagrant gypsy; for a hundred years his people have had a settled

home. And if he has chosen to seek his own fortunes rather than take from the substance of his parents, I like him none the less for that; nor for his readiness in presenting himself to be enrolled and marching away to join his regiment." The girl spoke with spirit, despite her tears.

"Vah! he *is* but a worthless gypsy, as is proved by his talk of the woods and wilds, and his hearkening for voices under the earth. Take care he bewitches you not, daughter, with his Romany arts."

Having thus spoken her mind, Martha stepped again to the open door, while the weeping Thekla obediently took up the mother's task of preparing the black bread for the oven.

"If I but knew whether the soldiers are really coming or not!" muttered the simple *hausmutter*, divided between a longing to rush out and spread the report, and a caution lest she should, perchance, become the laughing-stock of her neighbors. As she hesitated, circumstances decided the question.

"Look, look, good *frau*!" exclaimed a passing villager, pointing to a shadow moving over the distant landscape. "What is that?"

"Ay, what indeed?" she echoed.

A knot of the village folk gathered to observe the dark mass on the plain, which they ere long decided was no shadow, but indeed a body of horsemen. Within an hour a detachment of Austrian cavalry galloped up the street.

"Ho, good people!" cried the leader, as the troopers drew rein before the little inn. "The disastrous news has not reached you, it seems. Two days ago the Imperial Army was defeated at Sadowa. Our forces are retreating before the Prussians and will encamp in this neighborhood to-night. Postpone your lamentations for the nonce, therefore, and make provision for the officers who will take up their quarters in this hamlet."

Thus nightfall saw the little village

transformed into the headquarters of a military camp, while the plain below was covered with the white tents of the disheartened army,—an army which had ruthlessly ravaged the vegetable plots of the villagers for its evening meal, and turned loose its horses in their fields of grain.

Good Matthias and Martha were thrown into the greatest confusion upon learning that they must serve supper to the commander-in-chief and give up to him their cottage.

"A bit of your excellent black bread and a draught of native wine will suffice, if you have nothing else at hand," the Archduke said to them graciously, and with the simplicity that often characterizes those of distinguished rank. "A soldier fights not well on too delicate fare, and much fighting we may still have to do in order to turn defeat into victory."

But Martha gladly sacrificed her fat pullets upon the altar of patriotism; and betimes, with the assistance of Thekla, she set before her princely guest a meal which she considered fit for the Emperor himself.

Then the two women and Matthias crept away; and as the evening waxed late, in the humble kitchen several officials whose names were a synonym for bravery throughout Austria gathered around the prince in a council of war. Later still, all was silent; the Archduke sat alone at the deal table, moodily brooding over the unfortunate battle.

Outside the cottage a guard paced to and fro. Suddenly his voice rang out sharply, breaking the quiet with the challenge: "Who goes there? Halt!"

There was a low response, the sound of argument, followed by a woman's cry; then presently an adjutant entered the kitchen and saluted.

"Well?" inquired the prince, looking up absently from the study of a map of the surrounding country which he had spread out on the table before him.

"Your Highness, there is a man with-

out who by some means has obtained the countersign; he asks to see you."

"Who is he?"

"He wears the uniform of a Bohemian soldier. As to who he is—scarcely had he got past the guard when from the shed near by, whither the peasants of this cottage have betaken themselves for the night,—scarcely had he spoken when a girl darted out into the moonlight and cast herself upon his breast. It was the daughter of these worthy people, Matthias and Martha. All I know of the man, then, is that he is the girl's sweetheart."

"And he asks an interview with me?"

"He will make explanation to no one but your Highness."

"It may be well to discover the reason of so audacious a request; bring him here," said the prince.

The adjutant withdrew, and soon returned, followed by the unknown soldier. The Archduke, looking up from the notes he had been making, beheld a young man of swarthy complexion, keen dark eyes, and a countenance that expressed a higher order of intelligence than was to be ordinarily found among soldiers of the peasant class, to which he evidently belonged.

The soldier saluted and stood at attention, awaiting permission to speak.

"Your name?" said the prince, tersely.

"Nikko Janecek."

"You are a gypsy?"

"I am descended from the Romany tribe; but for a hundred years, since the decree of the great Queen and august mother, Maria Teresa, granting to us privileges like to those of her other peasant subjects, my people have lived upon their own holdings."

"So, my gypsy peasant," proceeded the prince, with severity, "you are the lover of Matthias' daughter. Having stolen hither to see her, you have been apprehended. Now you seek to throw yourself upon my clemency, and thus avoid punishment for your breach of discipline?"

Nikko was startled, but his eyes frankly met those of his stern interrogator.

"Your Highness, Thekla is indeed my betrothed; but it is not Thekla I am now come to see," he replied, steadily.

"Who then?"

"I am come to have speech with your Highness—and alone, if you will grant my request."

The Archduke was a fearless man, who took thought of no menace of personal danger; but it was the duty of his staff to protect him against the peril of a possible assassin. The adjutant made a step forward.

Noting the action, the young soldier smiled bitterly.

"I wish only to say a few words; the guards may keep me in sight if they will," he said.

With a gesture of impatience at the caution of the aid, the prince motioned him to retire.

"Well?" he inquired, turning abruptly to his strange visitor as soon as they were left together.

"Your Highness, the enemy is fast approaching to surprise you."

Schooled as he was in the art of controlling the expression of what was passing in his mind, the Archduke could not conceal a start of astonishment.

"How is it, then, that there has been no alarm, no message from the outposts, unless—very singularly, I must avow,—you have been selected to bring the intelligence to me?" he asked guardedly, at the same time sharply scrutinizing the bearer of these tidings, which, if true, would prove of such paramount importance.

"No, my general," replied Nikko, not at all disconcerted. "There has been no alarm, no message, because the enemy is still some distance away."

"How do you know this?"

"If your Highness will step this way."

Acceding to the request, the Archduke strode across the room to the window. The scene he glanced out upon was

tranquil as a military encampment could be. The full moon looked down upon the sleeping army in the plain; not a human being seemed astir save the sentries who passed silently to and fro. The night was almost as bright as day.

"Your Highness," began Nikko, as the prince turned to him questioningly, "it is true, despite my staid peasant rearing, I am in many respects as much of a gypsy as were any of my ancestors. I love the woods and the wild creatures that haunt them; I love to wander forth with Nature, and I have learned to read her messages and warnings. Do you see those birds flying over that grove to the south?"

"Yes, yes, of course I see them! But what then?"

Was this soldier slightly demented? Had it not been a fault of good nature to permit his intrusion?

"But what then?" repeated Nikko, discomfited to find he had not made the drift of his communication entirely manifest. "Do not birds sleep as well as men? Assuredly they would not fly about if they were not disturbed. The enemy is coming through the more distant woods; the marching troops have frightened the birds, and the birds have taken flight before them."

The Archduke nodded. Now he fully comprehended.

"My good fellow, you may go; I will not forget you," he said, laconically. "Adjutant!"

Within half an hour the sleeping army was aroused; an hour later the outposts were fighting with the Prussians. But the camp had been saved by the keenness of observation and the prompt courage of Nikko the gypsy.

Finding that their plan to take the Austrians unawares had been frustrated, the invaders ceased, for the time, to advance. The commander of the Imperial forces, knowing that another general engagement would be fatal to his cause,

drew back in good order; and soon the village settled down to its accustomed quiet. Verily, it had been despoiled and devastated; but when one has suffered loss for love of country, the greater the loss the greater the patriotism,—at least so may it be accounted.

As for Nikko, hitherto this reserved youth from a distant hamlet had been held in light esteem by the older men and women of the place; principally, in truth, because he was so different from themselves. With the village girls he was not a favorite, since he never appeared to see any one among them save Thekla; the men were jealous of him for the same reason; and Matthias and Martha felt it almost a reproach that to this woods-loving, flute-playing stranger their daughter had given her heart. But now all this adverse public and individual opinion was changed. Nikko was the hero of the hour.

On that ever memorable moonlit evening when the camp was so hurriedly broken, he had marched away with his regiment after a momentary glimpse of Thekla and a fondly whispered *Auf wiedersehen* (to meet again). A few weeks later, however, the war being over, he returned to claim his bride.

Never in the village was there a more picturesque and festive wedding than the marriage of Nikko and Thekla; for it was a wedding celebrated with all the quaint and poetic old Bohemian customs. Moreover, the bride and the bridegroom were honored by a substantial marriage gift from Vienna; and all the guests saw the letter wherein the Archduke acknowledged the service of the young Romany soldier who had saved the army by bringing to the prince commander "the warning of the birds."

THE only freedom I care about is the freedom to do right; the freedom to do wrong I am ready to part with on the cheapest terms to any one who will take it of me.—*Prof. Huxley.*

The Goupil Millions.

BY ALICE DEASE.

EUGENIE MARIE LEVEQUE was born at Seez, in France, just a hundred years ago; and now, when war has decimated the ranks of priests and students in most of the countries of Europe, we look back to Marie Leveque—better known as Mme. Goupil, her married name, in which her work for the Church was done,—and hope and pray for others to follow her example.

Jean Baptiste Goupil, besides being an excellent Catholic, was immensely rich,—a millionaire, according to English figures: the possessor of actually some seven or eight million dollars; and on his marriage to Marie Leveque he built a magnificent villa, a veritable castle, upon the heights above Bagnoles-de-l'Orme, furnishing it sumptuously, and laying out grounds and gardens in keeping with the rest.

When all this was finished, M. and Mme. Goupil had to look about for some other way of spending their money; for they had no children. Knowing the truism that it is more blessed to give than to receive, they decided to taste the joys of charity, and tried to find deserving recipients for their almsgiving. The poor of their own parish naturally came first; and the fame of their generosity and of their wealth becoming known, many others, both deserving and undeserving, applied to them; and no one applied in vain.

Madame was the actual disburser and perhaps the moving spirit in all their charitable enterprises, though her husband not only approved but encouraged her in the good work. Together they built churches—sadly needed, since the Revolution had left great parts of France denuded, as the Northeast is to-day, of so much as a religious emblem,—to say nothing of convents, schools, orphan asylums, and other charitable institutions. All these received their full share of the Goupil millions. Then came the claim of

the Foreign Missions,—a claim that no true Catholic can ignore. And China and America received their dole; for in those days missionaries were being sent to, and not from, America as they are beginning to be sent to-day.

It is quite possible that it was through her connection with the Foreign Missions that Mme. Goupil's interest in what may be called her true vocation, her life-work, came into existence. It was towards the middle of the nineteenth century, so the superior of the seminary at Seez tells us, that she began to realize how few religious vocations, comparatively, there seemed to be in France. She saw that well-to-do people hesitated, from mercenary motives, to encourage their sons to enter the priesthood; and that whilst there were numerous vocations amongst the poorer classes, they could not be fostered, and so were lost, because the parents of such boys could not afford the long and costly education that was needed.

The outcome of this train of thought opened a new and never-ending channel for the Goupil millions to flow through; and proved a fresh and never-ending source of blessing to the givers, who, in each priest whom they provided for the Church, secured for themselves a new intercessor at the altar of God. At first in her own diocese, and by degrees throughout almost the whole of France, it became known that if a priest found in his parish a good, intelligent boy, anxious to enter the priesthood, but prevented from so doing through lack of means, he had only to apply to Mme. Goupil, and the funds to complete, or even to provide, the necessary education would be forthcoming.

Mme. Goupil's friends often saw a book in which she kept a list of the students who were prepared for the priesthood through the bounty of her husband and herself. For years this bounty continued; and as it continued, it grew, until 1888, the year of Mme. Goupil's death. For that year, there were inscribed upon the list three hundred aspirants to the priest-

hood, fifty of whom were entirely provided for, whilst the remainder had received sums varying from one to two hundred francs apiece. And if to these gifts is added a subscription of three hundred dollars which the Goupils gave annually to an association for fostering tardy vocations, the total sum devoted to this truly divine work of providing priests for the Church amounted to about ten thousand dollars a year.

A hundred and forty of the students on Mme. Goupil's list at the time of her death belonged to her own diocese of Seez; whilst the rest were being educated for thirteen other French dioceses, for Jersey, for an English diocese, and for two missionary societies—the Missions Étrangères and the Fathers of the Holy Ghost. When one considers that this is the record of less than one year, and that it was repeated annually for at least thirty years, it is evident that there is no exaggeration in saying that the Goupils gave thousands of priests to the Church, and one can hardly think of a more splendid epitaph than this record for any one to earn.

It may, in one way, be said that the actual payment in whole or in part of these young men's pensions at college was the least of Mme. Goupil's work. In the book to which we have referred, there are entries showing the almost maternal thought that she had for her "boys." On going to the seminary, one was in need of a soutane: Mme. Goupil provided it. Another, about to receive subdeaconship, was given a set of Breviaries. A third, newly ordained, came from so poor a family that the inevitable expenses of the ceremony were borne by the benefactress, who had provided the education which led to the consummation of the priesthood.

Then the book contains notes on many who had really passed beyond the stage of the Goupils' benefactions,—who were already priests. Perhaps one was ill and needed special treatment, even special nourishment; for nothing that helped her priests was too trivial for Mme. Goupil

to think of; or there might be entries of some need in their parishes or their houses, which, as soon as she became aware of, was supplied.

Again, in another way Mme. Goupil was, if not before her time, at least well up-to-date in her desire to see priests continuing their studies after ordination. She provided funds for many to take University degrees in subjects that were congenial and useful to them. A few years ago Mgr. Battifol, rector of the Catholic Institute of Toulouse, wrote an article on the subject of higher education for ecclesiastical students, from which we give this extract:

"We must have priests, and priests who have been so educated as to be able to develop to the full their divine vocation. The question is, how far this education should go. [The article is addressed to the ladies who carry on the work of ecclesiastical vocations in Toulouse.] You must interest yourselves in the children, and follow their progress through the Petit Séminaire, to the further development of the Grand Séminaire. But have you ever asked yourselves if even that is enough? Have you ever asked yourselves how many of your protégés could further improve themselves and take University degrees if only the means were forthcoming for their higher education, for the continuation of their studies? I am afraid that this aspect of our work has never occurred to you."

Going on, he asked if they would be satisfied to launch their own sons in the world without the advantages of the degrees which the clerical students, in whom they were interested, had perforce to go without; and he enlarged upon the benefit to the Church, quite apart from the individual students, of further facilities for study being given to seminarists and to young priests.

A passage from the records of the diocese of Seez, which appeared about the same time, reads almost like an answer, or at least like an enlargement on the theme of Mgr. Battifol. "I must add," says the writer of the article, "a deserved tribute

to Mme. Goupil, who has shown herself not only munificent in her donations, but has also given proof of a most intelligent foresight. In addition to the education indispensable to a priest, she has provided the necessary funds, for those of her students who show an aptitude for further study, and who wish to take a degree. At the University of Lille as well as at the Catholic University of Paris, Mme. Goupil retained places for her candidates, who were chosen from amongst those recommended to her by the heads of seminaries and the superiors of the Congregations in which she had students." This tribute was reproduced in the "*Bulletin des Œuvres des Vocations Sacerdotales*," with the hope, no doubt, that others might be inspired to imitate her noble example.

No sketch can really describe all that Mme. Goupil did for her students from their childhood upward; and the fact of their reaching the goal and becoming priests only redoubled, if that were possible, her interest in them; whilst it freed her inexhaustible bounty to take on others in their place at college. Her circle enlarged itself steadily and rapidly, so that her days and often a great part of her nights were devoted to her protégés,—writing to and about them; and, despite the amount of time her correspondence took up, she read with pleasure and answered promptly her immense daily post.

For thirty years M. and Mme. Goupil worked together at the spending of their millions, and no other outlay brought them such a return of pleasure as that spent upon fostering ecclesiastical and religious vocations. Then in October, just twenty-four years ago, being sixty-seven years of age, Mme. Goupil was called to receive the reward of her charities,—the interest upon her millions.

The way in which these charities, and especially her favorite one, were carried out after her death is best described in a notice concerning M. Goupil that appeared in the *Semaine Religieuse* of Seez shortly after his own death in 1895: "He was

never known to refuse to help in any charitable work, but there was one that appealed to him beyond all others. Jesus Christ chose His disciples from amongst the poor, and still amongst the poor He often gives the grace of religious vocation,—a grace that in many cases can not be availed of unless rich people, who have at heart the interest of the Church, contribute towards its development. This work of providing education for poor boys who aspire to the priesthood appealed very strongly to M. Goupil. He adopted candidates for Holy Orders from the time their vocation dawned until their ordination. Every year he counted at least two hundred names upon his list, and some years the number rose much higher."

Another notice appeared about the same time; and, although M. Goupil's name is not mentioned, his identity is unquestionable. "I could tell you," writes the Abbé Leroy in the "*Œuvres des Vocations Sacerdotales*," "of one individual Catholic who contributed to the support of as many as five hundred church students at the same time. Some he supported entirely; to others I can not say how much he gave. But, in my own case, I can assure you that whether I asked for a contribution of fifty or of a hundred francs for a student, I invariably received what I asked; and often for two or even more students at a time. I regret to say I knew this generous benefactor only by letter, and now he has gone to receive the reward of his charity."

This article appeared in September, 1896, and M. Goupil had died exactly a year before. There can be no doubt that when he rejoined his wife he entered into the enjoyment of the hundredfold interest due to him upon the immense proportion of his millions which had been laid out in charities, but most especially in providing priests for Christ's Church,—a privilege that surely many others would share if only they realized the limitless generosity of Him to whom they give so directly in the person of His priests.

Priests' Hiding Places.

LONG ago the need for priests' hiding places passed away in England. But many of the ancient country houses there still possess them; you find an apartment in a secluded part of the house, or garret in the roof, named the "chapel," where three hundred years and more ago religious rites were observed with the utmost privacy. Close by was usually a cunningly contrived hiding place, or, in the vernacular, "priest's hole," not only for him to slip into in case of emergency, but also where the vestments, sacred vessels, and altar furniture could be put away at a moment's notice. Only a few years ago, one such hiding place having been discovered in an old house in the North of England, the vestments were found still intact.

Most of these secret chambers for the sorely harried servants of the Church appear to have been constructed by Nicholas Owen—a Jesuit in the service of Father Garnet,—who devoted his life to contriving them in the principal Catholic houses all over England. Father Tanner, who wrote in the seventeenth century, when memories of the persecution were yet vividly fresh, gives very illuminating details regarding him. "With incomparable skill he knew how to conduct priests to a place of safety along subterranean passages, to hide them between walls and bury them in impenetrable recesses, and to entangle them in labyrinths of a thousand windings. He alone was both their architect and their builder, working at them with inexhaustible industry and labor; for generally the thickest walls had to be broken into, and large stones excavated, requiring stronger arms than were attached to a body so diminutive as to give him the nickname of 'Little John'; and by his skill many a priest was preserved from becoming the prey of the persecutors."

For instance, there is Abbots Salford,

an old mansion, with chapel and resident priest for the services still held there. But in a dark passage up in the garret is the priest's hiding place, just as it was so many generations ago. By removing a wooden peg from a certain shelf in the most innocent-looking of large cupboards, the entire back of it, oak shelves and all, swings around into a large, dark recess, where the priest could be concealed.

Sawston Hall, in Cambridgeshire, has a remarkable "hole" on the top landing of a quaint corkscrew staircase. When one of the broad floor boards is raised, there is disclosed in the masonry a round aperture, or tunnel, which slants into the massive wall, to end in a chamber some twelve feet deep by four feet or so, that contained the hidden priest. So cleverly has the board been constructed that it is not possible to detect it.

Occasionally there are more than one secret chamber in the same mansion, hiding all traces of the "Papists." That picturesque and many-gabled mansion of Ufton Hall, in Berkshire, afforded such succor to persecuted priests. In an upper garret, in the thickness of the partition wall, there is a hiding place big enough to hold a man standing or leaning. The door forms part of the thick plaster wall, into which it fits exactly,—thick oak beams intersecting it and cunningly disguising any appearance of an opening; while near by, in one of the gables close to the ceiling, is a remarkable "hole." The door of this hiding place swings on a pivot, and externally is thickly coated with plaster, so as to resemble the rest of the wall. It is opened by a spring bolt, that can be unlatched by pulling a string running through a tiny hole made in the framework of the door of the next room. In this little chamber there is a cavity where the crucifix and sacred vessels were secreted. So solid is the plaster on the oak door that, like the door of the other "hole," when it is tapped or sounded, there is no hollow sound given out.

There are many of these curious places

of concealment in England and Scotland; for "Little John" and his coadjutors did their work well. Boscobel, Trent, Heale, Mosley, Charleton, can be mentioned among others. Yet the buildings in which they exist are gradually disappearing; and only a paragraph in the local journal chronicling the discovery of a "priest's hole" during the demolition of an ancient place may remind the thoughtful of the harsh and exciting conditions, now long past, in which the lamp of the Faith was kept burning brightly up and down the lands of Britain.

Machinery and Progress.

IN a recent issue of the *Contemporary Review*, Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, a publicist of note, discourses in philosophical vein on "Man and the Machine." Premising that it is not easy to analyze national or world psychology under the shock of so vast an upheaval as the late world-conflict, the writer goes on to say: "Let us, therefore, put the war outside the purview of our considerations so far as possible, and attempt to examine whether during the last century any significant process of change has taken place in human affairs, and whether any transformation in the conditions of civilized communities and the objects of human endeavor are definitely noticeable."

The most cursory of examinations shows that the advent and rapid advance of machinery gradually revolutionized methods of transit, communication, and production, to an extent so enormous that the last century stands out as the period of greatest change in the history of the world. Briefly sketching the rise and progress of the machine in the various fields of human activity, Mr. Ponsonby proceeds to discuss the effect on man's character, his mind, his heart, and his soul:

A psychological change becomes inevitable; and the character of that change is curious. The dominance of the machine does not constitute an evil moral force which must be combated:

it does not resemble the spread of false doctrine or pernicious ideas, for these must originate in human agencies. It is the sterilizing, alluring spell of a soulless companion,—an Undine, cold and insusceptible itself, yet exercising charm and attraction, and drawing within its dominion slaves who, in their admiration and devotion, readily fall victims to its increasing power. And all the while because we have created it we are under the delusion that we control it. Little by little we have become impregnated by its peculiar influence. Efficiency, precision, and speed become our idols. Utilitarianism, commercialism, materialism reign supreme. Our values have altered, our souls have hardened. The power of action signifies more to us than the power of thought. Material well-being is the primary object of our political and social schemes. Religion is not scoffed at, but ignored. Moral considerations are subsidiary, if they are taken into account at all...

All our ideas have become commercialized. For imagination, unless turned to mechanical invention, there is very little use. We borrow our standards from our smooth, shining, punctual, accurate, efficient machines; and the more closely men and women can be made to resemble them, the better. Emotion and sentiment waste time and weaken the human machine. They can be provided only by way of relaxation in the intervals of our mechanical efforts in the cheap and blatant mechanical form of cinema, or seven-penny novelette. Originality or even individuality must be suppressed. It is fatal to the smooth working of any engine, and our schools are devised to attempt to exterminate the first buds of this inconvenient tendency.... The whole outlook on life is changed; the kaleidoscopic view prevents depth of feeling; the actual, the practical, the immediate, blot out the more elusive and remote and ideal objects of living. Breathless activity gives the illusion of constant accomplishment; the easy moulding of all matter without strain or effort gives a sense of power. In the age of stone and in the age of iron, man's ingenuity increased, and his capacities became more highly developed. In the age of machinery, he has created a force which has usurped many of his functions, and is subordinating him to the position of a servant, a menial, a slave.

As a concrete illustration of the difference between handicraft and machine-craft, between the art of the hand and the mind and the art of the mindless machine, Mr. Ponsonby compares an old *repoussé* silver cup with a modern stamped silver cup, stating that it may be taken as a

symbol of the change not only in the work but in the character of man. "In the one you will see the mark of the tool—the personal touch,—you will trace the gradual moulding of the design, the line emphasized here, more delicate there, full of character, tough perhaps, but sensitive, eloquent of skill and beauty. In the other you will find complete accuracy, absolute balance, faultless detail, with a rigid, lifeless, flat correctness that renders it dull, meaningless, and charmless. The latter can be repeated numberless times and spread broadcast, while the former is unique and individual,—the special work of an artist." To the specious objection that it is possible to have both the handmade and the machine-made article, the reply is given that the prolific output of the machines gradually ousts the laborious art of the handicraftsman; so the machine wins all along the line, and gains general approval.

Throughout his entire paper, the *Contemporary* writer fully acknowledges the benefit of machines, nor does he manifest any quixotic desire either to do away with those we have or to oppose the construction of yet other ones; but he thinks it may well be asked whether machinery has added to the sum total of permanent human achievement. Moreover, he declares that the question can be answered with a decided negative, except possibly in the field of science. Without our machines, he willingly admits, we could not exist; and to curtail their uses would be impossible. "But in our blindness do not let us pretend that we are quite unaffected ourselves. Even those whose lives are not devoted to the service of engines can not avoid coming into constant contact with them, and benefiting by their productions. It would be ridiculous to suggest that many results are not beneficial. But do not let us run away with the idea that we are participating in a great progressive stride. It is not progress at all: it is only change,—change fraught with new and still incomprehensible dangers."

Notes and Remarks.

Few well-informed citizens will be found to disagree with one declaration made by President Wilson in his recent finely-phrased message to Congress from overseas—viz., that “the question which stands at the front of all others in every country amidst the present great awakening is the question of Labor.” By this he means, as he is at pains to state clearly, “How are the men and women who do the daily labor of the world, to obtain progressive improvement in the conditions of their labor,—to be made happier and to be served better by the communities and the industries which their labor sustains and advances? How are they to be given their right advantage as citizens and human beings?”

“We can not live our right life as a nation,” President Wilson goes on to say, “or achieve our proper success as an industrial community, if Capital and Labor are to continue to be antagonistic instead of being partners. . . . The object of all reform in this essential matter must be the genuine democratization of industry, based upon a full recognition of the right of those who work, in whatever rank, to participate in some organic way in every decision which directly affects their welfare, or the part they are to play in industry.” After pointing out what Congress has already effected in the way of reform—by establishing the eight-hour day as the standard day in every field of labor over which it can exercise control, developing the means of preserving and safeguarding life and health in dangerous industries, etc.,—the President declares that “it is national action and the enlightened policy of individuals, corporations and societies within each nation that must bring about the actual reforms.”

It must be the hope of all good citizens that our chief executive will soon return to his post of duty in Washington, to inaugurate the reforms which he rightly

regards as of paramount importance; to bridge the gap between Capital and Labor, which has widened during his absence; and, if possible, to check the spread of communism, or, as it is oftenest called, Bolshevism, which is unquestionably the greatest menace that now threatens the national welfare.

The lynching of sixty-three Negroes, five of them women, and of four white men, in the United States during 1918, is certainly a disgraceful record. Even the placid Quakers are stirred up over what they call “this national crime.” During one of the sessions of its recent annual conference, the Religious Society of Friends of Philadelphia felt moved to devote a portion of its time and thought to this subject. To quote from a circular received from the secretary of the conference: “It felt this sin to be a shameful blot on the fair name of our beloved land; it felt its injustice and barbarity to its helpless victims, be they innocent or guilty, and its brutalizing and degrading effect on those who perpetrate the crime, and on the thousands who often gather to see their fellow-beings tortured and killed. Above all, it felt this thing to be intolerable and wounding beyond our power to conceive, to the Eternal Spirit, whose children are not white alone nor black alone, but of every nation, kindred, tongue and people.”

What renders the crime all the more deplorable and utterly inexcusable in a civilized country is that in no case was a single member of the lynching mobs of 1918 convicted in any court of justice. In only two instances were trials held at all, and in both of them the members were promptly acquitted.

The London *Morning Post* is quoted as saying—it wasn't a nice thing to say, though perhaps said after a bad night: “The English people tolerated America's ways during the war as a man tolerates a rich uncle,—not because he has manners,

but because he has wealth." It is an open secret that Americans and Englishmen did not get on very well together everywhere at the Front, though the diplomats of both countries were doing their best to create good feeling. The editor of the *Morning Post* should not need to be told that anything thus accomplished may easily be undone, or to be reminded that a time may come when John Bull and Uncle Sam will have to stand together, if they expect to continue standing. Only the most optimistic of optimists believe that the establishment of a league of nations will put an end to war.

Future compilers of such books as "Tributes of Protestants," "Outside the Walls," "The Fairest Argument," and similar collections of non-Catholic praise for Catholic doctrines and practices, will probably quote Ralph Adams Cram, Boston's noted architect and leading Episcopalian layman. Mr. Cram has of late, in published volumes, magazine articles, and public speeches, made statements which indicate a liking for Catholic truth not less marked than that of the English non-Catholic, Gilbert K. Chesterton. His most recent notable utterance of this kind was made on the occasion of an address in which, says the *Philadelphia Record*, "he advocated Church Unity on the basis of a return to the Roman Catholic Fold." That, be it said incidentally, is the *only* basis on which there can ever be a coming together of the sects with the Church. In elaborating his theme, Mr. Cram gave his hearers these pregnant thoughts on which to ponder:

The Anglican Church has not had a right philosophy since the Reformation. The only way that the world can be saved at this critical juncture is through accepting a right religion and a right philosophy. It is necessary to have a right philosophy before any efforts of reunion are begun. The first step for the Episcopal Church to take is to accept the strict Catholic doctrine of Seven Sacraments, with the Mass, both as a communion and a sacrifice, as the chief controlling doctrine of all; and Transubstantiation as the only perfect and sufficient expression

of the nature of the Presence of Christ in the Holy Sacrament of the Altar. The only thing that can save us from a new period of the Dark Ages is a reunion of Christianity on the basis of Catholic theology, sacramental philosophy, and Catholic Orders.

Pending that possibly chimerical reunion, we may be permitted to hope that among individuals who return to the true Church, Mr. Cram may be counted.

It is evident that thoughtful Englishmen everywhere are becoming more and more impressed with the necessity of settling once for all the centuries-old conflict between their country and Ireland. Catholic Englishmen in particular recognize the imperative need at the present critical stage in world-politics of a coming together of English and Irish elements, and are not slow in declaring that it is both the bounden duty and the wisest policy for the English Government to effect at long last a just settlement of the periodically volcanic Irish Question. As typical of the best thought of Catholic England on the matter, we quote these words of the *London Universe*:

The relations between a great world-wide Empire and the Church are at stake; so are the prospects of the penetration of Catholicism throughout that Empire, and of the conversion of countless souls; so are the chances of uniting the two great English-speaking Powers in a league for world-peace and international justice. It can definitely be stated that the enormously powerful Catholicism of America is quite irrevocably committed to the position that a closer union of all English-speaking Catholics must depend on a settlement between the Irish and the English. As the Bishop of Northampton said in his utterances reported in our columns soon after his return from America, and as he repeats in the current number of the *Dublin Review*, no scheme for co-operation between English-speaking Catholics will be listened to which does not include the sons of the Church of St. Patrick,—“the foremost evangelist in the English tongue, which has planted and replanted the Faith in every land where that tongue is spoken.”

* * *

Coincident with this demand for justice to Ireland, as formulated by English Catholics, evidence is accumulating to

show that English Protestants are beginning to see that they have been hoodwinked concerning the relations between Catholics and Protestants in Ireland. Harold Begbie, in "The Lady Next Door," did much to open their eyes to the realities of the case; and another non-Catholic author, Marie Harrison, adds this testimony: "I have been amazed to discover in Ireland not so much but so little bitterness, not so many but so few religious quarrels. Catholics and Protestants live together to-day in great harmony, and discordant notes are invariably those sounded by politicians and meddling men to whom party politics are the greatest joy in life. . . . The religious quarrels of Ireland have been painted in such lurid colors that one would imagine that the whole country was seething with religious hatred. In actual fact, Ireland lives to-day in great peace and quietness in all religious matters."

It is well that the true state of the case as regards the relations between Irish Catholics and Irish Protestants is being made clear. The truth will facilitate the final settlement of the whole question of Irish government.

Prohibitionists have so persistently and insistently proclaimed that the great majority of crimes generally, and of crimes involving violence in particular, are due to drunkenness, that they are beginning to be rather embarrassed for an explanation of the increase of crime in our national Capital since the promulgation therein of the "bone dry" edict, something more than a year ago. According to all their logic and their rose-colored predictions, Washington's criminal record for the past year should have been the lightest in its history: as a matter of fact, that record is heavier than ever before. That, in a city of the size of Washington, there should be in a single week no fewer than one hundred and eighty-seven criminal indictments, sixteen of these being for the taking of human life, would be a matter

of surprise at any time; but in a period when the city has been freed from the tentacles of the great octopus, the Saloon, it is not only surprising but illuminative—as to the feasibility of enforcing total Prohibition. The *New York World* caustically remarks: "Crimes involving violence are invariably laid to intemperance by the Prohibitionists. If the assaults and murders committed in sight of the Capitol are to be thus accounted for, it must be concluded that intemperance is on the increase in Washington since the District of Columbia was voted dry, and Prohibition at the citadel of the Republic has proved a farce."

"No rock so hard but that a little wave may beat admission in a thousand years." We do not, therefore, lose hope that in the course of time the Jews, who are now complaining so bitterly of persecution at the hands of Christians in Poland and Rumania, will come to understand that this is not to be ascribed to the Christian Religion. Why will men not learn to distinguish between what the Church teaches and what her members and ministers may sometimes do? In praying for His executioners, Christ taught His followers how wrongs are to be avenged. There is another side to the story of religious persecution in Poland. But let that pass. The point we want to emphasize is the injustice of imputing to the Church excesses which are repugnant to the maxims of the Gospel that she never ceases to preach.

Many others besides Cardinal Bourne have doubtless reflected during the past half-year on that pregnant word of the Psalmist, "Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." In the tentative building of the house of peace, as in the construction of a league of nations, the part assigned to the Lord has been, to say the least, entirely negligible. It is perhaps considerably more significant than the man in the street is

inclined to believe that the war was won, in its final analysis, by a commander-in-chief who prayed and showed himself thoroughly religious. Were the members of the Peace Council more like Foch in their attitude towards their Maker, it is permissible to believe that their labors would have come to a happy conclusion some time ago. As the English Cardinal puts the matter:

There are, no doubt, among those who sit around the Council board in Paris many who daily seek from God the enlightenment and guidance which they need; many, too, who, in the fulness of their Christian faith, understand that in the teaching of the Son of God is the only foundation of the world's lasting peace. But there are others also who have no such faith. . . . It is they who have stamped upon the Conference that character of complete forgetfulness of God which, I imagine, differentiates it from all those other great universal assemblies which, from time to time, the supreme moments of human existence have brought together since Christ came among us.

There has never been a crisis like the present one; never have the destinies of mankind been so momentously in the balance; and the Supreme Ruler and Judge of men is treated, publicly at least, as though He were of no account. May not this be the reason why delay is prolonged, why no conclusion can be reached, why the whole world is sick with weariness and impatience, why the forces of anarchy and revolution are growing stronger every day? All the while there has been no collective act of prayer on the part of those who have to decide these tremendous issues.

Summarizing, a few months ago, the lessons which Catholic educationists might well learn from the Students' Army Training Corps, one of our publicists emphasized the strictness of the discipline to which the students were subjected. An item in the *Denver Catholic Register* of last week shows that at least one of our Catholic colleges is thoroughly alive to the necessity of enforcing its disciplinary rules, even at a cost which to the unthinking may appear too heavy. Forty-three students of the Sacred Heart College, Denver, having asked and been refused permission to go into the city, decided to brave the authorities—and took their departure, notwith-

standing the refusal. The following morning all were expelled; and, much to the credit of the Jesuit Fathers who conduct the institution be it said, no beseeching on the part of the boys and their parents had any effect in mitigating the punishment.

The process of genuine education is complicated, and the lessons best worth while are not always the formal ones taught in the class-room or lecture hall. Of Cawdor, in *Macbeth*, it was said that "Nothing in his life became him like the leaving it"; and we think it quite probable that many of the misguided students of whom there is question here will one day recognize that no lesson they ever learned in college was, on the whole, so useful as their last one. In the meantime we venture the prediction that the attendance at Sacred Heart College next year will be increased.

The Congregation of St. Paul the Apostle, familiarly known as the Paulist Fathers, mourns the death of its beloved Superior-General, the Very Rev. John Hughes. Though of a retiring disposition, he was no less remarkable for Apostolic zeal than his venerated predecessors, of whose piety and other Christian and sacerdotal virtues he was also an exemplar. His death, after a long illness, borne with the patience and resignation to the divine will for which he was distinguished, is a heavy loss to the American Church, for the welfare and extension of which he did more than will ever be known or realized. The initiator or director of numerous good works, he preferred to act as a mere helper, caring little for appreciation, and nothing for praise. His services to the Congregation of which he was so worthy a member and so devoted a superior were rendered in the same spirit. His life, like that of his patron, the great Apostle of the Gentiles, was "hid with Christ in God." Ever mindful of St. Paul's counsel, he served the Master in simplicity of heart. In the other world "the reward of inheritance" was awaiting him. *R. I. P.*



Candles.

BY BONAVENTURE SCHWINN, O. S. B.

IN heaven's crystal windows,
Beyond the earth's blue dome,
God sets up nightly candles
To light His children home.

Garcion's Pardon.

THE LEGEND OF THE JEWELLED PEN.

IN olden days the kings of Spain were very powerful, and at their mere word people were put to death or pardoned, as might be. A certain King Pedro was on the throne at the time of our story, and he was extremely particular as to the amount of homage paid to him. It was very difficult to have an audience with him, and no one ever came into his presence without much state and ceremony. The ante-chambers were full of attendants and the courtyards crowded with guards.

One day the King sat alone in his room, reading. He raised his eyes and saw before him a Franciscan friar. Astonishment kept the monarch silent. The friar spoke in a voice like music:

"Your Majesty, I have come to ask the pardon of Joseph Garcion. He has been unjustly condemned to death. I *know* that he is innocent, and I want you to grant him pardon."

The King stared at the friar. He knew many of the Franciscans in the city, but neither in nor out of the Franciscan habit had he ever seen so beautiful a figure; a roseate hue on his face, eyes radiant with light, and an expression of mingled majesty and sweetness.

At last King Pedro remarked: "Joseph Garcion? It shall be inquired into."

"Oh, impossible, your Majesty!" answered the friar. "The execution is to take place at noon, and the clock has struck eleven. I have brought the document with me for your Majesty's signature." And so saying he unfolded a large sheet, which contained a long, stilted form of a royal pardon in Spain. "It only needs your signature," said the friar; and taking up a jewelled pen, he presented it, with a smile, to the monarch.

King Pedro was still more astonished when he found himself writing under the friar's direction. The paper was signed, and the friar, with a graceful bow and radiant smile departed.

In a few minutes the King recovered from his surprise, and then there was a commotion.

"How dare you allow a friar to pass in without being announced?" asked the King of his servants.

"A friar?" said the terrified servants. "No one has seen a friar pass here."

"Of course not! You are a set of lazy varlets, half asleep; and lying ones into the bargain. Where is the majordomo?" asked the angry monarch.

That individual came trembling, and was ordered to dismiss all the servants without wages, and to replace them in four and twenty hours.

Then the King sent a message to know if Joseph Garcion had been executed. The answer came back:

"No, your Majesty. A Franciscan friar brought the royal pardon. Joseph Garcion has been set free."

"Who is this man Garcion?" demanded the King.

"Oh, just a poor weaver, your Majesty! The only support of his blind, widowed mother."

The King ordered his carriage and drove to the Franciscan convent. The friars had just finished their dinner, when his Majesty suddenly appeared in the refectory and began in loud tones to upbraid the Father Guardian.

"What do you mean," said he, "by allowing one of your brethren to force himself into my presence and interfere with the affairs of government?"

"Indeed, your Majesty," replied the Guardian, "I never thought of such a thing. No one has done anything of the kind with my permission, and I can hardly believe any one in our house could be guilty of such presumption and disrespect."

"Summon the whole community!" cried the enraged King.

That was easily done, for they were nearly all there, wondering what had happened. The few who had been absent from the refectory soon made their appearance.

They all passed in file before the angry gaze of King Pedro. There were young friars and old friars: some worn with age, others in the vigor of youth; but nowhere could the King find those radiant eyes which haunted him, and which in all his anger he longed to see again.

"You are hiding some one," said he to the Guardian. "I shall go through the whole convent."

So he stalked through the cells. Not a mouse could have hidden in those cells. Into the infirmary: it was empty. At last the King with his attendants and the whole community, arrived in the cloisters. There, in the midst of the garden, was a statue beautifully carved in white marble. No radiance from the eyes, no glow of roseate bloom, of course; but the features—they were the same.

"There he is!" exclaimed the King; "that is his likeness. Now, tell me whose statue is that?"

The Father Guardian bowed low. "Your Majesty," said he, "over that friar I have no control: he does what he pleases. He is named Antony of Padua. He has been

beatified and will soon, no doubt, be numbered among the saints."

The King was haughty, but he had faith. He knelt before the statue. "Blessed St. Antony," he said "do thou pardon me!"

Then inquiry was made, and it was found that the widow Garcion had been for many years a devout client of St. Antony. And when she lost her son, as he was imprisoned and condemned to death, she implored the saint to help her, saying over and over again the creed that St. Antony loved so well; and so her heavenly protector found and restored her her son.

From that day the Garcions never knew want, and the jewelled pen was treasured by King Pedro as a relic.

Buddy.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XXII.—MISS MEREDITH.

BESS was the last of the knitting class to leave this afternoon. September pickling and preserving called the matronly members home early; and there were little things that a girl could do for the crippled teacher, that always kept Bess when the older ladies had gone. She lingered to-day as usual, straightening the chairs, gathering up the odds and ends of wool dropped from the various-knitting bags, and putting Miss Patsy's low-ceilinged sitting-room into the usual old-maid order, that the brisk incursions of busier neighbors was apt to disturb.

"Thank you, dear!" said Miss Patsy, gratefully. "Why people can't gather up their own odds and ends, I don't see. Here's a good ounce of khaki wool, of three different shades, gone to waste! Married women do get heedless ways, I must say. And if you're going home by the church, Bess, take some of my asters for the altar. They are in such lovely bloom now, and to-morrow will be our Blessed Mother's birthday, you know."

"So it will," said Bess, softly. "Dear Miss Patsy, you and Miss Meredith always remember these lovely days. I will take the asters for you, of course."

And, with her hands full of the bright blossoms, Bess went on her way to St. Anne's, her thoughts busy with other things than altar flowers, we must confess. She was the luckiest girl in the world, as the ladies in the knitting class had all said. Helen Jameson was madly jealous of her, she could see. And no wonder. When, in all the history of St. Ronald's, had there been such a party as Aunt Rebecca was planning for now? And it was only the beginning of things, as Mrs. Jameson had said,—only the beginning of the wonderful, beautiful things Aunt Rebecca would do for her later.

Ah, the fairy godmother's spell was working in mamma's Bess,—working well! With her thoughts all in a whirl of pink chiffon gown and spun-sugar confectionery, the brass bands from Annapolis, and the *marquée* rising on the Maplewood lawn, Bess would have quite forgotten the turn of the road to St. Anne's but for the spicy breath of the asters serving as a reminder. Hurriedly she took her way to the little church, where the door stood open, and the red light of the sanctuary lamp glowed in changeless welcome. And, distracted as she was, Bess dropped on her knees for a hasty prayer before she took the flowers to Miss Meredith, who was moving softly from sacristy to sanctuary, trimming the candles, filling the vases,—a sad, gentle figure in the faded serge skirt, the last year's hat, that should rightly have been a neat habit and flowing veil.

There was no one else in the church. It was very sweet and still,—so sweet and still that Bess felt as if some "hubbub" in her heart were being hushed into silence. Over the glad, girlish bewilderment that Aunt Rebecca had stirred in her young mind, there fell a strange calm. It was as if she were being soothed by some tender touch, some loving voice, into quiet and peace.

As Bess watched Miss Meredith moving reverently about the altar, thoughts of Aunt Abbie stole into her mind,—Aunt Abbie who, young and gay and beautiful as Aunt Rebecca had said, had given up all to love and serve her hidden Lord; Aunt Abbie who, as Sister Seraphine, had spent twenty happy, blessed years doing good to all around her. And now she had gone to God to be happy with Him forever; while Aunt Rebecca was on earth, troubled about so many things: dinners and gowns and parties and—hair-dressing for her coffin, and India shawls that must not be cut up when she was dead. Was it better to be a fairy godmother like Aunt Rebecca or to be Sister Seraphine? And, kneeling there in the sweet stillness, Bess seemed to catch the first low whisper of a call whose music in the after years was to fill her young life.

But now—now she must take the flowers to Miss Meredith, and hurry home to have her measure taken for the pink chiffon gown for which Aunt Rebecca was to send explicit orders to-night. There was to be a girdle of pale blue, and the rosebuds were to trail down from the shoulders and loop the skirt on the side; and the stockings and slippers would be pale pink to match. How dreadful if by any mischance they should not fit! Bess wondered if she might send her old tennis shoe as a pattern. A pinching slipper would spoil the most splendid party a fairy godmother could design.

Aunt Rebecca's enchantment was falling on our Bess again, as she hurried into the sacristy to find that Miss Meredith, her work evidently finished, had gone. Hastily putting her flowers in water where they would be found on the morrow, Aunt Rebecca's goddaughter sped away by a side door that opened into the old churchyard, through which lay her shortest cut home.

As she bounded on, past the tottering tombstones, the forgotten graves—for St. Anne's churchyard had been guarding the "blessed dead who die in the Lord" for nearly a hundred years,—a sound of low

sobbing made Bess pause in wonder. There had not been a burial in St. Anne's churchyard since she could remember; who could be grieving so passionately here now? Glancing around quickly, Bess saw it was Miss Meredith,—Miss Meredith, seated on one of the sunken slabs of her family lot, weeping as if her heart would break.

Aunt Susan! There was no one else left. Aunt Susan must be dying or dead. And, though few at St. Ronald's would have regarded the old lady's departure as a misfortune, a warm wave of sympathy swept over Bess at sight of Miss Meredith's tears. She had always been so pale and quiet and patient. Before the mourner was conscious of any approach, Bess was beside her, a loving arm passed gently around her neck.

"Miss Meredith,—dear, dear Miss Meredith! Where—when—oh, what has happened?" faltered Bess.

"My dear child!" Miss Meredith wiped her eyes and looked up lovingly at the newcomer. She had taught Bess in Sunday-school, prepared her for her First Communion,—there had been a tender tie between teacher and pupil ever since that blessed day. Not even Aunt Susan at her crossdest and worst could deter Bess from her frequent visits to the old tumble-down home.

"Oh, what is the matter, dear Miss Meredith?" asked Bess, tremulously. "Is Miss Susan dead now?"

"No, dear,—no! Perhaps it would be happier for her if she were safe at rest," answered the poor lady, in broken tones. "God only knows where she will turn now, for we are going to lose our home."

"Lose your home!" echoed Bess in breathless dismay,—*"lose your home! Oh, how—why, Miss Meredith?"* For the tottering old hall seemed as much a part of St. Ronald's as the girdling forest, the blue river, or the sloping shore.

"It is going to be sold—for—for taxes, Bess."

"For taxes!" repeated Bess, in bewilderment. "What are taxes, Miss Meredith?"

"Something you have to pay on property," explained the lady, vaguely. "I myself know very little about such things; for my cousin (a distant cousin, whom I have never seen) kept them paid up for years, thinking he might inherit the place, which he did not want to go out of the family. But he died five or six years ago, and left no children and very little money; and the bills kept going to his widow, who gave them no attention, and—oh, I don't exactly understand it all, Bess; but we have been notified that the place is to be sold. There is a placard on the front gate now," sobbed Miss Meredith, unable to steady her voice any longer.

"Oh, how perfectly awful!" gasped Bess. "Can't—can't Judge Jameson do anything?"

"He thinks we ought to let it go," said the lady, brokenly. "He says it is foolish for two women to keep living in an old house fairly tumbling about their ears. He says property is high here just now: we may get enough even out of a forced sale to pay the taxes and mortgage, and leave us a little that will put us both in some Home, where we'll be comfortable and cared for all the rest of our lives. He knows of one just opened in Baltimore. But, O Bess, Bess, it will break my heart!"

"Why, of course it will!" said Bess, indignantly. "Judge Jameson must have gone stark, staring crazy to talk to you about such a thing!"

"To leave the dear, dear old home where all that I loved have lived and died; to leave St. Ronald's, St. Anne's," continued the poor lady, striving to choke back her sobs,—*"to leave all the dear friends here! Oh, if it were God's will, I would rather die, Bess! But it can't be helped. We must remember One who had no place to lay His head; we must remember Calvary, and not refuse to bear the Cross with Him. There was a time"* (her voice grew low and soft) *"when I was ready to give up home, friends, all things, for His sake—"* Miss Meredith paused as if she were saying too much.

"You mean—you mean you wanted to be a nun?" asked Bess, eagerly. "O dear Miss Meredith" (the young questioner looked at the pale, worn face, the shabby dress, and gave a quick thought to the tumbling old house and cross Aunt Susan), "why—why didn't you?"

"God sent me other work, dear," was the gentle answer,—“work that kept my heart full, my hands busy. I had all these” (she cast a tearful glance on the graves about her),—“all these to help through paths of pain, to heaven. And now if Our Lord calls me to new ways of sacrifice, I must not murmur. After all, Bess, I am only giving up what I was ready to give up joyfully, with your dear Aunt Abbie, thirty years ago.”

"Oh, but it's different,—very, very different!" said Bess, quickly.

"Why, dear?" asked Miss Meredith, with a wan smile.

"Well, I don't know, but it is. You're not going where you want to go at all. And Homes are not like convents. I went to one with Miss Marceron to see her old aunt; and she cried all the time we were there, and said the tea was too weak and she wasn't a bit happy. You shan't go to a Home, no matter what Judge Jameson says. You shall come to Maplewood and live with us. We would all love to have you there. And I'll give you my room that mamma has just fixed up in blue and white; and there's a lovely little oratory in the corner, where you can say your prayers with no one to trouble you. Oh, please come and take my room, dear Miss Meredith!"

"O Bess, my own dear little girl" (I had almost called you Abbie, you are so like that dearest and best friend of long ago), "you forget Aunt Susan, Bess."

Aunt Susan! The bright face of Miss Meredith's young comforter fell; she had indeed forgotten all about Aunt Susan. To introduce Aunt Susan into Maplewood would be stirring up trouble which, Bess now realized, even mamma would not contemplate.

"Couldn't Aunt Susan go into the Home by herself?" asked Bess, hesitatingly.

"No, dear,—no! You see, I have learned her ways and to have patience with them. And I promised my dear mother when she was dying I would care for her. So, you see, dear, we must stay together."

"Oh, I suppose you must!" said Bess, woefully. "Maybe if we pray very hard to our Blessed Mother, she will find some way to keep you with us."

"I don't see any, dear!" sighed Miss Meredith, hopelessly. "I have only one hundred dollars in bank,—the little income that must last us three months; and the taxes, that must be paid at once, amount to four hundred dollars."

"Four hundred dollars!" echoed Bess, in breathless amazement,—“only four hundred! O dear Miss Meredith, I thought they must be thousands!”

"They might as well be," replied the lady, sadly. "Four hundred is as impossible a sum for me at present."

"Only four hundred!" repeated Bess. "O dear, dear Miss Meredith—" Bess could say no more, there was such a wild tumult in heart and brain.

Pink chiffon, garlanded wild rosebuds, satin slippers to match, *marquée* on the lawn, music, ices, waiters,—all the glories of her coming party seemed whirling madly in her thoughts. Aunt Rebecca was now seated on the "chaise lounge" sending out orders for all these things—and Miss Meredith was losing her home, for four hundred dollars!

(To be continued.)

A Cool Commander.

While Commodore Anson's ship, the "Centurion," was engaged in close conflict with a Spanish galleon, a sailor came running up to him and cried out: "Sir, our ship is on fire very near the powder magazine!"—"Then run back as fast as you can, my man, and help put the fire out," said the Commodore.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—An admirable little handbook of explanations for those seeking knowledge of the Catholic Faith is "The Words of Life," compiled by the Rev. C. C. Martindale, S. J. (P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) It is not so much a catechism or a book of apologetics as a supplement thereto: in the words of the compiler, "it is a scheme of Catholic belief into which a man can fit whatever else he has learned."

—"The Rhyme of the Servants of Mary," by Helen Parry Eden (Burns & Oates), a brochure of twenty-eight pages, is a pleasing chant in honor of Our Lady and of the Servite Order. The following stanza, though not typical in the matter of technique or melody, illustrates both the metre and the spirit of the poem:

O Seven Holy Founders, don't forget us—
Bonfilius, Bonajuncta, Alexis, Hugh,
Sosteneus, Amideus, and Manettus;—
Dear Seven, pray for us who pray to you,
That we, who have so many things to do
Here for our Saviour, may beware of sin,
Seek Him without and hold Him fast within!

—An interesting little book by our valued contributor, Dom Michael Barrett, O. S. B., entitled "Sidelights of Scottish History," has been published by Sands & Co., London. It consists of nine essays, two of which describe the days when Edinburgh and Glasgow were Catholic; others are on "The Religious Drama of the Middle Ages"; "Factors in the Scottish Reformation"; "Missionaries (Jesuit and other) to Scotland"; "Great Britain's Convert Queen" (Anne of Denmark, Consort of James I.); "A Catholic in Disguise"—viz., Alexander Seton, Earl of Dunfermline and Chancellor of Scotland (1555-1622); "John Ogilvie, Martyr" (d. 1615); and "The Pioneer Scottish Seminary," founded at Scaln about 1717.

—Dom S. Louismet, O. S. B., whose two works, "The Mystical Knowledge of God" and "The Mystical Life," have won such cordial commendation during the past few years, has brought out a third volume on the same general subject, "Mysticism True and False." While at first blush this title may seem to cover much the same ground as does the second of the books mentioned above, there is in reality no overlapping or useless repetition. This third volume, to begin with, differentiates the mystical life from what is non-essential or exceptional to it—namely, the miraculous. It then goes on to contrast the genuine mystical life, always characterized by fervor, with its opposite, or the state of tepidity. Next come exceptionally interesting chapters on the spurious forms of

mysticism both outside and inside the Church, the negation or contradiction of mysticism, and finally the state or condition into which mysticism will ultimately resolve itself. Like its sister treatises, the work is thoroughly worth while. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, publishers.

—Thirteen readable papers on some of the prerogatives and glories of the Blessed Virgin by the Rev. Edward Garesché, S. J., are published in a neat 16mo of one hundred and fifty-five pages, by Benziger Brothers. It is well printed, and appropriately bound in blue cloth. For frontispiece there is a half-tone picture of Our Lady of the Rosary by Murillo. Clients of the Blessed Virgin will welcome this book, the price of which is one dollar.

—Readers of "Gold Must Be Tried by Fire," "The Shepherd of the North," etc., by Richard Aumerle Maher, will be disappointed in his latest novel, "The Hills of Desire." (The Macmillan Co.) It describes the experiences of a man and woman who contract an unusual marriage, their travels in search of health for the husband, their estrangement after his recovery, and their accidental meeting in a French war hospital. The plot is well constructed, but its development in some chapters is slow and unsteady. Chapter viii. would have been greatly improved by excision. The characters are ably drawn, and some of the descriptions show the author at his best. This can not be said, however, of the humorous passages, not a few of which seem strained, and some of which are—less than refined. The attraction of the story is its pathos.

—The Quaker conscience is queer and works wondrously. The Friends profess to base their lives upon literal subservience to Scriptural precepts; but such injunctions as they adhere to—very strictly, it must be admitted—are of their own selection; to the others they give a modified interpretation. Their conversation is as near "Yea, yea," and "Nay, nay," as it can well be; but they don't sell all that they have and give to the poor. The late Joseph Sturge, who was considered a model Quaker, worthy to have his life written—this has lately been done by Mr. Stephen Hobhouse—delighted in prayer-meetings; opposed all sorts of profane jollification; wore a hat with a brim as broad and a crown as low as the constitution and rules of the Society of Friends prescribe; and, though he may have possessed more than one coat, none of them had an ungodly collar. Yet Friend Sturge grew rich as a corn factor in the

hungry Forties, and by methods which he himself once described as "improper and dangerous." His biographer gives us the unneeded assurance that this candid confession does not show any resort to practices which were not in harmony with the accepted standards of the corn trade. But why did Friend Sturge resort to corn-trading at all? Perhaps the best excuse for such unquakerlike conduct is that, while accumulating wealth, he was trying to prevent the Crimean War. He may even have thought that he was fulfilling the Scriptural injunction about doing and not leaving undone.

—"Second Marriage" by Viola Meynell (George H. Doran Co.), "a novel of love's fulfilment," as it is styled by the publishers, has to do with a remote corner of the English fens, and with a group of characters that are also remote from the everyday mortals of American life. Those who believe in the hereditary transmission of literary talent will not need to be told that a daughter of Wilfred and Alice Meynell writes well; but it is only fair to inform them that the present story bears more resemblance to a narrative of the middle-Victorian era, not to say the Jane Austen period, than to the typical novel of the twentieth century. Its chief interest lies in the distinction of the character-drawing; of plot and incident and surprises and literary complications there is very little. From another viewpoint, the work is a novel by a Catholic rather than a Catholic novel.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no book-seller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Mysticism True and False." Dom S. Louismet, O. S. B. \$1.90.
 "The Words of Life." Rev. C. C. Martindale, S. J. 65 cents.
 "Doctrinal Discourses." Rev. A. M. Skelly, O. P. Vol. II. \$1.25.
 "Mexico under Carranza." Thomas E. Gibbon. \$1.50.
 "The Elstones." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.35.
 "Essays in Occultism, Spiritism, and Demonology." Dean W. R. Harris. \$1.
 "Life of Pius X." F. A. Forbes. \$1.35.

- "Patriotism in Washington's Time." P. J. Byrne, M. D. \$1.50.
 "The Sad Years." Dora Sigerson. \$1.25.
 "Marriage Legislation in the New Code of Canon Law." Very Rev. H. A. Ayrinhac, S. S., D. D. \$2.
 "Letter to Catholic Priests." Pope Pius X. 50 cts.
 "Spiritual Exercises for Monthly and Annual Retreats." Rev. P. Dunoyer. \$2.35.
 "The Parables of Jesus." Rev. P. Coghlan, C. P. \$1.10.
 "A Handbook of Moral Theology." Rev. A. Koch, D. D.—Mr. Arthur Preuss. \$1.50.
 "Pastor Halloft." \$1.50.
 "The Bedrock of Belief." Rev. William Robison, S. J. \$1.25.
 "Ireland: Its Saints and Scholars." J. M. Flood. 90 cts.
 "The Hand of God." Rev. Martin Scott, S. J. \$1. postage extra.
 "In the Soldier's Service." Mary Dexter. \$1.50.
 "The World Problem." Rev. Joseph Husslein, S. J. \$1.35.
 "Foch the Man." Clara E. Laughlin. \$1.
 "War Mothers." Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S. J. 65 cts.
 "A Manual of the History of Dogmas." Rev. Bernard J. Otten, S. J. Vol. II. \$2.50.
 "Armenia and the War." A. P. Hacobian. 50 cts.
 "To the Heart of the Child." Josephine Van Dyke Brownson. \$1.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

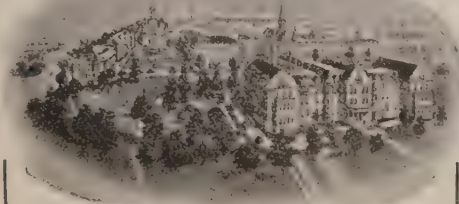
Rev. Richard Buytaert, of the diocese of Green Bay; Rev. William Ring, O. M. I.; and Rev. Arthur Devine, C. P.

Sister M. Rose, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; Mother de Sales, Order of St. Ursula; Sister M. Antonia, Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister M. Columba, Sisters of Mercy; and Sister M. Victor, Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. Daniel Davis, Mr. Carl Baker, Mrs. Mary Breen, Mrs. Anna Highland, Mr. John Kintz, Mr. William Norton, Mr. Frank Norton, Mr. L. S. La Croix, Miss Eileen Fitzgerald, Mr. L. C. Berg, Mrs. T. J. Griffin, Miss Alice Howe, Mr. Arthur Haas, Mr. John Moran, Mrs. Mary Farrell, Miss M. P. Thompson, Mrs. Sarah Neville, Mr. John Foster, Mrs. Mary Juneau, Miss Helen McNish, Mr. Charles Brand, Mrs. Mary Maloney, and Mr. E. A. Wallington.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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Entered as second-class matter at Notre Dame, Indiana. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on June 21, 1919.
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VOL. IX. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 21, 1919.

NO. 25

[Published every Saturday. Copyright, 1919: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

A Wayside Shrine.

BY MARY J. MALLOY.

ROSES to shed for her their wealth of fragrance,

Lilies to lie within the whiteness of her hand,
Lush violets to carpet earth beneath her,—

Easy were these to see and understand:
But that a branch of may she hold for honor,

A waft of lilac cast upon the air,
A lily of the valley, nestling lowly

In its green sheath, she smile on as a prayer—
Why, this indeed a queen is, and right royal!

Her name shall all the generations bless,
And His, who from their seats put down the mighty,

To raise to heaven His Handmaid's lowliness.

The Root-Error of Christian Science.

BY J. GODFREY RAUPERT, K. S. G.

I AM well aware that Christian Science has been dealt with by many able writers, and from many different points of view; but I do not think that I have ever met with a treatise which has brought into prominence what I conceive to be the root-error of this extraordinary system of thought,—if indeed it can be called a system. This root-error is, it seems to me, a denial or rejection of that fundamental truth of historic Christianity upon which its entire doctrinal edifice is constructed—namely, the significance and necessity of suffering, as it finds its fullest expres-

sion and development in the doctrine of the atoning and redeeming Cross of Christ.

It would not be possible, in a brief article of this kind, to go very deeply into the subject, nor is it necessary to traverse familiar and well-trodden ground. Every sane man who can read and think must know that this doctrine is fundamental—indeed, the distinguishing characteristic of Christianity,—and that without it the entire New Testament and the history of the development of Christian thought would be unintelligible.

I can here but briefly indicate the thoughts which much reflection on the subject has suggested to me,—in the hope that some perplexed mind may find them helpful. And I want to look at the matter mainly from the standpoint of *human experience*. One or two considerations, however, may be stated by way of introduction.

Christian Science teaches that there is nothing real but mind: that matter and suffering and sickness are subjective states of error,—delusions of mortal mind due to the false testimony of false material sense, and capable of being dispelled by subjective mental processes. Under this delusion, it is claimed by inference, mankind has labored for centuries, imposing upon itself untold but manifestly wholly unnecessary suffering. Christian Science, however, also holds that the coming of Christ was in some way a divine manifestation, intended to disperse error and to disclose truth.

But, in view of these contentions, how are we to account for the extraordinary circumstance that this divine manifesta-

tion took the form which it did as a matter of fact take,—the form of an *incarnation*: of the coming in the flesh—in *matter*, *therefore*—of the Divine Son of God? If Christian Science teaching be true, should we not have expected the very opposite,—some wonderful manifestation of *mind* (surely within the power of God), and calculated, once for all, to destroy man's delusion and to free him from his age-long sufferings? Has not God, therefore, by the Incarnation of Christ, *confirmed* the universal error and propagated it in the most effective manner conceivable? A moment's reflection must surely display the obvious absurdity and untenableness of this Christian Science contention. And is it not also true that, without the guidance of Revelation, we could well have believed that the very opposite of what Christian Science as its fundamental tenet maintains is true,—that the body and matter are the real things and that mind and spirit are unreal? Are not the claims of the former the most imperative and pre-eminent claims? And do not millions of intelligent men live and act as though this were so?

But what has *human experience* to say respecting the true meaning of suffering and the significance of the Cross of Christ? It demonstrates, in the first place, that *bodily suffering is the most effective and often the only means by which man is arrested and checked on his natural downward course*. The entire history of mankind bears loud and emphatic testimony to this fact, and only the mentally perverse can deny it. In view of what we know of human nature to-day, let any one imagine a world from which bodily suffering and sickness have disappeared, in which sensual indulgence and moral transgression go unpunished! Would it be a world in which any sane and normal being could endure existence? Would not the whole earth become one veritable Sodom and Gomorrha?

It is surely not necessary to develop or enlarge upon this thought. The inference

is too obvious and self-evident. Untold millions—thank God!—could bear witness to-day that the painful and palpable reality of matter, the suffering of the body, has been their salvation: that it has been their first step towards the contemplation of higher things,—the one effective remedy that has cured the sleeping sickness of the soul. They are the very last persons in the world who would be tempted to rid themselves, by some trick of suggestion, of this beneficent delusion of mortal mind, even if this were possible and in the least degree thinkable.

Human experience, secondly, testifies that *suffering, mental and physical, enlightens the understanding*. It removes the cobwebs from the human mind. It reveals the real meaning and significance of life: that all earthly concerns and interests are, and can be, but means to an end, not ends in themselves; that, since they must necessarily terminate shortly, they may not and dare not engage the entire attention. It awakens in the soul the sense of a higher responsibility, and the imperative necessity of attending to and fulfilling it. There is absolutely nothing in the natural order, as all men know, that will effect these things in the same degree and with the same forcefulness with which suffering effects them. If, therefore, this be a delusion of mortal mind, let us thank God for such a delusion; let us not seek to trick it away by inducing a state of the mind that is in the least likely to produce a less beneficent effect.

Suffering fortifies the will. It calls into operation the latent energies of the soul. It impels a man to resist those cravings of his lower nature which are apt to bring misery and disappointment in their train. It gives him that mastery over his body which nothing else in the world can possibly give him. It causes him to form a determination to cultivate higher and enduring interests rather than temporal and perishing ones, and to attain to that self-control and poise of character without which anything like a true and sustained spiritual

life is impossible and unthinkable. The very face of the man who has learned the true meaning of suffering and of pain bears the mark of the victory which he has gained. It is easily distinguished from that of the man who has managed to escape it, or to conjure it away, and who has remained a sensualist and a weakling.

Suffering, too, rightly accepted and understood, draws a man nearer to God and sanctifies his soul. It gives him time and cause to think of his soul and of higher interests. It separates him mentally and physically from that noisy, aimless world which incessantly urges its claims upon him, and which is apt to keep his mind in a state of strain and unhealthy agitation. It creates in him a desire to pray and to hold converse with God, and to listen to that still, small voice of the heart which can not be heard distinctly amidst the distracting noises and tumults of the world. And it thus brings him, finally, that quietness and peace and contentment which he has vainly sought amidst the insane strivings and ambitious follies of life.

Suffering, moreover, has an expiatory virtue. It not merely rehabilitates a man in his own eyes by affording relief to the intolerable stings of remorse, but it enables him to conform himself to that law of the moral universe which exacts suffering for every sin committed and every clearly recognized duty neglected. In a way not fully understood, it allays the pangs of conscience; and, if willingly borne and accepted, furnishes an instinctive assurance that it is a divinely appointed means by which the most grievous sin can, in a measure, be atoned for, and the soul become reconciled to God. So fully and clearly have the noblest and most enlightened of men discerned this truth that they have welcomed and invited suffering, have been unhappy when it was denied them, have invented ways and means of adding to any measure that may have been inflicted upon them.

Can any sane man deny all this? Is it not daily brought home to us in the facts

and experiences of life? And are not most men conscious of a vague feeling of alarm and disquietude when all has gone well with them for any great length of time,—when all their schemes have prospered and all the world smiles upon them,—when there is in their life no suffering or pain or disappointment? Is there not then a sense that something is wrong, that things are not as they should be, and that the suffering which they know to be due to them, but which is being spared them, is likely to be inflicted in some unexpected form or in another state of life? Does not even pagan philosophy, the natural non-Christian conscience, bear witness to this truth?

On the other hand, what is more clearly impressed upon the awakened moral sense of all mankind than the consciousness that we can never, by any degree or form of suffering, atone *fully and adequately* for the sins and offences against God of a lifetime; and that, if the law of the moral universe were to work its effects, we could not possibly be saved? Is it not here that the atoning Cross of Christ enters, as the one consoling factor, into human life: God's mercy providing a means by which, while the law itself is neither modified nor abrogated, its full effects are nevertheless nullified and set aside,—sinful man, born under the law, but truly penitent and contrite by the grace of Christ, escaping its penalty? And it is surely this doctrine of the Cross—of God taking on matter, and thus enduring the highest conceivable measure of suffering by way of atonement (not the moral teaching of Our Lord)—which has for centuries formed the one luminous point in this world of darkness and of pain. It is this truth upon which the eyes of sin-stricken man have been fixed, upon which his highest hopes and truest consolations have been, and are, centred in life as well as in death. Strikingly indeed has universal experience confirmed that wonderful prediction of Our Lord: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all things to Myself."

But Christian Science, by its senseless assertions, denies and undermines all this; and, by seeking to conjure away pain and suffering as delusions of the mind, not merely does violence to all the facts of human experience, but deprives man of that greatest of all consolations and means of renovation and restoration—the atoning and redeeming work of Christ. That this wholly irrational system of thought should commend itself to, and find acceptance in, an age which is essentially sensual and self-indulgent, and which shrinks from suffering in any form, is hardly a surprise; but that it should be identified with Christianity, which is admittedly the religion of pain and of the Cross, is perhaps the strongest evidence we can have that our age is fast losing all power of logical and accurate thinking, and that we are indeed entering upon a stage of utter moral and intellectual decadence.

There are, of course, other minor but nevertheless transparent errors involved in the teachings of this strange modern heresy, the chief of which is the claim that *organic* disease has been, and can be, cured by a prescribed form of mental jugglery. We know from the writings of responsible authorities, who have fully investigated these claims, that it is not so. *Functional* disorders are relieved by a method of suggestion which is to-day well known and practised by numbers of qualified mental specialists; and even these so-called cures are scarcely ever permanent. A certain danger, moreover, is incurred even in these practices; since all pain and discomfort and other symptoms are nature's danger signals, which warn the sufferer as to where trouble is brewing; and they may not, therefore, be safely ignored or temporarily conjured away by suggestion. For the disease, which might have been checked if these symptoms had been attended to, invades the organism and destroys life in spite of any amount of mental treatment and suggestion. The daily press is constantly reporting instances of this kind. And if matter and

sickness be really the delusions of mortal mind, how comes it to pass that babies and little children, who have never yet exercised their powers of thinking, are subject to disease, and suffer and die?

One wishes one had space to develop the argument more fully, and to exhibit the utter absurdity and unreasonableness of this crazy system of thought. But these few reflections may prove helpful to some who may be tempted to forsake the lawful and rational path of Christian truth, and to allow themselves to become entangled in this maze of absurdities and contradictions which parades under the Christian name. Whatever else Christian Science may be, it is most certainly neither Christian nor science, and the public can not be too warmly urged to guard themselves and those dear to them against the errors, destructive to both body and soul, which it so cunningly and assiduously propagates.

Search-Lights.

BY VALENTINE PARAISO.

XXIX.

IN that sunny back room upstairs, the sewing-machine rattled and whirred, and the beautiful stuff glided smoothly from under Kitty's fingers. It was the Daisy of the Morton Court day long ago who was watching breathlessly, and thanking her invaluable friend.

"Your father will like to see this," Kitty said. "What a pity you have not your pearls!"

The human Daisy regretted her own impulsiveness for one moment. After all, one might take a gift from a father's friend without accepting the giver. Then she thought of the Red Cross, and the pearls of Princess Victoria's little hoard for the poor wounded; and the twinge of regret was gone. Meanwhile her friend wanted to know if Mr. Locksley was of the party to-night.

"Ah!—you will tell me if anything is

settled, won't you? You will come into my room and wake me up. No, no, my dear, I can't go to that play! I am on duty in the morning first thing; I could never get my eyes open. You don't know how to say 'No' without upsetting things for your father,—is that it?" They had often talked as girl friends, but Kitty had always said it was too serious a question for an outsider to tamper with. "Some day, Daisy, you will have to say 'Yes' or 'No.' You are not engaged to Mr. Verreker. But perhaps Mr. Locksley will not say anything—"

"Oh, yes, he will!" Daisy interrupted. "In his note sending the invitation, he says he has something to say, and I must give him a chance to say it."

There was rather a stormy interview going on downstairs in the Colonel's library. After lunch, when the two men discussed the news and smoked, Mr. Jayby-Jones appeared to the Colonel to be guilty of a loathsome suspicion. He asserted that there was another armored car, and Joel Locksley knew all about it. If the Colonel did not open his eyes, all his patents would be waste paper. Joel's name was not mentioned in the new affair, but he was behind it; he was behind anything that made money. Would not the Colonel ask Locksley about the Vanflete car,—that was the name?

Colonel Spaggot was growing angry, and Jayby-Jones was told as courteously as possible to mind his own business. Even that rebuff could be conveyed in conventional politeness by a man of the Colonel's dignity. So Jayby-Jones said good-bye, and saw Daisy for a moment to express a hope that she would enjoy the evening. He looked at the Gazabo rather sadly, as the "tram" from Chestnut Corner carried him past the old house. He had tried to save Colonel Spaggot, and he had got the usual thanks. He liked Spaggot all the same, knowing him to be the soul of honor and loyalty. That was just the sort of man that would be ruined.

And would that dear little Daisy, whom he remembered as a child, be sold to the man that was swindling her father?

The box was well above the stage, with an excellent view of everything except the left-hand side. Daisy had laughed and cried over the Story of Waterloo. The Colonel had smiled at the flies that were "owdacious," and the modern military equipments that "wouldn't have done for the Dook."

Joel Locksley was seated at the other side of Daisy. He was not concerned with the play on the stage: he merely sat it out, and studied the impressionable girl who was so absorbed in the acting. The innocent eyes, the fair coloring that was to him ideal, the golden cloud about her forehead,—all these held his attention.

It was over, and the orchestra broke out in triumphant strains of gayety. The Colonel stood up. He was going for a good stretch and a smoke. Locksley elected to stay. He remarked that the next thing on the program would be more amusing: it was just a bit of singing and dancing and up-to-date jokes. He wanted to say a word or two about business, while the Colonel was away. Would she forgive him for talking what men call "shop"? He told her he had been concealing the fact from her father, but the armored car would not "go." "I am giving him the pleasure of thinking he succeeds. 'All's fair in love and war.'"

The Colonel was a most delightful man, he said,—a charming man; but he was essentially a soldier, and not of the business world nor of the engineering world. He would never deceive him, and they would be always *bons camarades*.

"Then is my father going to fail?"

"O my dear girl, no!" He laid a dark, strong hand reassuringly on her arm. "But this idea of his will not be a revolution in the treatment of steel,—that's the point. I myself thought it would, at one time; but I see now it is not practically possible. As to the armored car, he is very

much attached to his invention; and you and I will conceal from him that it is not the splendid thing we could wish."

Daisy began to turn chill and to tremble. This was bad news indeed; it felt like heartbreak.

"It is our business—yours and mine—to keep him happy and buoyant, and—shall I say it?—young as he is. You may rely on me, little Daisy!"

Any one glancing up from the stalls might soon have guessed that the conversation in that box just above the stage had developed into a love scene. At least the man looked ardent, and bent eagerly forward; but the girl was silent, with downcast eyes and a face full of trouble.

Joel Locksley pleaded with a force of language compared to which Sydney Verreker's protest of affection in the orchard long ago was "as moonlight unto sunlight, as water unto wine."

"I wish you every good in the world," the girl said, with a sudden look from grateful eyes. "You are so kind to my father! I would do anything I *could* do to thank you. And I hope somebody very nice will care for you, for I mustn't. But—do you know?—I think we ought not to keep it from papa that his 'car' is not succeeding. He would rather know the truth. My papa is a very brave man."

This was exasperating. Locksley thought the refusal was a sweet and gentle bit of coquetry. She only wanted to make him ask again. Girls were like that,—spoiled children when they had a power like hers. And what he called in his own mind her "adorable simplicity" had defeated all his plans about the Colonel. He never thought she would have a struggle with rising tears, and then refuse to be lured further. Her father was a brave man who wanted truth. Exasperating; but it was also, to use his favorite word, adorable.

"Then you must leave the telling to me," he said. "I shall not disturb his peace for some time."

She thankfully agreed. He was so good, so very good, to "papa."

"And you will still be his friend, won't you, Mr. Locksley. And you and I will be friends, too."

"You don't know how that word tortures a man," he said, "when he has asked far more than friendship and offered all he has."

Daisy began to pity him; and the tendency of pity has passed into a proverb.

"Tell me, what is the idea in saying you 'must not care' for me?"

She raised her eyes—the daughter of the man who was brave and who loved truth.

"If I ever marry any one, it will be some one of my own Faith."

"Then it is all right," he said gaily. "I wouldn't dream of interfering with your religion. That has nothing to do with it." He laid a hand again on her arm, this time to shake it playfully. "You dear little girl, you may go to your church till you are reeking of incense; I love it,—I love all scents and spices. Why, you may be anything you like." He was laughing good-humoredly now.

She made no answer, for somebody below was calling out, "Whish-hush!" And the curtain had already gone up, and a chorus was singing in a semicircle on the stage. The noiseless door at the back of the box opened, and her father came in, followed by a trim maid with a tray of pink ices and coffee. The Colonel thought all was settled; he was buoyant and gay; had he not come in upon Locksley laughing with a hand on Daisy's arm?

"Suppose we go and have supper?" he said, after sitting out a song and a dance. "This is going to be all tinsel and squeaks. My little girl won't like this French stuff. Let us finish up at the Savoy, Locksley, in honor of this happy occasion."

So they went out under the searchlights and the sparkling stars. Daisy was silent. Perhaps the Colonel thought she felt the solemnity of a life's decision. Locksley showed a thousand kindly little attentions; he could do nothing more if Daisy were his bride elect. He accompanied them to the underground railway in time for the

last train: and there they said good-night, in a hurrying crowd, without a chance of questions from the Colonel or felicitations. Daisy was given a seat in the train; the Colonel was a "strap-hanger." There was the same luck in the tram-car; and there had been no chance of hiring a taxi. It was only in crossing from Chestnut Corner, when Daisy's cloak was warmly about her, and her little white shoes trod the road, that the father said:

"So it is all settled now?"

"It is all *unsettled*." The timid voice was pleading and bewildered.

"Then I shall have to make up your mind for you, my darling! Oh, no, there's no use in talking! I'll see Locksley in the morning. If you don't know what's good for you, you must be married like a princess—by arrangement. 'A marriage is arranged and will shortly take place'; that's the style, isn't it? Locksley can send it to the *Times* now as soon as he likes."

Daisy almost screamed. "But I won't have him, papa! I told him so—as nicely as ever I could."

"And what did he say?" They were going up the dark garden; and Pepper recognized the voices, and barked a welcome from within.

"He doesn't understand, papa. He is not a Catholic; he is quite indifferent. Couldn't we do without him and be happy—just you and I as we used to be?"

The Colonel was inclined to lose patience. He had very little religion now himself; it did not seem to matter. The comradeship of Joel Locksley had made all spiritual ideas appear unreal; and he saw Daisy spoiling his fortune and her future for "myths." The canker of the war money was getting near his heart.

"It is Verreker you are thinking of," he said.

"If Sydney was not in the world, papa—"

"Nonsense, child! It is best for you to marry Locksley. You don't know your own mind. Religion has nothing to do

with it; you can be what you like. I won't have you throw away your happiness for a bundle of superstitions."

The Colonel smoked alone, striding about in the library. But his last words had been hard; and there had been trouble in his darling's face when they said good-night by the old clock that was always ticking slowly. He went up the stairs to the top, candlestick in hand. The light shone from Daisy's door. He pushed it gently wider open. There she was, fully dressed like the white angel of the pageant, but with no earthly paper wings. She was praying with her eyes closed and her hands laid together,—the prayer of a child. He knocked gently on the panel of the open door. Whatever religion was to him, in her life it was a reality.

"Good-night again, my darling! If I said anything in haste, you won't think of it, will you? You won't fret, Daisy? I wouldn't force you, little girl, for the world. But I know you like Locksley. He smiled his own smile, and assured himself she looked happy. "I hope you were praying for me, Daisy."

Yes, that was just what she was doing—and for herself. For she had realized how dark was his way; and as for her—the noise of the whirlpool was yet in her ears.

XXX.

It was like "a bolt from the blue,"—or, in the parlance of modern war, like a bomb. Disillusion came to the trustful Colonel Spaggot. He had met Jayby-Jones again, this time in the London street, watching the procession of the Land Girls, who were going to hold a meeting to persuade other young ladies to "go and be a farmer's boy." Jayby pulled a small folded journal out of a pocketful of papers.

"Keep this, if it interests you; it's something about a new car." He was not to be offended by the rejection of his advice yesterday. This was a technical trade paper, with a description of the Vanflete. "If I were you, I would look it up at the Patent Office." The hint was

given with a sharp twinkle in the eye of the city man. "You and Locksley could compare notes."

A glance at the newspaper article made the visit to the Patent Office seem to the inventor "worth while." And then came disillusion. He thought Locksley was keeping a sharp lookout for rogues; but he went back to his despised friend of yesterday. It was true that the Vanflete car was his invention slightly improved.

"So I understand," remarked Jayby, pleasantly; "it is exactly the same, only more so."

The Colonel answered grimly, without the shadow of a smile, and flung himself upon one of the deep easy-chairs in the office of Jayby-Jones. It was a puzzling world. Locksley had let the rogues be too much for him.

It seemed like a nightmare to plain, honest John Spaggot; he could hardly believe he was awake. The room was real enough,—a modern office of the luxurious kind, with Turkey carpet and much mahogany, and plate-glass partitions. The dim morning of Leadenhall Street mingled with the electric light. The telephone on the table interrupted the conversation with peevish rings, and was talked to and silenced occasionally. This was the place where the dealer in speculations gave advice like a lawyer, and twisted the short ends of his mustache with vicious pulls, or wrinkled his jolly face with a joke, and clapped his hands on his knees to laugh aloud. He warned the Colonel not to fall out with Locksley, or Locksley would say he was pro-German.

"Now, there's Cloop, the 'soda-water king.' He goes for the wholesale tea men in Mincing Lane; the nation's nerves are being ruined; it ought to be soda water; the tea trade is pro-German."

Jayby-Jones pulled himself up short in the midst of a burst of merriment, seeing how grave the Colonel was. The fat hand of the little man clenched and struck the edge of the table.

"Now I've got to tell you, Spaggot,

as an old friend. 'Better have it out at once, sir,' as the dentist said to the man. I happen to know that Joel Locksley has advanced fifty thousand pounds to push that Vanflete car. If that's not running with the hare and hunting with the hounds, I don't know what is. Clients of mine put money in the Vanflete, and they came to me saying it was all Locksley—not even Brown."

The Colonel was hard to convince; but he came back an hour later, trembling with rage. There had been a stormy interview. He gave an account of it. He had evidently called the other formally "sir," as men do with rigid politeness in the most red-hot military quarrel. "My daughter has told me nothing whatever, sir, and her name is to be left out of this discussion." This was in answer to Locksley's sneer that only last night he had told Daisy there was no money in the armored car, having forgotten that even the most charming woman can not keep a secret.

"The man had the audacity to tell me that he had spared me the pain of knowing my invention was a failure. I said: 'I will not ask you, sir, at what stage of your career you have thought it right to misrepresent facts; but I will ask you at what stage of *my* career do you think I became a coward?'"

The Colonel stamped about in such flaming anger that Jayby-Jones became anxious.

"What does he take me for? A child to be humored!" The Colonel used more unparliamentary language than he had been guilty of for many a day. "And that swindler had the impertinence to get introduced to my daughter!"

Jayby-Jones held up two fat hands, and patted the air.

"My dear friend, take care! In agitated moments, I always fix one eye firmly on the law of libel."

"Law!" roared the Colonel. "Hang the law! In the good old times they didn't wait for the law. I'd have it settled the old way, if I could. Pistols for two, and coffee

for one! How dare that mean skunk want to marry my daughter?"

"Easy,—easy!" Again the fat hands smoothed the air. "That happens to be the very reason why I told you. There was a rumor going round. Now, don't work yourself into a fit, Colonel,—or, what's nearly as bad, into a libel action."

"I'll have this out! I'll slap a writ into him!"

"You'll want a jolly sharp lawyer, Colonel. He's the sort that would skin you and me alive, and get damages and costs for doing it. I never had any use for that same Locksley. Brown is a lot better every way,—poor old Brown that lost his son at Loos! This one has got rotten with money. It's the war, sir,—it's the war; there are any number of them gone rotten. And where some of the money goes to is a mystery. Have you heard of the factory where the auditors found a little error of three million pounds in the account? It's true, that has happened,—as true as—as—I don't know what's true in these days, 'pon my word,—as true as the multiplication table."

Two letters came from Sydney Verreker. Oh, but he *did* write badly! The characters were pencilled large, turned in every direction, but mostly backwards, with trembling tails and wriggling loops. Each letter covered many slips of flimsy paper. He was safe and in Malta.

It was the day after the visit to the play. Daisy's father had gone up to London, and she did not know what would pass between him and Joel Locksley. The letters had arrived when she came home tired from Morton Court. And these were long, delightful letters, such as she had never known before. He had not forgotten; of course he would not. But some mails seemed to have been lost, and something else had happened. He had not been well, but he was getting better. How little the writing mattered when she read those pencilled pages! The malaria, the flies, and the marmalade were not men-

tioned here; he had found plenty to say. It was Sydney that spoke,—the Sydney that had given up the fortune of the Verrekers; and there awoke again in her heart the love that was "real—real—real!"

There had been an escape in Salonika,—never mind what that was till he came home; and another escape on the sea, where a torpedo meant for the transport ship struck without bursting. And here he was! He said no more about himself, but the handwriting became wilder, and the pencil more eloquent.

There were glorious processions through the streets on feastdays. The churches were illuminated with colored lamps when the open-air worship was over. The people were full of faith and fervor, and gayety and simplicity, when their prayer was over. It was Sydney Verreker's first sight of Catholic national life, when he reached that yellow fort-crowned rock jutting out of the Mediterranean. He was proud of his citizenship in the Universal Church. On the flimsy pages of the letters from Malta, his heart spoke eloquently. Perhaps he could always have spoken, if he let himself go. The shyness of a quiet nature and the habit of self-distrust had produced in him backwardness and silence. But there came times when the deep heart overflowed, and he had to speak.

He told of the flower-strewn streets, the banners gorgeous and immense; the great canopy coming slowly, ablaze with gold embroidery, and ringing silver bells at every stir; the English soldiers out for the day, standing reverently, saluting, when they saw Christ on the Cross shown with an awful realism of colors and carving. There were Irish "boys" in khaki among the kneeling crowd, and Maltese women veiled in the black faldetta. He told of the singing of the Latin hymns along those sunny streets, where the houses seemed to be all castles and palaces.

"I wish you were here, Daisy. You would have to put on a faldetta to go to church. The poor women wear them

in the town; but all the ladies wear them in church,—such a ‘rum’ big black hood bulging over the head; I should think it has whalebone hoops in it. If you had a faldetta on, I should have to get right in front of you and stoop to see your face. I wish you were here to see the sun go down; everything glows golden, and the east darkens purple. But, oh, how the people that are not Catholics miss the best of everything! And how splendid to feel at home in a Catholic land! They speak an Oriental sort of lingo; but the same Church is here, and we are all one.” Then he went on as a lover to say they would think her wonderful in Malta with her bright hair. “All the ladies are little and dark, with long, straight noses. There is no one here that would have done for an angel. I am afraid that pageant knocked you up. The last letter I got was from the seaside. So glad the car is making a fortune; also glad the great engineer takes to the Colonel. I imagine Mr. L. very stout with a long, grey beard.”

“Then you make a mistake, Sydney,” said the girl aloud, smiling over that line of the letter,—“a very great mistake!”

The second letter had a later date. The writing was still large and weak and crooked. Was it his illness that had made it so? She had not thought of that. Oh, poor Sydney! Was all this written with his left hand? Had he a right hand? Her heart began to be tortured.

Here again he was enthusiastic about the splendor of worship. There were pages describing the joy and surprise of turning a street corner and seeing for the first time the Sacred Host out in the open air. “The road was strewn with flowers. One found a place at the edge of the piazza among all the poor people and the black faldettas; and there He came, with the incense and the singing,—just as the hymn says, ‘borne on His throne triumphantly.’ How I wish we could have all this, free and at liberty, in England! Will it ever come,—will it ever come?”

(Conclusion next week.)

Messengers of the Air.

BY EUGENE L. KENT.

A VAGUE remembrance may linger in the public mind of certain official dispatches from the commanders of the American Expeditionary Forces relating to the valuable services rendered by the homing pigeons. But, as a rule, these arousing tales came in the days when the nation hung sorrowfully over the casualty lists, when so gentle and seemingly so irrelevant a departure from the vital issues could attract but wandering attention. If any thought a second time of these acknowledgments of the feathered alliance, it was perhaps only to marvel that armies so well equipped with every scientific modern device for locomotion and for destruction should hark back to the most ancient carrier of Holy Writ, of history and of literature,—the messenger sent forth from the Ark to discover if the waters had abated, the same used by Egyptians and Persians when history was in its dawn, and which has figured in literature during all its ages,—the homing or carrier pigeon.

But with the Signal Corps of the Army and the Aviation Service of the Navy citing these faithful and courageous birds for the honors of war, national interest has become focused on them, and all accounts of their exploits are received with enthusiastic acclaim. Both the land and sea defences have formally established a pigeon section in their bureaus, and have scoured the countryside for the most efficient co-operation from zoological gardens and fanciers who were training the birds for sporting purposes. There is a full-fledged major, once an attaché of the New York Zoo, in charge of the five thousand birds which are comfortably settled in lofts along the Potomac; and he has a staff of gold-laced and serious-looking captains and lieutenants, and a complement of expert privates. A similar

tale can be told of the naval birdmen who have established their lofts out on the Virginia hills, and whose birds are the progeny of the heroic flock which entered the service of the United States in May, 1917.

This may be truly called the Heroic Age of the homing pigeon. Not content with officially making the dove one of the defenders of the nation, the Army and Navy have summoned their historians to incorporate all that relates to their services into the records of the war. The Navy, having a longer start, is the first to arrive with a homily of praise and thanksgiving, of which the competent parts are extracts from the annals of the Air Service. From the aviation section of the Navy came the first heroes of the war, since four officers and one hundred privates were the first Americans to land in France,—the date of their arrival being May 18, 1917. They were the vanguard of the intrepid band which came to the number of three millions later; and their mission was primarily to be trained in naval aeronautics, in order that they might at once take part in the coast defence and in the destruction of undersea craft.

Their imperative need of equipment included even that of homing pigeons. For while Belgium had supplied the Allied armies to the number of more than two hundred thousand birds, and Great Britain had possessed an equal number in 1914, and had tripled this through careful breeding, the entire stock of the United States was only a few thousands, already pre-empted for the use of the Army. King George of England and his children, all of whom are fanciers, presented the naval birdmen with their first "homers"; and other experts in England followed this good example, until every loft in the long chain of American naval stations, which soon stretched from the North of Ireland to the end of the Italian boot, was filled with recruits. These birds were, however, only loaned, and the experts in charge had immediately to set about breeding.

No ace has received more generous praise than the naval men give their pigeons. Taking the logs of their flying-boats for evidence, the homing pigeon is endorsed as a messenger without peer, challenging man and his chained electricity alike. He is cited as of incorruptible fidelity, of swiftness and unfailing intelligence in direction. He is given the first place, as a confidential agent, in all the known means of communication between persons separated by distance. No third party shares the secret carried by the "homer"; whereas by wire or telephone a third element is introduced; and by regular mail channels or by special ones, airplane, auto or motor-cycle, the element of chance enters variously. Having thus eloquently written its brief in favor of the carrier, the naval airmen proceed to give excerpts from their glorious records.

In the literature which is gathering about the incidents of the late war, the Doves of Pauillac are already beginning to play a stellar rôle. They are mentioned with reverent gratitude by the Navy, and their record is worthy of serious thought. For seventy-eight carriers delivered six hundred and ninety-eight messages in one month,—two hundred and nineteen of which were of the most urgent nature; and by their swift, unerring flight several hundred lives were saved, and many sea-planes and other nautical craft rescued from peril. When Admiral Sims and distinguished French naval officers arrived at Bordeaux in a great battleship, about six weeks after the armistice had been signed, they proceeded to Pauillac to decorate the heroes who had served there more than seventeen months, and solemnly entered the name of the ancient French city in the annals of the American Navy. To the intense gratification of the children about Pauillac, and the men to whom these birds had been such powerful protectors, the lofts of the "homers" were not forgotten in the distribution of honors; and, so decorated, they were returned to their British owners.

Such delightful stories are told in the logs of the flying ships and in the annals of the coastal stations! One can not imagine a serial work of fiction containing more thrills, more heartrending suspense, with occasionally a joyful ending. Such is the tale of a young aviator who has come home save in limb, and who wears in his watch the photo of a carrier pigeon.

He went out with a score of sea-planes to aid the call of distress sent from a French coastwise vessel, and participated in a thrilling action against the U-boat which had attacked her. A cruiser and a destroyer from the Allied Navy had rushed to the scene; but the American sea-planes, not content to have beaten off the "sub," determined to pursue with depth bombs. They had varying success, which the pigeons carried back to the station in relays every ten minutes. Then came the breathless account of meeting hostile sea-planes, of a raging battle and its features. When they were flying homeward one plane was missing. This was sad news for the men at the station; but they prepared to receive the planes, and already spoke in lowered tones of the brave young airman who would be with them no more. Two days later, when no sequel was hoped for, a weary bird flew in with a few words from the missing aviator, saying he had kept afloat in the water and in the air, protected by fog from the enemy; that his guiding apparatus had been broken and he had been lost. At first he feared to send out his last bird, but he was doing so, and, following its course as best he might, with the crippled boat. Six hours later he arrived safe, the sun serving to direct him when the bird had left him far behind.

Though the Signal Corps has not yet collated its data, there are available scores of reports proving what staunch and defensible allies the homing pigeons were to the Army. The signal men unkindly dwell on the fact that their birds, with a reputation for almost supernatural intelligence, zeal and patriotism, are American bred. Like the British, they are, however, of

the strain of Belgian "homers," and were imported about ten years ago for sporting tournaments. General Pershing sent for carrier pigeons within the first month after his men had marched through the streets of Paris to report themselves at the tomb of Lafayette. The birds were sent across to the number of five thousand, and from this number the mobile coops of the Army were kept replenished.

It requires unquestioning belief in our American commanders to accept what they have officially written of the "homers." Of every hundred pigeons sent out under the deadliest stress of the battle line, barrage fire over the top, cavalry and infantry assaults, and gas attacks, ninety-seven returned to their coops with their precious messages unharmed. Their action when sent from a field under fire shows a degree of intelligence not hitherto attributed to the feathered tribes. For while the "homer" released at sea, or under ordinary conditions on land, will dart upward and circle in gentle swells before attaining full velocity, the pigeon facing a barrage fire will barely clear the ground, and will start with the full strength of wing, so as to place as much distance as possible between him and the disturbance. In gas attacks he will soar just above the poisonous waves and no higher, and go at a stupendous rate from the moment of release. There were feathered heroes at the Argonne and Chateau-Thierry, and mobile coops have been officially decorated; and in citing the gallant conduct of certain divisions, their pigeons have been mentioned as well as their dogs and their horses. There are several lofts bearing the honors of war in the Signal Corps pigeon section at Washington; and the fledgelings of these stout-hearted "homers" are among the most cherished treasures which this division of the Army possesses.

The speed of the American pigeon is a little behind that attained by the older strain used by the Belgians, British, and French. Four hundred miles is the average

distance for a year-old bird; but some of the war veterans sent home by General Pershing have made their six hundred miles with no apparent loss of vitality. Five-hundred-mile journeys is the maximum which the British ask their trusted birds to perform; but they have done a thousand in an emergency. The Army and Navy are bending every effort to have protective laws passed for homing pigeons; and, until this is accomplished, they fear permitting their champions to fly even in national contests. Shooting of homing pigeons is not forbidden except in certain seasons; and the only effort to save them from the huntsman's rifle has been pleading letters in the papers, and exhortations by teachers and from pulpits and rostrums.

In Great Britain it is unlawful at all times to kill a carrier pigeon; and to do so renders the culprit liable to large fines and even imprisonment. Great Britain has taken over the pigeons of the carrier variety as property of the State. All fanciers who wish to breed must have licenses, and must report the number of birds they own and the uses to which they are put. This is because early in the war the British authorities discovered that secret information was being sent to Germany through means they could not trace. Then it was found that lofts of carriers were owned by Germans along the coast towns, and they had been known to be the most skilful and scientific trainers of the birds in England, and had won the majority of prizes in the semi-annual contests. The result was the birds were all freed and all other "homers" were put under Government control. This the Army and Naval authorities think was wise, merely as war measures in countries so menaced as were Great Britain and France; but they do not recognize its utility here. They do, however, regard it as highly important that the armed defence should own a sufficient number of birds, and have them always in readiness; and that they should be in command of the

best strains and the most dependable of the birds produced in this country.

In the group of expert pigeon fanciers of the Army and Navy in Washington are three men known to millions of lovers of this truest friend of the modern warrior whether on land or sea: Donald Carter, Louis Wahl, and William Smith, volunteers to the service from the Zoological Gardens of New York city. They had all figured prominently in the international pigeon races which were so keenly relished in the blissful days before August, 1914; and Carter owned the pigeon which flew from Denver to Springfield, Massachusetts—sixteen hundred and eighty-nine miles,—in a little less than twenty-three days. This dove flew rather leisurely, and by daylight only. It would drop into barnyards and gather its food, and seek lofts with domestic pigeons at night. This wonderful bird still lives, but in honorable retirement, in a cove off Long Island. These experts are training now for uses which are bracketed by Army and Navy as for "Hostilities Only." Their efforts are directed towards intensive development of the natural traits which make the homing dove the bird of birds; so that, in case of war, our Government will be powerfully equipped with allies of superb strength and exalted trustworthiness.

Apart from co-operation with the defence, the Army and Navy experts hope to see a development of this gentle art of breeding "homers" which relates to its romantic and utilitarian side. Rural lovers in Belgium have long used these doves to bring messages of affection. To judge from a constant introduction in the fiction of the war where scenes are laid in England and France and Italy, Cupid took over this line of communication long ago. But even in this country some pretty stories are told. Out on the Jersey marches, there is a pigeon-lover whose avocations take him daily to the great city of New York and to the arid deserts of the law. But each day he carries to his office a pair of "homers," and at noon he sends

one back with a loving message to his wife and three-year-old daughter. He tells how he feels, how the weather is behaving, and what he will order for luncheon. At four he sends forth the mate to say if he shall take the usual train; or, if he is delayed, what train; or any tiny morsel of love and hope he can tuck into his small lead letter-box on the pigeon's leg. How simple, and yet what vistas such a means of communication opens for the pinner in the city, and what comfort and inspiration to the pinner in the country! It seems incredible that Americans did not long ago make use of such a messenger in the ordinary avocations of life, when special-delivery letters, telephones, and telegrams, despite their vaunted rapidity, do not leap forward with the pace of one's desire.

But the lesson which revered commanders in Army and Navy press home in eulogizing the homing dove and establishing it officially as a part of the land and sea defence, is that, with all the modern methods of warfare at hand, with secrets of the dreaded forces of nature laid bare, the best aid in the stress and pain of battle was obtained by reverently reading the laws which God has written in the instincts of birds,—their unerring sense of direction; and, in the doves, their unconquerable longing for home, and their strength and courage to seek it under circumstances so appalling that even the bravest man would fear to venture forth. Out of the horrors of war and its tear-stained records, this story of the pigeons is one of hope and inspiration, in addition to making fascinating reading and food for profound thought.

LEARN to know the love of God in the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It is the Book of Life, open to all, easy to be read. Take that Book of Life and read it, every page. It is written within and without with the pledges and the promises of God's personal love for you.

—Cardinal Manning.

Prophecy.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

THE moods of one eternal thought
 The seasons are to me;
 Bright June and dark December dusk
 Are fraught with prophecy.
 I read its meaning in the rose
 That vanishes with June;
 I hear it when the autumn winds
 Above the dead rose croon.
 The petals of the rose unfold
 The message of its heart:
 Love lives enduring through the years,
 Though beauty may depart.

Back to the Valley.

BY MARION EVERETT HAYN.

THE morning train from the valley rumbled down its antiquated roadbed toward the city, sixty miles distant. It carried but three coaches,—the last one being empty, save for a little old lady in a rear seat. Huddled behind the rusty crepe veil that enveloped her, she was hemmed in by boxes and bundles. On the seat beside her, next the aisle, was a bird cage enshrouded with cambric, a bunch of chrysanthemums in vivid yellows, and a splint basket. On the floor at her feet lay a valise, old and time-worn. In place of the leather straps that had fastened it in the days when it was the pride of its owner, it was corded with a remnant of clothes-line.

In the old lady's hands, covered with black lace mitts, out of fashion years unnumbered, she held a picture. Through its thin paper covering showed a tarnished frame and the outlines of a photograph. "O David, David!" she moaned, her eyes close to the picture. "If only I could have gone with you! This world is no place for a friendless old woman."

Her breath came tardily; she looked straight ahead. How dark and depressing

it was behind the veil! She had never worn crepe since the death of her only son, killed in a runaway accident in his young manhood; she had not worn it at her husband's funeral, two years before, because of his abhorrence for it; but to-day she had taken from a trunk in the attic the veil left her by a relative, dead these many years, and fastened it to her widow's bonnet.

Through the thick folds of the veil she could see but indistinctly. She sat there as though Fate had dealt her a blow which she was unable to parry; her whole demeanor indicated that she had drunk of sorrow until no new misfortune could leave any imprint upon her benumbed senses. Presently she roused herself from her apathy, and gazed across the valley through which the train was passing. This valley had been her home since childhood.

She breathed a sigh, almost a sob. The valley, far-famed for its scenery, stretched into a panorama which beggared description; still, neither the roads winding off through the faint green of the landscape nor the shimmer of the distant river could bring a gleam to her faded eye.

Suddenly she was startled by the opening of the front door. "Haven!" bawled the conductor, his head thrust into the door. Then he slammed the door and disappeared in the coach ahead.

Haven! The old lady moved restlessly. Haven was not far from Chalice, her destination. She must make some arrangement to be helped from the train. Turning half around, she looked for the brakeman, but he was not to be seen. The train stopped, and a few passengers alighted; when it pulled out of the station a few moments later, the brakeman entered the car by the rear door. As he hurried by, the old lady leaned across the bird cage and tugged at his coat.

"Please," she quavered, "won't you help me off at Chalice?"

"Can't," the man replied, without stopping. "We're short-handed to-day."

The old lady's hand dropped back into her lap. Then, holding the picture tightly, she rose to follow the man up the aisle. Surely if he would but listen to her he would accord her the assistance she needed. But before she had taken many steps he already had slammed the door.

The train was now going down grade; the coach rocked and swayed, and she kept her footing only with difficulty. Nevertheless, she moved forward, clinging to the seats as she walked, and took up her vigil at the door. At length the conductor appeared, and she beckoned to him through the glass door.

The conductor opened the door. "Well," he demanded brusquely, "what do you want?"

"Will you help me off with my things when we get to Chalice?"

He shook his head. "I'm sorry, madam; but I've got to report at the station. There'll be a lot of Niggers about: they'll help you."

"But you don't understand," she insisted. "I'm old and I can't hurry, and I've got a lot of things. When my husband was alive" (bitterly) "this road would stop any train for us most anywhere. But now that he's dead I'm nobody!"

The conductor became interested. "Who was your husband?"

The old lady made no reply.

"Well," he said in a kinder tone, "I'll speak to the brakeman; he'll help you off, and then the Niggers can take care of you."

The old lady thanked him and turned away. For an instant, forgetful of her treasured possessions, and unconscious of everything except the sudden dizziness caused by the smoke pouring into the coach through the open door, she steadied herself against the water cooler; then she crept back to her seat, and sank against the plush cushion with a feeling of relief. Her feet, dangling several inches from the floor, pained her cruelly; her mind at last awoke from its state of catalepsy.

The lineaments of black Sam, her old servant, intruded insistently. Each seam

of his honest face seemed graven on her soul. He alone, of all her retinue of slaves freed by the Civil War, remained loyal to her. He it was who that morning had taken her to the station in his old wagon, drawn by his spavined mare; he it was who had carried her treasures into the coach and disposed them about her.

But there was much she must forget! The train was now moving up grade and had slowed down. The chrysanthemums on the seat beside her caught her eye. They were the only glint of brightness in the gloom that enveloped her. How many times had she and her husband walked down the path bordered by the chrysanthemums! Her husband!

She tore a small piece of the paper covering the picture. Tenderly she gazed at the photograph. What a courtly man he had been! What deference and kindness were written on his noble features! One who had seen him would never forget him.

Something seemed to rouse her. What could it be? The train was gradually slowing down; she heard the hiss of the air brakes. They were about to stop. It was Chalice! She recognized the place by its tumble-down station, even before the conductor announced it.

The brakeman appeared at the rear door. "Come on," he shouted to her above the din of the train.

The old lady rose stiffly. "I can't carry all my things," she protested.

The man frowned but came forward. "I'll take the valise and cage," he said, picking them up. "You'll have to carry the rest."

Bending under the weight of the basket which contained her few articles of silverware, and the remaining boxes and bundles, the old lady followed. She was tortured with fear lest the valise would burst open, as the brakeman dropped it on the platform; but she dared not reprimand him. In a maze she watched the train move off, and, slowly gathering momentum, disappear from sight. A crowd of small colored boys ran up to her.

"Carry yo' things?" the boldest of them grinned, pouncing upon the bird cage.

The old lady was aghast. How many five-cent pieces it would take to tip them all! And in the black silk bag at her side there was so little money.

"I'll carry them myself," she smiled. "You might let them drop."

A luxurious automobile stopped in the road a few yards away. From it a tall young man and a beautiful girl, about his own age, alighted. Gallantly he assisted her to the platform. His shrill whistle brought the crowd of boys to his side.

The old lady pushed aside her veil. What a lot of luggage was piled in the automobile! The young man questioned the boys, and one of them pointed out the road leading to the left; then, after tossing a coin to each of the boys, he went into the station with his companion. Some way the old lady felt that they were bride and groom; the shiny ring on the girl's left hand attested the fact. They were doubtless going to a new home.

Time fell from her. She was standing beside a tall young man, every bit as handsome and well-built as the groom that had entered the station. It was David; and they too were on their wedding trip. But instead of the automobile there was a family carriage drawn by a span of gray horses. Tears filled her eyes. She moaned as she drew her veil over her face. A mist clouded her eyes; everything grew dark; she reeled—

"There!" she heard a voice say. "You feel better now?"

Half-rising, she stared about her. She was lying on a bench in the station, and the bridegroom was standing over her, holding a glass of water. The bride was patting her hands:

"I—I must have fainted," the old lady breathed.

"Brent caught you just in time," smiled the bride.

"We'll take you home in our automobile," announced Brent. "Where do you live?"

The old lady shivered. "I'm not going home; I have none. I—I was on my way to—to the Old Ladies' Home."

The bride and groom stared at each other. "You poor dear!" cried the bride, putting her arm about her. Then, catching sight of the photograph still clutched in the old lady's hand, though the paper had been torn off completely, "Why—why, who's this?" pointing to the picture.

"My husband,—David Mott."

"Then you must be Matilda Mott!"—in all astonishment.

Mrs. Mott nodded, a wan smile crossing her face.

"Don't you know—you're my great-aunt? Uncle Ben has a picture just like this one. He often spoke of you and Uncle David. He thought you were well off."

"So I was, dear! But a dishonest real estate dealer swindled me out of my property. I didn't know what I was doing when I signed the papers, but I soon found out to my sorrow."

"Where was your home?" asked the bridegroom.

"Park Hill Farm; it's the other side of Haven."

"What!" he exclaimed, aghast. "Why, that's where we are going! My uncle bought the place for me as a wedding gift." And he glanced at his young wife. A look of understanding passed between them. "You're coming with us, Aunt Matilda," he said presently. "We'll need you to show us how to live in the valley."

Unresisting, they led her to the automobile. With a smile of exaltation on her face and a sigh of supreme contentment she sank into the cushions and was whirled back to the valley.

ONCE in a lifetime God may send to some of us a friend who loves us; not a false imagining, an unreal character: one who, looking through all the rubbish of our limitations and imperfections, loves in us the divine ideal of our nature; loves, not the man that we are, but the angel that we might be.—*Anon*,

The Siena of Santa Caterina.

BY MARY FOSTER.

"VOGLIO vedere la 'h'asa di Santa 'H'aterina?" ("Do you want to see the House of Saint Catherine?") chant the children of the Via Benincasa in their soft Tuscan tongue. And if you smilingly assent to their request, you may possibly find a slim brown hand thrust confidently through your arm, and a pair of glorious brown eyes raised trustfully to your face. Emboldened by your smile, a stream of information, correct or incorrect, trips readily from between the rosy lips.

That you have made at least one urchin happy, you can tell by the sidelong glances he flings at his less fortunate companions, and by the constraining pressure upon your arm by which your footsteps are directed.

Forestieri (foreigners) in the Via Benincasa are lawful prey,—at least, so think the youngsters. Be he (or she more frequently) ever so plain, tread he as though the whole world belonged to him, let Baedaker protrude his rubicund countenance ever so learnedly, no one escapes the pretty onslaughts of the youthful inhabitants.

You have probably been told that *Franchi's* frescoes in the "Casa" are "modern," and that there is nothing particular to be seen in the little church. You merely walk down the steep street, hand in hand with a *ragazzo* (an Italian street urchin) because he has fascinated you by his charming bearing as of a miniature host. If a street arab accosts you thus in London, you might glance around for a constable. The urchin of our great metropolis does not treat the stranger as his guest! The "Casa" is small and poor; but there yet lingers an indescribable air of peace and holiness in the bare rooms. One could fancy that the gentle spirit of the saint wanders lovingly around those walls, within whose embrace she lived and prayed.

Franchi's frescoes still await the mellowing hand of Time—perhaps they are not “starred” in Baedaker,—and the tourist who comes to Italy to see the Old Masters may deem them worth only a superficial glance. But there is a wonderful purity about their conception, a softness of coloring and an artistic appeal which no lover of the beautiful can withstand. Very simply but very truly, in tender, naïve language, they relate the story of a saint's brief sojourn upon earth. Little Caterina Benincasa suddenly appears to us as a human being like ourselves, as we stand in the room in which she was born; and it comes home to us that the saints, whom we too often imagine as having led superhuman existences in days long past, really dwelt on earth as naturally and humanly as we do.

There is nothing wonderful about the little church; but it is a loving home for the simple folk who live beneath its shadow. Its leathern curtain is seldom at rest, and its great door is flung open with the wide hospitality with which the King of kings loves to welcome His subjects. The footsteps of His guests have worn the stone steps; “Caterinas” of all generations have flocked to whisper their secrets in their Father's ear,—countless Caterinas perpetuating the name made hallowed by the saint.

The Siena of Santa Caterina lies essentially within the Via Benincasa; and, though there must be few of the ancient city byways through which the gentle girl did not pass, there is no place so fragrant with her memory as this humble spot where dwell the poor. True, there is the Baptistery, that gem of architecture, lying like a fair jewel upon the breast of its mother, the cathedral, in whose matchless font the infant Caterina was baptized. The peerless cathedral, which dominates the climbing city, must have watched her tenderly when she entered within its consecrated walls to pray. There is also venerable old San Domenico where the saint lies buried, and where the

pictured chapel marks the hallowed spot where she swooned with ecstatic love for her Saviour.

There is another Siena,—a Siena rich in art and priceless treasures of beauty; a Siena glorious in history, famous in legend; a Siena laughing in pageant and festa; a Siena alluringly lovely, a dream city, a very Queen of Tuscany.

But the lover of Santa Caterina turns his footsteps towards the narrow street which tumbles through the doubtful perfumes of the tanneries into the Fontebranda; and, pressing a couple of soldi into the eager hand of his urchin guide, pauses before the door of the humble house where once the Saint of Siena dwelt.

Versailles.

THE beautiful town where the statesmen of the world have so long been in session is situated about eleven miles to the southwest of Paris, and is a frequent place of resort, not only for the inhabitants of the metropolis but for all visitors to the French capital. Versailles may be regarded as a comparatively modern town, for it was a mere village when Louis XIII. built there a small chateau. The next Louis—that monarch of complex mind and character—removed his court from the royal Palace of St. Germain to the little town, because the view from the Parisian palace grew intolerable to him; for from its windows could be seen in the far distance the vaults of St. Denis, the last resting-place of the French kings. The monarch erected the magnificent but rather monotonous palace, which was in after days converted by Louis Philippe into a national museum, and built also the Grand Trianon.

Versailles has many memories, sad and otherwise. The saintly Marie Leczinska, Queen of Louis XV., and her still more saintly daughter, Madame Louise de France, must often have recited their Rosary within its gardens; for even in

the heyday of her youth the King's daughter practised the mode of life of the Spanish Teresa. We read in her Life that, though the smell of a tallow candle caused her intense disgust, she habitually burned one in her own chamber, and so accustomed herself to the only light permitted in a Carmelite convent. Afterwards, when the convent door shut her off from her kith and kin, she begged that she should be treated in no different fashion from the rest of the community. Perhaps it was her prayers in her secluded cell that won for her father the great grace of a deathbed repentance for a misspent life.

Madame de Maintenon, Louis XIV.'s uncrowned Queen, must also have loved Versailles. At St. Cyr, close at hand, is the educational-institute which that pious woman founded for young girls. The King's latter years were undoubtedly all the better from his marriage with Scarron's widow.

But the name most closely linked with the beautiful town is that of poor, high-minded, foolish Marie Antoinette, Maria Theresa's lovely daughter. The wild roses and honeysuckle still creep from pillar to pillar in the gardens of Petit Trianon, to remind visitors of the tragic fate of the Queen whose gay playing at the simple life gave rise to many false and calumnious stories. The Austrian princess had given offence to the French people by her innocent gayety and love of her native land; but in the cruel time of suffering and trial she showed herself every inch a queen as well as a fervent Catholic. The mob that witnessed her death saw no trace of terror on her face as she undauntedly mounted the scaffold, up whose steps her nearest and dearest had preceded her. Once only on that last journey did "the Widow Capet's" courage fail; and it was when some kindly mother held aloft her child to kiss his little hand to the unhappy queen. Her thoughts had gone back to the gardens of Versailles and the murdered fair-faced boy who was wont to gather each morning his offering

of flowers from his own little plot for *Maman Reine*. Marie Antoinette had been offered in her last hours the service of a Constitutional priest, but it was not accepted. It is understood, however, that she received absolution from a priest imprisoned in a cell near her own in the Temple.

Madame Elizabeth, the sister of Louis XVI., had been the help and stay of her royal kindred in their dreary prison. Like the dead Queen, she, too, had loved country life; and, like her aunt, Louise of France, she had much devotion to others and little thought of self. Historians say that she might, had she listed, found safety outside her distracted country; but she elected to remain and share the fate of her family and friends. At last her turn came to die. She was taken with a score of Royalists to suffer death, and was the last of the heroic band to pass to the guillotine. She stood calm and pale, reciting the *De Profundis*, as each victim passed to fall beneath the bloody knife; and as each one passed she was accorded a last salutation. The aristocrats of France, whatever their faults, knew how to die.

It was at Versailles that the treaty between England and France, regarding the independence of America, was signed in the month of September, 1783; and at Versailles that the States-General also was convened.

It is a Christian grace to have pleasant and affectionate thoughts about others, to rejoice in their excellences, and charitably to forget, as far as may be, their shortcomings. It is the attribute of a pure, beautiful nature to have an eye quick to discern, and a warm heart to honor, all that is fair and bright and generous in human nature. The words which discourage the charity that "thinketh no evil," and give keenness, if not malignity, to the discovery of imperfections, are reprehensible; they are not to be spoken by ourselves, and are not to be listened to when spoken by others.—*Dr. Dale*.

The Revival of an Old Issue.

ONE does not, as a rule, look to the *Atlantic Monthly* for a discussion, especially a sympathetic discussion, of Catholic questions or the policies of the Church; and unwonted interest accordingly attaches to a paper, "The Temporal Power," appearing in its current issue. The personality of the paper's author, however, removes any misgivings, which Catholic readers of the magazine might intelligibly feel concerning the spirit likely to be manifested in this latest revival of an oldtime issue. Mr. L. J. S. Wood, the writer in question, is a resident of the Eternal City, a Catholic, the regular Rome correspondent of the London *Tablet*, and a critic whose impartiality is recognized by the non-Catholic English press and public.

The *Atlantic* article is a lengthy one, and so interesting that we make no apologies to our readers for reproducing a few of its more, salient paragraphs. Premising that President Wilson's visit to the Pope and other present-day facts have induced many persons to believe that there is at last a chance of the Roman Question's being settled, Mr. Wood says: "The subject seems to divide itself easily into three parts: the Past, the Present, and the Future. The Past is 1870, when the 'Roman Question' came into being. The Present must cover the changes in the situation that have come about during the past forty-eight, and particularly during the last four, years. The Future involves a study of possible relations between the Holy See and Italy and the world, with the 'abnormal position' of the first-named regulated and the 'question' dead."

Of the past our readers are sufficiently cognizant to obviate the necessity of our borrowing Mr. Wood's excellent summary. His dispassionate treatment of the present status of Roman affairs, however, merits reproduction; at least in part:

But when we come to consider the controversy between Italy and the Holy See and Catholics, we find that far more important than the material occupation of the temporal possessions of the Pope is the resultant question of the liberty and independence of the Holy See. That is the real crux. The Papacy, the Pope, the Church, the Holy See, can live without this or that particular piece of territory; but the Supreme Pontiff must be possessed of complete liberty and independence, effective, apparent to the world, and satisfactorily guaranteed. For many years this side of the question was generally disregarded; yet it is the one that really matters. The facts of the material occupation were under men's eyes, and to most people the whole question was summed up in the phrase "Temporal Power." If, however, it is to be understood, there must be a realization that Temporal Power was not an end in itself, but a means to an end; and that end was the liberty and independence of the Holy See.

The Catholic contention may be summed up thus: The Pope must be free and independent; he is Sovereign Pontiff, and can not be a subject of anybody. He must have, too, an effective and apparent guaranty of that liberty and independence. Divine Providence gave him what is called "Temporal Power"—possessions, armies, the attributes of civil sovereignty,—and for a thousand years these served as guaranty. Now Italy has taken these away; the Pope is not free and independent; even if he is shown to be so on paper, there is really no effective and apparent guaranty.

The Government of Italy replies at once: "There is: there is the Italian Law of May 13, 1871, better than any guaranty the Papacy has ever had; the best that could possibly be devised for it."...

Men break into your property, take forcible possession of your house and grounds, except one room to which you have retreated. They tell you that you may continue to enjoy possession of that room, and offer you an annual sum of money for its upkeep. The room and its furniture are "inalienable"; you have no right to dispose of them; but the new owners of the property will not take possession of them, though they may some time "undertake the responsibility of providing for the expenses of their upkeep." That is, rather crudely put, how Catholics interpret the Italian Law of Guaranties; and the conclusion they draw from it is that it gives the Pope, not the position of a sovereign, but that of a tenant at will of the King of Italy. Neither the law nor the money has ever been accepted by the Pope, and the latter goes back every six years into the Italian treasury.

The most interesting portion of Mr. Wood's paper is, of course, that which has to do with the future. Not all of our readers, presumably, will agree with his views or with the expediency of their adoption by the high powers whom they immediately concern; but none will deny that they embody both actuality and plausibility. "Before studying possible solutions," he writes, "it will be well to eliminate the impossible. Therefore let it be said at once that the old 'Temporal Power' is dead. Theoretically, the Pope may be perfectly justified in his contention that it was the guaranty of his liberty and independence for a thousand years; and that, if Italy and the world expect him to renounce all claim to it, they are bound to put something satisfactory in its place. But for all practical purposes it is dead. Everyone, including Catholics and the Holy Father himself, must realize that the civil sovereignty of the Pope over the old States of the Church, or even the city of Rome, is impossible. As people say, 'If you gave Rome to the Pope, what could he do with it? He would most certainly ask you to take it back again.' Sovereign the Pope is, and always will be; but the old Temporal Power is dead. Let the ground be cleared of it."

Discussing at some length the claims of the Holy See, existing conditions, and a few of the plans of settlement that have been proposed, our writer continues:

All said and done, there seems to be but one solution approaching satisfactoriness—that of an international indorsement by the world at large of the agreement between the Pope and Italy. Italy hates the phrase "Internationalization of the Roman Question"; she regards it as a private matter between the Pope and herself. She resents any outside interference as derogatory to her sovereign rights and dignity. It may be questioned, first, whether her own actions in 1871 and previously justify her in that point of view; and, secondly, whether, by an international indorsement of such action as she might take in 1919, she would not really raise, not lower, her position. The Roman Catholic Church certainly is not national,—

not English or Dutch or Italian, or of any one country: it is international, spread over all the world. The Pope is Pope to the simplest Irish girl out in Australia just as much as to an Italian Cardinal in the Roman Curia; his authority is the same over the one as over the other; his communication with the one for religious purposes must be as free and untrammelled as with the other.

This international character, and the necessity of the independence of the Papacy, have been recognized again and again—by Lord Ellenborough, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Brougham, Lord Palmerston in 1849, by a number of Italian statesmen, by Cavour himself; and most explicitly by the circular of the Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs to his Majesty's ministers abroad in August, 1870, seeking the adhesion of Catholic governments, now that Italy "was called upon to regulate with the Catholic world the conditions of the transformation of the Pontifical Power."

The reply of the Powers was an acknowledgment of the communication of the Italian Government; but Italy has never from that day to this received from any single Power a definite sanction of the settlement which she arranged for the Pope's position, but which has not been accepted by the Pope. Diplomatically the question can be reopened to-morrow. An account has been published of an incident at the Berlin Congress, when the Italian representative, Count Corti, endeavored to obtain the diplomatic sanction of the Powers to the Italian occupation of Rome. He was told by M. Waddington, Lord Beaconsfield, and Count Andrassy, that, if the question were as much as laid before the Congress, they would at once leave the assembly. Italy, by submitting the question to the world, did admit its international character.

Fortifying his contention as to the advisability of what is called the "Internationalization" solution by comment on the political considerations involved and the increasing number of foreign Cardinals in the Sacred College, Mr. Wood concludes his informative article with this statement and hope: "The wrong done from the eighteen-forties on, left results which have worked untold harm to Italy and created misunderstandings in the world at large. Presuming that there is now a conciliatory spirit at the Vatican, surely it is possible for Italy, backed up by the world in Peace Congress assembled, to close that era and cure its sore spot."

Notes and Remarks.

"Unless there be a change in the system of modern education," declares Mr. Ralph Adams Cram in his remarkable book, "Nemesis of Mediocrity," "the world will go on as before, with industrialism supreme and capitalism versus proletarianism, and with religion in a condition of heresy against heresy, and all these against a thin simulacrum of Catholicity"; "because," explains Bishop Brossart in a stirring Pastoral on the necessity of Christian education, "in such surroundings even Catholics run the risk and danger of becoming untrue to the sound, solid and unchangeable teaching of the Church of Christ. Even the elect run the risk of being engulfed in the mire of universal corruption." Mr. Cram is not a Catholic, but he condemns the current system of popular education as "the worst ever devised, so far as character-making is concerned. The will, that great power dominating man, is left untouched, is robbed of its supernatural assistance, and no longer possesses the impulse to call upon it. As a dominating influence over States, as a controlling power in diplomacy, business, politics, philosophy, education, or over our communities as such, religion is now, and has been for a long time, a negligible factor."

Strong words are these, and as true as strong. There is but one sure remedy for an evil so monstrous, and the Bishop points it out,—a thorough Christian education: "The inculcation into the minds and hearts of all the people of the Commandments of God and the infallible teachings of Christ, the Light of the World. . . . Divorce is the curse of our age: divorce from the bonds of the most sacred institution on the face of the earth, —from the family ties, the foundation of society; and divorce between religion and education: God and His religion, the 'Bride of Christ,' and divine justice are banished from the schools, and the

bulk of men are reared without a knowledge of God or even of the Ten Commandments; and what have we a right to expect? Just what we are witnessing in so many lands to-day; and there will be more of it, unless man learns effectively that 'what God has joined together let no man put asunder.'"

In concluding his Pastoral, Bishop Brossart makes a ringing appeal to American Catholics to be on their guard against legislation that would deprive them of the right to educate their children religiously. "As loyal and good citizens, let us defend liberty of education and parental rights against vicious demagogues and unscrupulous politicians; and then we will do our part, in the most effective way possible, to remove the most potent agency of war and destruction in the world, a dechristianized and paganized purely secular system of education."

As must be plain to everyone, it will be of increasing importance henceforth for the French Government to maintain its prestige in Algeria, where so many Europeans of different nationalities are now resident. To do this without co-operating with the Catholic bishops and priests of the Colony seems well-nigh impossible, and the embarrassment of the powers-that-be in France is extreme. We learn from the *London Tablet* that the Archbishop of Algiers and his suffragans, the Bishops of Oran and Constantine and Hippo, have sent a joint letter to the Governor-General of the Colony, in which they point out that, in spite of demobilization, there are a great number of places without priests; and they therefore once again request assistance for the reconstitution of their seminaries, in order that the churches may be staffed with French priests. Unless something of this sort be done they will be reluctantly obliged to avail themselves of the services of foreign clergy. As the Bishops have now neither the buildings nor the grants which they used to have, they are without resources; and they there-

fore beg the Government to give them back the buildings which so long served as seminaries, or to place at their disposal others that will be adequate to their needs; or, if that can not be done, at least to afford such financial help as will enable them to erect the necessary buildings. "We repeat," write the Bishops in conclusion "(and in doing so we feel that we are but fulfilling our duty as French bishops), that it is of the highest interest for France in Algeria that the number of French clergy should not only be maintained there but should be increased, in order to carry on the work of France among the foreigners, who, though in the main naturalized, are for the most part Europeans."

"It will be interesting," remarks the editor of the *Tablet*, "to see what sort of answer will be returned to this very reasonable request."

One of the historical phrases the meaning of which, never very clearly apprehended by the man in the street, has in the course of time been distinctly misapprehended by most people, is "the divine right of kings." Sciolistic publicists and half-educated novelists still refer to the doctrine supposed to be involved in the phrase as an outworn creed of the Church, and talk as if Catholic theology ever taught that the power of rulers was derived directly from God. The true state of the case is set forth in this extract from the *Irish Theological Quarterly*:

The only divine right attributable to kings in Catholic theology is the divinely-supported right they have to the obedience of their subjects when, legitimately appointed, they make just laws for the common good, or take the necessary measures to defend the rights of individuals or of the community against unjust aggression. They are, when acting in this capacity, the instruments of God's Providence in the exercise of civil power. Catholic theology attributes to the Government of the most democratic republic in the world the selfsame divine right in similar circumstances. No point of Catholic teaching has been misrepresented with greater persistence, ignorance, and bigotry than this

doctrine of the divine sanction of civil government. Catholics are credited with the absurd belief that monarchy is of divine institution just like the Papacy, and that the king has a divine right to the obedience of his subjects in all possible circumstances. On the strength of this misrepresentation, the Church is set down as the champion of despotism, and the implacable enemy of democracy. Of course the reverse is the case. Despotism, whether by an autocrat or, be it noted, by "majority rule," is quite impossible so long as Catholic principles are practically acknowledged. The ruler's power, whether the government be a monarchy or a republic, is clearly defined. In the legitimate exercise of that power the ruler has the sanction of God Himself; but the moment he oversteps the limits of his authority, he ceases to be God's instrument, and loses all right to the obedience of his subjects.

The mention in the foregoing of despotism by "majority rule" is rather pertinent to a legal enactment now in force, or soon to go into force, in this country. No king claiming to rule by divine right ever decreed a more drastic law than that which by majority rule—or through majority indifference—is now imposed on the people of this "land of the free."

Even in these times of high prices and heavy taxes one would think that the Anglican bishop of London could easily manage to keep body and soul together on £10,000 a year. This is the amount of his income, but he complains that a considerable part of it has to go for taxation,—not more than in the case of a layman similarly circumstanced; and there isn't enough left to put away in his purple stocking. Poor man! The bishop of Rochester is another prelate to be pitied. He has only about £450 to spend on his motor and garden.

How glad and grateful a poor Catholic bishop from China (where he has passed twenty-five years), who is now trying to collect alms in this country for his poverty-stricken diocese—meeting with little success, sad to say,—would be to receive a few thousand dollars! The vast field—a new one—confided to his care has a pagan population of 7,000,000; and as

yet there is no church in it, though it has a few scattered chapels, served by seventeen foreign missionaries and two native priests. Of neophytes under instruction there are 8000, but the number could easily be quadrupled if the bishop had means to employ more catechists. No fewer than 7000 abandoned infants are rescued every year; the greater number die, but none without baptism. In the same district (Honan Province) there are forty Protestant missionaries, and *they* receive abundant support from the United States. In fact, these good men want for nothing, while our own poor missionaries endure all sorts of privations. Hardships are their daily lot. Yet they ask nothing for themselves,—only means to support and extend their glorious work.

Bishop Tacconi will be moving about the country for the next few months. We shall be happy to receive offerings for him, and will acknowledge them in Our Contribution Box. Letters for him may be sent in our care.

The woman suffrage Constitutional amendment, which was promptly ratified in Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin, is causing many political leaders to ask, What effect will the entry of women into politics have upon our national life? It is a large question, and the answers to it first made will probably be those least worthy of attention. Assurance will be given of—

A universal hubbub wild

Of stunning sounds and voices all confused; of the unrestricted exertion of emotional influence; of hitherto unthought-of methods of bribery; and so forth. As to the hubbub, it is hard to see how confusion could be worse confounded than it is at present. The introduction of a little sentiment where there is apt to be a great deal of sordidness is a desideratum. It will be said with less truth in future that legislatures have no heart, and that all republics are ungrateful. A change in methods of bribery would be a decided refreshment. But taking for granted

that bribery will continue to be rampant is an assumption. There may be such a check to political corruption as a result of woman suffrage that the men will be forced to adopt different methods. In doing so they will be watched as they never were before. It will not be so easy to deceive women. They will see most when thought to be least observant, and understand best when pretending not to understand at all.

Those little jokes about women knitting or powdering their faces while political speeches are being delivered, about voting for the candidate that has most favors to bestow, etc., will cease when it is found—as it will be—that women have the habit of listening only when something worth hearing is being said; and when it is learned by experience that it is more hazardous to offer a bribe to the average woman than to the average man.

If censorship of the press still exists in England, it is clearly exercised in a reasonably broad and liberal fashion, or so at least we judge from our reading of the London *Catholic Times*. With no disposition to excuse the English Government's treatment of Ireland, we can still conceive the naturalness of its strenuously objecting to be characterized in the following terms by a journal over which it may at its own option exercise the right of suppression:

The attempt of the present Ministry to rule the Irish people without their consent has resulted in the worst Government that exists to-day. As to that there can be no dispute. We may examine every part of the world, but nowhere outside the British dominions shall we find any place where Prussianism prevails as it does in Ireland. North and South, East and West outside those limits it has been swept off the face of the earth. In the Green Isle it is triumphant. Armored cars, machine-guns, aeroplanes for war purposes, an army of many thousands fully equipped for battle,—they are all there. And of the methods by which the people are oppressed we have had examples in the military displays in Dublin, Limerick, Clare—in almost every district of Leinster, Munster, and Connaught. Deportations, imprisonments, trials by court-martial have been the

order of the day, and the prospect is one of still harsher coercion. These despotic and provocative measures, blindly and often stupidly enforced, have aroused general indignation, and never, not even in the Penal Times, were the relations between the people and the Government more bitter. In a word, the state to which Ireland has been brought by the Government's Prussianism is, as the American envoys have had good ground to know, an international scandal.

Whatever other faults the English Government may possess—and we believe their faults to be many and great,—they can hardly be accused of being thin-skinned while they allow such indictments as the foregoing to be sent broadcast over the world.

Whether the kind of democracy that now exists is worth saving is a question to our mind. There isn't much Christianity about it, and that little is hardly more than a veneer. The religious convictions of the leaders assembled in Paris to solve the most momentous problems that ever confronted mankind are so weak that, as a body, they never thought of invoking the Ruler of the Universe. As for the masses of the people, their respect for authority, divine or human, was never so scant as at the present moment. Bitter attacks on Governments, with threats of revolution, are the order of the day in the Old World; and in the New World strikes and rancorous political disputes have caused such a ferment of unrest that there is no telling what may come to pass in the near future.

Democracy! We have even forgotten in what it consists, says Mr. Ralph Adams Cram. 'When the purpose of political organization was primarily ethical and moral, and its function was the achievement of righteousness and justice, the world was taught that authority and the power to enforce it was from God. Then law was the concrete expression of that morality, right, and justice that had grown with the life of the community, exactly expressing the needs of society, and with the moral sanction of communal life behind it. Treason on the part of

the king was clearly recognized as a possibility, as was treason on the part of the people.'

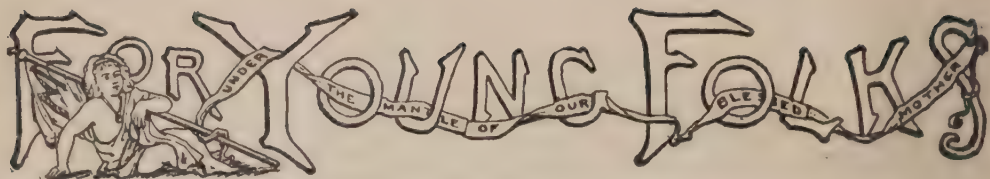
The exclusion of Almighty God from the deliberations of the Peace Conference accounts for the confusion that has reigned in it and for the dissatisfaction its decisions have caused. Treason against God is being punished. Unrest and suffering, political agitation everywhere, uncertainty as to the future in every country,—such are the chastisements.

We have seen in our time a multiplicity of so-called arguments against the Church and her ministers, but we do not remember having ever met with so drastic a proposal as is set forth in this paragraph clipped from the *Catholic Herald of India*:

The Methodist Publishing House of Madras has issued a volume of Protestant apologetics in which the writer proposes as a last argument that every Catholic priest saying Mass ought to be shot and butchered at the moment of reaching Consecration, and that his flesh ought to be distributed among the faithful. Will Government, who have been so considerate in their defence of the Mahomedans, extend their kind protection to the Catholic priests and defend them against the weird and bloody apologetics of the Madras Methodist Publishing House? We are given to understand that this famous publishing firm has opened branches in Petrograd and Moscow.

Most probably the Madras Methodists were merely endeavoring to be sarcastic; but, even so, their taste can hardly be defended as cultured and refined.

What is called a short answer was lately given by an Irishman to one who expressed regret that the foundations of a new building, which he had just been viewing, were those of a Catholic church. "I'm sorry to see another church going up. There are too many churches already."—"Sorry, is it? Faith, you're not the only one to be sorry. I'll be calling no names, but maybe you'll be minded, sir, of the one I do be thinking of. And there's more sorrow coming to him, and—the likes of him." A short answer, but complete enough. There was no reply to it.



The King's Lesson.

BY G. M. BUSSEY.

A KING, new chosen in a state
Where blood had closed a long debate,
Resolved to reign with arts so wise
That discord never more should rise.
Hard by there lived an aged sage,
A wise man in a foolish age.
Him for advice the monarch sought,
And begged some rule, by wisdom taught,
Some good receipt or mystic charm,
To govern, free from risk of harm,
The fierce and independent tribe
To whom he must his crown ascribe.

"Son," quoth the sage, "I like your care:
Few are the kings that here repair
To ask the aid they greatly need;
But you, thank God, shall find your meed!
Take in your hand that lump of clay,
And to yon river bend your way;
Then trace it back, till, by the force
Of this small clod, you check its course;
There in its bed you'll find a stone,
On which by heavenly hands alone
The counsels you have wisely craved
In golden letters are engraved."

Straight to the stream the monarch hies,
And, wondering, views its mighty size:
For who with one small clod would dream
Of stemming this, so vast a stream?
As well might one a knife receive,
A mountain chain in twain to cleave.
Yet still, with persevering mind,
The brink he coasted, wind by wind.
When the third day began to gleam
(Advancing still against the stream),
A foretaste of success appeared.
With hopes confirmed, with spirits cheered,
He saw the current could not float,
With all its depth, a little boat.
The fourth, he reached a rocky steep,

From whose foundations, oozing deep,
The river's feeble fountain, welled
By countless rills, progressive swelled.
'Twas here the clod, with ease at last,
Achieved the work which seemed so vast.
And, resting here, the monarch weighed
The admonition thus conveyed.

In all affairs, he called to mind,
'Tis wise the fountainhead to find,
And easy (like the river's course)
To stop an evil at its source.

Buddy.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XXV.—IN THE TWILIGHT.

CAPTAIN SOL SLOCUM sat in the
stern of his old boat, smoking his
evening pipe. It was one of his odd
notions to take to his boat as the twilight
shadows deepened over bay and cove,
veiling the outlines of beach and shore.
Perhaps, in an old man's fancy, his sail
was spread, and he was skimming over the
darkening waters, strong and free again.
With his head pillowed on a pile of old
canvas, he looked up through his curling
smoke at the stars that were beginning to
glimmer in the blue vault above; and
his head and his thoughts turned to the
bold, brave lad guiding his airship through
those unknown ways.

"He ain't stove into a star yet, I guess,
or we'd have heerd of it. It's fine sport,
he writ in his letter; and I guess it is,—I
guess it is," soliloquized the old man, as
he knocked out the ashes and prepared
to refill his pipe. "If I were about forty
years younger, durned if they could keep
me on sea-level either. I'd be up there
myself, navigating—halloo!" The speaker
paused, tobacco pouch in hand, as a big
shadowy form suddenly loomed up on the

sands beside him. "Hold up there, my man! You're on the wrong track. No business done on this point after dark; so clear out, both you and your dog!" For a long, lean dog skulking at the intruder's heels made Captain Sol's visitor doubly unwelcome.

"Ain't a-looking for business," was the hoarse answer. "I only come to—to ask—" He stopped, as if fearing to say any more; then he added with sudden resolve: "I'm Hans the blacksmith, Captain Slocum."

"Why, so you are!" said the old man, who had not heard of Hans' disappearance from the forge. "What brings you to Falcon Cove, friend Hans?"

"The little boy," replied Hans slowly, striving for speech that would not betray him,—“the little boy, Buddy Reeves, from Maplewood. I want to find him, Captain Slocum.”

"You have a message for him,—you mean from his mother?"

"Yes," lied Hans, desperately,—“a message from his mother.”

"Well, you can't get to him with it now, I'm afraid. He is in the Camp; going to stay there all night with the preacher; or priest, as they call him."

"Going to stay in the Camp all night!" gasped Hans, his worst fears realized,—“in the Camp all night! *Mein Gott!* no, no! He must come home,—he must come home!"

"Queer!" said the Captain, who, though a crusty old bachelor, had always felt that the fair mistress of Maplewood was exempt from feminine vagaries. "I thought his mother had agreed he was to stay at the Camp all night. You may get to him, but I doubt it, friend Hans. He gave me a sort of password that might work, though I don't know. Say that you want Roger Reeves, Colonel Kent's nephew. Old Kent is the biggest man round here, and that may do business for you."

"Colonel Kent!" gasped Hans. It was a name that he had heard only coupled with oaths and threats and execrations.

It was a name that stood for power, justice, vengeance—for all that he knew he had to fear. "I—I dare not say—that," he faltered. "*Himmel!* I dare not."

"Then I don't know how you will get to the boy. They won't let stragglers into the Camp after dark even with messages from boys' mothers. These are war times, friend Hans," continued the Captain, grimly; "and you can't bolt into a Camp as if it was a three-ring circus; and the boy, as he told me plain to-day, is there for the night,—for the night," repeated the old man positively.

"There for the night? *Mein Gott!*" The Captain was a little deaf, so the despairing cry of the words fell unnoticed on his ear, as his visitor slunk away, the dog at his heels, and the two intruders were lost to sight in the deepening shadows.

High up on the beach they went, where the heavy undergrowth of the cliff Buddy had climbed this morning swinging out over rocks, crumbling and hollowing farther each year to the surge of the waters. Seated upon a fallen boulder, Hans looked out upon the darkening night in an agony of doubt and terror, such as his slow, heavy nature had never felt in all his forty years of life.

For what was coming with that night he well knew. The plans, hurried into quicker action by Colonel Kent's arrival, had been discussed in his hearing with scornful disregard of the stupid listener. Further delay was dangerous. The mine, though not as wide-reaching and deadly as had at first been proposed, must be exploded to-night. The south end of the Camp, the commanding officer's headquarters, was doomed beyond escape. Years ago, in his early manhood, Hans had seen something of an explosion in a powder factory. He had been called upon to assist the sufferers,—to carry out the maimed, blackened, groaning, dying victims, some of them shattered beyond human recognition from the ruins. Among them were women and—and boys. Hans had always remembered one sturdy little

chap that had gasped his last as he lifted him.

And this was coming to his little boy to-night,—coming by his hand to his little boy, his little friend, who would take his pony nowhere else, who bought him medicine when he was sick, who had given him the watch! And, seated there in the blackness, with Shag's muzzled head on his knee, a series of pictures rose in Hans' memory: Buddy pausing on his pony at the forge door; Buddy perched on the three-legged stool by his anvil; Buddy with his soft cheek pressed against his as he carried him home on that fated night; Buddy white and bleeding after his fight for old Shag; Buddy speaking out in brave defence to Uncle Kent; Buddy, his little boy, his faithful little friend always, always.

The tick of the watch in his breast grew louder and louder in the darkness as Hans' waking soul struggled with the cowardly fear that held it in an icy grip. For to warn, to save the little boy he must brave discovery, danger, perhaps death itself. And the night had come on; the darkness was deepening; the hour would soon be here. It was too late, Hans thought with a weakening shiver,—too late, too late! From the glow of the old forge there seemed to rise the clear boyish voice: "It's never too late to do right, Hans,—never, never too late."

"*Gott im Himmel!*" cried Hans, as with a sudden wrench he tore the leather muzzle from the dog and started to his feet, his cowardly soul leaping into strength and life. "We will go, Shag. It shall not be too late,—not too late!" And Shag's glad, free bay as he bounded after his master into the darkness was like a shout of joy.

Sunset had seen the rustic altar completed. The Holy Name men and boys had done their work well. The wide, grassy sanctuary had been cleared and mowed to a velvet turf; around it ran a rail of twisted pine branches, breathing the incense of the woods; while the cross-

crowned altar, banked and wreathed with vines and flowers, with all the early autumn could give of glowing beauty and bloom, arose, a throne of grace and mercy, amid the stretch of tent and barrack, the clink of arms, the blare of bugles, all the stern sights and sounds that tell of battle and bloodshed and struggle unto death.

"It just couldn't look grander," Buddy had said, with a long-drawn breath of satisfaction, as he and Father Bennett paused for a final glance before they took their way up the hill. "And Sergeant Mulligan says the very sight of it is stirring up the men,—some of them that haven't bent a knee for years. There's many a black sheep, he says, that will be coming to you to-night, Father."

"I hope so," answered Father Bennett, simply. "It's the black sheep we are looking for, Buddy. The white lambs" (the speaker's hand fell on the boyish head), "they are already safe in the Good Shepherd's care, whether in life or death. That's the way to keep, my boy, as your brave brother said in his letter to me last week,—ready for either life or death. I shall have a busy night with my 'black sheep,'" continued Father Bennett, looking at his watch. "I would like to begin work at once; but Colonel Harrison has been so exceedingly kind and considerate, especially for a non-Catholic, that I can not with courtesy decline his invitation to supper. Let us hope it won't be a very lengthy feast."

But the good pastor's hope seemed in this case doomed to disappointment. In appreciation of zealous and friendly service to his men, Colonel Harrison was prepared to do all honor to his priestly guest. Besides Colonel Kent, whom official business called frequently to his old home, some six or more gentlemen of military distinction had been invited to meet Father Bennett at supper. In spite of its present stern occupation, the old manor house of Kentwood retained the cordial atmosphere of a hospitable home. The spacious rooms, with their century-old furnishings,

were wide enough to admit the intrusion of desks and war maps without crowding; the family portraits looked down from the walls in undisturbed calm.

One of these attracted the special attention of the guests at the supper table. Hanging though it did in an alcove, the new electric lights, which had been added to the great room by military necessity, illumined its retirement to-night. It was the full-length portrait of a beautiful girl seemingly about twenty. She stood against an ivied wall, whose dark lines flung into vivid relief the slender, white-robed figure, from whose arms a cascade of fresh gathered roses fell unheeded to her feet; while the graceful head with its crown of golden hair was turned alert, expectant,—the eyes shining with the radiance of one who hears a beloved call.

"Wonderful!" said an old major, putting up his eye glasses. "That's no portrait: it's a vision of some sort. Who or what is it, Kent?"

"It is the portrait of my sister," answered Uncle Kent, briefly.

"Not—not surely our friend, Mrs. Boyd Barrington!" said the other, in considerable surprise.

"No," was the reply: "my younger sister Abigail. She died about twenty years ago,—a nun."

And there was such grim disapproval in Uncle Kent's tone that the conversation was turned hastily from the seemingly unpleasant subject. Only Father Bennett's eyes lingered sympathetically on the radiant picture. He had heard many times of the sweet, saintly Sister Seraphine. And that same look was dawning on a dear young face he knew,—the face of mamma's Bess.

It was a lengthy supper, as Father Bennett had feared; but a supper far beyond all Buddy's hope. Seated at the end of the table in the retirement that became his years, Master Roger Reeves discovered that military hospitality was everything a hungry boy could ask. And, to add to his comfort, he found Tobe had

been "drafted" for the evening as kitchen assistant. With Tobe, in a huge white apron that concealed all deficiencies of toilet, passing in hot rolls and Maryland biscuits, ham and chickens and crabs, that even Maplewood could not beat, Buddy did not want or even wait for full supplies.

"Thar's peach ice cream and Lady Baltimore cake coming," was the whispered warning; "so don't fill up too far, Marse Bud."

And, between these cheerful asides with Tobe and the "filling-up" process, Buddy was so pleasantly occupied that he paid little attention to the sayings or doings of his elders, until, in a sudden stir and excitement at the other end of the room, he caught his own name boomed out in Uncle Kent's deepest and fiercest tone: "Roger Reeves."

"Eh, what—*what?*" queried the old gentleman of young Lieutenant Collins, who had just entered and stood apologetically behind his chair. "My nephew, Roger Reeves,—the fellow is asking for him, you say? He must be mad or drunk. Lock him up."

"It was what I proposed to do when the guard brought him in," answered the Lieutenant. "But he grew so hysterical about danger threatening the boy to-night that I thought—I thought, the man having been under suspicion, you know, Colonel, we had better investigate his business. But he will tell nothing clearly; all he will say is that he must speak to the little boy, Roger Reeves."

"The *devil* he must!" Uncle Kent started from his chair, purple with indignation at so insolent a demand. "With your permission, Colonel Harrison, we will get to the bottom of this business. Buddy, come *here!*" And, in wide-eyed bewilderment, the startled boy obeyed the stern command. "Now, Collins," said Uncle Kent, his hand resting heavily on his nephew's shoulder, while the supper guests turned expectantly in their chairs, "bring in your man."

And then Buddy's eyes opened indeed as there, in the high, arched doorway, with an armed guard at his side, and Shag skulking fearfully behind him, sodden featured, wild-eyed, ashen-faced with deadly terror, appeared his old friend, Blacksmith Hans.

(Conclusion next week.)

Equine Sagacity.

A PLEASANT story comes from the Cape of Good Hope. At Graaf-Reinett, as in all the old Dutch towns in the colony, there is, in the centre of the place, a large market square, where the farmers, traders, and others, arriving with their produce at any hour of the day or night, may "out-span" the oxen or horses from their wagons—send the cattle out to the "commonage" to feed—while they bivouac at their wagons, as African travellers are wont to do, until the morning marked "auction at eight o'clock."

An old horse belonging to one of these parties had wandered about in search of grass and water—vainly, no doubt, for it was during the severe drought from which the country was then recovering. Coming back to the great market-place, and finding a knot of men talking there, he singled out one of them, and pulled him by the sleeve with his teeth. The man, thinking the horse might possibly bite, repulsed him; but, as this was not roughly done, the animal returned to the charge, with the same reception. But he was persevering, and practically demonstrated the axiom that "perseverance gains the day"; for, upon his taking the man's sleeve between his teeth for the third time, the owner awoke to the idea that a deed of kindness might be required of him; so, putting his hand upon the horse's neck, he said: "All right, old fellow! Go ahead now!"

The horse at once led the way to a pump at the farther side of the square. Some colored servants were lounging about the spot. One of them, at the bidding of the

white man, filled a bucket with water; and when its thirst was assuaged, the grateful animal expressed his thanks by rubbing his nose gently against his benefactor's arm, after which he walked off with a great sigh of relief.

A story somewhat similar to the foregoing is told by a friend, whose uncle, a well-known farmer in one of our Western States, had a favorite horse in a loose box in the stable. One warm summer day he became thirsty, and could get no water. He tried to draw the groom's attention to the fact, but without success. The animal was not to be discouraged, however; he evidently gave the matter consideration. The thirst was pressing. All at once he remembered that he always had a halter put upon his head when led to the water. He knew where it hung. With some difficulty he managed to remove it from its peg, and carried it to the groom, who at once, in great admiration of the animal's instinct, rewarded him in the manner he desired.

What the Bear Said.

Two men, about to travel together through a vast forest, solemnly promised to stand by each other in any danger they should meet upon the way. They had not gone far when a bear came rushing towards them out of a thicket; upon which one of the travellers, being a light, nimble fellow, climbed into a tree; the other, being lame, fell flat upon his face, and, holding his breath, lay still, while the bear came up and smelled at him. Supposing him to be dead, the animal went back into the wood without doing him the least harm. When the danger was past, the man who had climbed up the tree came down to his companion and smilingly asked what the bear had to say. "For," said he, "I noticed that he put his mouth close to your ear."—"Why," replied the other, "he charged me to take care for the future not to put confidence in cowards."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"The Church of the Living God," by C. C. Shriver, an octavo pamphlet of thirty-two pages, is a reprint of two papers published some years ago in Baltimore,—"The Primacy of Peter" and "The Church." The work has lost nothing of its timeliness with the passing years,—a fact incidentally guaranteed by its being dedicated, with his permission, to Cardinal Gibbons. Published by the author.

—An appreciative notice of the "Life and Letters of Joel Chandler Harris," appearing in the London *Universe*, speaks thus highly of the literary creations of that lovable author: "Joel Harris interpreted the Negro mind with an exactitude that gave birth to Uncle Remus himself, and the generations of children have become possessors of a classic as immortal as 'Alice in Wonderland.' Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox can never die."

—The appointment of Cardinal Gasquet to the office of Librarian of the Holy Roman Church, made vacant by the death of Cardinal Cassetta, is considered a tribute to the eminent English prelate's historical fame. The Vatican Library was actually begun during the pontificate of Pope Nicholas V. (1447-1449), who inherited 340 volumes gathered by his predecessor. At the end of his reign it had grown to 1200 volumes, and the number was increased to 3650 by Sixtus V. Under Paul V. the Archives were separated from the Library, owing to the large growth of each department. The Vatican Library is generally considered to be one of the greatest and probably the most precious in the world, owing to the number of Oriental codices which it contains.

—One of the first things to be told to the prospective reader of "Black Sheep Chapel," by Margaret Bailie Saunders (George H. Doran Co.), is that the obvious connotation of the title is quite an erroneous one. The original name of the chapel was "Bank Chepe," which, if not very informative, is at least less suggestive of disreputability than is its corruption. And there is nothing disreputable about the frequenters of the chapel,—a very High Church one, in which services, vestments, festivals, processions, etc., are apt to delude the casual reader into the belief that the characters involved are genuine Catholics. We have found the story enjoyable, principally because it is an unusual romance, a novel novel, altogether unhackneyed in plot, as in the principal characters around whom the narrative is woven. "Sexton" Pencraft, Roger de Sales, and Rosamond Way are delightful

persons to meet with even in a book; and the story of their friendship, with its logical if not altogether anticipated dénouement, is as good as it is uncommonplace.

—Burns & Oates have brought out "Rhymes with Reason," an attractive brochure of thirty pages, containing a number of poems by the author of "Aunt Sarah and the War." Those who have read that charming book will not need to be told that the poems are characterized by notable grace and power, with occasional flashes of brilliant wit. All the pieces in the collection relate to the World War.

—"Sermons on Our Blessed Lady," by the Rev. Thomas Flynn, C. C. (Benziger Brothers), is a clearly printed and well bound twelvemo of 340 pages. The discourses, thirty-two in number, are divided into two parts. Those in part one contain a consecutive account of the Blessed Virgin's life, while those in the second part have to do with her titles, dignities, etc. The whole constitutes a unified series of sermons, with "House of Gold" as the comprehensive title running throughout both parts. The book will prove of genuine assistance to preachers, and will make interesting as well as edifying reading for religious and the laity. We take pleasure in noting that it is supplied with not only a good table of contents but an index and calendar of feasts, and, moreover, with a fairly exhaustive general index.

—From an appreciation of the work of Paul Claudel, contributed to the current *Fortnightly Review* by Miss Bateman, the London *Tablet* quotes the following passage. How well the writer "gets at" her subject! all discerning readers will say:

Paul Claudel's writings—poems, dramas, essays alike—have this unity which makes for life. His work is, therefore, not ephemeral, and his aim is no less than the possession of Truth. . . . The world in general fought shy of his tremendous power; his *terrible beauté*, his *formidable vérité*. He was too turbulent, too abstruse, too unexpected, too obscure. His mysticism repelled the dilettante adherents of so-called mystic creeds which have their vogue in the present day; it made upon them inexorable demands, which they were not prepared to follow. Claudel's mysticism offered no easy way of self-glorification; it brought man instead face to face with the God of Faith, and so compelled humility. And it taught explicit truths: man without God was nothing, and his powers were all so many gifts of God to be applied in His service and for love of Him. Claudel applied the parable of the ten talents to everyday life. . . . Those who have faced realities and in that blinding light become conscious of what garbage we ordinarily choke our souls with, "get at" Claudel extraordinarily quickly. This accounts for the great influence that he exercised upon soldiers during the war. There was no room for artificial things in those days; sincerity told, no less. Confronted by stark horror

and deprivation, men, dizzy and bewildered, looked for a firm foothold, and Claudel's faith offered it. Claudel's words are often acrid; there is a biting irony in many of his phrases. Yet through them all the life of faith breathes, hot, passionate, glowing. At first he wrote anonymously, fearing that his official position might be endangered if it were known that he was a Catholic. Now he takes open pride, as well as interior joy, in his belief. His mysticism may be hard to follow, but it is real mysticism and not counterfeit. Through rough ways he has come to God,—through suffering and bitter experience of life.

—An American edition of "The Missal for Sunday Use"—"an Extract from the Roman Missal," as it is described by the compilers,—is issued by P. J. Kenedy & Sons. It gives in full the English and Latin texts of the Sunday and festival Masses. It is a handy manual, but it is not well printed—at least the copy sent to us for notice; and it is too high priced.—"Hymns and Prayers for Soldiers and Sailors, with the Epistles and Gospels for Sundays and Festivals," published by Central Bureau of the Central Society, St. Louis, Mo., is a booklet of 249 pages, only 39 of which are occupied with prayers and hymns, which include "O say can you see, etc." This prayer-book is supplied to chaplains free of cost.—"The Resurrection," by Fr. Bede Jarrett, O. P.; "Liberal Christianity," by Leo Ward; "Devotion to Mary" and "Why Catholics Go to Confession," by G. Elliot Anstruther, are new penny pamphlets of the London Catholic Truth Society.

Some Recent Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no book-seller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Sermons on Our Blessed Lady." Rev. Thomas Flynn, C. C. \$2.
- "A History of the United States." Cecil Chesterton. \$2.50.
- "The Theistic Social Ideal." Rev. Patrick Casey, M. A. 60 cents; postage extra.
- "Mysticism True and False." Dom S. Louismet, O. S. B. \$1.90.
- "Whose Name is Legion." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.50.
- "The Words of Life." Rev. C. C. Martindale, S. J. 65 cts.
- "Doctrinal Discourses." Rev. A. M. Skelly, O. P. Vol. II. \$1.50.

- "Mexico under Carranza." Thomas E. Gibbon \$1.50.
- "The Elstones." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.35.
- "Life of Pius X." F. A. Forbes. \$1.35.
- "Essays in Occultism, Spiritism, and Demology." Dean W. R. Harris. \$1.
- "Patriotism in Washington's Time." P. J. Byrne, M. D. \$1.50.
- "The Sad Years." Dora Sigerson. \$1.25.
- "Marriage Legislation in the New Code of Canon Law." Very Rev. H. A. Ayrinhac, S. S., D. D. \$2.
- "Letter to Catholic Priests." Pope Pius X. 50 cts.
- "Spiritual Exercises for Monthly and Annual Retreats." Rev. P. Dunoyer. \$2.35.
- "The Parables of Jesus." Rev. P. Coghlan, C. P. \$1.10.
- "A Handbook of Moral Theology." Rev. A. Koch, D. D.—Mr. Arthur Preuss. \$1.50.
- "Pastor Haloft." \$1.50.
- "The Bedrock of Belief." Rev. William Robison, S. J. \$1.25.
- "Ireland: Its Saints and Scholars." J. M. Flood. 90 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bonds.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Anthony Zuvich, of the diocese of Harrisburg; and Rev. Eugene Magevney, S. J.

Sister M. Visitation, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd; and Mother M. Gertrude, Sisters of Charity, B. V. M.

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Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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*Die 10. September 1866.
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gloria, et B. M. Virginis omnia fuit directa,
Benedicimus eius inceptum et omnes operantes
et domus ist. I. C. eius perficit ut deus
Pius P. X.*

TRANSLATION,

September 10, 1866.

These things being so, and provided that all be directed to the honor and glory of God and of the Blessed Virgin Mary, We bless the undertaking and all the co-operators thereof; and may our Lord Jesus Christ perfect and strengthen the work.

PIUS PP. IX.

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Entered as second class matter at Notre Dame, Indiana. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on June 25, 1918.
American News Co.; Gill & Son; Burns and Oates; Catholic Book Depot, Fort, Bombay;
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 28.—St. Leo II., P. C. Vigil.
 SUNDAY, 29.—Third after Pentecost. SS. Peter and Paul, Aps.
 MONDAY, 30.—Commemoration of St. Paul.
 July.
 TUESDAY, 1.—The Most Precious Blood. Octave of St. John the Baptist.

WEDNESDAY, 2.—Visitation of the B. V. M. SS. Processus and Comp's, MM.
 THURSDAY, 3.—St. Paul I., P. C. SS. Julian and Aaron, MM.
 FRIDAY, 4.—St. Bertha, W., Abb. St. Ulric, Ab.
 SATURDAY, 5.—St. Anthony Zaccaria, C. St. Zoe, V.

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It shows the need of teaching on a logical basis, truth and truth alone, and the necessity of purging abuses which have crept into the routine course of religious instruction.—*Niagara Index*.

Contains many useful suggestions for those who are interested in the education of the young.—*Ford-ham Monthly*.

It should be in the hands of everyone to whom is committed the grave responsibility of the religious training of Catholic youth.—*Cork Examiner*.

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VOL. IX. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 28, 1919.

NO. 26

[Published every Saturday. Copyright, 1919: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

Madonna of Sorrows.

BY J. CORSON MILLER.

The Faith of a French Soldier.

BY E. M. WALKER.

HAIL MARY! Queen of gentle mien,
Of flowering purity and grace;
The moon-blown lilies of the night
Are living symbols of thy face.
Thy lips that kissed the sword of pain,
Thine eyes that saw each darkened morrow,
Were made more beautiful through grief,
O gentle Queen of Sorrow!

Hail Mother blest, thy patient breast
Thou mad'st a citadel of love;
For thirty years thou sheltered Him,
While angels watched thee from above.
Thine arms, though frail, bore heavy loss;
O Blessed Lady, let me borrow
One trembling tear to wash my sin
Beneath thy cross of sorrow.

Hail Mother sweet, thy faithful feet
The cruel path of duty trod;
Thou, too, didst go the way of death,
O Mother of the Son of God!
The peaceful stars thy beauty sing
Year after year and each to-morrow,—
I pledge my humble cup of song
To thee, O Queen of Sorrow!

MARY STAR OF THE SEA! You are that Flower of the heavenly fields which is to produce the mysterious Lily of the valleys. Through you the fate of the whole human race is to be changed, its crime repaired. A new Eve, more beautiful and glorious than the first, you will open a new life to the earth.

—Abbé Gerbet.

THE soldiers of the Great War have been singularly articulate. Book after book has described to us, at first hand, the trenches and the firing-line. Far from killing the arts, men have turned to them as to a refuge from the hideous materialism that has brought ruin upon Europe. Science has been captured for the time by the powers of destruction; but Beauty is of eternity, and its clear and tranquil light still shines above the battle and often in the midst of it. So we have a new school of soldier-poets. After all, the fighting men of to-day are for the most part civilians in arms, and not professional soldiers. Shrapnel and bombs have not availed to kill vocations. The writer has been a writer still, with something utterly new and strange and urgent to write about. And many, who otherwise would never have written, have felt impelled to leave a record of their personal thoughts and impressions before passing swiftly and prematurely into the silence. Indubitably the world is the richer for the testimony of those who, before they fell fighting, were able to tell their fellows, "Thus things seem to me."

But now that the clash of arms has died down, and the fallen who have done their duty lie in peace, those who are left have the harder task. Especially is it hard for men whose health has been destroyed, and

who, if their life is to be a success, and their sacrifice bear its best fruits, are called upon to be heroes not for an hour or two, but for all the years—long years, perhaps—that remain to them. Theirs will often be the lot to stand by more or less inactive, while other men, seemingly less capable, set about repairing the appalling havoc wrought by sin and error. The disabled,—so many of them, and each one a tragedy! How are they to face life in a world that so easily forgets? And will they, too, tell us that it has been worth while?

Before me lies a little book that gives the answer, by a French soldier, a professor in civil life, who has a right to speak, since he himself is one of the disabled. It has the French qualities of clear vision, direct expression, and a due regard for the things of the spirit. It deserves to be widely circulated; for, though it is a war book, it is also an after-war book, facing as it does unflinchingly one of the saddest of after-war problems. It is a relief, indeed, to turn from the sordid, hopeless pages of a book like Barbusse's "*Le Feu*" to André Fribourg's reasoned, restrained, and moving volume. The very title is reassuring; for it is called "*Croire*"—"To believe—to have faith—the History of a Soldier."

It opens with a description of the mobilization in August, 1914, laying stress, as many another witness has done, on the fraternal spirit, the absence of social distinctions, and the serious enthusiasm with which all classes of Frenchmen responded to the call:

"They have vanished now, those differences of fortune that separate man from man. Henceforth nothing will count in these blood-stained woods except personal value, skill, strength, courage, and luck. Friendship will be worth more than all the treasures of the world. . . . For in war, more than in ordinary life, a friend is necessary. One has to make such an expenditure of will-power, courage and hope, that the richest can not meet the demand. Suddenly he feels himself falter-

ing, and he needs a friend, with a mind constituted like his own, to support and understand him in his bad hour."

Later, in the heart of the conflict, this sense of solidarity grows deeper and stronger. It becomes a dominant thought with the scholar-soldier,—that, and the conviction of the high intrinsic value of each individual human being. Nor has he a doubt of the justice of his cause. And his words ring true,—the words of a man face to face with death, his frail human tenement threatened momentarily by the mighty forces of matter organized for destruction. "*On voit net quand on va mourir*," he says,—"Those about to die see clear"; and clearly he tells us all that is so plain to him. It was never plainer than when he mounted guard, a lonely sentinel in a dark wood; opposite him a German sentry, whose short, stifled cough now and again broke the silence of the night:

"Wonderful hour! . . . The sensations I experience are of a richness and a force beyond expression. I am only a 'man,' in consequence, a frail cell in an immense organism, who, perhaps, a moment later will be dead. A comrade will quickly come to take my place, and if he sees me stretched at the foot of the oak, will merely say 'Poor chap!' and forthwith think of something else. If my body is in his way, he will push it a little to one side and continue his sentry duty, as I myself have done in like circumstance. But if I count no more than a drop of water in this sea of men whose opposing waves break against and shatter each other, I yet realize with my whole soul the super-human grandeur of my nocturnal task. . . . Mine is the first breast that the enemy will find barring the way if he advances. Behind me, relying on me, my comrades are sleeping; behind them, relying on us, the second-line troops are resting in the woods; behind them, relying on them, the reserves are enjoying the peace of their billets in the barns; farther back still, are resting those regiments that

kept vigil on the nights that preceded this one; and, away beyond the rear, beyond the burning zone of the armies, all France lies asleep.

"In this wood of the marches of Lorraine, I am the sentry who guards the soil, who guards his brothers; but by a special 'grace,' by a delightful illusion which makes me smile, I imagine myself to be the extreme point of the spirit, the advanced guard of that ancient, tenacious, fertile Latin life which, two thousand years ago, penetrated so deeply the souls and the soil for which I am fighting. . . . Behind me, relying on me, my pupils whom I have formed, my friends who think, feel, believe and hope just as I do; and behind them, relying on us, the far-off, thoughtful multitude of all the great dead who, by their works and by their acts, moulded our eyes and our ears, influenced our tastes, our hearts, our minds. . . . A breath of wind rises and dies away; the branches sway feebly; a light rustle troubles the silence; now and again a leaf falls, and minute by minute the hour slips by,—a precious hour, woven of greatness and pride; an hour of complete joy, noble and potent.

"Strange contradiction. Confronting me are men from whom everything conspires to separate me; whom I hate, not only because they kill us and I kill them, but because between them and me I feel a moral abyss and the huge and heavy mass of the past. . . . With what cruel satisfaction would I not kill them in the intoxication of battle! But at this moment, in the calm of this autumn night, it seems to me that I do not hate them so violently as at the time of their onslaught in August. I can not rid myself of the idea that they are living the same life as I am, and bearing the same sufferings; that they are brave; that death is lying in wait for them just as it is lying in wait for each one of us. . . . A slight sound; the leaves bend aside; the hour is at an end,—hour serene and sublime; precious hour, woven of pride and of pity!

"A bomb bursts. . . . It is death. 'Blessed be Thou, Lord, for our sister Death.' And immediately all my thoughts turn towards the Poor Man of Assisi; on the edge of the grave, his reassuring image draws me; verses of the Cantic of the Sun spring to my lips mechanically: 'Praise be to Thee, Lord, for all who forgive their enemies! . . . Blessed are those who abide in peace!'"

In André Fribourg's case, however, the bomb, when it burst, did not kill. He lay there, as he tells us, amid the bombs and bullets, the wounded and the dead; completely happy, forgetting even his physical pain, forgetting everything except his country. He had thought before that he loved her; but, he says, it is too easy to love in peace time: true love can not exist without pain, without sharing the suffering, present or past, of those loved. It is clear that this soldier is something of a mystic. So now he is happy because he feels that by his pain he is sparing his beloved country a few seconds of suffering. And he reflects:

"After twenty years of intellectual life spent in trying to apprehend the clear and subtle soul of my country; after searching through history and art and poetry; after reading thousands of pages, listening to old songs, playing on old instruments, and tramping the provinces, knapsack on back, with friends whose fate is to-day unknown to me,—after all this, the revelation that I desired so ardently rises suddenly and clearly before my eyes at the bottom of a muddy ditch.

"O War, involuntarily you teach kindness and the horror of brute force! You are full of sadness, grandeur, supreme joy and bitter despair; you are a fiery ordeal that either kills or regenerates; the men who issue from your crucible are new men, and you work out their salvation; while they, by their sacrifice, redeem their brothers who do not fight, and the disasters of their fathers, and the feebleness of the weak, and the faults of the dead."

Stricken down on the battlefield, then, André Fribourg testified that it was worth while, and was able to see the good that was springing from the evil. But afterwards? since his was the harder lot, and he did not die. And here we come to the most interesting section of the book.

He had left Paris fourteen months before, impressed by her gravity, calmness and beauty. When he returned to her in the autumn of 1915, sad and weak, his mind still obsessed by images of death and suffering, ruined villages, devastated lands, ambulances and hospitals, she seemed to him, in her sunshiny elegance, altogether different from the city of his love. He asked himself how the people round him could possibly remain in ignorance that men were dying near them and for them. He wanted to cry out to them, "You ought not to laugh!" What a contrast was Paris, for instance, to that Wounded Town of which he writes so pitifully!—

"Human beings can flee; material things are riveted to the soil and do not escape their destiny; yet I imagine that they feel death just as we do, and that there is terror also in the long trembling of the leaves and in the whirling fall of the flowers."

Among these light-hearted laughers, the disabled man must take up life again,—take it up as best he may, with blurred faculties and impaired energies. It is not a matter of a period of convalescence; it is for always. After all, a transitory spell of heroism is not so difficult to achieve: it is staying power that costs. If André Fribourg finds things still worth while, I think his words should carry weight, because he has so good a right to speak. The point of view of a man who has become what is popularly termed a "wreck" is at least deserving of attention in the circumstances of to-day.

Very clearly and with simple courage he takes note of his condition, its disadvantages and its compensations,—lay-

ing stress upon the compensations, as a brave man naturally would:

"The days pass by, and more and more they prove to me that I am another man, and that the world is a different world from the one in which I lived before I went away. First of all physically. It looks blurred to my enfeebled eyes. Good-bye to the festivals of light, to the song that used continually to rise from the colors of the material objects around me. In the room that I love, I sit before the indistinct masses of my furniture dreaming of the pleasure it used formerly to give me. Faces, too, are obliterated. When you know that your eyes possess the faculty of penetrating into the very soul of another being; when you love to follow the bound of thought in the changes, often almost imperceptible, of the face, it is hard to hear, a few feet away, some one speaking to you as from out a fog. Of the sense of smell, only a memory remains to me; and even that I fear to lose. I am resigned to the disappearance of the sense of taste,—that little, tormenting deprivation which makes itself constantly felt throughout the day. I accept the fact that everything I eat and drink is insipid, and that only by touch can I detect any difference; but I shall never grow accustomed to be without the sense of smell, nor be reconciled to my impaired sight, because in consequence the very sensations of the past become blurred. To-day, when the ground has been moistened by a shower, and I draw a deep breath, one single memory is reflected in my mind, the memory of a joy from which I am henceforth debarred and which is fast becoming inexplicable to me.

"I feel as though I lack air because a number of high obstacles are heaped up between the exterior world and me. . . . And yet, as time goes on, little by little hope springs up once more. Touch and hearing develop and attempt to compensate for the loss of the other senses. When evening falls and my room grows dim, I do not indeed remark it, but the

seeming silence of the room is full of diverse sounds; and I notice each, even to the gentle cracking of the furniture. The pendulum of the clock teaches me the value of time and the approach of death more clearly than ever it did in the days when I could see. Hardly is each second born than it disappears for all eternity; and ceaselessly the pendulum repeats its lesson, 'Learn to believe; make a good use of life.' Thus, stone by stone, the wall falls which was imprisoning my soul within me. My relations with the exterior world become just as frequent as before, albeit different.

"You who are speaking at this moment, sure of yourself, far from my sight and yet so near to me, how you would dread my silence if you could guess my thoughts! Your voice betrays in a moment the secret of your true soul, which my eyes, charmed by your face, had never before discovered. Why are you so different from the image I had formed of you? I know that I judge you now as you really are, but that is not the reason of the discord between us,—at least not the only reason. Perhaps I conjured up a false image of you during the long days of separation; perhaps, too, we have, both of us, developed, each on a different line from the other, and in a different atmosphere. I am so changed, and you so little seem to realize it. And that is where the danger comes in: there is a touch of drama in our situation, and you have no idea of it. Your lack of understanding separates us, notwithstanding my efforts; and you persist in treating as a whim what is in reality an utter change of mind. The war has led me to revise my scale of values, and you refuse to recognize this; you wish to treat everything lightly; and this same careless levity which is ruining our intimacy will to-morrow separate thousands of other human beings."

Besides the suffering caused by his physical condition, there are days when André Fribourg is a veritable prey to the memory of his dead comrades, and his

shattered spirit cries out to be delivered from them. Then at last light dawns. A morning comes when he goes out—he who had been afraid of going out,—and, to his surprise, he perceives that the atmosphere around him is impregnated with gentleness and grave sympathy. He had fancied he was alone, and, behold, he is surrounded by hundreds of unknown friends! He approaches some obstacle without perceiving it: suddenly a hand stops him, and guides him past it. Everywhere, with the solicitude born of tact and kindness, he is aided. He feels instinctively that friendly eyes are watching him as he crosses a street. He even risks the Metropolitan, the Paris "Tube," and immediately a hand is laid on his arm and some one takes his ticket for him. It seems as though men and women were really grateful to him for affording them the opportunity of being kind. So, gradually, the goodness of his fellows reconciles him to his restricted life.

And then, more fortunate than many disabled men, he is capable of returning to his pre-war profession of teacher. Those of the rising generation who frequent his lecture-room can not fail to learn, at least in part, the lessons he is so qualified to teach,—can not help teaching, though the oral message may be mostly implicit. His written words are explicit enough:

"The dead have a right to the memory and to the gratitude of the survivors. They died for our soil and for the frontiers of our thought; they died for us. And they included men of all schools of opinion. They died for the freedom of all men, and in order that every nation may dispose of itself as it wishes. They died that all men may be better; that they may love each other more, suffer less upon this earth, and learn to unite disdain of death with horror of bloodshed. And their voices say to us: 'To be good, to be upright, is the supreme skill. Hate violence; have a horror of force in itself, and regard it only as a necessary means, not as an end.'

"We shall scarcely have energy and courage enough to carry on the task of the dead. But at least never let us be afraid of anything, above all of an idea. Let us follow up our thought to its very end: let us conform our acts to it, without faltering, like responsible beings. Let us learn to love, to suffer and to die,—that is, to believe. Let us *believe*, in the widest sense of the word, intensely, deeply, with conviction, respecting the beliefs of others; for grace blows where it will. But let us have no dealings with all the swashbuckling comedians. And, first and foremost, let all those unite who staked their life in the Great Adventure. Let them think of the dead, who lie deep in the earth, while those who esteem themselves the cleverer shrug their shoulders and laugh at the 'fools' who believed in something beyond power and money. Let us hunt out all these makers of phrases, and the traffickers, and those who live only for pleasure, no matter how high their position in the world or in the State."

Courage and hope, the faithful and simple performance of duty—these are the aims that André Fribourg sets before the survivors of the Great War. It is the old way, the Christian way; but only so can a better future rise upon the past, and the dead not have died in vain. Moreover, it is the way that sets a high value—the true value—upon the individual, be he ever so humble; that ennobles the work of the stonecutter as well as that of the architect.

And here we note the second point that André Fribourg makes so clear,—the intrinsic importance of each individual soul. His sense of solidarity rests on his recognition of the priceless value of the human beings that go to make up a nation, each with his own life, his own hopes, his own inalienable rights, his own vocation that no one else can fill. One afternoon, tramping in silence along a road in Flanders under a heavy grey sky, a mere unit in his platoon, company, battalion, he had, as it were, a glimpse of the great

monument which these anonymous troops were called upon to raise to France and to the world:

"By degrees, as I march half awake, half dreaming, under the sombre sky of Flanders, a memory grows more distinct in my mind. On other roads, in other far-off days, I see in vision another crowd, anonymous like ours, but less 'organized,' less geometric in formation, and unarmed. Thousands of men, of women, and children even, yoked to carts laden with heavy stones and wood and wheat, are dragging their burdens towards Chartres, where, after successive disasters, the immense anonymous cathedral is at length rising. They come from every quarter, these people,—from Normandy and from the whole of France; they belong to all classes; clerics and burghers; they intermingle; and in their midst, nobles toil like beasts of burden side by side with poor Breton peasants. Those who are too old or feeble to work help with their money in the construction of the sacred building. And all, united, forget their quarrels, their sufferings, their jealousies, their ambitions, and their pride; all have one soul in common; all are animated by a common love that sustains them in their efforts, supports them when their forces fail, and lifts them up again when they have fallen on the muddy road.

"This immense crowd, notwithstanding its enthusiasm, is wrapt in so profound a silence that not a word, not the slightest whisper even, can be heard. And all the wood, all the stones, brought together by these anonymous donors, are fashioned and built up by equally anonymous architects, masons, and sculptors. So, stone by stone, the great church rises, anonymous, but endowed with soul; built from its deepest foundations to the highest point of its spires, by a common will, a common sacrifice. Thousands of human beings, whom no one will ever know anything about, helped in the work. Many fell exhausted by the wayside, and died happy because it had been granted them

to put their strength and their heart into the great poem in stone.

"And we, too, are bearing our burden along the road. Thousands of men of whom no one will ever speak,—we have come together from every corner of France, and we have forgotten for the moment our quarrels and our ambitions; we are trying to forget our very sufferings in order the better to accomplish our exhausting task. For, as regards all the nations, this war is pre-eminently the work of the unknown soldier; never in this world has the average value of the mass of men been so high. It was the anonymous Christian to whose effort we owe the almost incredible achievements in building of the twelfth and the thirteenth centuries; it is the anonymous soldier who is making a superhuman effort in the war of the twentieth. Again all classes are intermingled, and men from every part. Each, though sometimes unconsciously, contributes to the work of war the best part of himself; and those who fall help to make immortal the sublime anonymous poem of suffering, courage, and hope."

Words of faith! Words of the poet and the artist, of the man who sees! Words, too, of one whose feet are firm upon a rock, who sees the present solid with the past, and can regard the future confidently because he trusts in God and believes in his country and her destiny! And, then, such practical words, since only faith is really practical and effective. And, gravely, the believing soldier thus pleads with us:

"Ten million men, perhaps, will perish in this war; and their corpses, placed one against the other, would stretch farther than from London to Japan. May all this blood not have been shed in vain! May the sparks from the spirit of the dead which animate these pages pass into you,—all you who read with open mind and heart! Hold firm, as did those dead, to the conviction that only faith can found, and that we shall not be saved except by those who know how to believe."

Search-Lights.

BY VALENTINE PARAISO.

XXXI.

DAISY watched at the library window till her father's key opened the garden door and he came up the gravelled walk. It was not bad news that she read in his face: it was anger. Never had he looked like that before. Locksley had told him,—that much was clear; but she had never imagined the effect would be brooding rage. Was he indignant that failure had been concealed from him? Or what had happened? Rather timidly, the news of Sydney Verreker was told; she was afraid the name might be irritating. But, to her surprise, the Colonel said:

"That's one thing right, anyhow! Verreker is an honest man."

He took food in hungry haste, and went into the library to write. He sat down, and at once made a spread of papers.

"No, I couldn't touch it,—not even a 'Zeppelin,'" he said, with a wave of his hand and an attempt at a smile. Poor Daisy! he felt sorry for her; she had followed him with his plate of pudding. "My dear child, in the state of mind I am in to-night, one doesn't know whether one is eating cabbage or stewed umbrellas." This little glimpse of good-humor was an encouragement.

"When you have time, papa, you must read Sydney's letters,—all about Malta. But, look, it is such strange, big writing!" The girl put down the plate of "Zeppelin," and showed the large, crooked pencilling.

"Keep them, child,—keep them!" said the Colonel, absently. "He is an honest man."

Then she flung her arms about her father's neck.

"It breaks my heart to see you sad; and it was my fault that Mr. Locksley told you: I said to him that you would rather know the truth."

He leaned back in his chair, and looked into the girl's face.

"It's not what he told me: it is what I found out."

Daisy looked at him and at the papers on the table, like a puzzled child asking questions with her eyes.

"There is going to be a big lawsuit," the Colonel told her. "He hid things from me, because he was playing me false,—false! He was not the friend we thought him, Daisy. I can't bear to talk of it. Were you really fond of him, child? Say you were not! Did he get your heart?"

The girl shook her head resolutely, and said: "But don't make a mistake. I am sure he wants to be friends with you. And he has been so kind! He did not understand that it would vex you not to be told everything."

"Let us leave it at that, so far as you are concerned. You did not really care? You were not hesitating, as I thought? Very well. I made a discovery in the city before he spoke to me. I don't want to say anything strong in your hearing, Daisy; but, to put it mildly, he is as black a thief as there's in Ratcliffe Highway, and I could shoot him for thinking of marrying you." He struck the table heavily; the veins in his forehead swelled, and when he "put it mildly" his voice was a shout. "Now we shall never speak his name again. And if you hear a noise in the house late, it will be only my step on the stairs. Leave me, Daisy,—leave me; it is a cruel world,—full of rogues!"

She carried him in some coffee later on; and at last the time came when she looked in to say good-night. There was no step on the stairs. For hours she lay awake and listened; and it haunted her that there had been a noise below, and then nothing more. Every sound on the road had ceased; and in the distance the guns of Flanders were making their eternal throb like some metallic medley high-pitched in remote silence. The girl put on a dressing-gown and went down the stairs. The old clock in the hall struck softly—one—

two,—and then went on saying with its swinging pendulum, "Forever! Never!—Never! Forever!"

Daisy pushed open the library door. He would be too tired: perhaps he had fallen asleep. With a cry, she sank upon her knees. There was the arm extended on the floor, and near it the grey hair. Her father was lying face downward, quite still.

It was the noise of many waters coming in, with the warmth of the sun and the smell of wet weed,—to lovers of the sea, the grandest sound and the most delicious scent in the world. Daisy was reading by her father's couch at the open window of a Devonshire cottage, fronting some garden ground and the shade of an awning; and beyond was the light and movement of a grey-and-green illimitable sea. He was nearly well. He was going to live. After the sharp pain that was nearly a parting, God had given him back to her like a new gift. She had kissed the dear hand a thousand times. Life had become infinitely sweet, because he was there every day and not gone. Keenly she knew now what loss meant; and how many thousands—what unimaginable numbers—were feeling their live heart dragged in two, as hers had been, as if parting was death! *Their* dearest were not to be given back again in this world; theirs were to be hacked to pieces, blown to atoms, buried alive, sunk in the sea; to fill leagues of nameless graves or to die in prison. She had read more of the war during those days than ever before. The flight from the wrecked homes was a nightmare to imagine. The Eastern defences were down, and soon there would be a death struggle in the West. Almost all the nations of the earth were vowed on one side or the other to establish a great silence after a great slaying.

Here by the sea, remote from danger, they had read of raids renewed by starlight,—moonless nights were not safe any more. With the end of October the Zep-

pelins had come again, and were driven back, lost in the sea and brought down in France. They had done little more than touch the coast. Some slight damage was done to a country house, locality not mentioned.

"He is killed!" whispered the reader in horror, laying down the paper.

The Colonel stretched his hand from the couch.

"What is the matter, Daisy?"

He read the paragraph for himself. In the recent air-raid there was some slight damage to property. "The death was reported of Mr. Joel Locksley, the head of the well-known engineering firm of Locksley & Brown." So he was gone,—he who had never left himself space in life to think of eternity. One hoped he was not like that man in the Gospel who was building new storehouses for his wealth when the cry came: "Thou fool! This night shall they require thy soul of thee."

After a pause, the Colonel said:

"Now, I'd like to know what do you, in your Church, say of an end like that? Locksley was nothing."

"We pray for mercy on his soul. No one knows what happens, even in a moment, when people are dying. I was told that. She looked out at the shining, infinite sea. "His mercy is beyond all His works,"—that was the word in her mind. "Oh, I do hope he found mercy!"

"Amen!" said the Colonel, and bent his head.

And then a fear that had haunted her was lifted from the girl's heart. Hatred was swept away; the injury was forgiven. Another fellow had been slain by a bomb or crushed by falling masonry. Could there be anything for him but pity?

The grey-haired man lay silent a long time, with his eyes closed. Daisy had prayed for that poor desolate soul; and, moving softly, thinking her father slept, she took a magazine to find something bright to be a relief after the shock and the troubled memories stirred by Locksley's death. And now and again, as she

turned the pages, the olive face and dark eyes looked at her like the face in a dream, and his voice came nearer than the sound of the sea. Was not she the only one in all the world who would name him in prayer,—the only one of the rich man's friends who knew enough to hope, and to be his almoner? He had been good to her father once—at the beginning, before some temptation of the piling up of money swept him away. It was her turn to have pity on the soul of her too pagan lover—"till the sun grows cold and the stars are old, and the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold."

Kitty had been a valiant "V. A. D." that night at Furzley. She became what the Colonel called a "mighty huntress" when they were all back at the Gazabo. As the winter advanced, every house-keeper had the excitement of the chase. She scented the quarry from afar; an early cart had been seen at some store, and there was a choice of being round to the friendly grocer before it was unpacked, or standing at the end of a queue the length of the street. The queues in the snowy weather were one of the sights of London. Before dawn, in many places the women and children began to assemble; and, when some hours had passed, one saw traces of an up-and-down movement along the crowd two-and-two, a shuffling dance and beating of feet upon the frosty ground. Ten at a time, the policeman's hand let them approach the open door. If the shop was allowed to fill, a rough element might get in, with the result of a crush and a free fight,—fifty or sixty with babies, baskets, and a stray dog or two, in a space of a few yards square. The meat-shops kept their shutters up all day, and slowly let in the procession till the door closed with the chalked legend "No meat." There were queues of a thousand, or even two thousand, before the winter was over, and riots on a small scale round about the supply carts. All this time the largest stores and the great

hotels seemed to have abundance; so that the rationing of the nation was a necessity welcomed by the people: it meant the stopping of selfishness, and the dividing of a sufficient supply evenly to poor and rich. This was the purpose of the Government; and with the stopping of the system that led to "five hours in a queue," and the coming of the cards, one saw rejoicing and content on every side.

There had been a night when the evening paper came out with the one word "Margarine" in large type, where it was usual to look for the headline of battle news. Then came the unearthing of the selfish "hoarders,"—the raids on rich houses, and carrying off of cartloads of butter and flour, jam and tinned meats. At last a week's grace was given for everybody guilty of hoarding to send up their treasures free of fine or blame. Some delivered goods to the Food Controller, and others dumped loads down at hospital doors. Morton Court had mysterious parcels coming in every day,—the good things people were afraid to keep. One had to live in a great city in war time to know the selfishness of the food-hoarder; but that was also the time to learn the simple life that had so often been idly talked of, and the charity that gives and receives where all are poor together. People had scores of little presents to give one another.

When Jayby-Jones came to see the Colonel, he always brought a present of matches and a lump of cake; and he carried back a marrow stored from last August or a hand bag of "curly kale."

"There's trouble at home," he said one day. He tapped his forehead. "Poor old Bernie,—the spooks have carried off the slates at last."

Perhaps that outbreak of spiritism was the strangest of all the unexpected results of the war. Wealth had conquered this world; science had prolonged the span of life. Into "the best of all possible worlds" came the Twentieth-Century War like a bombshell. Thousands were swept away; there was no security anywhere. Charms

were recommended by people otherwise sane; and grief created a sinister industry, filling the town with mediums who professed to bring authentic messages from the dead for a few guineas, or to give glimpses of a pretended heaven with nothing spiritual about it. Large numbers faced realities; there was a diabolical imitation of the light; the papers and magazines teemed with spiritism, and numberless hands reached out in the darkness and groped for intercourse with the dead.

The builder's daughter of Furzley was already one of the thousands that had come into the Church through the war. Kitty had too much strong common-sense to miss the way when once she saw it. After the war, when there was no more service to the wounded, she wanted to be one of the Sisters that work for the poor of Christ—to be His V. A. D. So, when she talked with Daisy that spring morning, her thoughts had not all gone to the making of a potato patch. There had been a moment of inspiration too sacred for telling.

"How shall I ever do without you, Kitty? And I wanted you for my bridesmaid!"

"I am going to be your bridesmaid. The war won't be done to-morrow. You are the same Daisy that expected the Americans over in a week in nice pink and blue ships."

Sydney Verreker was looked for. The soldiers that went away without knowing whither, came back as mysteriously. Somewhere a convoy bravely crossed the sea, watching the surface all day, and showing in the darkness no vestige of light. And at some port a soldier landed, and sent a wire, which often arrived when he was already at home.

It puzzled the bride-elect that Sydney was a whole month in England before he came up to London. How many times she had pictured the home-coming! And when it came it was not like her imagining. The warrior's return is a very different thing in romance and in reality. It seemed as

if Daisy Spaggot was to learn the value of reality and to have no romance whatever.

First, it was a wet day,—grey clouds, an incessant downpour, slush making a leaden shine on the roads, and everywhere pools ringed with rain. One wanted sunshine for a lover's return.

The next unromantic thing was the telegram from a cheap and popular hotel in the Strand. "Colliery co fixed up. Lunch. One talk desirable before going to Furzley." The message came to her father. He put off the private business talk, and declared she should go up to London with him. Was she not anxious to see Verreker at once?

"I am just dying to see him!" But why, oh, why, she thought in her own mind, did he mix up coals—of all things coals!—with the bliss of his return? It was an unromantic world. Still he would be in khaki; and, as his injury had been "only shell-shock," he would be waiting for her, a bronzed and splendid soldier.

Then came the journey to town in a slow tram-car, through the rain; and then in an underground tube train; next there was a short run in a crowded bus, loaded and swaying, with people wet and dragged standing all along the middle, "strap-hanging." The prospect of meeting the khaki soldier kept Daisy's heart beating fast; but she wondered not a little why the khaki soldier had not come out to Furzley first to see her. They descended at the hotel door. It happened to be then she saw the only bronze "V. C." medal she had ever come across; and her heart was wrung with pity. The wearer was only a man in civilian clothes, stooped and holding two sticks. Friendly hands helped him painfully down from another bus; and he stood irresolute on the mud of the street, with a stick supporting each hand. In what glorious self-forgetfulness had he won that bronze cross "For Valor"! And now he had to go all along life's journey a human wreck, when the battle excitement was no more, and the uniform that he had covered with new glory was laid aside.

"It is Sydney!" cried Daisy.

The Colonel echoed: "By Jove! I didn't know him! It's Verreker, sure!"

And they both hurried forward, with arms stretched in welcome and congratulation. He had a helper at each side then, and it was quite clear what way in the world he was to go.

"Dear little Daisy! But you shouldn't have come to see me hobbling like this,—I'm getting better, Colonel. I'm going to be all right—slow and sure!"

"But the V. C.! You have the V. C. O Sydney, why did you never tell us?"

"Why should I?"

"And we never saw it in the paper." Well, there were some papers they had missed when the Colonel was ill.

The hero in "mufti" could get about pretty well after all. Admiring glances were turned towards the bronze cross, as the two followed him up the crowded entrance hall.

"I love that medal!" Daisy said, slipping a hand through his arm.

"Don't stop short with the medal. What about the poor fellow at the back of it?"

So there was a wedding at Furzley in "the tin church" at the corner of Blackberry Lane. It was not up to the taste of the munition workers, who came flocking in and saw the wonders of the Nuptial Mass. Yet it was a real war-time wedding, not like those magnificent shows that London saw every day, when the picture papers had a camera in ambush, and there was khaki and bridal white and flowers,—all "very quiet because of the war."

Gossip went on in the crowd about the church door. "Why didn't she dress in white with a veil? And no bridesmaid but a V. A. D.! Mrs. Tibbs said she had 'no jools but only a Maltee silver filigoree on her neck, which was no value but like a tin toy. And she the prettiest girl in London! She was very near marrying a duke. No, he wasn't a duke: he was only a

millionaire.' This one is Mr. Verreker that used to be at Morton Court. He give it up to be a Papist,—yes, he did. But if he's a soldier, why doesn't he wear khaki? He's got the Done-his-bit,—the badge they all get 'For good service.' Mrs. Tibbs says he's got the Victorian Cross."

There was bad news about the army chaplain of Furzley; and the bad news went to the heart of Colonel Spaggot, for in the days of coveting money he had forgotten his friend. Father Corkwood's name had long been in Daisy's prayers; those were the first tears after marriage, when she knew he had come back without his right hand. Life was still going to be woven of gold and grey,—sorrow and joy. Her father could not understand yet what such a loss meant,—the length and breadth and height and depth; but the sleeve pinned across the khaki coat made an irresistible appeal to him. He was ready now,—to speak to "Corkwood" with entire confidence. He told him all his affairs in long chats in the library,—all about the armored car, and how he had lost everything but his pension; and there could be no case against the Vanflete, after all; for the new patents were safe. But, luckily, Daisy had refused the millionaire, and Verreker was the best that ever breathed, and so practical,—he had fixed it up at once to get a post from the Verreker Company,—something in the business of the collieries that ought to be all his own.

Somehow between the Colonel and his old friend the truth was brought out that disappointment and loss had their compensations. Whatever blessing came in this awful world-wide visitation, it did not come with the fortunes made of the war, nor with the round of pleasure that some called war work. Amid sacrifice and bitter sorrow tens of thousands had found out what were the realities, what were the things that matter.

Then the older man asked in other

words the same question that the Roman Governor of a province asked long ago. But there was the vast difference that this was an honest man, who meant to abide by the answer.

"Tell me," he said, "what are the realities?"

And, as the friend with the empty sleeve was able to tell him as no other could, he learned wisdom and received riches. He knew at last why the Angelus bell rang at Furzley.

(The End.)

Contardo Ferrini.

BY WILLIAM P. H. KITCHIN, PH. D.



LIFE devoted to the study of law; a career crowded with flattering academic triumphs; a talent that assimilated knowledge of the most recondite kind, apparently without any consciousness of effort,—these assuredly are not the factors that usually produce extraordinary sanctity. And yet Contardo Ferrini, one of the purest glories of modern Italy, and one of the greatest scholars that the Peninsula can boast of during the nineteenth century, out of these elements formed himself into a real saint.

Born at Milan, in 1859, the very year that the marvellous Curé d'Ars passed to his reward, Contardo signalized himself from his childhood by the precocity of his intelligence and the fervor of his piety. His father, Rinaldo Ferrini, taught natural science at the Polytechnic of Milan; while his maternal uncle, Father Antonio Buccellati, was professor of Canon Law at the University of Pavia. His mother, Luigia Buccellati, in spite of her family cares, used to find time to visit and tend the sick poor of her neighborhood; and it was in the course of such charitable ministrations that she contracted her death sickness in 1905.

Thus the boy grew up in an atmosphere

of intellect and of charity, where he imbibed knowledge instinctively and saw beneficence at every turn. Both parents trained him with the utmost care, and he responded to their efforts with alacrity. When Milan was still sleeping, father and son were afoot hurrying to an early Mass at San Marco; and while the father loved to kneel before the altar of the Blessed Sacrament, the son preferred to steal away to some dark corner where he could pray unobserved. Witnesses testify that at prayer he seemed transformed: his face became radiant, and he, dead to all earthly things, appeared to be lost in God.

After completing his college course at Milan, he proceeded in 1876 to Pavia for his university studies, and inscribed himself in the faculty of law and letters. Every morning he heard Mass, every evening he visited the Blessed Sacrament; and his life was so transparently blameless that he was called by his fellow-students "our St. Aloysius." Others took him as their model, and the silent appeal of his shining example effected untold good among the university youth. In his studies he outstripped all competitors, and in 1880 he carried off his doctor's degree with the highest distinction. The Latin dissertation he presented on this occasion was entitled, "What may be Gleaned from the Study of Homer and Hesiod for the History of Criminal Law."¹ As a reward for his proficiency, two prizes fell to his share. The Italian Government gave him a travelling bursary good for a year's sojourn in some foreign university; and the Savings Bank of Milan awarded him its "Victor Emmanuel" prize.

He selected Berlin in which to continue his studies; and he arrived there, feeling "very sad and homesick," December 11, 1880. He brought a letter of introduction to Bishop Foerster, who put him in touch with a Father Herzog, pastor of St. Edwige's. The paternal welcome of this

excellent ecclesiastic, and the ardent piety of his parish and people, soon put the exile quite at his ease. Ferrini immediately joined their St. Vincent de Paul Society, and he never missed the monthly processions held in honor of the Blessed Sacrament. At the University his course was an unbroken series of triumphs. His teachers idolized him, or rather seemed to covet the privilege of possessing his friendship and of doing him honor. In reading their encomiums, one is reminded of the Oxford tutor who said to Cardinal Newman's father: "O Mr. Newman, what a treasure you have sent us in your son!" Thus Ferrini was the favorite pupil of Professor Pernice, to whom he dedicated his critical edition of the laws and enactments ascribed to Theophilus.²

Mommsen, whom Sandys styles "the greatest of German scholars since the time of Böckh,"² did not hesitate to say that one day, among the experts of Greek and Roman jurisprudence, the twentieth century might possibly be referred to as the "century of Ferrini." At a later period the same Mommsen, remarking with some disappointment that his former pupil's reputation in Italy was not as great as it deserved to be, said: "Poor Italians, who ignore your great man!" Another professor of Berlin, Von Lingenthal, a pioneer in the study of the laws of the Eastern or Byzantine Empire, willed the larger portion of his manuscripts to Ferrini.

In 1882 Ferrini returned to Italy; but before accepting a chair he devoted some further time to study and research, not only in Rome and Florence but in Paris as well. In November of that year he was appointed associate professor of the History of Roman Law at the University of Pavia. He was not yet twenty-five; and, in addition to Greek and Latin, he knew Hebrew and Syriac, and could speak fluently French, German, English, and Spanish. Not every professor of

¹ Quid Conferat ad Juris Criminalis Historiam Homerorum Hesiodorumque Pœmatum Studium.

² Institutionum Græca Paraphrasis Theophili Antea Vulgo Tributa.

² "History of Classical Scholarship."

twenty-five or even of fifty-five can boast such wide literary culture. He was admirably endowed for teaching. Like Ozanam, he possessed the gift of eloquence, and could clothe his thoughts in flowing language clear as crystal. His whole heart was in his work. His lectures were, he said, the joy of his life. He was proud to be permitted to inspire virgin and enthusiastic intelligences with his own high ideals, and his chair was at once a focus of science and a centre of apostleship.

Besides preparing his classes, he published numerous studies in the scientific and literary bulletin of the Lombard Institute. He considered himself in honor bound as a Catholic savant to march in the very forefront of scientific progress, and to show to the world that his glorious faith was a stimulant and not a hindrance to learning. He was fond of insisting on the necessity of humility, and was accustomed to say that humility is the simple truth, and therefore constitutes the reality and dignity of life. Then he would add: "Let us, however, never think the longing to do great things foolishness; that would be cowardice." But in the meantime a scruple tormented him, lest perhaps he might be devoting too much time to study and too little to piety. He, therefore, composed for himself a minute and strict rule of life, to which he ever afterwards remained faithful. One of the prescriptions of this rule was "to make every day at least a quarter of an hour's meditation, prepared carefully the evening before." He always adhered to this resolve, and not infrequently prolonged his mental prayer for a full hour.

In 1887 he won by examination the chair of Roman Law at the University of Messina in Sicily. For some three years he remained in the South; and then, being anxious to see more of his family, he asked for a change and was transferred to Modena. One year later he was named dean of the law faculty of the University. Here he became a daily communicant; and his confessor, Father

Ludwig, S. J., testified in 1905 concerning his former penitent: "It was a sight fit for the angels to see a man in the very flower of his age and a professor at the University lead the life of a perfect religious, even of a saint." Here, too, he found the dearest friend of his life, a man of like mind and soul with his own,—Louis Olivi, professor of international law. (The latter has striven ardently to promote Ferrini's beatification, and the most precious memory of his life is to have been chosen as a friend by a real, authentic saint.) He continued to teach at Modena until 1894, when he went back again to Pavia to lecture on the "Pandects" and the "History of Roman Law." A manual of the Pandects highly praised by specialists, numerous recondite studies, critical editions of ancient texts and jurists, occupied these laborious years; but the dream of his life was to compose a monumental study to be entitled "The Influence of Christianity on Roman Law."

Let it not be thought Ferrini was a mere pious bookworm, incompetent in worldly affairs. On the contrary, he conceived it to be also his duty to promote the ideals of Catholic citizenship so far as lay in his power. Elected a member of the Communal Council of Milan in 1895, he fought strenuously against the law permitting divorce; and he labored no less earnestly to establish a Catholic university in his native city. He had resolved, for religious motives, never to marry; and he lived in these last years with his parents, travelling every Thursday morning to Pavia for his classes, and returning home Saturday night. He was the soul of the family, and to his parents just as deferential as in his boyhood. His father always called him "an angel"; and his mother, who, it seems, was not easily pleased—and had, in addition to many admirable qualities, a temper,—used to declare that Contardo had never caused her the slightest pain. His prayer was unceasing. Even in the train he would say the Rosary, read pious books, or

meditate on some sentences of the New Testament. The Epistles of St. Paul were his favorite study, and he knew them by heart. But his acquaintance with the Old Testament was barely inferior to that of a professional Scripturist. In order to appreciate that divine literature in its native force and beauty, he had studied and thoroughly mastered Hebrew and Syriac.

His superior mental gifts and encyclopedic learning imparted a marvellous charm to his conversation. In politics, art, law, linguistics, and history he was perfectly at home. Of course he never descended to personalities or gossip; for, as Canon Sheehan says admirably, "where intellect rules, charity is always inviolate." But witnesses have testified that, above and beyond all intellectual and æsthetic characteristics, there was something else and something more about Ferrini's words: an indescribable magnetism, which stirred the listener to the very depths of his being.

A lifelong member of St. Vincent de Paul's Society, all charitable endeavors and calls found in him a ready helper. A frequent saying of his was, "To lose one's means is often a great grace." That grace was vouchsafed him. His personal savings amounted to \$6000, which he lent to a friend, who promptly lost the sum, and the money of other friends as well. Ferrini never blamed the debtor, heartily forgave him, and used his influence to save the defaulter from prosecution by his other creditors.

He was accustomed to speak of death as a thing not to be dreaded, but rather to be desired; and his longing was to die at Suna, amidst the scenes and friends he loved. The wish was granted. In the first days of October, 1902, he contracted typhoid fever, and died on the 17th, at the early age of forty-three. Both his father and mother survived him. Even in his lifetime the villagers of Suna called him "the saint," and after his death none hesitated to number him with the blessed. His friend and co-worker, Professor Olivi, speaking of Ferrini in 1905,

summed up the latter's character in these words: "He was not only a man of science, but above all a man of faith; and his science was great because his faith was still greater. Science and Faith illustrated and explained each other reciprocally in him. What an example for youth! Materialistic and neutral science brought face to face with the enigmas of the Beyond is inconsolable at his loss, but Catholic science honors in him a saint. And, therefore, our grief is tempered by the balm of heavenly consolations; for immortality holy and glorious rests on his tomb."

Several petitions for his beatification were addressed to Pius X. "How happy," said the saintly Pope in 1909, "we should be to place on the altars a university professor! It would certainly be a great lesson for our times." But the Holy See proceeds slowly; and the proofs to be furnished and the tests to be applied before deciding that such a person's virtues were truly heroic, are numerous and difficult. In the meantime, with a view to his process, an ecclesiastical tribunal at Milan has been, since 1914, examining Ferrini's numerous writings.

The saints are never forgotten, and their memories remain ever green. The story of their courage and unselfishness, of their patience and humility, appeals to some souls in every generation; they find themselves strengthened and uplifted by the shining deeds of one or other of God's chosen servants.

JESUS—that name before which every knee was to bow; which was to be set above the powers of magic, the mighty rites of sorcerers, the secrets of Memphis, the drugs of Thessaly, the silent and mysterious murmurs of the wise Chaldees and the spells of Zoroaster;—that name which we should engrave on our hearts and pronounce with most reverent accent, and rest our faith in; and love with the overflowing of charity, joy, and adoration.

—Bishop Taylor.

The Winnowing.

BY EDWARD JACKSON MACDONALD.

LO! I will thresh thee in the barns of anguish,—

Thresh thee to know if thou be chaff or wheat.
Child, thou shalt hunger in thy soul and languish
E'en for the summons to My Judgment Seat.

Long will I grind thee in my mills of sorrow,—
Grind with the stones of loss and awful cares;
Make thee to fear the night and dread the morrow,
O blessed grain of faith among the tares!

Life may for thee be but a heavy burden,
Like to Mine own, who lived to die for thee:
But wouldst thou have from Me the perfect
guerdon,

Take thou thy cross and follow after Me.

Think not I chide thee when the way is dreary,
Give not thy travail to a heedless dirge;
Press on unflagging, though thy soul be weary,
And take this comfort: whom I love I scourge.

Green Hills.

BY ROSAMOND LIVINGSTONE MCNAUGHT.

THE little gray-white cottage stood back from the street, its windows bare, and its tiny front and side porches empty. A gentle wind stirred the blossoming trees in the wide yard, and brought a faint fragrance to the little old woman who stood at the front gate, gazing wistfully.

"Seems a pity!" she murmured, looking toward the empty porches. Then, with a glance down the rock-bordered path leading from house to gate, she mused: "I can just see them,—pansies, forget-me-nots, mignonette, and marigolds here; a clump of columbines there, and a row of larkspurs and French pinks just by the fence. There's iris lilies and bleeding-hearts."

She smiled a while at the unexpected pleasure of seeing the early old-time blossoms in the city; then walked on down the street, turning finally into a

street of iron and brick and stone, and up the wide steps of a palatial building. Through an elegantly furnished hall and up more wide steps went the little old lady, pausing only when she reached a pleasant front room, called her room. Here she laid aside her hat and sat down in a comfortable rocker. But she rocked restlessly, and her glances about the room and out of the elaborately curtained window were restless.

Only when her eyes rested upon the small, old-fashioned bookcase did they linger lovingly. Here were placed two brass candlesticks; between them lay a gold-clasped Bible; a plain brown box set inside the case on the top shelf beside the quaintly-bound books. But the little woman's eyes saw inside the box, and visioned the dozen silver teaspoons and knives and forks that had never been taken from their resting-place since the day she had "packed them away" and come to live with her daughter. She visioned, too, the contents of the big trunk which Mamie had bought purposely for her to store her "things" in,—pure linen for beds and table, "rag" rugs, a knit couch cover that had taken months of patient work, some carefully wrapped china, many photographs, and—"gimcracks." That was what Mamie had called them as she brought a roll of cotton-batting. "We'll wrap all the gimcracks in this, mother, to be sure they don't get broken," she had said, and had assisted in packing each little thing as thoroughly as if it were her own.

"Mamie's a good girl," said the mother, speaking as if the middle-aged mistress of the house were still a child.

At luncheon she approached the subject: "Did you ever take a walk down the street that runs north and south just a little way over east of here,—just a short street, with a big box-elder tree right at the turn—"

"Martha, bring in some of that corn salad: mother likes it so well," interrupted Mamie.

"It's just a few blocks over, and it's odd-like. There isn't another street like it in this end of the city," she went on presently.

"Uh-hu!" assented Mamie, a little absently. Then: "Mother, don't you want a little fire in the grate up there this afternoon?—It's cool enough for it. I'll have John build you one."

"No, Mamie. Thanks just the same! I'm going to walk out again after I nap a bit."

"Why don't you walk over to the park? It's so pretty now, and there's so much to see."

"Yes, I will sometime soon. But I want to go back down that little side street again, 'long towards evening. There's a small house there, Mamie, that reminds me of the place we lived in; has the same lilac atmosphere about it. There was a bush of cinnamon roses in the yard of that place, and there is in this one, too. I can tell by the leaves. I'm going to watch for the blooming. But the windows of the cottage are stone-bare, and I had curtains at the windows of our little house,—soft lace ones. It was a 'homey' little spot; wasn't it, Mamie?"

"You're reminiscing, mother dear!" laughed Mamie. "Far-away hills look green, you know. You've got it more comfortable in your room upstairs than you ever had in your life before. And now, mother, if you want your walls done over this spring, it can be managed as well as not. Choose anything you like. Are you sure you're not tired of that yellow?"

"I haven't thought much about it yet, Mamie. I'll think about it, though, if you wish. But the yellow's cheerful-looking. "I think it's all right as it is."

When mother came down to the sitting-room after her nap, Ella Mae, her youngest daughter, had come over for a visit. Ella Mae had been married a year. It was when she had left and come East to live that the children had insisted on mother "breaking up housekeeping" and making her home with Mamie, the eldest of the girls.

"I've just been telling Mamie about

the chair I found to-day, mother," said Ella Mae. "It was the only thing I lacked in fitting up my large guest-room with antique walnut, and I ran across it in an antique shop,—the dearest little rocker, with an oval back and the quaintest arms. When I get it covered with tapestry, it will look like a picture. You must come over, you and Mamie, and see the little table since I've had it refinished. It just gives the finishing touch to the room. Bert and I are both glad we didn't have enough to buy everything we wanted right in the start, because then we should have lost half the enjoyment in hunting for things. Bert brought home a hassock the other day,—a little beauty."

"Yes," agreed Mamie, "that's the way Harry and I have felt about furnishing. It's a joy to see a home grow bit by bit, all touched with pleasant memories."

"When your father and I went to house-keeping—" began mother.

"Mother, you did have some very pretty things, didn't you? And is that the way you and father got them,—just a few at a time?" asked Ella Mae.

"Mother, are you sure there isn't a draft there where you're sitting?" Mamie inquired, rising and placing a gray and white shawl about the thin shoulders. "I've been asking mother if she didn't want me to have her room repapered this spring, Ella Mae. I think a light paper with a tiny flower would be a pleasant change from the yellow, and she can have it if she wants it."

"I may decide to, Mamie. We'll see. Now you girls want to chat, so I'll run out for another little walk."

"Just as you like, mother; but you know there's never anything too confidential for your ears."

"Bert will be over after a while. He's coming for me in the car. Be back pretty soon, and we'll give you a ride through the parks."

The first soft gray of evening had settled over the streets when Bert Hanson drove up in his car.

"Mother's not back yet. Where do you suppose we'll find her, Mamie?" asked Ella Mae, as she rose to leave.

"She's not far. She was talking at noon about a little side street a few blocks east of here that she wanted to see at sunset—bless her old soul! She said there was a box-elder tree at the turn, I believe. Drive around that way a little. You'll see her,—or if you don't, come back here. She never stays long."

The automobile glided down the street to the east, turning where a box-elder marked the wanderer's way. But no trace of her was seen. After going some distance, they turned back, looking on both sides of the street.

"There! I do believe that's mother! Looks like her gray and white shawl. But what on earth is she doing in that yard?"

As she spoke, the figure in the gray and white shawl stooped and began a vigorous motion that resembled digging.

"Goodness!" murmured Ella Mae.

Bert drew the car to the curb, and she alighted and went in at the little gate.

"Mother dear!" she called gently.

The worker rose with a smile.

"I'm almost done," she declared. "I know I'm a trespasser; but, Ella Mae, I just thought no one could object to my planting a few flowers along here, and I want to see them blooming as I pass."

"Bless your heart!" exclaimed Ella Mae. "How many more are you going to plant?"

"Just this little bit in this trench, then I'm done."

With the daughter's help, the task was soon completed, and the automobile ride begun. But Ella Mae sat thoughtfully silent as they swept through the parks and down the long avenues.

A few days later she had a talk with Mamie, asking Bert to take mother to ride.

"Mamie," she suggested, "do you suppose we have taken any happiness out of mother's life by asking her to come here and give up her home? It would break my heart if I thought we had, after all

the sweet things she and father did for us all our lives."

"Well, I don't know, Ella Mae. Mother's very comfortable here."

"Yes, but just let us stretch ourselves a few years ahead and get a feeling of being in her place. You know she and father had lots of nice things in their home; and I know if I had children I'd spank them when they were forty years old if they tried to meddle with any of the precious things Bert has placed in our little sanctum sanctorum."

"You'd feel different if you really had children of your own, Ella Mae."

"Well, maybe I would. And that makes me think: perhaps mother's treasures were all the dearer to her because we had a part in them. And now she hasn't a real house to put them in, Mamie."

"Well, let us talk to mother. But what could we do if she isn't contented?"

"I've just been thinking, Mamie, we might buy that little place she's taken a fancy to, and let her do what she likes with it. She could fit it up as her home, and go to it when she wished, and work in the yard at her will. It would give her something to live for. You know we have our husbands. Near as she is to us, she is left out, in a way."

"Yes, I see it, Ella Mae; though we do try to keep her close in our lives, and make her feel that she is keeping us in hers. Her birthday comes in a few weeks. Let us have the deed ready by then, if we can get the place."

The odor of an old-fashioned garden was in the air on the afternoon that the "girls" walked over to the little house with its new owner. The rooms had been opened and cleaned. But everything in the way of decorating and furnishing had been left for the owner to decide.

"It always seemed to me such a pity that there was no one to use those little porches," said the proud woman. "I remember when you children were little, I could give you no greater treat than to have supper on the side porch."

"Yes: we liked to have it out there in roasting-ear time, so we could try throwing the cobs over the back fence into the alley. How you used to scold us for that!" Mamie's plump shoulders shook with laughter.

"And, girls, did you see these white lilies? You children used to watch for the ones we had in the yard at home, and put your little noses against them; and sometimes you'd pick some and bring them to me in the kitchen."

"Here's ribbon-grass!" exclaimed Ella Mae.

"Yes," laughed mother. "I used to run you out of the house because of the hideous noises you made blowing on it. Then you'd sit right down on the porch with it."

Ella Mae gathered a blade and puffed her cheeks, trying to make the noise, but failed.

"I've lost my accomplishment!" she sighed.

"What bothers me is that there's no gas running into the place," said practical Mamie, as they re-entered the house.

"Of course mother doesn't want to live here altogether. But she says she's going to cook a dinner and invite us all over sometimes, and I don't see—"

"I want a cook-stove," spoke mother, promptly, "where I can let the kettle sing. Girls, I'm right happy over this gift. It isn't always the far-away hills that are the fairest green, even if the old adage does have it so. Father's picture will hang right here,"—indicating a space above the mantel. "And my work-table can stand here between these two windows."

So, with shining eyes, she passed from one room to another, planning to re-establish the home that she had lost. Her shawl had slipped away, and she stood as erect and alert as the younger women beside her.

"And maybe there'll be little children to come to grandma's, by and by," she said, with a happy glance into the two dear faces.

Two Errors Aptly Illustrated.

UNSECTARIAN RELIGIOUS TEACHING.—WHY THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING WORLD IS PROTESTANT.

THERE are times when it seems utterly useless to be refuting over and over again the same errors,—fallacies that, like the most familiar of ghosts, will never down; but there is no help for it. So long as the errors are reiterated must the task be performed. It is consoling to recall the poet's thought, "No rock so hard but that a little wave may beat admission in a thousand years." Let us hope that before many decades have passed the world will have rid itself of two wrong notions: first, that what is called unsectarian religious teaching is logically possible; second, that human authority has aught to do with the institution of marriage.

Why can not you religious people teach the great truths of the Christian faith without sectarianism? There is one advantage in the repetition of questions of this kind: they are sure to call forth a variety of answers, and they lead to other inquiries touching the fundamental truths of Christianity, a forceful exposition of which is never in vain. In an able appeal to the committee on Indian Affairs of the United States Senate against a proposed reduction in the appropriations occurs the following illustration of the folly of unsectarian religious teaching; it might be expanded, but it could not easily be improved:

"Behold a representative audience of bright, intelligent American youths of all tribes and tongues and peoples, and shades of religious opinion, who are found in some of our institutions. The moral instructor is charged to address them in so unsectarian a style as not to offend any one of the number, and therefore he is constrained to keep to the broadest generalities. He opens his address as follows: 'My dear Christian young men of America—' 'Hold, sir!' one cries out. 'We are not all Christian young men. My

father and myself are Hebrews, and so are several in this hall. We shall leave until you have finished your address to your Christian young men, and then we may return.'—'Well, well!' exclaims the poor moral teacher. 'At least all you believe what all the pagans themselves believed: that there is a Supreme Being, who made this world and will reward the good and punish the wicked?'—'If, sir,' cries another, 'by such a Being you mean a personal God, I object to it as sectarian doctrine; for I, in common with others in this hall, believe that what is called God is only a force in nature which we do not understand,—a force which is more or less in all of us, so that we are so far gods. As to rewarding the good, I have no objection; as to punishing the wicked, do you mean the old doctrine of an eternal hell? To this I, with the Universalists in this audience, object as sectarian doctrine.'—'But,' cries the bewildered moral instructor, 'let us suppose it is a temporary hell, where people suffer until they are purified enough to go to heaven.'—'I object to this,' cries another, 'as sectarian and rank Popery. The very definition of purgatory amongst Catholics is "a place or state of punishment where some souls suffer for a while before they can enter heaven." A temporary hell is, therefore, a Catholic purgatory.'—'But,' expostulates the moral teacher, 'the very pagans believed in some kind of hell, which must be either temporary or eternal.'—'But we are not pagans, sir!' cry out several at once. 'And if you are going to teach us paganism, you teach the oldest and worst kind of sectarianism.'"

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At a time when statesmen are so short-sighted as to see guarantees of the peace, the prosperity and the progress of nations only in the possession of wealth, in the enlargement of territory, in immense armies and powerful navies, it is well to proclaim anew that on the inviolability of the marriage vow and the rights of womankind hangs the fate of nations; and

to show that national degradation and ultimate ruin have ever been the penalty for disregard of the divine legislation which concerns the marriage contract.

As an illustration of the sacredness of this institution, the Rev. Father Campbell, S. J., in an address before the divinity school of Colgate University, told how the Church chose to see a whole nation separated from her rather than that the principle upon which the well-being of all nations depends should be abandoned or even obscured. It is an eloquent passage, from which many of his audience may have learned for the first time why England joined in the revolt of the sixteenth century,—why the English-speaking world is Protestant to-day:

"Will you pardon me if I produce as an illustration that historic event which first brought religious difference among us who speak the English tongue? I hope I can presume the more easily, as it is not a matter of doctrine but of history. Do you recall that momentous period which, perhaps, has changed the course of events of all modern times, when the king whom England numbers as its Eighth Henry,—approached the sanctuary in the fury of an illicit passion and demanded the annulment of his marriage with his rightful queen and wife?

"It was an awful crisis for the See of Rome. All Germany had broken away from it. France and Switzerland were already half gone. The northern nations had deserted or were being swept away; the whole East was long under the dominion of the enemies of Christianity, when into the gloom of the general disaster enters one of the mightiest monarchs of Europe—one who but a moment before had been the Church's champion,—and makes a demand which if not granted will add England to the universal rebellion. England, for centuries the home of innumerable saints; England, crowned with the most magnificent of earthly temples, where Catholic worship had been offered for ages; England, whence Catholicity

out of its countless sanctuaries had poured out Christianity as a river upon the continents of Europe,—England, unless the demand of its ruler is granted, is to be lost to Rome forever.

"From the standpoint of Rome, what an awful alternative that was! It needed not the eye of a prophet to forecast the future. Apart from the new power added to the general revolt, apart from the misconception and aversion which would possess the English mind for centuries wherever the English tongue would be spoken or English power extend its influence,—wars, strifes and persecutions would add their sanguinary horror to the havoc already made as the nation went further and further in its rebellion against the Mother Church.

"To avert all that by simply annulling the marriage, or to come boldly forward as the defender of a helpless woman whom all the world had deserted? Which? Let us see. 'Stand forth, Katherine of Aragon!' said the noble synod in her husband's court that was met to declare her no longer a wife. 'Behold the wisdom of all the world is against you, and all the learning of the greatest universities declares your marriage null.'—'I appeal to Rome,' she answered.—'But all the power of your royal consort is pledged to efface it; your imperial kinsman who might prevent it is silent.'—'I appeal to Rome.'—'Nay, even the sanctity of the body empowered by Rome lends its authority against you. What say you?'—'I reject you all, unworthy judges, and over your heads appeal to the Bishop of Rome himself, in whom alone of all the world I place my trust.'—'What! think you he will forget all the past of England? Will he for you face all the terrors of the future where the interests of the Church are in such awful jeopardy?'—'I place my cause in his hands,' the despairing woman still repeated. And, listening to her appeal, the Pontiff arose her champion; and, though all the casuistry of prelates, of universities and of learned men was

striving to throw a doubt upon her marriage; though all the skill of diplomacy was used to mislead, and all the power of gold to bribe; though all the terrors of the future were known and dreaded, there came the same answer that has come at all times: the only answer that could come,—an answer that will reverberate through all time and thrill every heart that can recognize what is noble and sublime: '*Non possumus*,—we can not do it. King Henry, she is your lawful wife and must not be thrust aside. Whom God has joined together, let no man dare to put asunder.' Over the trembling form of the defenceless and deserted woman he extended the shield of the Church of Christ; and, defying every foe and fearless of every disaster, kept upon her brow the coronet of wifehood,—more precious by far than the fairest diadem that ever glittered upon the head of any earthly queen.

"The issue was taken; and the English-speaking world is Protestant to-day, you will permit me to say, not because there was then any divergence of doctrine, but because of that fight for the inviolability of the marriage vow and the rights of womankind. It was war to prevent her from sinking again into degrading slavery. Better it was deemed, and rightly so, that an entire and noble race should be lost to the Mother Church than that the principle upon which the salvation of all nations depends should for a moment be abandoned or obscured."

It is a long time now since the addresses from which these extracts are taken were delivered. When first quoting them we said to ourselves, 'These passages will bear reproduction, and should be presented to every new generation of readers.'

How often Holy Scripture bids us to lift up our eyes, because we are of our own nature so apt to forget our country and our home and to fix them on the place of our exile!

—*St. Thomas Aquinas.*

Demanded by Reason and Morality.

IT was rather inevitable that the thousands of daily deaths incident to the Great War should turn the thoughts of religious people of all creeds to the immediate fate of those so suddenly stricken down. The professed Protestant belief is that every soul that does not go to hell goes to heaven at the moment of death. We say "professed" belief, because a great many non-Catholics are better than their creeds; and on this point actually assent to the doctrine of Purgatory, even though they may not use that specific term. And it has always been the case, ever since Protestantism took a local habitation and a name. Of Dr. Johnson, Boswell tells us: "That he . . . supposed that there was a middle state after death, previous to the time at which departed souls are finally received to eternal felicity, appears, I think, unquestionable from his devotions: 'And, O Lord, so far as it may be lawful in me, I commend to Thy fatherly goodness the soul of my departed wife; beseeching Thee to grant her whatever is best in her present state, and finally to receive her to eternal happiness.'"

Modern non-Catholics are still more explicit in their agreement with the Church's position. Thus Mallock, in "Is Life Worth Living?" declares: "As to this doctrine of Purgatory—which has so long been a stumbling-block to the whole Protestant world,—time goes on, and the view men take of it is changing. It is fast becoming recognized on all sides that it is the only doctrine that can bring a belief in future rewards and punishments into anything like accordance with our notions of what is just and reasonable. So far from its being a superfluous superstition, [as used to be asserted] it is seen to be just what is demanded at once by reason and morality; and a belief in it to be not only an intellectual assent, but a partial harmonizing of the whole moral ideal."

Notes and Remarks.

Various reasons are assigned for the exodus of aliens from this country to the land of their birth,—helping to rebuild their home-lands, the desire to locate near relatives not heard from since the war began, the settling of estates, and the coming enforcement of the Prohibition law, which would involve real hardship to many people accustomed to the temperate use of beer, wine, and stronger liquors, and who can not get used to the dust that passes for tea and the compounds called coffee. But by far the strongest reason influencing many foreigners who have made their home here for some years to depart hence is the burden of taxation under which they labor; and they are intelligent enough to know that it is more likely to increase than to diminish. Figures gathered on the relative taxation resulting from the war show that France and Italy increased their taxation only about 6 per cent, Great Britain about 1100 per cent, and the United States about 2000 per cent. The fact is that the most desirable class of foreigners are being driven from our country, while the most undesirable class are bent on remaining and doing all the mischief in their power.

The German Catholic leader, Herr Erzberger, is credited with being the only statesman connected with the Peace Conference to demand restraint of the press as a means of preventing wars in the future. He contends that this measure is quite as necessary as the restriction of national armament. These are his words: "The public in all countries derives its ideas of the people of a foreign country from the press. Attacks provoke counter-attacks, and there results a state of emotional strain which hovers like a dark cloud over the nations, and poisons the relations of the peoples, even when there is no sufficient or solid reason for its existence. Hence, in the interests of peace, every State should

punish such abuses of the freedom of the press. The Jingo is an international pest, who lives by provocation: he is a parasite of dissension. How often do brutal capitalist interests conceal themselves behind the work of patriotism!"

It is too soon yet to tell how the press was bought up and "worked" during the war, and for two obvious reasons: the full extent of the infamy is still unknown, and the public are not yet in a frame of mind to accept the truth on this subject. That the press had much to do with bringing on the World War and fanning the flame of hatred necessary for its prolongation, and that from the very beginning greed and jealousy were concealed under the garb of patriotism,—of this there can be no question, much as it may be contradicted.

One of those men—not too numerous a class—who can think beyond themselves when they are the recipients of honors, is Lord Skerrington, of Scotland, whom the Holy Father lately made a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great. In a short speech delivered at a dinner in his honor in Edinburgh on the day of his investiture with the insignia of his office, after modestly referring to 'such small things as he had been able to do in the cause of Catholic education,' he declared that, while appreciating the sacrifices which even the poorest of his coreligionists had made for the upkeep of their schools, he should have been happier in his own mind had those sacrifices been accompanied by continuous and insistent protests against wrongs which, to him as a lawyer (and he knew something of the principles of their free constitution), seemed to be utterly intolerable. The silent and patient endurance of oppression was a splendid jewel in the crown of the saint, but he ventured to question whether such an ornament was not wholly out of place in the crown of a Catholic ratepayer. He hoped, and he thought he was right in saying, that Souperism and the things

which it signified were things of the past. Was it too much to hope that in the course of a few decades a new generation of Catholics would arise, nurtured amid happier surroundings, to whom the wrongs which burn deeply into our consciences to-day will be strangers, and that those wrongs would be as much in the past as the evils of Souperism?

The playing of baseball on Sundays having been legalized in New York, a staff writer of the *Sun* proffers "a vote of undiluted confidence"—a sarcastic message of condolence "to the Sunday Mourners League, the Killjoys Association, and the Flatchested Council." The message concludes with this ironic statement: "This Sunday baseball evil must be throttled; for the poor benighted 97 per cent who want a liberal Sabbath know not whither they are drifting, and it behooves us to show them the light. Men and women, old and young, who rest only on Sunday need mental and spiritual sustenance on that afternoon, and not baseball and peanuts and fresh air."

This same question of Sunday amusement has recently been discussed in the *Evening Standard*, of London. "Why," inquires one writer, "do all advocates of Sunday games always hedge by saying, 'Of course, I do not advocate the Continental Sunday?'" And he then adds the pertinent comment: "On a fine Sunday one sees, on the Continent, everyone intent on enjoying himself, yet the churches are much fuller than in England." The explanation, needless to say, is perfectly simple. In Catholic countries, the main duty of the Sunday is the worship of God; and, that duty being accomplished, innocent recreation and rest are not only recognized as permissible, but advocated as desirable. The excesses incident to the Continental Sunday are due to the civil law, not to the teaching of the Church. In the meantime much of the pharisaical spirit manifested both in this country and in England regarding the observance

of the Lord's Day suggests Macaulay's comment on the Puritan attitude towards an oldtime popular sport: "The Puritans hated bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators."

Before deciding about war-time prohibition, the object of which was to conserve food for our associates overseas, President Wilson, who is credited with having a long head, will probably ask himself whether the foisting of total abstinence upon this country would not be playing into the hands of the Socialists and giving a handle to labor agitators. That sooner or later there will be rebellion against a law which the rich man can evade and the poor man can not, is as sure as fate. The advocates of Socialism will make the most of the opportunity then afforded them to inveigh against national government as at present constituted, and to demand its overthrow in the name of liberty and for the rights of mankind. They will talk as they have always talked, only with less fear of consequences. The labor agitators will find it easy to aggravate conditions already charged with disastrous possibilities. "No beer, no work!" "Strike for personal liberty!" "Demand an equal share of pleasures as well as profits!"—these are ominous cries, all the more likely to be taken up on account of the discontent, distrust and economic unrest that now exist.

The counsel of citizens like Samuel Gompers and Charles M. Schwab (both of whom have been workingmen and know the mind of the masses better than most people) should be heeded when there is danger of wrecking the social and economic fabric of the nation. Mr. Gompers, who is president of the American Federation of Labor, says: "France and Italy have not even attempted to try Prohibition. England tried drastic limitation with limited hours. But, in the face of economic unrest, England has had to

increase the strength and quality of its beer. Russia tried Prohibition and found Bolshevism. In the face of this, does the United States really wish to put into effect as a permanent policy a measure that other countries have found to be unnecessary, impossible or disastrous?" And Mr. Schwab, who is chairman of the board of directors of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, says more briefly, but not less pointedly: "I don't believe in Prohibition that will enable me or other rich men of the country to store their cellars with wines and whiskeys while the other ordinary people, who haven't the money, must do without. I believe in fair play for all. If we are going to have something to drink, let's have it. If we are not, let's do without it. I don't care which it is, but let's be consistent."

The Constitutional amendment for nation-wide Prohibition was the triumph of the power of the few over the will of the many. If the amendment is ratified, it had better be rigorously enforced against all classes. If not, there is some trouble brewing for the hoarders, and plenty of work coming to the police.

A missionary of Maryknoll, writing from some unnamed place in China, gives this edifying glimpse of the life of the native Christians: "After supper, which is late in this busy season, the 'towncrier' makes the rounds of the streets, calling, 'Time for evening prayers,—time for evening prayers!' (When I heard his voice for the first time I expected robbers, so lusty it is: but Fr. Gauthier translated the call for me.) Then came the procession. Each man and woman takes a bamboo torch, dips it in the kitchen flame, and lights the dark lanes of the village. But this crowd of over one hundred and fifty do not go to church, because we have no church here. Instead, the first twenty of them fit into the largest room in town; the next thirty pack into the courtyard and entrance, while the majority throng the alley outside. And this is not on

Sunday only, but every single night of the week. And the prayers last one half hour on week nights and one whole hour on Sundays. Yet these are men and women who have planted rice ankle-deep in mud from daybreak till six in the evening."

Edifying and humiliating rather than "amusing," we should call this extract. God preserve China from the curse of so-called civilization, and its Christians from our pious puerilities!

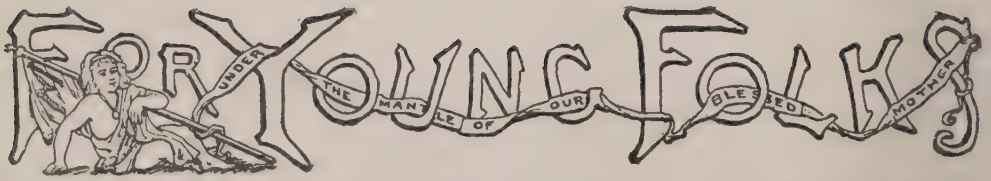
We have frequently called the attention of our readers to the excellent showing made by the pupils of our parish schools whenever they are brought into concrete competition with the boys and girls who represent the results achieved by the methods and training of the public school system. It has become a commonplace in the columns of the Catholic press that in a majority of competitive trials the students of Catholic grade and high schools more than hold their own with their public school rivals. It is less generally known, perhaps, or at least less frequently commented upon, that the superiority of our Catholic educational institutions is not confined to primary and preparatory grades, but is maintained in our colleges, universities, and professional schools. A case in point is mentioned in a recent issue of *America*, which has been examining the official bulletins of the Medical Dental Associations, covering a period of nine years. It appears that, during these years, the total number of medical graduates at Johns Hopkins was 444, with a failure of 12; at Harvard, 442, with a failure of 13; at St. Louis University (a Jesuit institution), 535, with a failure of only 9. All the examinations were held before the State Boards. Each school stood on its own merits. The record of the Dental School is equally gratifying. During the same period, 1910-18, Harvard graduated 294 dental students and registered 33 failures. The famous Dental School of Baltimore (Johns Hopkins has no dental department) had

362 graduates, with 100 failures. St. Louis University, however, had 436 graduates, with only 26 failures.

Comment on these figures would appear to be superfluous; but it may be worth while to proffer them to some of our youthful Catholics who apparently imagine that the best professional training must be sought for in sectarian or nothingarian institutions. That is a mistake, even as regards purely secular matters; and an especially lamentable mistake when one considers the religious side of the question.

The Society of St. Jerome for the diffusion of the Gospel, the conduct of which has been entrusted to Cardinal Gasquet, is a far more important association than is generally realized. The Holy Father is said to feel a special interest in it, and deeply to desire its extension and the enlargement of its sphere of usefulness. From the Rome correspondent of the *London Tablet* we learn that during the last five months the Vatican Press has issued as many as 75,000 copies of the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles, 45,000 of St. Matthew's Gospel, and 42,000 of St. Luke's. "A new edition of the Gospels and Acts is in preparation, improved both in the text of the printing and the matter of the 'Notes.' But meanwhile it has been found necessary to issue another 60,000 copies of the old edition till that is ready."

Though much gratified over what has been accomplished by the Society, Cardinal Gasquet is far from being satisfied. He would have the Gospels diffused not only among Italians in their native land, but wherever they have emigrated; and other means employed to bring home to them the simple truths of the Faith, to the loss of which they are exposed by coming under sectarian or irreligious influence, especially in foreign lands. The importance of co-operation with Cardinal Gasquet in the great work which he has undertaken could hardly be exaggerated.



Buddy.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XXVI.—VICTORY.



HERE was a moment's pause. Hans' bleared, bloodshot eyes stared wildly around the splendid room, at the distinguished company; then they fell on the fair-faced boy standing at his uncle's side,—the little friend for whom he was daring all things to-night. For his blundering lie that had deceived Captain Sol was useless now. Lieutenant Collins had, as he told him, just come from Maplewood and knew there was no message from Buddy's home. Hans must now tell the truth, though it should give him to hangman or firing squad—if he would save his little friend.

"Now speak out, you scoundrel!" thundered Uncle Kent, stirred into fierce wrath at sight of the shaking, mud-crust-ed, heavy-faced figure before him. "Are you drunk or mad, to come breaking into the Camp, giving my name and my nephew's as your password. What do you mean by it? What the devil is it you want to say to this boy?"

Twice Hans' livid lips parted, but no sound passed them; he could only stare dumbly at the terrible speaker. For power, justice, vengeance, all the mighty forces that he had defied, were embodied in the grim, stern old soldier before him.

"You're frightening him so he just can't talk, Uncle Kent," came a low boyish whisper at the old Colonel's side.

"I'll find whether he can talk or not!" boomed Uncle Kent, angrily; for young Collins' suspicion was beginning to grow upon him. "Now, look here, my friend Schwartz, you're among men to-night

that don't stand fooling. You came here, as you told the officer, to say something to my nephew. You've got a bad name in every way, and I will allow no secret communication with the boy. You must speak out, or we'll find some means to make you do so."

Again the ashen lips essayed to obey, and again they only gasped meaningless sounds. Poor Hans was no hero; and this splendid room, with its glittering lights, its uniformed guests, would at any time have been dismaying. But to-night—to-night it was a judgment hall, where a thousand eyes and ears and tongues seemed waiting to condemn his guilt.

"If I could just go over there and— and hold his hand, Uncle Kent! You see," Buddy explained aside to Colonel Harrison, "we've always been friends—Hans and I. I never let any one else shoe my pony, and he has been very good to me; but I don't know what he wants to-night."

"Well, maybe you can find out." The commanding officer's eyes softened as they fell on the young speaker. He had a boy at the Front who had been just a fair-haired little chap a dozen years ago. "Let the lad talk to the dumb fool, Kent," he suggested in a lower voice. "He may loosen his tongue; for there is something behind all this, I am sure."

"Go on, then, Bud!" said Uncle Kent, gruffly. "Tell that 'friend' of yours it will be worse for him than it is now if he doesn't speak out."

And then in a moment Buddy was at Hans' side, eager and breathless with boyish sympathy.

"O Hans,—dear old Hans, don't be scared! Uncle Kent is not going to harm you. He talks like that to me often; it's just his way; and of course you didn't know that you'd get into trouble if you came here to ask for me. It's against rules,

and made Uncle Kent furious mad. O Hans, what is it? Hans—"Buddy broke off in sudden alarm.

For, with a wild cry like that of some tortured thing, Hans caught the little hand extended to him in both his own, as if it were the one hold in a world of black despair, and burst into reckless confession. The look, the voice, the touch of his faithful little friend had broken the icy spell of terror that bound him. Love had conquered fear.

"You must not stay here,—you must not stay, my little boy!" he cried. "You will be killed; you will be blown into pieces with the others; for the Camp is mined, and will be fired to-night at twelve o'clock."

All the rest that Hans told, with the white-faced boy's hand in his shaking clasp, need not be repeated here. Stern, pale, breathless questioners pressed around him; there was a quick calling of orders; a rousing and stirring of startled men, resting at ease, without thought of danger near. For, with Buddy's hand held fast in his, Hans found voice and courage to answer even terrible Uncle Kent's fiercely hurried questions to tell all.

The conspirators—Dr. Muller, Schreiner in his new disguise, and some three or four others—were discovered in the hiding-place on the cliffs, all prepared for the deadly midnight deed, which would have reduced Camp Columbia to an awful chaos of death and destruction; and were borne away to meet the stern justice their purposed crime deserved.

And Hans? The first confusion that followed the alarm over, Father Bennett was making his way back to his waiting penitents, when he met Buddy at the gate of Kentwood,—a very forlorn Buddy leading an equally forlorn dog.

"O Father Bennett, Father Bennett, the soldiers have taken off poor Hans! Will they shoot him, Father?"

"No, my boy,—no surely," was the cheering reply,—"not when by his warning, his confession, he has saved the Camp."

"He thinks they will," said Buddy, huskily. "He said: 'Good-bye, little boy! If I die, it is no matter now; you will not be hurt, my Buddy, my little friend!' And—and he asked me to—to take care of Shag. O poor old Hans!" And as it had been rather a trying evening for a boy of thirteen, and there was only Father Bennett now to hear and see, Buddy broke down.

"There,—there!" The priest put his arm about the fatherless boy, the pet lamb of his flock. "I don't wonder you are crying, Buddy: I've been very near it myself. To think what your simple love and trust wakened in that poor dull clod! You remember what Our Lord said, Buddy: 'Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friend.' And that is what poor Hans was ready to do for you to-night."

Father Bennett had even a busier time than he had expected; for there was no "censoring" the news of the discovered plot. It spread like wildfire through the Camp, and strong men paled at the thought of the hideous fate they had escaped. Far into the small hours of the night, and again in the first glow of the dawning, the confessional tent was surrounded by penitents, roused into contrition and gratitude for God's mercy.

And, as Father Bennett told his hearers, it was truly a Mass of Thanksgiving that was offered at Camp Columbia on this beautiful Sunday morning. Again and again the rustic railing was filled with reverent communicants. The blue-clad "Jackies" formed a guard of honor; while hundreds of onlookers, who had never witnessed a Mass before, stood grave and bare-headed around; many a manly eye softening as it fell upon the white-robed acolyte serving the altar with sweet accustomed fervor,—the little Reeves boy, who, as the whisper went forth, had "saved the Camp."

And now, to make a really cheerful closing to our story, we must take a big skip over the months that followed this

bright Sabbath, — months when the shadows, darkening so heavily over the warring world, fell even upon the smiling shores of St. Ronald's, and cast their gloom over Buddy's happy home. We will not tell of the sorrowful days,—of anxiety that threaded mamma's soft hair with silver, that sent Bess to Mass every morning with Aunt Abbie's look on her uplifted face, and brought even her fairy godmother, as she wrote to her dear ones, "old worldling that I have been, trembling to my knees."

In the meantime Buddy, whom Father Bennett had offered to tutor until St. Xavier's opened its doors again, watched the headlines of the newspapers with eyes that had lost something of their boyish light; for Rick was in the thick of things; and Ted's airship had vanished beyond the German lines, no one knew how or where. But, by God's mercy, these "dark days" were shortened, and the broken storm-clouds were arched again with the glad rainbow of peace. Nowhere in all the rejoicing land did that rainbow light fall brighter than on Maplewood, when it welcomed home its young heroes at the blessed Christmas of 1918. Never in all its historic years had the old mansion decked itself so festively in holiday greens; never had all its spacious rooms blazed with lights and hearth fires so joyously; never had pantries and storerooms brimmed with such Christmas cheer,—not even in the dim, far-off days "befo' de old war." "For, bress de Lord," as Mammy Lindy voiced the downstairs Thanksgiving, "dem boys is coming home out ob de berry jaws ob death, and—we don't hev to stint no more on sugah."

There never, never had been such a Christmas, as Buddy (well content to fall into the background, now that both his brothers were safe home) felt and knew. And with Rick, who was fairly blazing with decorations, had come the big Sergeant who had saved his captain at Chateau Thierry, dragging him out of the awful melee at the risk of his own life,—

Sergeant Rube Jones, who, on hearing the name of "Reeves," had attached himself to Buddy's brother with a grim fidelity that neither danger nor death could shake. And Ted, who one bright December day had dropped down from the clouds onto his own lawn,—Ted was stirring up the countryside with his tales of six months in a German prison, and how he "monkey-shined" out as, old Captain Slocum declared, only Ted Reeves could.

With its two young heroes home again, it was "open house" at Maplewood day and night. But, lest any of their St. Ronald's friends should feel left out of the general family jubilation, mamma decreed that her boys must hold a New Year's reception to crown all the glad festivities of the week,—a reception that filled Maplewood from roof to ground.

Uncle Kent was there, brimming with pride and satisfaction; also Aunt Rebecca, who had been playing the fairy godmother in many a sorrowing home for the last year; Cousin Enid, now the lovely Mrs. Collins in all her bridal finery; Jack Kent and his sisters and mother, and other aunts and cousins galore.

And there were the Jamesons of course, and the Vanes, and all the dwellers in the big mansions far and near; and dear Miss Meredith, in a brand-new silk dress that had somehow found its way from Baltimore; and Aunt Susan, with an ear-trumpet that had come from the same source,—"for maybe if she could hear a little," Aunt Rebecca had said, "it might sweeten her temper." Miss Patsy, her rolling-chair propelled by Tobe, had the place of honor, deserved by a war-knitting teacher; and Mrs. Ryan, who had been so long mamma's right-hand at the soldiers' breakfast, was, with her good husband, among the most welcome guests. As for Captain Sol, Ted took care of him.

"I never thought I'd be sailing the sky; but when that boy skims down for me and fairly hauls me into his airship, I just hev to go along. And it does beat all creation, sure!"

"What's this I hear about your friend Hans?" asked Uncle Kent, as, the first greeting and handshakings of the occasion over, he found his youngest nephew at his side.

"Oh, I had a letter from him yesterday!" answered Buddy. "He says he can write to me, now that the war is over. He is in Saskatchewan, Canada."

"I know," nodded Uncle Kent. "We sent him off there for safe-keeping."

"And he is married," continued Buddy, cheerfully.

"Worse luck for some poor fool of a woman!" growled Uncle Kent.

"Oh, no, indeed! They are real happy, and getting on fine," said Buddy. "She is an Irish girl, and is teaching him to be a Catholic, he says. And they've got a little baby six weeks old, named after me. Hans says he has the watch I gave him safe. He is going to keep it for his own little boy, Roger Reeves Schwartz."

"Good!" boomed Uncle Kent, heartily. "First-class, Buddy! That brings us up to the final business of the evening."

And Buddy saw to his surprise that the big crowded rooms had suddenly grown silent and expectant; even the doorways were filled with the dusky, smiling faces from below stairs,—Mammy Lindy, in her best white turban, and kerchief holding a proud foremost place.

"Ladies and gentlemen," began Uncle Kent, "we are here to-day to welcome back with fitting joy and honor the sons of this historic home, after their noble and gallant service to country and flag in a foreign land. But" (his hand fell gently upon Buddy's shoulder) "Maplewood has another son, another hero, whom we must not forget,—one who, while too young for trench or battleship or aeroplane, has done service to his country as great and valuable as that rendered by his brave brothers across the sea. For the discovery of the German spy, Adolph Muller, who was doing his treacherous work here in September of 1917, for obtaining the information that

saved Camp Columbia and its five thousand officers and men from destruction by a concealed mine in the same year, I bestow, in the name of a grateful country, this Cross of Honor on Master Roger Kent Reeves. It should fitly come from a more revered hand than mine."

Uncle Kent passed the golden decoration he took from its box to Father Bennett, who stood smiling by the speaker's side. And, while the whole company burst into glad applause, Father Bennett pinned the Cross of Honor on the bewildered Buddy's breast.

"Didn't I tell you so, little brother?" said Rick's loving voice in his ear. "You've come out ahead of us all!"

(The End.)

About the Tree on Your Clothes.

BY N. TOURNEUR.

VERY few of us realize that we carry about on our clothes bits of tree; but we do. They come from Columbia, in Central America. One calls them bits of tree, yet in reality they are parts of the clusters of the milky nuts of the tagua palm, extracted from their husks of rough fibres. It seems absurd to associate buttons and nuts, but it is from these milky nuts that very many of our buttons come; for the greater part of the buttons we wear are not made now of bone or horn.

There is no end to the different kinds of buttons you see in the sample room at the button-maker's. Many of them are just like what you and I wear, and many of them display the beauty and exquisite work of the gems that are seen in collections of ancient art of the times of the Greeks and Romans. Most of them, however, are made out of vegetable ivory, and much of that material is taken from the button tree, or tagua palm.

This palm grows in vast groves without any cultivation. The clusters of nuts in their fibrous covering, looking just like

cocoanuts, are cut in the green state from the trees by the natives with their machetes. Tons and tons of these nuts are gathered from the palms, and sent down in boats to the near seaports. Here they are dried in great, long, open sheds, the palm-leaf thatch of which keeps off the heavy dew at night.

After six weeks or so of drying, the nuts, looking on the inside like milk, become almost hard. Then the outer coating of fibre is removed by gangs of natives; and the nuts appear on the inside all a brilliant glistening white. Drying entirely, they soon become as hard as ivory. More natives sort out and arrange in heaps all the stripped nuts according to their different sizes and qualities, and then they are removed in great baskets to be stowed in the steamers' holds.

When these nuts arrive at the button-maker's factory, he again sorts them over. Then they are neatly and speedily cut by swiftly revolving saws into rough discs, and these discs find their way to the lathes, where they are turned and shaped by machinery, that seems to possess almost human knowledge as to how to adapt itself to the different sizes. It is machinery, too, that drills them, reams them, countersinks and niches them, and makes them into all sorts of shapes and patterns.

These nuts of the tagua palm become millions and millions of little pieces, that go through more processes, most of which are carried out by cleverly contrived machinery. They are dyed and mottled and polished and embossed. Then smart human hands help to put them on cards, and pack them ready for use.

You may be wearing buttons of horn or bone or metal. But it is a hundred chances to one that you are not, and that yours, like mine, are made out of vegetable ivory that has come from Central America. This is how it happens that we carry about bits of tree on our clothes. Some of us lose them too often—to please mother!

The Only One that Counted.

Æsop, the famous fabulist, was a slave; but he had a kind master named Xanthus, who appreciated his great wisdom. Having been sent one day to see what company was at the public bath, he observed that many stumbled, both going in and coming out, over a stone which lay at the entrance, and that only one took the pains to lay it aside. Æsop accordingly returned and told his master there was but one person in the bath. Xanthus, arriving and seeing a multitude, asked him the reason of his strange statement. Æsop told him there was at the entrance a great stone, over which many stumbled, but one only had the good sense to remove the obstacle; so that there was only one man, the rest being nobodies.

For an Album.

A VERY diminutive album, once the property of a child, contains the following lines in the handwriting of Cardinal Newman. Only a child's request could have evoked so playful a little address from the great convert, who was so learned and so grave:

Fair cousin, thy page
Is small to encage
The thoughts which engage
The mind of a sage
Such as I am.

'Twere in teaspoon to take
The whole Genevese lake,
Or a lapdog to make
The white elephant sac-
red in Siam.

Yet inadequate though
To the terms strange and so-
lemn that figure in po-
lysyllabical row

In a treatise:

Still, true words and plain,
Of the heart and the brain,
This book to contain
Very meet is.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Missionary Hymns"—words by Evelyn L. Thomas, music by Annie D. Scott—is a new publication of the English Catholic Truth Society, for the benefit of Foreign Missions. Price, 1s. 3d., net.

—The *Ave Maria* has the distinction of being sung in a thousand different melodies, each reflecting the composer's own soul and his conception of the honor and homage paid to the Mother of God in the Angelical Salutation. The Rev. L. A. Dobbelsteen, O. Præm., has just added another beautiful setting for soprano or tenor, with organ or piano accompaniment. Words in Latin and English. Published at St. Norbert's College, De Pere, Wis.

—"Completed Tales of my Knights and Ladies," by Beatrice Chase, just published by Longmans, Green & Co., is intended to take the place of "White Knights on Dartmoor" and "Tales of my Knights and Ladies," by the same author. It contains the essential matter of these two books, "besides the end of each Knight who appeared in 'Tales.' There is also some new matter hitherto unpublished in any form." (Author's Note.) Half-tone illustrations enhance the interest of the volume.

—"Ireland's Fairy Lore" is a title that is safe to commend itself to many a reader who has gone far beyond the age when one is supposed to be interested in fairy tales. It is the title which the Rev. Michael P. Mahon has given to a reproduction of a series of papers on ancient Irish paganism, contributed by him some years ago to the *Boston Pilot*. There is much of scholarly erudition and not a little cheerful humor in this twelvemo of some two hundred and twenty pages; but even the gilt top which the publishers (Thomas J. Flynn & Co., Boston) have given to the volume hardly warrants the price, \$2.

—One class of Catholic "annuals" that has been steadily increasing both in numbers and in interest during the past two decades is the yearly report of the diocesan superintendent of schools. Of late years the report makes a goodly sized octavo brochure, containing not only the inevitable statistics which constitute its real *raison d'être*, but a considerable amount of reading matter which is of genuine interest even to such Catholics as are not especially concerned with pedagogical systems, school problems, or indeed education itself. The latest brochure of this nature to reach our desk is the "Annual Report of the Superintendent of Schools" for

the Archdiocese of San Francisco. An octavo of 138 pages, it is a model of admirable system, or method, of lucid arrangement, and the non-statistical part of the work contains valuable information and suggestive discussion of many questions pertaining to the judicious rearing of Catholic children. The Rev. Ralph Hunt, San Francisco's capable superintendent, is to be congratulated on the work of his schools and on his excellent account thereof.

—Of late years we have had many works dealing with Scholastic Philosophy generally and with the Angelic Doctor in particular. None of them, however, have been so exhaustive as to render superfluous a new book by the Rev. D. J. Kennedy, O. P.,—"St. Thomas Aquinas and Medieval Philosophy." (The Encyclopedia Press.) Its specific importance is found in its supplying the general reader of ordinary education with a readable and instructive account of Scholasticism and its influence on the sacred and experimental sciences; as also with an adequate reply to the question "What was it that made Thomas Aquinas famous?" The book is a twelvemo of 130 pages; it has a table of contents and a bibliography, but, we regret to say, no index.

—Though an interesting story of its kind and well written, "The White Island," by Michael Wood (E. P. Dutton & Co.), will not make a strong appeal to Catholic readers. It is for Anglicans of the High Church branch, especially persons like Lady Lansworthy, one of its characters, who objected to the mind's dwelling on any subject connected with the thought of death or of the unseen world. The story suggests that as there are no two leaves alike in a wood, so there are no two souls precisely the same,—that each has its purpose and its office in the Creator's plan, and is being shaped therefor. In matter and form "The White Island" recalls certain of the books of A. C. Benson, it is so reposeful and reflective. One might quote many thoughts like this from it: "We do not know enough to doubt: we know only enough to believe."

—An English author who has no reason to be ashamed of any of his literary productions, and who has two delightful books of travel to his credit, gives the following account of his experiences as a poet. We conceal his identity, hoping he will some day reissue the volume to which he thus facetiously refers:

I wrote a little volume of lyrics, which are all burnt now. I was so pleased with the first proofs that I put them on my

bedroom mantelpiece, so that I could see them ere I slept and directly I awoke at daybreak. The reviews in the newspapers and journals thrilled me. "Full of sincerity, spirit and impulse." "Marvellous descriptive ability...." I thought my fortune was made, and I could not sleep through thinking of coming fame and fortune. I thought surely such reviews in the newspapers will sell thousands of copies of my book; and I was very happy over my bright outlook. It was summer time. I became restless, and with the reviews in my pocket I went off, walking very fast in my excitement. I soon arrived in the country at a beautiful spot.

A windmill on the hilltop whirled its big black hands as though trying to catch the winged music of skylarks in the deep blue morning sky. By the lane-side stood a cottage for sale. The very place for me, I thought. I will buy it and write there. . . . The bird singing in a clump of firs just by my future front door rippled out notes as though its little body would burst with joy. I took an old envelope from my pocket and started to write a lyric—how happy I was—even the lyric was good!

A month later I wrote to the publisher and said:

"DEAR SIR:—Will you kindly send me a cheque in settlement for copies of my 'Australian Lyrics' sold? I would not trouble you before the quarter, but unexpected calls on my purse have arrived at an inopportune moment."

Two weeks later I received this reply:

"DEAR SIR:—In reply to yours of the 16th, no copies of your book have been sold, and we would call your kind attention to balance of £2, 10s. overdue for binding; and £1, 18s. for corrections in proof, etc.; and 9s. 4d. for postage in sending out review copies."

So ended my volume of poetry, though I must add that the publisher turned out a good sort. I would sooner deal with publishers, some of them, than with stokehold bosses and concert managers. Publishers can not publish authors' inspirations that do not sell and keep the author as well. I wish they could. As for the reviewers of my poetry, they made me the happiest of aspirants for four weeks, and I feel grateful for that four weeks of greatness.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no book-seller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Sermons on Our Blessed Lady." Rev. Thomas Flynn, C. C. \$2.
- "A History of the United States." Cecil Chesterton. \$2.50.
- "The Theistic Social Ideal." Rev. Patrick Casey, M. A. 60 cents; postage extra.
- "Mysticism True and False." Dom S. Louismet, O. S. B. \$1.90.
- "Whose Name is Legion." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.50.
- "The Words of Life." Rev. C. C. Martindale, S. J. 65 cts.
- "Doctrinal Discourses." Rev. A. M. Skelly, O. P. Vol. II. \$1.50.

- "Mexico under Carranza." Thomas E. Gibbon. \$1.50.
- "The Elstones." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.35.
- "Life of Pius X." F. A. Forbes. \$1.35.
- "Essays in Occultism, Spiritism, and Demology." Dean W. R. Harris. \$1.
- "Patriotism in Washington's Time." P. J. Byrne, M. D. \$1.50.
- "The Sad Years." Dora Sigerson. \$1.25.
- "Marriage Legislation in the New Code of Canon Law." Very Rev. H. A. Ayrinhac, S. S., D. D. \$2.
- "Letter to Catholic Priests." Pope Pius X. 50 cts.
- "Spiritual Exercises for Monthly and Annual Retreats." Rev. P. Dunoyer. \$2.35.
- "The Parables of Jesus." Rev. P. Coghlan, C. P. \$1.10.
- "A Handbook of Moral Theology." Rev. A. Koch, D. D.—Mr. Arthur Preuss. \$1.50.
- "Pastor Halloft." \$1.50.
- "The Bedrock of Belief." Rev. William Robison, S. J. \$1.25.
- "Ireland: Its Saints and Scholars." J. M. Flood. 90 cts.
- "The Hand of God." Rev. Martin Scott, S. J. \$1; postage extra.
- "In the Soldier's Service." Mary Dexter. \$1.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Thomas Gregg, of the archdiocese of New York; Rev. John Hennessy, archdiocese of St. Louis; and Rev. Michael Zoeller, S. J.

Mother Mary Claire and Sister M. Salome, of the Sisters of Mercy; Sister M. Evangelist; Sisters of St. Dominic; and Sister M. Anastasia, Sisters of St. Francis.

Mr. Edward Johnson, Mr. Thomas Potter, Mrs. Madge Flynn, Mr. Michael Dougherty, Miss Margaret Swift, Mrs. Ellen Kent, Mr. Thomas Walsh, Mr. Francis Fox, Mrs. Ellen Cline, Mr. Edward Murphy, Mr. Francis Teason, Miss Anna Waldron, Mr. John Kidwell, Mrs. Rebecca Romer, Mr. George Feid, Mrs. Catherine Lanagan, Mr. J. A. Franz, Sr., Mr. William Henry, Mr. Henry Harbert, Mr. Antone Kaiser, Mrs. Catherine Ryan, Mrs. Ellen Kelly, Mr. Jacob Harnner, Mrs. Anna West, Miss Anne Lennon, Mr. Samuel Hertzler, Mrs. Bridget Nealon, Mr. J. B. Le Blanc, Mr. Joseph Delong, Mrs. Ellen Fahey, Mrs. Margaret Gilligan, Mr. James Brooks, and Mr. Francis Larocque.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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